

the last page, where we leave Elizabeth in a not altogether unhappy frame of mind. The price of these books, 30c., puts them within the reach of all.

"Over the Teacups," by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and "A Ward of the Golden Gate," by Bret Harte, have just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. The title of the first is suggestive of pleasant conversation, and we all know that "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-table" has plenty to say that is worth hearing. From the time when he refers to the probability of an idiotic area existing in people's brains, corresponding to the blind spot in the eye, to the last talk where he tells us that an occasional evening call is all that can be expected of him now that the teacups are cleared away, the book is full of brightness and tenderness. Some of the poems with which it is garnished have a right good flavor, and the several cups on the table have each a peculiar interest. As is well known, the contents of the volume have appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* during the past two years and a half, but the book will be none the less welcome for that. Bound in green, with gilt top, the volume is as pretty as need be, and would make an acceptable gift to any bookish person at the coming festive season. The price is \$1.50.

"A Ward of the Golden Gate" is, as its name implies, a California story, and when once taken up, not to be put down until finished. A woman of notorious character, who repents the error of her way, wishes to save her child from the disgrace of her parentage. She accordingly arranges with the Mayor of San Francisco, and a fine old timer named Colonel Pendleton, together with a young clerk, who was called in to make a third, and commits her child to them as a sacred trust. She transfers her entire fortune to them in trust for her little girl, who is never to know who her mother was. What the keeping of this trust involved, and the fate of Miss Yesba Buena (as she was named,) was, the story will unfold. The price of the book is \$1.25.

A dip into juvenile literature is good for "grown ups" at times, and brings back to remembrance the days that are gone, when children were not so well provided for in this line. Victor Hugo calls this "the woman's century," and he might have added that it is the children's century as well, for never before in the world's history has so much thought been paid to children—their schools, their books, their pictures, and their toys. Childhood, as we understand it, is a recent discovery.

Up to the time of the issue of the *St. Nicholas Magazine* seventeen years ago, literature and children's magazines were almost contradictory terms, but the new periodical started out with the idea that nothing was too good for children; the result has been a juvenile magazine genuine with conscientious purpose,—the greatest writers contributing to it, with the best artists and engravers helping to beautify it,—and everything turned to the key-note of youth.

It has been the special aim of *St. Nicholas* to supplant unhealthy literature with stories of a living and healthful interest. In the seventeen years of its life *St. Nicholas* has not only elevated the children, but it has also elevated the tone of contemporary children's literature as well. Many of its stories, like Mrs. Burnett's "Little Lord Fauntleroy," have become classic. It is not too much to say that almost every notable young people's story now produced in America first seeks the light in the pages of that magazine.

The year 1891 will prove once more that "no household where there are children is complete without *St. Nicholas*." J. T. Trowbridge, Noah Brooks, Charles Dudley Warner and many well-known writers are to contribute during this coming year. One cannot put the spirit of *St. Nicholas* into a prospectus, but the publishers are glad to send a full announcement of the features for 1891, and a single sample copy to the address of any person mentioning this notice. The magazine costs \$3.00 a year. Address: The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York.

Among the literary events of the days the publication of Sir Walter Scott's journal is not the least. The interest taken in a man's (or a woman's) book nearly always extends to their selves. Those who read the fascinating stories, which are more than mere stories too, want to know the conditions under which they were written, and to be brought into closer connection and sympathy with the writer. Thus the journal of the author of Waverley and Ivanhoe, nearly sixty years after his death, will be read wherever the English language is known. No personality in the literary history of the century possesses more interest than that of Sir Walter Scott, and the fresh light cast upon it by the publication will be eagerly welcomed. The journal was, of course, utilized by the author's son-in-law Lockhart in the preparation of his famous life of Scott, but it was used so sparingly that the best of it may be said to be reserved for the last.

A Society of Canadian Literature has been formed in Montreal for the purpose of examination of our national literature, both English and French; the acquirement and diffusion of a knowledge of our best poetry, romance, historic works and other writings; the provision of a centre for local literary life and for the introduction of visiting litterateurs, and the encouragement of all proper literary works and movements throughout the country. Montreal, situated in the midst of a country rich in historic associations, and exhibiting to the student and the literary man two diverse forms of civilization, should be an excellent field for such a society.

Lady Macdonald has promised an article on a trip to the Rocky Mountains to the *Ladies' Home Journal*, of Philadelphia. This will be the first contribution from Lady Macdonald's pen to an American magazine. Those who read her clever articles in *Murray's Magazine* a few years ago know that Lady Macdonald writes well, and that the forthcoming article will be interesting.

The Methodist Book and Publishing House has just started a new paper for young people, with the suggestive name of *Onward*. The price is sixty cents a year. Rev. Dr. Winthfow, Toronto, is the editor.

Messrs. Hart & Company's address is 31 and 33 King Street West, Toronto, not Montreal, as erroneously stated last week.

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