

duty than otherwise, has laid down the above-mentioned rules concerning morning play, which do not meet with universal satisfaction, and some fair dames have partially deserted the Club, and others who would have joined it have bestowed their patronage elsewhere, it being generally agreed that during our warm summer months the morning hours between eleven and two are neither the most agreeable nor the most advisable to practise in. Some few years ago the Toronto Lawn Tennis Club instituted tournaments open to all. These annual meetings have been found to answer admirably and to give a great impetus to the game. During the tournament week, tickets are sold to the public, and each succeeding year finds a larger audience upon the ground as a knowledge of the game, and an interest in it, has been increased and developed among us. Some very handsome prizes were offered last year for the contested matches, which were carried off as usual by American players. In fact, tradition has it that for some time past none have been retained in Toronto. It must, we imagine, be somewhat aggravating to the ambitious and energetic members of the Club to suffer defeat after defeat at the hands of their rivals; but we believe they console themselves by the reflection that the successful competitors are idle men who have both time and money to devote to the perfection of their skill, and who spend the whole season in a course of training and practice, which places them totally beyond the reach of our busy youths with their office work and their limited incomes.

The Park Club, familiarly known as the Nursery, was established some four years since, on a very pretty bit of land in the Queen's Park, described as the corner of Bloor Street and Park Road (west side.) Its situation is particularly attractive, the ground being surrounded by fine trees, which have been judiciously cleared to make room for the courts, leaving a noble group on the western boundary, through which a glimpse is caught of the red walls of McMaster Hall. The Park Club admits of four courts—two double grass courts, one single court and a cinder court, (laid down this spring and not yet in use). These courts cannot naturally compare with those of the Front Street Club, which not only have the advantage of age, but of the attention and experience of a first-class caretaker, who prides himself upon the perfection of cinder and sod he can offer to the members. This Park Club also issues yearly a neat little volume containing the names of its members, the constitution and rules of the Club, with the laws of Lawn Tennis as interpreted by the best English authorities. The list of names shows two life members, fourteen honorary members and sixty-six ordinary members, of whom thirty-one are ladies, and about fifteen of these latter, players. Ladies are allowed the use of the courts on every playing day throughout the season up to one o'clock and on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday afternoons. On the last named day refreshments are provided by the Club. There is no charge for games or balls; the entrance fee for ladies is \$2, with an annual fee of \$3; gentlemen \$5, with an annual fee of \$5; honorary members pay \$15, life members, \$25.

In conclusion, we will add a few words on the subject of tennis as a legitimate exercise for ladies, many people contending that the requirements of the game are such as to imperil the health. As far as we can judge, Lawn Tennis is a perfectly natural, healthy recreation, provided it be not overdone—that three, or at the most, four sets are played at one time, and these not during the heat of the day. No doubt the game when well played demands violent exertion, and therefore, should not be attempted by any person not in possession of good bodily health; this condition granted, it can hurt no one. It must be remembered, however, that youth is an essential factor in the formation of a tennis player. A girl must begin to play in her teens. It is an exercise which tends to develop a graceful walk and easy carriage. Heels are tabooed, and the muscles of the feet and legs developed as they should be. Indeed, all fashionable arts and devices must be sacrificed upon the shrine of Tennis, and the limbs and lungs allowed free play. Nature, thus encouraged and stimulated, will reward her youthful devotee for the time and exertion she has spent upon Lawn Tennis.

L. C.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

BURGLARS IN PARADISE. By Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, and Co.

Everybody who reads "An old Maid's Paradise" will welcome any further account of it with unalloyed delight, which the perusal of Miss Phelps's last story will, if possible, enhance. No one has mastered more thoroughly than this author, the art to charm. While the spell lasts she holds in complete and fascinated subjugation her reader's whole moral and intellectual being. The range of her operation upon human sympathies and emotions is remarkable; and the grace with which she effects the transition from sombre to sparkling moods is the most captivating thing in modern writing. "Burglars in Paradise" is only a series of chapters from the life of a middle-aged spinster and her most unromantic domestic, in the seaside village of Fairharbor, yet it is fuller of life and character and colour and inimitable reflection, than any novel that has appeared this year. One closes it with the memory of picture after picture of sea and shore; of a glimpse into the tender depths of a clear, sweet consciousness; of having spent an hour or two in the sunny, breezy leisure of a very delightful person indeed. It is difficult to define the precise virtue of Miss Phelps's writing. It consists in a very special idealization which is quite her own, and must be experienced to be understood.

