

this connection let it be said that Osgoode Hall is not entirely guiltless, witness the charging of the Hamilton half-backs in the first Osgoode-Hamilton game. Osgoode, as the father of the new Football, ought to discourage anything that tends to the lowering of the game. Things have come to a pretty pass when teams, supposed to be composed of gentlemen and sportsmen, play a win-at-all-hazards game and even deliberately set about "laying-out" the best men of the opposite side. Let next year's umpires and referees look to it, for the remedy lies in the rules if they are only properly enforced.

Mr. D'arcy Martin's amendment to Rule 16, at the recent O. R. U. meeting, ought to do away with the foul wing play and the interference that were so prominent this year. But there, again, it depends upon the referees. It is to be regretted that the value of a goal from a penalty kick has been reduced from 4 to 2, for off-side playing cannot be too heavily penalized. Another unfortunate feature of the O. R. U. meeting was the unsportsmanlike stand which some representatives took on the subject of playing non-University and non-resident men.

The prospects for next year's football are, in general, bright. Kingston will be an addition to the senior teams and several new competitors will be ready for the Intermediate and Junior ties. If reports are true Osgoode will again come to the front and she will find plenty of competent opponents. The amended rules will discipline the players satisfactorily if the executive will instruct the referees to strictly enforce them.

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### Children's Books.

THE season of the year has come for buying presents for one's young friends and relations. That is one of the special privileges of Christmas, and we are not sure that it is not one of its greatest pleasures. At any rate we know few things pleasanter than the bright look of thanks and delight which lights up the face of a child when receiving some gift in which he takes a real pleasure. But what to give? that is usually the difficulty—or, rather, that used to be the difficulty, for the publishers have made it easy. In past days children's books were generally prosy, with obtrusive morals, and were the gifts of those who were not so anxious to give pleasure as to teach a lesson or correct a fault. Now all is changed, and any one who wishes to give a present which will be certain of ready welcome and appreciation cannot do better than select one of the many books which are written and published for this very purpose. We have a heap of them before us now, and as we look at them we can imagine them in the hands of happy children lying full length upon the hearth rug, or curled up in arm chairs, deep in their perusal and oblivious to everything which is going on around them. There is another thing about children's books of the present day, and that is that they are read with nearly as much pleasure by grown ups as by the children themselves.

We take up first a new book by Frances Hodgson Burnett, the author of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*. It is called "*Piccolo* and other child stories," published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs) price \$1.50, and is illustrated charmingly by Mr. R. B. Birch. There are three stories in the book. The first is "Two days in the life of *Piccolo*," a little Italian boy, hardly more than a baby, who was adopted by an English lady in search of a new excitement whilst travelling in Italy. His sensations under such unaccustomed luxuries as the bath are accurately and sympathetically described, and at last he escapes thankfully to the village life which he understands. The story of the Captain's youngest, told by the Captain's man of all work, and that of Betty's kitchen, told by herself, are very pretty and touching. Most people, we fancy, will turn to the concluding part of the work, "*How Fauntleroy occurred*," and will be pleased to find that the character is based upon that of Mrs. Burnett's second boy.

From the Century Company we have "*Toinette's Philip*," by Mrs. Jamieson, the author of "*Lady Jane*"; price \$1.50. We sat down and read this book from cover to cover, and if the children, who are fortunate enough to obtain it, enjoy it half as much as we did, they have a great pleasure before them. It tells the story of a little lad, brought up in New Orleans by a negro woman, and adopted into a New York family, of which he afterwards turns out to be a member. We are sure that all the little girls who read this

story will fall in love with Philip, attracted by the beauty of his character, and we fear that most of the boys will do the same with a charmingly naughty little negro boy, Lilybel. This book, too, is illustrated by Mr. Birch, and to that fact owes no small part of its attractiveness. It originally appeared in *St. Nicholas*.

"*Polly: a Christmas recollection*," by Thomas Nelson Page, we don't know whether to classify under the head of children's books or not. It is a delicately told little love story of the usual Christmas type, very slight though artistic in construction. It is well illustrated by Mr. Castaigne, and beautifully printed. It is published by Charles Scribner's Sons. (Toronto: Wm. Briggs.) Price \$1.50.

From Scribner's we also have "*The Wagner Story Book*," five light tales of the great Music Dramas, by William Henry Frost, illustrated by Sydney Richard Burleigh, Price \$1.50. This book is different in its character from the foregoing. It tells the old stories on which Wagner's great works are based, the stories, as the writer says, "that the whole world has known and loved all these hundreds and thousands of years, tales of the gods and the heroes, of the giants and the goblins. Those are the right stories to tell to children, I believe, and the right ones for children to hear—the wonderful things that used to be done, up in the sky, and down under the ocean, and inside the mountains." The stories are ten in number, and are told in simple language without any straining after simplicity. They are supposed to be seen in the fire, and told by a father to his little girl. The three we liked the best were "*The Daughter of the God*," "*The Prize of a Song*" and "*The Blood Red Sail*,"

"*Grizzly's Little Pard*," by Elizabeth Maxwell Comfort, published by Thomas Whittaker, New York, price 75 cents, is, as its title would imply, the story of a mining camp. It tells of the introduction of a little girl into a company of rough miners, and how after the death of her father and mother, she was adopted by one of the roughest of them, known as Grizzly, who, from her baby days, has made her his partner. She is discovered by an uncle and taken to city life, but returns again to the mining city to comfort her adopted father who is pining away owing to her absence. The book is of the kind we know very well, but it will give none the less pleasure to its young readers for all that.

"*The Land of Pluck*," published by the Century Co., New York, price \$1.50, is our last. It is written by Mrs. Dodge, the editor of *St. Nicholas*, and the well-known author of "*Hans Brinker, or the Silver Skates*." The Land of Pluck is, of course, Holland; and the first part of the book is devoted to an account of the striking and picturesque description of that country and its people—a description which is greatly aided by the capital pictures which adorn the book. There is nothing of the guide book character in the account; the headings of the chapters, "*On both sides of the dyke*," "*Birds eye views*," "*Streets and byways*," "*Dutch oddities*," will show that. The second part of the book consists of stories and sketches, most of which have appeared in *St. Nicholas*. "*Wondering Tom*" is a capital little story with a plain moral, and "*A Barrel Adventure*" conveys a warning to parents and a hint to children which we hope none will take these holidays—at least in any house where we happen to be.

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### Washington Letter.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND'S message to Congress has disappointed both friends and enemies. Opening with one of those adjective-laden passages for which he is noted, it closes with a tame assurance that he will approve anything devised by Congress that tends to the good of the country. The intermediate parts consist mainly of dull recitals of routine business and departmental recommendations. Anything less likely to put life and unity into his defeated and distracted party could hardly be conceived. He tenders but one issue out of which any popular favour could be made during the three months of the session—a wipe at the corrupt advantage bestowed upon the Sugar Trust by a combination of stock jobbing Senators, in which, as usual, party lines were obliterated.

The financial part of the message was put last. Had it been put first and in the same emphatic manner as the tariff message that electrified and consolidated the Democratic