
JOHN LANE'S LIST OF FICTION

BY STEPHEN LEACOCK.

LITERARY LAPSES. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 3/6 net

Spectator—"This book is a happy example of the way in which the double life can be lived blamelessly and to the great advantage of the community. The book fairly entitles Mr. Leacock to be considered not only a humourist but a benefactor. The contents should appeal to English readers with the double virtue that attaches to work which is at once new and richly humorous."

NONSENSE NOVELS. Third Edition. Crown 8vo. 3/6 net

Pall Mall Gazette—"He certainly bids fair to rival the immortal Lewis Carroll."

Punch—"Delightful spontaneity. There is genuine gold here on every page."

Daily Graphic—"Guido, the Gimlet of Ghent" set us in a roar. His last tale, 'The Asbestos Man,' is the best."

SUNSHINE SKETCHES OF A LITTLE TOWN. Fourth Edition

Crown 8vo. 3/6 net

Evening Standard—"We have never laughed more often."

Canada—"A whole storehouse of sunshine. Of the same brand as 'Literary Lapses' and 'Nonsense Novels.' It is the surest recipe for enjoying a happy holiday."

Daily Telegraph—"Irresistibly comical. Mr. Leacock strikes us as a sort of Americanised W. W. Jacobs. Like the English humorist, the Canadian one has a delightfully fresh and amusing way of putting things."

Times—"His real hard work—for which no conceivable emolument would be a fitting reward—is distilling sunshine. This new book is full of it—the sunshine of humour, the thin keen sunshine of irony, the mellow evening sunshine of sentiment."

BY W. J. LOCKE.

STELLA MARIS. A Novel. Crown 8vo. 6/-

With 8 Illustrations by Frank Wiles.

*** Mr. Locke's astonishing fertility of invention has never yet been seen to so great advantage as in this story. It has all the picturesque bravery of the "Beloved Vagabond," all the tender sentiment of "Marcus Ordeyne," all the quixotic spirit of "Clementina Wing." And yet it is like none of these. Infinitely tender, infinitely impressive, is the story of Stella Maris, the wonder child, who has never moved from her couch, who receives her impressions of the outside world from her gentle spirit and the gold-clad tales of her loving friends and the secrets of the seagulls that flit so near her window. And then Stella, grown to a woman, recovers; to take her place, not in the world of beauty she had pictured from the stillness of her couch, but the world of men and women.

From the first page the reader falls under a spell. For all its wistful delicacy of texture Mr. Locke's humanity, broad and strong, vibrates with terror just as it soothes with its sense of peace. This is Mr. Locke's finest achievement.