

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

MARK TWAIN'S LIBRARY OF HUMOUR. Illustrated by E. W. Kemble. Canadian copyright edition. Montreal: Dawson Brothers.

There is any amount of humour in this book, but not a suggestion of humour in its cover, which is as bald as the head of Bill Nye and not any more attractive. Perhaps it was intended as a joke to bring out a volume of fun to appear like a cheaply bound volume of parliamentary reports; but, if so, the joke is too obscure to be generally appreciated. In every respect the book is worthy of a better outside appearance. There is a good deal of Mark Twain's peculiar humour in the Introduction, in which he says that, but for his modest deference to the opinions of his associate editors, the book would have been made up entirely of extracts from his own books. In a fac-simile autograph "Apology" he says: "Those selections in this book which are from my own works were made by my two assistant compilers, not by me. This is why there are not more." We take the apology for all it is worth and acquit the "two assistant compilers" of having done less or more than their duty. The "Library" contains selections from American humourists from Washington Irving to Bill Nye, including extracts from many writers not commonly accounted humourists, but in whose works there is to be found humour of a finer quality than the professional humourist usually produces. Somewhat over fifty authors of reputation are represented, and there are also some extracts from the clever, anonymous newspaper contributor. Of course, the reader will assuredly find in the book many things he has already in his library, but only in the library of an omnivorous collector could all the good things in this book be found. In every third or fourth page there is an illustration just as amusing as the literary matter. An index of authors, titles and illustrations makes reference exceedingly convenient; the brief biographical sketches of the authors whose works have been levied on give additional value to a book which, if not exactly a thing of beauty, will undoubtedly be a perpetual joy to any one who enjoys humour in literature and can read a good thing again and again.

SONS AND DAUGHTERS. By the author of "Margaret Kent." Boston: Ticknor and Company.

A really sunny book, full *ab ovo usque ad mala* of bright dialogue, crisp sayings, and lively incidents. Moreover, there is in it a grateful lack of that psychological drivelling that does so much duty as literary padding in these days. To the intelligent reader psychology and romance stand in much the same relation as do sand and sugar to the average boarder: he prefers them separate.

CRADLED IN THE STORM. By T. A. Smart. Toronto: William Bryce.

An overgrown dime novel this book is fairly lurid, embracing among its incidents suicide, innuendo, implied impurity, and a mysterious murder: it does not contain a single trace of honest sentiment. Such trash must sell, else it would not be published; but the fact that it does sell is a reflection on the intelligence and the taste of the reading public.

LITERARY GOSSIP.

For *God and Gold*, by Julian Corbett, reviewed in our columns some months ago, is the latest number of Macmillan's "Summer Reading Library."

On hearing that slavery was abolished in Brazil by Act of Parliament, the poet Whittier sent the following dispatch by cable to the Emperor, Dom Pedro, at Milan: "With thanks to God, who has blessed your generous efforts, I congratulate you on the peaceful abolition of slavery in Brazil.—JOHN G. WHITTIER."

In another column appears *A Ballad for Brave Women*, by the author of *Tecumseh*, the theme of it being the heroic action of Laura Secord which Mrs. Curzon made the subject of her recently published drama bearing the heroine's name; and we may add that Mrs. Curzon has recently received the thanks of the Queen for a copy of the volume of poems to which Laura Secord gives the title.

Of his own poems, Dr. Holmes says, in the *June Book Buyer*: "In my opinion, 'The Chambered Nautilus' is my most finished piece of work, and I think it is my favourite. But there are also 'The Voiceless,' 'My Aviary,' written at my window there, 'The Battle of Bunker Hill,' and 'Dorothy Q,' written to the portrait of my great-grandmother, which you see on the wall there. All these I have a liking for; and when I speak of the poems I like best, there are two others that ought to be included—'The Silent Melody' and 'The Last Leaf.' I think these are among my best. What is the history of 'The Chambered Nautilus'? It has none, —it wrote itself. So, too, did 'The One Hoss Shay.' That was one of those random conceptions that gallop through the brain, and that you catch by the bridle. I caught it and reined it. All my poems are written while I am in a sort of spasmodic mental condition that almost takes me out of my own self, and I write only when under such influence. It is for this reason, I think, that I can never remember a poem a short time after it is written, any more than the subject of double consciousness can recall the idea of his other state.

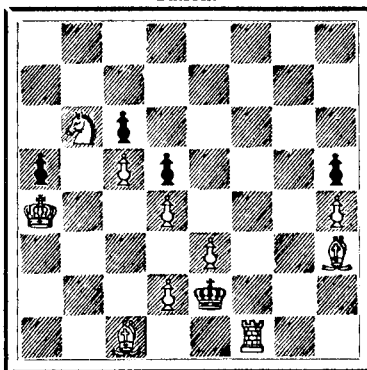
CHESS.

