

PREMIUM PUBLICATIONS

ALLEN, JAMES LANE

The Choir Invisible: *Crown 8vo., Cloth, \$1.25; Paper, 75 cents.*

"The longest, strongest, and most beautiful of Mr. Allen's novels."—*Chicago Tribune*.

"It is a book to be read with delight and profit for the author is one who has sounded the depths of the human heart; he knows its joys and sorrows, its temptations and struggles, and his ideals are of the highest. . . . It is a notable addition to the fiction of to-day, and ought to meet with eager recognition by a large circle of novel readers."—*Toronto World*.

"There are two chief reasons why Mr. Allen seems to me one of the first of our novelists to-day. He is most exquisitely alive to the fine spirit of comedy. He has a prose style of wonderful beauty, conscientiousness and simplicity. . . . He has the inexorable conscience of the artist; he always gives us his best; and that best is a style of great purity and felicity and sweetness—a style without strain, and yet with an enviable aptness for the sudden inevitable word."—*Bliss Carman, in the Evening Transcript, Boston*.

"The Choir Invisible' is an epoch-marking book. It is a story to set up as a standard by which other novels shall be judged; a rock in the desert of literature. Do not imagine that it is faultless or perfect in any way—the rock in the desert has cracks in its side and blemishes, but these faults are so small, so insignificant, that it needs very little distance to obliterate them, and then—then you will realize that in writing 'The Choir Invisible' Mr. Allen has made the most notable addition to the literature of the South that has been made for the last twenty years."—*The Commercial Tribune, Cincinnati*.

"The Choir Invisible' is not a book to be thrown aside when finished; there are places one wishes to mark and return to again and again. The diction in certain passages is really beautiful, and the whole story will be read more than once."—*Kingston Daily Whig*.

"The Choir Invisible' contains a world of beautiful word-imagery and poetic feeling. At all times there is a perfect harmony in the language and in the pictures of nature so vividly painted. There is nothing to jar the sublime effect; not a discordant note in the whole sweet story."

"We have no less an authority than Bliss Carman, for the doctrine that Mr. Allen is one of the chief among American writers."—*Daily Sun, St. John, N.B.*
 "In these days when one must have an especial reason to read any book, it can be urged that this should be read because it will make the reader better. The art is superb, the humanity behind the art is very human."—*Montreal Herald*.

ALLEN, JAMES LANE, author of "The Choir Invisible."

A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath: the two stories in one volume. *Cloth, 12mo., \$1.25; paper, 75 cents.*

Until the appearance of "The Choir Invisible" James Lane Allen had been less written about than any other leading American writer, mainly on account of his dislike of personal notoriety. The qualities which characterize his work are also characteristic of the man—a sensitive delicacy and vigorous virility, a strong love of life and of nature, especially in Kentucky. "A Kentucky Cardina" and "Aftermath," form, together, one of the most delightful little love-stories that was ever written. The beautiful red bird of Kentucky which gives the book its name is brought in again and again with a touch of genius and a grace of handling that never fail. It is the story of a lover of the old days in whom is a chivalrous delicacy that at once attracts.

ALLEN, GRANT

The Incidental Bishop: *Paper, 8vo., 50 cents.*

"Grant Allen strayed away from the path of novel-writing righteousness when he gave the world that too-daring 'Woman Who Did,' but he has proved in this book that he can write about the dear women who don't with just as much skill, and more. The 'Incidental Bishop' is a bit of good literary sculpture. Here again we have the old impersonation scheme as the *motif*. A very decent sailor youth in the twenties finds himself on what is really a slave ship, cruising about some cannibal islands, or some place in Darkest Africa—I forget which—but the vessel sails under the euphemism of the 'Labor traffic.' When they have their cargo of black men and women, a British gunboat bears down on them, and a wounded missionary, who comes aboard after his black flock, dies. The hero—as the British gunboat is coming near—and as also he doesn't like slave-catching, puts on the missionary's togs, so that when he comes to, after an explosion which conveniently occurs, he is rescued by the British crew and taken to Australia, where he is carefully nursed by a parson's daughter—of course they fall in love—and by successive steps he climbs into a bishopric. There is much in the story, and I must not spoil the appetite of the reader. I am only showing that the impersonation idea is the Alpha and Omega of the book."—*Kit in the Toronto Mail and Empire*.