

### ONE DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ENTERPRISING SALESMAN.

"I'll not detain you two minutes," said the book agent briskly, as he hung his hat on the back of a chair, and laid a large volume on the lawyer's desk. "This work, which I am introducing, sells itself. It is called 'The Model Home; or Housekeeping Reduced to a Science.' Beginning with the plan of a six, seven, eight or ten room house, as the case may be, it describes the best method of fitting up each room according to a general design, with a schedule of prices arranged to suit any purse, and —"

"You needn't waste any more time describing it," interrupted the lawyer. "I happen to know my wife wants that book. She has been waiting for it. If you will call at my house, No. 797 Pettis court, and inquire for Mrs. Grashly, she will take a copy of it at once. But stay! I might as well get it myself, and surprise her. How much is it?"

"Seven dollars."

"Can you deliver it now?"

"Yes. I have two other copies with me. You may have this one, though it is not my usual way. Five, six, seven—that's right. Thanks. Good morning."

After he had gone away the lawyer discovered the binding was defective. He also found in the book the agent's card. It was inscribed: "J. Alfred Jones, No. 277 College row."

"That's lucky," he exclaimed. "Broxby, across the hall, lives at 279 College row. I'll ask him to send that fellow back here, and I'll make him exchange this copy for one of the others."

About an hour later a briskly moving book agent called at 797 Pettis Court, and inquired for Mrs. Grashly.

"I'll not detain you two minutes, madam," he said, when she had made her appearance. "This work, which I am introducing, sells itself. It is called 'The Model Home; or Housekeeping Reduced to a Science.' Beginning with the plan of a six, seven, eight, or ten room house, as the case may be, it describes the best methods of fitting up each room according to a general —"

"Why, I've been wanting that book for months," said the lady, joyfully. "How much is it?"

"Seven dollars"

"Are you taking orders for future delivery, or can you let me have the book at once?"

"I can let you have this one, I guess, though it is not my usual way. I have another one in my valise. Four, four-fifty, five, six, seven. That's right. Thanks. Good morning."

A man called at No. 277 College row late that afternoon.

"Is this Mr. J. Alfred Jones?" he asked.

"That's my name," answered the man who came to the door.

"My name is Broxby," rejoined the caller. "I have an office just across the hall from that of Grashly, the lawyer. He told me to ask you to call and see him the next time you are down town."

"Well," said Mr. Jones, meditatively. "I know exactly what he wants. I'm the agent for a book he's been trying to get, and I promised to let him have a copy to-day. It's called 'The Model Home; or, —'"

"If that's all," said Mr. Broxby, "perhaps I can take the book myself and turn it over to him to-morrow."

"Why, so you could! He was to pay cash down for it though, and—and maybe —"

"How much is it?"

"Only \$7. I've just got this one left, and I start for Indiana in the morning, —"

"Here's the money."

"Let me see—three, four, six, six and a half, seven. That's right. Thanks."

And Lawyer Grashly goes occasionally into the library of his cosy flat at No. 797 Pettis court, looks at three large volumes, exactly alike, standing side by side in one of the bookcases, and—talks vehemently to himself.—Chicago Tribune.

### WOULD DO IT HERSELF.

"Madame," said the conductor, as he punched her ticket, "I am very sorry, but you can't have your dog in this car. It's against the rules."

"I shall hold him in my lap all the way," she replied, "and he will not disturb anyone."

"That makes no difference," said the conductor. "I couldn't allow my own dog here. Dogs must ride in the baggage car. I'll fasten him all right for you."

"Don't you touch my dog, sir!" said the young woman, excitedly. "I will trust him to no one!" And with indignant tread she marched to the baggage car, tied her dog, and returned. About 50 miles further on, when the conductor came again, she asked him, "Will you tell me if my dog is all right?"

"I am very sorry," said the conductor, politely, "but you tied him to a trunk and he was thrown off with it at the last station."

A wise old saw says: "The door to success is labelled 'Push.'" In these days, however, many people think it requires a "pull" to get that door open.

The editor of a French press cutting agency, who deals with the newspapers of the entire civilized world, has made a calculation as to who is the oft-mentioned public character in the present day. Napoleon, it appears, stands first, although this is probably in consequence of the passing fashion for things Napoleonic which set in some time ago. Second comes the present Emperor of Germany, then Prince Bismarck, and only in the fourth place W. E. Gladstone. Immediately after Mr. Gladstone comes M. Carnot, and Pope Leo XIII. is rather a bad sixth.

# June Books

## LEADERS

THE MAN IN BLACK, by Stanley J. Weyman. Twelve full-page illustrations. Cloth, \$1; paper, 50 cents.  
THE PRINCESS OF ALASKA, by Richard Henry Savage. Paper, 50 cents.  
THE HEAVENLY TWINS, by Sarah Grand. Paper, 50 cents.  
LOVE AT SEVENTY, by Albert Ross. Paper, 50 cents.

## 50c. BOOKS

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ESTHER WATERS, by George Moore.  
IN THE QUARTER, by Robert W. Chambers.  
IF CHRIST CAME TO CHICAGO, by W. T. Stead.  
THE TOWER OF PERCEMONT, by Georges Sand.  
THE LORDS OF MISRULE, by W. C. Pomeroy.  
A RENTED HUSBAND, by Voisin.  
THE STORY OF THE COMMONWEAL.  
THE RUBICON, by the author of "Dodo."  
THE HOOSIER SCHOOLMASTER, by Edward Eggleston.  
AN ODD SITUATION, by Stanley Waterloo.  
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THE ALGERIAN SLAVE, by Giuseppe Caroli.

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LOVE LETTERS OF A WORLDLY WOMAN.  
ARDATH, by Marie Corelli.  
VENDETTA.  
ROMANCE OF TWO WORLDS, by Marie Corelli.  
THELMA, by Marie Corelli.  
DODO, by E. F. Benson.  
THE PERKINS PERIL, by Geo. V. Wells.  
THE SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE, by Angeline Teal.  
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