

assemble within the Dominion. To catch some trade from these visitors should not be difficult. At the moment the sale of books is not reported very brisk, though it may pull up. A good business in Jubilee goods of all classes has been done, and even while the holidays themselves, by closing the stores three days between May 24 and July 2, interfered somewhat with retail local trade, the Jubilee on the whole did, in some localities, help business. In view of the tourist season window displays should be well looked after, souvenir goods, fancy articles for presents and guide books being brought well to the front.

### JUBILEE PAPERS, ETC.

There will doubtless be a few "left-overs" among the Jubilee literature and memorials. An English exchange says "Those who desire to collect Jubilee literature cannot do better than include the Record Number of *The Illustrated London News*, the Jubilee Number of *The Pall Mall Gazette*, a complete set of 'Sixty Years a Queen,' and the Golden Number of *The Daily Mail*. To hand all these productions down to descendants is almost a duty. One day they will be priceless, sentimentally and intrinsically. To-day the whole collection can be had for a few shillings."

This indicates the feeling in England that collections of Jubilee matter will one day be very valuable, and that a parent cannot pass on to his youngsters a more interesting bundle than some of these Jubilee memorial publications. The bookseller may in some cases suggest this with effect.

### THE QUEEN AS AN AUTHOR.

In these days when Queen's Jubilee is in everyone's mouth, and books and papers galore are appearing in connection with the occasion, it seems odd that no mention is made of Her Majesty's own books. Mr. Lecky, the distinguished historian, presiding at the London booksellers' dinner lately, declared that the Queen was "the first English sovereign who, from her own pen, had contributed to the bookseller's shelves." Mr. Lecky will doubtless take refuge behind the phrase "booksellers' shelves," because other English monarchs, for instance, Henry VIII. and James I., were authors.

### SOME VERY OLD TOYS.

THE BUSINESS OF SELLING THEM IS ALSO ANCIENT.

THE dusky-faced children in the far-away land of Egypt petted and loved dolls 3,000 years ago just as much as the children of our own land do to-day. A young traveler in Paris once said: "Mamma, I can't understand anybody but the dear little dogs. They don't talk French; they speak for sugar just like our Flossy."

Just so we can always understand a little girl talking to her doll even if we do not know a word that she says. No doubt these Egyptian little mothers dressed and undressed them and put them to bed and "played sick" and coaxed or punished with quite as much comfort as any small maiden in America to day.

The Egyptian doll merchants kept another kind of doll painted with bright staring colors to catch the eyes of very little children and babies. But I have no doubt that these ugly black dolls with round, white eyes were banged and battered about with great satisfaction by the chubby Egyptian tots. You know that the longer a doll is kept and the worse she looks the more your little sisters love her.

Perhaps this forlorn headless baby from Thebes, with the queer dancing bear for an ornament, looking as if a North American Indian had fashioned her, was a greater prize than ever after the head was gone.

Do you wonder how we know what they played with, these far-a-way children so long dead and forgotten?

The old tombs of their land tell the story of their every-day lives. Their toil and recreation, their feasts, concerts and their pleasure excursions are indicated in the painted sculpture, and of course in these records of home life the children have their place.

Besides these stone records there are others more easily understood by unlearned people. The old belief of this people was that the souls of the dead wandered for ages in unknown worlds and in unknown forms before coming back to the bodies they had on earth. It was to cheer the dear ones upon these dreary journeys that they placed in their tombs the familiar home objects that they had used and loved. There were his arms for the soldier, the books for the priest, the needlework for the wives, the toilet case for the belle, and the toys for the children.

The bodies were embalmed or prepared by aromatic spices and swathed in costly wrappings to preserve them till the return of the soul. No doubt many of you in our great towns have seen in museums these mummies, as they are called, for, sadly enough, after all the care taken to keep

them, they have been found by curious travelers and carried to the uttermost parts of the earth. In one of the "world's fairs," in the department of Peru, were many mummies from South America, with a collection of strange articles from the tombs. When the bodies are taken, the quaint and curious objects found with them form part of the spoil. Very few mummies of children have been preserved, but enough with the stone records to show us their playthings.

Because of their rarity these playthings are greatly valued. A museum in Leyden has several. Some of these toys are so like our jumping jacks or climbing monkeys on sticks in their workings that they might have been made yesterday. A figure of a man is kneading dough, and by pulling the string his jointed body and arms bend and roll the lump of dough on an inclined table.

Another toy is one of those horrid monsters like the jack-in-a-box or the nut-crackers that German toy makers have sent all over the world of children. It is an ugly crocodile with a long, cruel-looking jaw, and pulling the string opens and shuts the great, hungry mouth. It would seem that babies in Egypt thousands of years ago enjoyed the toys that half frightened them, as they do to-day.

In the British Museum are balls of various kinds. Some of the smaller ones are found in painted earthenware, but they are wonderfully like the little black and red leather penny balls of our toy shops. The largest one, covered with leather and sewed, makes us wonder if baseball were not a game of those days, and whether the boys of Egypt had broken fingers and bruised faces as often as our own.

In our own country the largest collection of these relics from the tombs is Dr. Abbot's Egyptian antiquities in the museum of the New York Historical Society.

Among these I found the little worn leather shoe of a child and a pair of tiny baby slippers or sandals. It made me sad to think of the little feet that wore these and danced and played—somebody's darling gone and forgotten ages ago. There are ladies' boots of kid, white, purple and red, no doubt fine and dainty in their day.

Mr. R. N. Stephens will soon bring out the historical romance, "An Enemy to the King," based upon his drama of the same name. The book will be published by L. C. Page & Co., of Boston.

A new book by Leonard Merrick, author of "A Daughter of the Philistines," is announced for early publication by R. F. Fenno & Co. The title of the new book is "The Man Who Was Good."