

Churchill, the author apparently of *The Celebrity*, and not the gentleman who wrote recently of Indian wars. It might be a good thing for these two writers to adopt some distinguishing mark. The Spanish cartoons on the Spanish-American war are really quite pathetic, now that it is over.

There is a charming little story called *Uncle Labon* in *The Youth's Companion* for August 4th. It is about an old man who had some one to be kind to him, and who found a very decent kind of a young woman who was willing to undertake the duty. But it is to be hoped that the readers of *The Youth's Companion* won't forget about it. There are a great many old people in the world who might be happier than they are. Mr. C. A. Stephens contributes a story in two parts of the bombardment of Alexandria.

From The Copp, Clark Company, Front street, Toronto, may be obtained a number of well-selected books for summer reading at a moderate price. Among these may be mentioned *The Pride of Jennico*, by Agnes and Egerton Castle, which is a charming tale of a German country, not altogether unlike that land in which the eager reader discovered the castle that made Zenda what it is. But the family of Jennico has traits of its own most agreeable to read about, and it finally captures by exciting means a very sweet princess. There is a secret which may be discovered by a master reader on the 34th page, but it serves its purpose very well for all that.

*The Girl at Cobhurst* is the latest effort that Mr. Frank R. Stockton has made on behalf of his many admirers, and they cannot but be pleased with it. Stockton's people are all characters, most of them are odd, but none of them are foolish, and many of us cannot help but wish that we might meet a few of them. How charming

it would be to go out some day and encounter Miss Panney coming to find out all about one! But in order to make the acquaintance of Miss Panney, La Fleur, and the Doctor's wife one must read *The Girl at Cobhurst*.

*The School for Saints*, by John Oliver Hobbes, is evidently the product of a union of wit to a studious mind. The lady who wrote it has already been intrusted with the writing of a life of Disraeli, and Disraeli, outlined with astonishing skill, is one of the most interesting characters in this book. But let not the indolent be afraid, there is nothing incompatible with a hammock in the reading of *The School for Saints*.

Richard Harding Davis is at present, one supposes, engaged in writing the history of the late war, but before the war began *The King's Jackal*, illustrated by Mr. Gibson, was appearing in *Scribner's Magazine*. Now it is printed in a book, and one may make the acquaintance of Kalonay at one's leisure. The story is interesting. Mr. Davis is always interesting, and his views of life are exceedingly romantic, but he might do better work even than *The Soldiers of Fortune*, and *The Soldiers of Fortune* was better work than this.

*John Marmaduke*, by Samuel Harden Church, is a story well worth reading. The fighting, and a great deal there is of it, takes place in Ireland in the time of Cromwell. The hero is a hero, but the heroine is worth her weight in gold, which numerous readers have, doubtless, already paid for her.

*Weeping Ferry*, by Margaret L. Woods, appeared a short time ago as the complete novel in one of the numbers of *Lippincott's Magazine*. Now it makes quite a stout volume, printed along with a couple of short stories in