

An essay of Emily Brontë, hitherto unpublished, will appear in the September number of the *Woman at Home*. It was found among the papers of the Héger family in Brussels.

We are asked to state, says *The Literary World* (London), that Mr. Gilbert Parker was neither a native nor resident of New Brunswick, as stated in an article a week or two back. He was born in Quebec.

Mr. George Augustus Sala is, we hear, making good progress with his long expected autobiography. It should, as at present arranged, form one of the features of the forthcoming autumn publishing season.

The Scribners announce Mr. Gladstone's translations of the "Odes of Horace, and the Carmen Sæculare," the fruits of some of the few leisure moments of his busy life. They will publish, also, J. A. Froude's "Life and Letters of Erasmus," which is arousing so much anticipatory curiosity.

The Edinburgh Edition of Mr. Stevenson's novels (Scribner) will contain some early papers of his, such as "The Philosophy of an Umbrella," "The Pentland Rising," written in 1866, his unsigned contributions to *The Portfolio*, and a part of the suppressed account of his voyage to the United States as a steerage passenger, "a journey," says *The Athenæum*, "which nearly ended the author's life."

Our Bubble is the title of a new publication, edited by Dr. Barnardo. Its object is to entertain and instruct young people and especially to awaken and sustain and interest in the work for homeless waif children. The magazine is issued in weekly and monthly parts, and is printed in colours. Several valuable prizes are offered to stimulate the industry and perseverance of its child readers. It is published at 279 Strand, W. C., London, England.

Leconte de Lisle, who has just died at the age of seventy-four, was one of the state-liest literary figures of the century. He has left behind him a considerable number of volumes, the chief of which are the "Poèmes Antiques" (1852), "Poèmes et Poésies" (1855), "Poesies Barbares" (1862), and his fine translations of Æschylus, Sophocles, Homer, Theocritus, Hesiod, Bion, and Moschus. In his time his influence has been very powerful over a large number of his contemporaries. But perhaps no one ever held so aloof from popular methods, or was so indifferent to popular applause.

"Westward to the Far East" is the very appropriate title of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company's new handbook, which describes in an exceedingly interesting and concise way how and what to see in visiting China and Japan. The book is beautifully illustrated, and, although the description is not elaborate, it will be read with keen interest, especially now that the difficulty with Korea has brought China and Japan under more prominent notice than hitherto. The work also contains "A Note on Korea," by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore. At the end of the book is to be found a good number of words and phrases used in common Japanese speech, which may be easily learnt and will considerably assist the tourist in his dealings with shopkeepers, servants and coolies. This handbook would form a valuable addition even to a library.

G. P. Putnam's Sons add to their announcement for the summer season, as follows: Miss Hurd: *An Enigma*. By Anna Katharine Green, author of "The Leaven-

worth Case," etc, etc. This story, it is promised, will equal in interest any of the earlier works of the author of "The Leavenworth Case." Found and Lost. By Mary Putnam-Jacobi. This story forms the second number of the successful Autonym Library, in which library Mr. Crawford's "Upper Berth" has recently been issued. The Story of Venice. From the earliest times to the fall of the Republic. By Alethea Wiel. (A new number of the "Story of the Nations" series.) Cicero, and the Fall of the Roman Republic. By J. L. Strachan Davidson, M. A., Fellow of Balliol College, Oxford. The Flute Player, and Other Poems. By Francis Howard Williams.

From *The Literary World* (London) we cull the following:—

In 1882 Corea was still "the Hermit Kingdom," a land of mystery even to Orientals. In 1885 the capital, Seoul, was connected with Peking, and, through it, with the world, by the telegraph wire of civilization. But even the recent war, though war is always the best teacher of geography, has failed to give most people anything but a hazy notion of the land of indolence and poverty that is the apple of discord. A little book, which can easily be read in an hour, has been published by Messrs. T. Nelson & Sons to remove this ignorance. It is almost entirely extracted from Mr. G. W. Gilmore's "Corea from its Capital"; but an extra chapter on the present war is added. "Corea of To-day" has just the easy descriptive style that is suited to its purpose.

The "Miss Kipling," whose writings are beginnings to be "seen about" in periodicals, is a Mrs. Fleming, sister to Mr. Rudyard Kipling. She is a well-known figure in the smart set at St. Andrews.

READINGS FROM CURRENT LITERATURE.

BACK TO TOWN.

Any delusions that may have beset the summer vacationer from the city about the intensity of his own gregarious instincts are apt to be widely dispelled about this time of year, when, after his month by the sea or in the country, he first strikes a considerable town. It need not be such a very big town, but only a city with the ordinary appliances of city life, with hotels that are real hotels, not summer hotels; with shops, newspapers and people. It is really pitiable to see the poor creature's satisfaction in finding the commonest appurtenances of urban existence within his reach. The most ordinary sights bear a friendly aspect to him. The members of the Salvation Army that he sees in the streets seem to him like old acquaintances. The cigar store Indians are his long lost brothers.

Poor degenerate creature that he is, after viewing God's creation for a month, man's poor appliances possess a new charm for him. The visions he had in June of the delights of a life-long communion with nature have faded out, and he rejoices that his lot has been cast in the haunts of men. Even his work, that he had come so to despise, has charms for him again, and he thinks with relief, and even with enthusiasm, of having a task to return to every morning, and of the set task which is to occupy his active hours and relieve him of the obligation to choose between rival forms of laborious amusement.—From the "Point of View," in the *September Scribner*.

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ENDURANCE OF EXTREME COLD.

The second week in January we received word that Mrs. Abrey was in Battleford waiting to join us in camp. She had come from Toronto and had travelled across the open country in the mail sleigh from Qu'Appelle to Battleford via Duck Lake and Carleton. Mr. Abrey immediately left with two horses and carioles (i.e., toboggans with raised sides of rawhide), and one halfbreed. He carried no tent. The distance to Battleford from our camp was over a hundred miles, through an open country, with here and there clumps of small poplar and birch.

I went on with the line, and the third day after Mr. Abrey left us reached the shore of Frog Lake, a few years later the scene of a horrible massacre. The next morning the cook came bustling in with the breakfast, his shirt sleeves as usual rolled up above his elbows.

"The bottom's dropped out of the thermometer," he said with a laugh.

I hurried outside, and, sure enough, the spirit had deserted the tube, and lay inclosed in the bulb—that is, it was lower than 62° F. It was startling, but there was no getting around the fact. The news spread through the camp, and the men came crowding round to see the unusual phenomenon. One man ventured the opinion that we had got to the North Pole by mistake, but they looked upon it more as a joke than anything else, and were perfectly satisfied, because it meant a holiday. Mr. Abrey had made the rule that when the thermometer went below —30° F., we would not go on the line. We afterward came to the conclusion that there was nothing to prevent our working at much lower temperatures, but the rule once established it was impossible to alter it without creating discontent among the men. I went out that day two miles from camp on snowshoes, just to see how it would go, and, although it was cold at starting, I was warm enough before I got back.

The next night the thermometer went down to —58° F., and the third night to —61° F. Now, according to all precedent, we should have spent those three nights cowering with quaking hearts over the stoves, and using up the cook's fat to make