PROBLEM No. 263.

By W. GRIMSHAW.

From *Illustrated London News*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

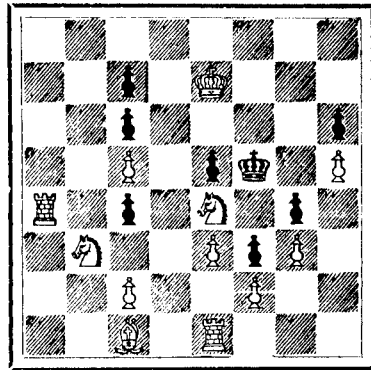
White to play and mate in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 264.

By B. M. NEIL, PHILADELPHIA.

From *Illustrated London News*.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and mate in three moves.

SOLUTIONS TO PROBLEMS.

No. 257.

White.

Black.

1. Kt-Q 4 +
2. Q-Q B 7 +
3. Q-Q B 3 mate

- K x P
- K x Kt

No. 258.

White.

Black.

1. Q-Q R 1
2. Q-K R 8,
- or Kt-B 8 +
3. Kt-B 8,
- or Q-K R 8 mate.

- K moves.
- moves

GAME PLAYED IN 1857 BETWEEN MESSRS. PAULSEN AND MORPHY

From *Illustrated London News*.

TWO KNIGHTS' GAME.

PAULSEN.

MORPHY.

White.

Black.

1. P-K 4
2. Kt-K B 3
3. Kt-Q B 3
4. B-Kt 5
5. Castles.
6. Kt x P
7. Kt x Kt
8. B-B 4
9. B-K 2
10. Kt x Kt
11. B-B 3
12. P-Q B 3
13. P-Q Kt 4
14. P-Q R 4

- P-K 4
- Kt-Q B 3
- Kt-K B 3
- B-B 4
- Castles.
- R-K 1 (a)
- Q P x Kt
- P-Q Kt 4
- Kt x K P
- R x Kt
- R-K 3
- R-Q 6
- B-Kt 3
- P x P

PAULSEN.

MORPHY.

White.

Black.

15. Q x P
16. R-R 2
17. Q-R 6 (b)
18. P x Q
19. K-R 1
20. R-Q 1
21. K-Kt 1
22. K-B 1
23. K-Kt 1
24. K-R 1
25. Q-B 1
26. R x B
27. R-R 1
28. P-Q 4

- B-Q 2
- Q R-K 1
- Q x B (c)
- R-Kt 3 +
- Q B-R 6
- B-Kt 7 +
- B x B P +
- B-Kt 7 +
- B-R 6 +
- B x B P
- B x Q
- R-K 7
- R-R 3
- B-K 6

and White resigns.

NOTES.

- (a) If he had played Kt x Kt, White would regain his piece by P-Q 4.
- (b) White saw the manoeuvre of taking the R, etc., but quite overlooked the other, and equally fatal one.
- (c) This is very well conceived.

MR. GOLDWIN SMITH is to take the chair at a dinner of English Public School old boys to be held on Thursday, the 28th inst., at the Rossin House. It is to be hoped that the patriotism and *esprit de corps*, which always distinguish English Public School boys, will cause many from outside Toronto as well as those in the city to unite in making the dinner a success. As it is a little hard to decide exactly what is a Public School, the committee have taken the list published in Whittaker's Almanac for 1888 as their guide. Tickets may be had on application to the Hon. Sec., Mr. Fraser Lefroy, 68 Church Street.

WHERE TO SPEND YOUR VACATION.—In 1870 the little town of Port Stanley was rendered notable by the erection and opening of the Fraser House, which has during each succeeding year, grown in general popularity. Port Stanley is situated on the North shore of Lake Erie nine miles from St. Thomas, and can easily be reached by the G.T.R. C.P.R. and M.C.R. R's. The hotel is situated 150 feet above the Lake, commanding a magnificent view of Lake shore and woodland—is surrounded by a lawn, fifty acres. The air is always cool, and night delightful. Bathing, boating, driving, Lawn Tennis, Croquet, etc., etc., are always available. The House is in all respects first class and justly popular. W. A. Fraser, the manager, is deserving of great credit for his untiring zeal in looking after the comforts of his guests.

Is there not an Eastern apologue which tells how the Angel of Pestilence was questioned as to the ten thousand victims he had slain? And did he not answer, "Nay, Lord, I took but a thousand; the rest were slain by my friend Panic!" How many, too, have sunk into the deep waters of the Black River, and been floated on to the ocean of eternity, for very paralysis of hope when the evil hour was upon them and they had just wetted their feet on the brink! They could, and they would, have stepped back to the solid shore, but they had no courage for the attempt, no energy to strike out to the land. The waters closed over their bowed heads.