

AT SUNWICH PORT. By W. W. Jacobs.

IT is said that there are only four humor-out writers in England, Mr. Barrie, Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, Mr. Anstey,—and the author of this book.

Plenty of others can write in a light-hearted way, when there is no unsavory pill to swallow, and their nerves and digestion are all right, but they have no claim upon this aristocracy of the quill. The humor of these four is the sword with which they open the world's oyster, and they deserve their "rake in" for all the diversion and solace they offer to the jaded, over-civilized, business-tangled world.

Mr. Jacobs is not of the clan of humorists who say to themselves: Go to; now let us be funny, and who bring up their jokes with a pump that makes its every creak heard. On the contrary, he reminds us of the girl in the fairy tale, who dropped pearls from her mouth in ordinary talk.

Captain Nugent, around whose fortunes the story hinges, is an old ship-master. *Nugent* is a dangerous rocket, always waiting to "go off." He is a good example of badness, and all the world knows that when a ship-master is ugly and bad-tempered he is a most objectionable personage.

Among so many ingenious and ingenuous characters as this book presents, it is difficult to select the best, but *Mrs. Silk* and *Mrs. Kybird* are gems. Their keen wit and delicious satire, and the methods by which

they whittled down their opinions by the jack-knife of all-pervading expediency, are really the best sweets that have been presented to the public tooth for many a day.

For summer reading, "At Sunwich Port" will be a heaven-sent blessing.

Charles Scribner & Son, New York.

THE LAPIDARIES, By Mrs. Elizabeth Cheney.

WE have to thank a Winnipeg subscriber for a copy of this booklet. It carries a strong, sweet message to those tired, pain-harrowed invalids who are not only shut in from the outside world, but shut out from the inside world. This is the story of the trials and ultimate victory of a woman who finds herself neglected by her brother's household without the right to protest, for "a woman with no mother, no money, no home, and no back, must submit in silence."

There is also a clever little story of how *Aunt Deborah* heard *The Messiah*. Those who know the Oratorio will appreciate the old countrywoman's interpretation of it. She says: "There was a wonderful place where it sez, 'He shall be like a refiner's fire.' Did you ever think it was possible fer musick to be like fire? I don't know how they did it, but the fine, thin, tremblin' notes, not loud, but quick as lightnin', made me feel as if I would be all a-blazin' the next minit."

Eaton & Mains, New York.



RETURNING FROM A DEER HUNT IN MUSKOKA.