

ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF A COUNTRY  
BOOKSELLER.

6 a.m.—Well, I will go down early to business this morning, for I am short \$150 to pay my note of \$300, maturing to-day. So out of bed, get breakfast, and unlock the door at 7 a.m. Now for a couple of hours to look over my book, before customers come in, to make out a few accounts. That \$300 bill is so annoying just now, has to be paid; that traveller badgered me into giving him an order for this bill for goods I did not specially want—I wish they would keep their travellers at home.

7.30.—Door opens, in comes Mr. A. Asks the boy if Mr. Jones is down yet. Boy—"Yes, back in shop, writing." "Oh, good morning Mr. Jones, early to work; was passing and did not expect to find you at your business; you ought to succeed,—nothing like being early to work. I have a splendid line of Xmas cards per import order. I am taking large orders; our twenty per cent. house has secured the exclusive sale of these cards; cannot get them anywhere else." I tell him I don't want cards,—and I think and wonder to myself how I will collect that \$150. Mr. A. keeps on till 9 a.m., and leaves annoyed and says he will place them with Robinson over the way. Before Mr. A. left Mr. B. comes in. "Good morning Mr. Jones. I am on my trip with the finest samples of albums for import—doing a large business; I come to you first because you are the best and most enterprising man in town. I will have them opened at the hotel; can you come and see them?" "No; have enough, and will not import albums this year. Want to sell the old stock; bought too many last time." B.—"Those are new styles, and prices are away down—see them. Mr. Brown of H. gave me a large order." "I cannot help what Mr. Brown of H. does—I will not buy albums,"—and B. stays and talks for two hours, and you feel annoyed that your time is gone; don't like to tell him to go and not to bother you, but you feel it. Here it is—11:30, and I have no accounts made out, and that \$150 must be got. You are vexed that your morning has been spoiled. Noon—you meet Mr. C. at the door. "Oh, how are you, Jones? Business good? On my trip west with fancy goods; samples all ready for sorting up for the fall trade." Mr. C. holds you half an hour from your dinner, and all the way you are thinking how you will get that \$150,—take a hurried dinner,—haven't time to speak a word to your wife and family,—and the first man you meet on your return is Mr. D., representing Gobble & Co. Mr. D. is pompous and patronizing,—has the best goods, largest house, &c.,—follows you all over the store and talks away. You tell him you are busy, and run out to collect an account or two,—and on the street meet a heavy gentleman with wall paper samples. "Hello, Jones, just come to see you with my new samples,—colourings and style fully equal to the American,—taking orders where I never did before." "Please excuse me, Mr. E., too near 3 p.m. and I have banking to do." I get through and bank my \$150; had to borrow part—return and Mr. E. resumes the attack. You say you have too much wall paper, 'tis now September, and you will buy in March when you want it. "Oh, no, it suits our house best to get your order now; we have to make it, and if you don't buy now you cannot get it in March."

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