



Progress in Bookmaking.

ELSEWHERE on this page we give a review of that interesting book, "Dr North and His Friends," from the press of The Copp, Clark Co. There is a peculiar fascination in this work, the suggestion of which will come from extracts that we publish. Other excellent works have come to us from this enterprising Canadian house, including an attractive book for the holiday season, entitled, "Wanted, a Match Maker," by Paul Leicester Ford. It is attractively gotten up with a picturesque border on each page that at once catches the eye and wins the taste of lovers of handsome books. The story itself is one that our readers would enjoy.

Another book from the same press that is peculiarly well fitted as a holiday book, is "A Kentucky Cardinal and Aftermath," by James Lane Allen, whose works never fail to attract the widest attention. This book has already won wide fame, and its circulation at the holiday season is fitting.

Our budget from The Copp, Clark Co. also includes a pretty juvenile book, under the title of "The Gollwogg's Polar Adventures," with pictures in colors by Florence K. Upton. The Gollwogg's story is told in rhyme and is sure to please the younger readers.

The naming of these several books from this house is suggestive of the foremost place The Copp, Clark Co. have taken as Canadian bookmakers. The growth in this department of their business has been such that within the past month they have found it necessary to occupy larger and better publishing quarters on Front street west, between Bay and York. They always recommend themselves because of their fine literary character. One does not see their imprint on anything of a trashy nature, whilst their lists include many books that rank as standards in everyone's library.

The growth of the publishing business in Canada in recent years is one of the encouraging signs of the times.

"Dr. North and His Friends."

DR. NORTH and his friends are charming people to know. From a quiet corner in the shadowy background, you listen intently to their brilliant converse, fearful of losing a word, or of missing one changeful expression of countenance. Here are no stiff portraits, no cold statuary, but warm living people with whom you want to talk, to agree or argue, as fancy tempts, only the thought of being an uninvited guest making you silent, checking speech that fate would come.

Review the circle. Mrs. Vincent and Mrs. North, side by side, gentle, quaint ladies no new-women they. Clayborne, the profound, and a capital foil for the beautiful, practical, reckless St. Clair, the legal Mr. Vincent, and Clayborne's little country bred cousin, guileless Sibyl Maywood, a lovely lily on a broken stem, bodily deformed, but with an exquisite head perhaps in compensation and a haunting voice, described as one of those speaking instruments more rare than any voice of song. You nearly overlook Dr. North, so persistently does he sit in the shadow of his friends, but they all love him and so will you, that large, kind man of mental and bodily bearing, Mary North, the blighting child-life of the com-

pany, the dear, glad little girl who loved big, wicked Xerxes Crofter, in whom her child-heart saw nothing that was not good; and here we have the master character of the book, the huge Crofter, who "plays bear" so perfectly with baby "Jary that the critical mind has relapsed, forgetting the man's badness, and thinking perhaps this unusual man has only been "playing bear" to terrorize an adult world.

The subjects selected by the author are so vital with interest, so nicely discussed - and Sibyl Maywood's love story is alone worth reading the book for. No theme is neglected, from the secret of fly-fishing to the fate of a nation. Mr. Vincent gives a daring opinion regarding the success of Canada as a colony; and whether we Canadians like it or not, we should read it, and arise to prove the sayers wrong.

Here are some bright sayings overheard in the circle :-

Men are losing their instincts, and not getting brains fast enough to supply the loss of animal talents.

The thing is to make folks curious. You print a placard upside down or spell a word backward, and every second man will be mad to read them.

The worst of being a fool is that experience is of no use.

Words are like colors: the tints which surround them make or alter their value.

Entire forgetfulness eliminates the need to forgive.

Habit is the best moral legislator.

There should be a psychological consultant for schools. True education considers individuality. Teachers rarely do that or can do that.

When you present a man with a true picture of himself, he no more believes it is he himself than does a monkey who first sees himself in a mirror.

I had paddled up of a calm day from Temperance River. By the way, that river was so named by an early voyager because it had no bar at the mouth.

I have, too, an utter disbelief in biography. Usually its judgments, its omissions, and its editing, especially of letters, tell you more truth about the biographer than about the man of whom he writes.

We have stage artists, but not great actors. I think that never was the English stage so far from nature.

