

LETTERS FROM A SELF-MADE MERCHANT TO HIS SON.

The Canadian market for Mr. Forimer's "Letters from a Self-made Merchant to his Son" has fallen to the good fortune of William Briggs. The author is editor of The Saturday Evening Post, and the Letters have been running serially in that paper. From the first they proved a popular hit, and the circulation of The Post in consequence went up by bounds. They are now gathered into an attractive volume with a series of illustrations, every one of which is a study and a quick aid to hilarity. The American publishers, Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., of Boston, report advance orders for 10,000 copies. The book is literally crammed with good things—a feast of mingled wit and wisdom to set a continent laughing—and thinking. To attempt to quote is a distraction, for every page is studded with brilliant things. Here are a few random specimens:

You can trust a woman's taste on everything except men; and it's mighty lucky that she slips up there, or we'd pretty nigh all be bachelors.

Repartee makes reading lively, but business dull.

Half the people in the world take a joke seriously from the start, and the other half if you repeat it often enough.

Beginning before you know what you want to say and keeping on after you have said it lands a merchant in a lawsuit or a poorhouse, and the first is a short cut to the second.

I want to say right here that whenever anyone offers to let you in on the ground floor it's a pretty safe rule to take the elevator to the roof-garden.

A man can't have his head pumped out like a vacuum pan, or stuffed full of odds and ends like a bologna sausage, and do his work right.

While a man doesn't see much of a girl's family when he's courting, he's apt to see a good deal of it when he's house-keeping.

A \$12 clerk, who owes \$52 for roses, needs a housekeeper more than a wife.

After all, there's no fool like a young fool, because in the nature of things he's got a long time to live.

Some men learn the value of truth by having to do business with liars; and some by going to Sunday-school.

Education's a good deal like eating—a fellow can't always tell which particular thing did him good, but he can usually tell which one did him harm.

Culture is not a matter of a change of climate.

There are times when it's safest to be lonesome.

Putting off an easy thing makes it hard, and putting off a hard one makes it impossible.

Running a business on those lines is, of course, equivalent to making a will in favor of the sheriff and committing suicide so that he can inherit.

The "Announcement of the Books of 1902," issued by the Fleming H. Revell Publishing Co., embraces an unusually large list of works by the leading authors in fiction, essays, travel, sociology, church history, and in all the higher departments of literature. The works, as they are set forth by this introduction, manifest a careful selection, with a view to an elevating and educative as well as moral effect. All the modern tendencies in literature are present in these works, but it is these tendencies in their best phases, not in their rhapsodical features, that are presented to us.

"Tangled up in Beulah-Land," J. P. Mowbray's new book, and the third in his delightful series of nature studies, shows the most acute sense of human character, along with a feeling for nature which permeates the whole tale like a breath of Spring itself. Full of interest and humor, the plot unfolds itself naturally and inevitably to a thoroughly unforeseen and unforgettable climax.

Miss Agnes C. Laut's new book, "The Story of the Trapper," is announced for issue this Autumn. Miss Laut, who has followed the pathways of the Hudson Bay Company and has become familiar by study and by experience with the life of the North, has also traced the career of the trapper who started at St. Louis or Fort Independence and crossed the plains and the mountains; the trapper of the South, the French trapper who descended from the North, and the other American, Scotch, English, French and half-breed trappers who ventured into the most distant parts of the wilderness in search of the pelts, which laid the foundation of so many fortunes, including that of the Astor family in New York. Her book affords a graphic view of this little-known phase of our history, and the adventurous flavor of this outdoor tale gives all the zest of a romance.



EDWIN DAY SIBLEY.
Author of "Stillman Gott"

Probably no novel in the Autumn publications of this year promises greater popularity than "Stillman Gott, Farmer and Fisherman." Edwin Day Sibley has given to the book-reading public a story that they will take at once into their hearts even as they did "David Harum" and "Eben Holden." There are those who will say the book is even a better one than "David Harum." It is a story of real folk dwelling along the shore and on islands in Maine. The hero is a bright, manly fellow, a scion of the best blood of Maine. He goes out into the world and wins out in splendid course and finish, aided by the love he has for the sweetest girl in all Maine; in fact, their love story is the motive of the book. But Stillman Gott is the master spirit of the story—a defender of the gospel of good cheer, a promoter of harmony, a hater of shams, a lover of truth, a quaint, lovable, sensible man. The story is already on the American market, and is taking on new readers daily, winning on its merits as a realistic study of a peculiarly interesting type of life. Mr. Briggs has made his first Canadian edition 5,000 copies.