There was a young fellow called Brown; He had just come up from down town. He said, "Mr. S-I can't possibly guess What makes my fingers so brown!" There's a boy called the "horse" from the plains, He's blessed with more muscle than brains. For months poor old "Cece." Of stamps he did fleece, And to steal all his jam he took pains.

## New Books.

Two delightful volumes are those just issued by William Briggs, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary," the authoress being Alice Hegan Rice. They abound in humour, are not without pathos and are replete

with observations full of sound practical sense.
"Thoroughbreds," the author W. A. Fraser, the publishers G. N. Morang & Co., Toronto, is a racy production, a credit to the writer, to his powers of

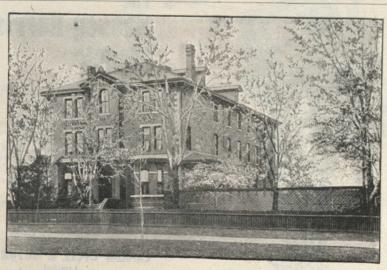
imagination and to his capabilities in telling an excellent story.

McLeod and Allen, of Melinda street, Toronto, have just placed on the market two most fascinating volumes. The first is entitled "The Tenth Commandment," by Marguerite Linton Glentworth, the second a "Garden of Lies," its author Justus Miles Forman.

"The Tenth Commandment" is a powerfully written story by no means lacking in dramatic interest. In many parts of the volume the attention of the reader is all but painfully excited, so vividly are the scenes depicted, so life-

like is the conduct of the personages before one's mind.

A "Garden of Lies" is an interesting and often amusing romance, one that will serve to wile away a quiet evening most admirably. It is bright with-out being frivolous, intelligently written and instructive without being pedantic.



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