

CORRESPONDENCE

MINNEDOSA, Man., July 11, '90.

GENTLEMEN, - Checking Book to hand for which please accept my thanks. The arrangement is very good. I think it will be a great convenience for the purpose.

Yours sincerely,

J. K. PATTON,

BELLEVILLE, July 10, '90.

DEAR FRIEND, - Enclosed please find two dollars (\$2.00). Kindly place amount to my credit in subscription to BOOKS AND NOTIONS. BOOKS AND NOTIONS is a credit to yourself, and I am certain cannot but be highly appreciated by all who come in contact with it. I am always pleased and proud when handing to a friend so amiable a sheet in the interests of so amiable a profession.

Remaining yours truly,

I am,

C. B. SCANTLEBURY,
Bookseller and Stationer, Belleville.

BUSINESS AMBITION.

The ambitious man does not always succeed in reaching the top. Nervous energy does not always make success, as we are subject to higher powers. The ambition to become wealthy is laudable, but must be held within the bounds of propriety. "By this sin the angels fell," and is undoubtedly the cause of many failures to-day—that is, the ambition to get rich too fast. Success in life may be said to be occupying the position assigned you, and in grasping the situation you are in. Plodding under those conditions invariably something turns up, the condition of the times assuring you success. By this it is not meant that you should wait in idleness, for in that condition our hopes become blasted and we are pronounced a failure. As the times change, under ordinary conditions, we change with them, but the assertion that "I will succeed" in defiance of anybody is often followed by a pitiable failure.

That the human mind brooks no challenge that implies weakness is the foundation of an honest and proud man, and under such circumstances an honest failure is a worthy state of affairs; but is it not often true that a man in pursuing an honest and ambitious course, regardless of his surroundings, oversteps the bounds of propriety, whither his ambition has led him, and in this condition often reverts to tricks, led on, we will say, by this uncontrolled ambition? Better for this man were he to make an honest failure, though looked upon reproachfully by many in business; yet if the standard for which he aims be high, he will come out of it, and find "that truth crushed to earth will rise again," invariably to the edification of the practitioner. Some people, however, will persist and will go deeper and deeper, and, as it were, will juggle with their consciences by telling things which are not true in an indirect way, as if that relieved the act of a portion of its turpitude. No individual who has anything like a fair share of personal pride and self-respect will ever demean himself so far as to be directly and positively untruthful either in speech or act. But there are more casuists than there ought to be, who seem to fancy that it is far from a grievous offense to equivocate and to employ ambiguous language in business with intent to deceive. Truly, their position is a sad one. —American Merchant.

SUSPICION ALLAYED.

The worst case of suspicion and jealousy in the Northwest has just been cured, the patient being the wife of a well-known travelling man. She had noticed that her husband never brought his grip home with him, but always left it at the store when he came in from a trip, and in her jealousy she imagined it to be filled with love letters, appointments of meetings with fair ones, etc. A few days since, while her husband was on a trip through Dakota, she went down to the store and approached the porter, said: "John, you like to make a dollar honestly when you can, don't you?"

"Oh, yes'm."

"You know where my husband keeps his grip, don't you?"

"Yes'm; he throws it down in a corner of the office and leaves it there."

"Well, look here, John. He will be in on the Northern Pacific train to-morrow morning, and if, at the first opportunity, you slip his grip out of the house and bring it up to me I'll give you a dollar. You can bring it back again in half an hour."

The porter consented, and two days later presented himself at the drummer's residence with the grip in his hand. He explained that he had not before had an opportunity to carry it away, and giving him a seat in the parlor the woman carried the prize to the bedroom, and with set teeth and pale face opened it. The first thing she encountered was a well-worn pocket bible, thumbed and showing the marks of much handling. Then she dug out a soiled shirt, some unchaste socks, comb, hair brush, and then she found a letter folded within an envelope. This she opened eagerly and read as follows:

"FARGO, D. T., Sept. 1, 1889.

"Mr. WILLIAM —,

"Dear Sir, - Your monthly assessment of 50 cents for the support of the Young Men's Christian Association (bible fund) is now due, and the earnest interest you have always taken in the work assures me you will promptly remit the amount. You will be pleased to learn that the good cause progresses rapidly as you predicted it would in your address delivered here a few weeks since.

Yours,

"A. W. EDWARDS,
Secretary."

This drove much of the hard stoney look from her face, but she continued her search. She fished out three or four tracts, a bottle of pop, a Francis Murphy temperance badge, a bottle of Dr. Surepop's corn destroyer, and beneath it all, in the bottom of the grip, a letter, sealed, stamped, and ready for the mail, addressed to "Miss Georgie Gray, St. Paul, Minn."

The superscription was in her husband's well known hand writing, and again the stoney look came into her eyes.

"Oh, the wretch!" she cried in her anguish. "My suspicions are too well founded! Georgie Gray! Oh, this is too much, too much!" and she gave way to a flood of tears.

When she calmed herself she tore the letter open and read as follows:

ST. PAUL, Minn., Sept. 19.

Miss Gray:

Your note asking me to meet you in Rice park Saturday evening was handed me by a District messenger boy this morning. In reply, permit me to say that you have mistaken the man. You may not be aware that I am a married man, and am blessed with the love and confidence of the greatest little wife in America. Rather than betray that confidence or dishonor that love I would suffer ten thousand deaths. In my eyes there is but one woman in the world and she it is who greets me with a pleasant smile and a wifely kiss every time I come from a trip.

WILLIAM —

Then she laid down on the bed and sobbed for a while, and then closed the grip, took it to the porter, and asked him to return it to the store and say nothing of what had occurred. As he entered the store the drummer stepped from behind a pile of goods and asked:

"Did she go through it, John?"

"Guess so. She took it into another room, an' was gone half an hour before she brought it back."

"How did she act?"

"Well, she was smilin' awfully, but looked teary all around the eyes. She gimme another dollar, an' said this would be a happy world if all men were like her husband."

"That's business, John. Here's the V I promised you, and now let's go across the street and take something. When you come back dump that stuff and put my things back in the grip, for I go out to-morrow morning. I'll never forget you, John, for putting me on to this," and they slipped out and disappeared behind the green shade of a convenient saloon. —St. Paul Herald.

Dissolution of Partnership!

We, the undersigned, hereby give notice that the partnerships heretofore existing between us at the City of Montreal, as Bookbinders, Stationers and Printers, under the name and style of MORTON, PHILLIPS & BULMER, are dissolved by effluxion of time. The liabilities of the said businesses will be paid by the new firm of MORTON, PHILLIPS & CO., who are also authorized to receive payment of all debts due to said late firms.

HENRY MORTON,
CHAS. S. J. PHILLIPS,
THOS. C. BULMER,
HUGH CAMERON.

Dated at Montreal, the 16th of July, 1890.

Referring to the above we, the undersigned, have formed a partnership, under the name and style of MORTON, PHILLIPS & CO., as Bookbinders, Stationers and Printers, and will carry on the business heretofore carried on at the City of Montreal, under the name of MORTON, PHILLIPS & BULMER.

HENRY MORTON,
CHAS. S. J. PHILLIPS,
HUGH CAMERON,
MAJOR FREEMAN,
ROBT. J. GIBSON.

Dated at Montreal, the 16th of July, 1890.