

Miss Lily Dougall's *Beggars All* (Longmans) has already reached a third edition, and it deserves its success, if only for the letter in which the heroine, driven to extremity by poverty, answers a matrimonial advertisement. That is one of the most natural letters that fiction has given us since Richardson. There is much in the book that is unreal enough, but the author has undoubtedly a future.

(*Illustrated Graphic.*)

Beggars All, by L. Dougall, would be noticeable for the singularity of its plot, even if it had no other claims to attention—and it has many. A burglar who burgles on high moral principle, and by way of effecting, in a practical manner, a more equitable redistribution of wealth, is certainly a novelty at present, whatever he may be in the course of a few generations more. It is true that Robin Hood robbed the rich and gave to the poor; but then he was the victim of circumstances, which was not the case with Mr. Hubert Kent; and, somehow, less sophistry seems required to justify the outlaw of romance than the highly respectable and philosophic thief whom L. Dougall makes argue so plausibly—so plausibly as to make his acquaintance a matter of some real danger for impressionable minds. He is certainly too much, in the matter of logic, for poor Star, the first heroine, so far as we are aware, who seriously answered a matrimonial advertisement. On the whole, therefore, and under the circumstances, she was not so unfortunate as she might have been in getting a husband whose sole fault, nay, whose sole blemish, was burglary; whereas he might have drunk, or gambled, or flirted, or done a hundred other things that not even logic can reconcile with virtue. This curiously imagined story is interesting for other reasons than eccentricity; and the various characters are made to seem very much more like actual men and women than they really are.

(*St. James's Gazette.*)

Hubert Kent, the hero of this curious novel, is unmistakably a product of the age.

(*Christian World*, London.)

A strong situation is here created, which is admirably worked out. There is a sense of power in reserve, ever and anon breaking vividly forth, which is not the least charm of this book. We congratulate the author on her successful *debut* in literature, and shall look with interest for more from her pen.

(*Daily Chronicle.*)

Exhibits unusual promise. The author has an observant eye both for scenery and character. . . . All the characters are well drawn and the work is powerfully written.

(*Aberdeen Free Press.*)

The book raises problems of great ethical complexity and deals with them in an adequate way. In fact the great modern problem of the conflict between Egoism and Altruism—to use the somewhat barbarous phraseology of our time—is raised in a concrete form by Miss Dougall, and is dealt with in a way which is at once true to nature, and which has elements in it of a hopeful solution for the future. . . . The ordinary reader gets what he wants, a story told clearly, brightly and well, characters intelligible and well defined, while more thoughtful readers, who desire to look deeper, get ethics and philosophy into the bargain.

(*The Standard*, London.)

The book is worth reading for its original plot, as well as for the unflinching delineation of the husband and wife. Nothing is sacrificed to prettiness, and the whole story, improbable, nay impossible, as it is, reads like a true one.

(*Literary World*, Boston.)

One of the strongest as well as most original romances of the year—a masterpiece of restrained and legitimate dramatic fiction.

(*The Week*, Toronto.)

This handsome book comes to us with the double recommendation of Canadian authorship and of the great publishing house of Longman, which seldom condescends to the putting forth of novels, and when it does, takes care that they are of the best. . . . One of the most remarkable figures is the ex-Baptist minister, Gilchrist, who had given up every earthly hope and prospect, and almost his spiritual work, to watch over a drunken half-sister. A very prosaic kind of martyr, some readers will think. Yes, but one far more real and Christlike than many which will impress the ordinary imagination more powerfully. We have said enough to show that we have here a book of no ordinary interest.