BUGLE ECHOES. A collection of poems of the Civil War: Northern and Southern. Edited by Francis F. Browne. New York: White, Stokes, and Allan.

One's first impression concerning "Bugle Echoes" is a sense of astonishment that a quarter of a century should have slipped by, without bringing it to our library shelves long ago. It is so eminently a book worth possessing as to provoke an instinctive review of the multifarious publications of a different character which have fallen from the press of American enterprise thick and fast as autumn leaves, while the compilation of this one was so long deferred. It may be, however, that twenty-five years are not too many to cool the resentment that would once have burnt from cover to cover the book that bound Northern and Southern war-songs together, that the publication of "Bugle Echoes" from Shiloh and Manasses may mark an era in the national good feeling of the re-United States, and that both sentimentally and financially wisdom is justified of Mr. Browne.

Truly, this is a notable book—a book that will make sad havoc of the grave-yards where dead memories are lying—a book that will re-ignite all the camp fires from Sumter to Appomattox. Men handled the pen as well as the sword with unaccustomed, unsuspected power in those days, and many a heart-break found passionate vent in the corners of a local newspaper, was raised on the surge of events for a day, and forgotten. Cheers and protests, tributes and bitter cries of hatred, a woman's wail, a poet's plea for peace—all this and much more Mr. Browne has found in his search among the dusty files, and has bound into immortality in "Bugle Echoes." Some of it is bad poetry, of course, but even the worst is inspired and controlled by so noble a phase of emotion as to transfigure its commonplace expression into beauty, and lend the music of responsive heart-strings to its faulty rhyme and rhythms; nor is its value paled by the light of the great names that shine out on every other page—Whittier, Longfellow, Bryant, Lowell, Holmes.

Always truest, best, most richly worth preserving, are the lyrical records of any national movement. In the very midst of her sore baptism of fire and blood, sprang up all over the great republic the flowers of poets' thoughts. The gathering and preserving of this pathetic bloom of minstrelsy is a work worthy of the warmest appreciation.

THE MIDGE. By H. C. Bunner. New York: Chas. Scribner's Sons.

Mr. H. C. Bunner, author of "Airs from Arcady and Elsewhere," has written a novel, and it is precisely the novel which the author of Arcadian airs might be expected to write. It is a simple little story, told with much grace and piquancy, and a great deal more art than is evident. There are only three people of any consequence, a middle-aged good fellow, the waif he adopts, and a blue-eyed young artist to whom the waif is finally joined in holy matrimony. The story takes a pleasant, placid, descriptive course through the French quarters of New York, making no attempt to rise to the heights of human experience scaled so easily in the average novel, until the last chapter. Nothing melo-dramatic greets us there—only a common page of a common misery, ennobled by silent endurance, and heightened by sharp contrast with unconscious joy.

There is some dainty and distinctive writing in the book. The local colouring is admirable, and the minor characters are clever studies. The middle-aged hero is the only conception upon which the author has apparently bestowed any trouble. He is a faithful transcription, and may be duplicated in almost anybody's acquaintance. But the waif and the artist, though of attractive exterior, are physically much too sketchy to bear him fitting company. The book is thoroughly permeated with the author's very agreeable individuality, and for the sake of this we are disposed to forgive much, however. Mr. Bunner has not exhausted this story's possibilities, nor evidently his own. His book may by no means be regarded as indicating his limitations, and while he has not accomplished much, he has accomplished a little so charmingly that he is entitled to public gratitude for at least a whole summer.

HOLD UP YOUR HEADS, GIRLS. Helps for Girls, in School and out. By Annie H. Ryder. Boston: D. Lothrop and Co.

Very seldom among books written distinctively for girls, even among such books from the Lothrop press, do we find one bearing so undeniably the stamp of genuine merit as this of Miss Ryder's. There is no story to make the didactic decoction taste well, there is no confectionery sentiment, no maudlin idealization of the future of average girlhood. The book consists, as its title indicates, of a series of plain talks to girls about themselves and the possibilities of their development, mentally, morally, and upon strictly business or professional lines. It is the dictation of a well balanced mind, a wide experience, and the kindest spirit imaginable.