

ments and entanglements. The advertisers proposed by a new method to restore domestic peace and confidence. No private inquiries were, in any case, to be made into the past of the parties concerned. Highest references given and required, etc., etc. A wealthy friend finances the Disentanglers, and they start the firm under the respectable title of Gray and Graham. They have previously enlisted the services of a few impecunious young ladies and gentlemen of undeniable good breeding and attractions, but with affections previously engaged. This was to serve as a guarantee that the cure would not be worse than the disease, for these lively young parties were to be thrown, quite casually, of course, into the way of young couples whose parents objected to their union, and their superior powers of fascination were to effect the desired disentanglement. The firm prospered exceedingly, and the book describes humorously and graphically the different instances in which they were employed. Perhaps the best two stories in the book are the Adventure of the fair American, whose father had willed her to the man who, fulfilling certain conditions, should bring and add to the Museum, he had himself founded, the most original and unheard of natural variety whether found in the Old World or the New, and that of the Canadian Heiress. In these the principals of the Firm take prominent parts, and as Andrew Lang is nothing if not up to date, wireless telegraphy, motor cars and submarine boats are in great requisition in the recovery of the heiress. The book is one which should on no account be missed.

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Is there yet room for a fairy story? Has not the world already store enough of dainty chronicles of the quaint little folk that for all of us who keep our memories green enjoy an existence essentially as

real as the personages of history? One might think so, and yet the theme, being almost as old as the oldest of human passions, it is capable of a variety of treatment nearly as great. If there be space for a new love story these must be a vacant corner for a new tale of fairyland. To be welcome, however, it must conform to a high standard. It is not everybody that can draw the bow of the genius who, in antediluvian days, very probably, pictured for the children of all time, and all ages, the story of the Giant Killer, or that wielded by the Grimm Brothers, or even the slimmer weapon of Hans Andersen; nor is it everybody who, having the strength, can avoid the tendency of the strong to teach. Fairy stories must not teach, they must reach and win the heart in other ways. What does "Alice in Wonderland" "teach." Nothing at all; it simply refreshes, as the dew does, and that is the office of another story, not at all like "Alice" in other respects, that has just reached me from the author, Mr Harry A. James, of Liverpool, whose publishers, George Newnes and Co., have collaborated with him to some purpose. The title of the book is "The Doll Man's Gift," and the author, like Mr Dodgson, is a grave man verging towards middle age, whose serious business in life is the pursuit of science. If his leisure is given up wholly to the creation of such books as I have before me, he is to be envied by all men grown weary with the monotonous round of life. It reveals a world of fresh and gracious beauty, or rather another aspect of that world to which glimpses have been given to us by the errant fancies of our noblest poets, in language that is comprehended by those who still trail the "clouds of glory." It were a thankless task to outline the story, which is its only fit interpreter—though that is hardly right, since the thickly-interleaved pictures, from the pencil of Mr K. M. Skeaping are as much a part of the