We may divide great men into two sets, those who die too soon, and those who live too long.

The giants of criminal finance are rarely without some fractional capacity to imitate their betters. That is no real gun. Men wholly bad are less dangerous.

Now, when this artless child said "beautiful," it acquired a fresh value, like worn gold reissued from a royal mint.

Genius is a glad freak of nature in a good humor. It has in a sense neither grandfather nor grandchild.

He had always been happy in friendship and luckless in love, and this I believe to be common.

"Oh, tact," said I, "is a gift of nature, unteachable. A duke may miss it, a mechanic have it."

I returned that there was no insurance against the fire of genius, and that other folks were apt to get a trifle singed.

I do not think, my dear, that I know people who are like books, except that

some people are unreadable, and some appear to have no table of contents.

I am for letting young people loose in a library. The reader is born, not made; you cannot help the others.

Usually in these days of concealment and self-control, only a part of a man's nature gets written clearly on his face. This is the interest of the sixteenth-century portraits. The time unmuzzled all passions, all personal qualities. It was fatal to Italy; it was fortunate for the artist.

"Selling is a particular talent," said I. "Yes, some men can sell anybody anything. I once sold a threshing machine to a confectioner. I could sell ice in Greenland, or hot-air furnaces in Ashanti."

"Dr. North and His Friends" is from the press of the Copp, Clark Company, Limited, Toronto, and is tastily bound in cloth and wall printed.

Christmas Numbers.

PUBLISHERS have excelled themselves this year in the number and attractiveness of the Christmas issues of the various periodicals. Our table groans under the weight of Christmas issues of all sorts and kinds - and much that is most artistic and beautiful. We are glad to bear testimony to the progress of the art of publishing in our own country, creditably represented in such Christmas issues as those of the Christmas Globe, the Christmas Saturday Night, the Christmas Canadian Magazine and the Christmas Westminster. Editors and publishers have done well.

The Presbyterian Review.

ONE of the important newspaper changes of the month is the purchase of the Presbyterian Review by the Poole Printing Co., one of the best-known of Toronto publishers. Within the past year or two in particular the Review has shown very marked growth, its subscription lists having increased, we are informed, seventy-five per cent. in the past eight months.

The Review is ably edited by the Rev. D. C. Hossack, LL.D., who has as editorial associate the Rev. R. C. Tibb, B.A., clerk of Toronto Presbytery.

Mr. John M. Poole, head of the Poole Publishing Co., is an experienced journalist, and one well-known in the Presbyterian Church, and there can be little doubt that under the new management the paper will continue to reach greater success, and more than ever cover the Presbyterian field in Canada, for it is as a church paper that the Presbyterian Review has attained its present high degree of success.

The "Minto" Photo.

A NEW SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHS FOR THE NEW CENTURY.

We have seen specimens of a new style of photographs that will become a feature of the studio of Charles H. Noble, cor. Yongo and Adelaide streets, Toronto, with the commencement of the new year. They are named the "Minto," name and idea being copyrighted. Mr. Noble tells us that these pictures will be finished in best fashion of his well-known studio. Everything will be the best - equal in all respects to his high-grade work. Two sittings will be given and two proofs furnished. All this, despite the fact that the new century price is only \$1 a dozen. The editor of the CANADIAN HOME JOURNAL has had some experience with the work of Mr. Noble, and can personally bear testimony to its artistic character. We bespeak a big run for the "Minto" for 1901.

EXPERIENCE has always to be bought, and, properly regarded and acted upon, is worth the money paid for it.

Susan Obeyed.

"That fellow Phipps comes here too much,"

Said Susan's father, grim;
"We'll have to put a stop to that--
You must sit down on him."

Now, Sue is an obedient girl,
Respects parental powers;
So, when young Phipps came round
that night,
She sat on him two hours.



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EARN!

This lady's Watch, a little beauty, with nickel case, decorated with pearls, and a reliable stem-wind and set movement. We give it free for selling only 3 doz. sets Parisian Beauty Pins at 10c. a set. Mail us this advertisement and we will send the Pins, \$1 then, return the money, and your Watch will be sent absolutely free, by return mail. Dominion Novelty Co., Box 2707 Toronto, Ont.