

Division Court, Jay, to-day, some of them out of the common run. Perhaps you will have time to see that the juniors do not bungle them."

So I gathered up the papers, stuffed them into my bag, and dashed off to the court-room to begin my existence as a man without a reputation.

S. J. Robertson.

---

## THE LITERARY KINGDOM.

---

BY M. M. KILPATRICK.

---

A GIRL we know is having the one great joy of her life, from an intellectual standpoint. She is reading, for the first time, the immortal works of the late Alexandre Dumas *père*. The consequence is that she is transported to France, has forgotten entirely about every-day people and only awakens up to the life around her when young Norman McAllister paddles over from Staney Brae; then she tries to think that she is Louise de la Valliere and he is Louis the Fourteenth. Certainly, *Le Grande Monarque* was never shyer than is young McAllister, and, after all, is there much difference between a king and a settler's son when it comes to the question of first love?

Speaking of old books reminds us that there are few new ones worth anything. Why don't the people who write books remember their readers? Why don't they realize that the novels that have lived have been so-called romantic books? Who will care for problem novels twenty years from now? The romantic stories, probable or not, take one out of one's self, make people human and keep alive the natural feelings while sympathy, hate and love are played upon like the strings of a harp. Why does not somebody write something where forty pages are not given over to what the heroine thought of the hero's appreciation of music, five when she found that it did not agree with hers, and five more at their last meeting wherein we are gently told how he held his hat, how she looked out from under hers, and how, bidding each other farewell, they walk off or out into the un-

known world? By the time we have reached this point they have become so detestable that we hope they stumble and break their necks, so that a sequel is impossible. Positively, for real romance, one has to return to the "Arabian Nights," and for absolute truth to "Robinson Crusoe." Far back in memory is stored a picture of three small children, gazing with delight at the representation of a defiant young man standing before his father, said father being the typical British householder, with mutton-chop whiskers, and underneath the drawing is this inscription:

"Robinson Crusoe wants to roam,  
'My son,' says his father, 'stay at home.'"

This gives the rhythm of the entire story as told in a poem, and which we regard as the finest that was ever written. The youngest child in the group had an expressed liking for Mr. Crusoe and a very different feeling for Adam and Eve, whom, in her heart of hearts, she considered what her mammy called "pore white trash."

Even the stories written nowadays for children are not interesting. Any child knows that the reason the good little boy did not take the cake was because he was afraid of a thrashing and not because he differentiated between right and wrong, or looked into the future and prognosticated pains and paregoric. Vices and virtues of the old type are more attractive because they are the same to-day, and if our romances for young and old are to prove interesting they need to have that touch that makes the whole world kin,