

BOOKS AND NOTIONS

ORGAN OF THE

BOOK, NEWS AND STATIONERY ASSOCIATIONS OF
CANADA.

Subscription, \$1.00 a Year, in Advance.

OFFICE, No. 6 WELLINGTON ST. WEST, TORONTO, ONT.

RATES OF ADVERTISING:

One Page.....1 Month.....\$15 00	One Page.....12 Months.....\$250 00
One Column.....".....10 00	One Column.....".....100 00
Half Column.....".....6 00	Half Column.....".....60 00
Quarter Column.....".....3 50	Quarter Column.....".....35 00
Eighth Column.....".....2 00	Eighth Column.....".....18 00

All communications intended for publication must be sent in not later than the 22nd of the month.

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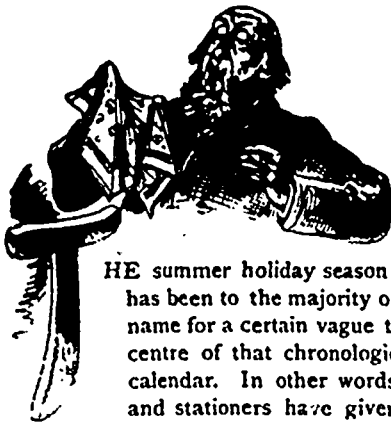
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Official Organ: BOOKS AND NOTIONS, Toronto.

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Vol. VI. TORONTO and MONTREAL, SEPT., 1890. No. 69



THE ECONOMY OF HOLIDAYS.

THE summer holiday season is now over. We hope it has been to the majority of our readers more than a name for a certain vague tract of days, lying near the centre of that chronological map which we call the calendar. In other words, we hope the booksellers and stationers have given to themselves and their families a more or less prolonged vacation. If they have, the benefit to themselves will be in direct proportion to the length of the furlough business has allowed them. It is a time-honored domestic belief that in spring the physiological system is in need of the reviving assistance of medicine. Another belief that is pervading practice of yearly increasing growth, is that summer is the time to restore mental and physical tissue that has been worn out by confining or sedentary work. No man can doubt this who has abandoned himself to the treatment which the great physician Nature administers in summer. There is no tonic like that which is brewed within a man's own organs, from the elements that are gathered from alternate sunshine and shade, fresh air, living water, wholesome fare and sound slumber. In the woods, on the hillside, by lake, or stream or beach, distilled health comes to him who camps. All that a man needs to take with him beside the wherewithal to live and disport himself, is an absolute discharge from care and a spirit of fellowship. In four weeks the wan will become ruddy or brown, the melancholy will grow cheerful, the run-down will be built-up. A man will gain in animal spirits, brain energy,

nerve and avoidrupois. Fellows whose knees would smite together at the slamming of a door in the night, and whose relish for their food was a mere travesty on an appetite, have come back from their holidays ready to attack anything, but preferably a square meal.

The people of this continent have but comparatively lately taken to living outside a good deal in summer. They find themselves the better of it, and will perpetuate the practice we do not doubt. The manliness of the English middle-class is a product of out-door growth. We, in this country, are paying more heed to the English usage in this respect, and though we have not the leisure to make the blending of indoor and outdoor life a matter of daily practice, we can usually afford to appropriate a part of the year to our open air requirements. It is economical to do so. We should stop once a year to repair the waste that the struggle to hold our own necessitates. And how can we fill in the pause better than to hie to some sequestered spot, to drink of the undefiled waters of the brook, to inhale the untainted air that blows over the unfurrowed soil? And as a man's free fancy wills, let him take rod, gun, canoe or hammock. To fish, to shoot, to paddle or read and dream there is equal facility in the resources of the different summer retreats.

Of the pilgrims who this summer have betaken themselves to some well-spring of health we have met many with the tokens of their sojourn stamped upon their complexion, reflected in the polished brightness of their eyes, and suggested by the grasp of their hands. The rugged, virile look that an active summer outing can impart to a man is something that can't be got for the wishing. It can be caught wild by taking for awhile to a primitive mode of life. It does not hint at dyspepsia, heart-failure, thin blood, or a chastened spirit. It is the outer and visible sign of healthy normal manhood or womanhood. The sun-burnt, weather-beaten complexion, the enamel of health, is any time preferable to the sallow jaundiced hue that comes of being constantly tethered to an inside existence. It is more beautiful, as well as symbolic of what is more substantial. It is wonderful when a man comes back how he takes hold. The cares of business are grappled with and work is a diversion. Everything sits lightly on the vigorous mind. Then, in its fulness, is realized how valuable a summer holiday spell is. The great stock of energy which has been laid in during idle hours braces the man of business for the season when trade is most active, when roused circulation of money begins to drive the wheels of trade anew.

The regenerating effects of the summer holiday are many. They first give diversion, an agreeable thing to get, and though costing something is still worth outlay for its own sake. For "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." The mere variety of life is a desirable thing. There is a stimulus to activity in novel experience. This, if nothing else were derived from holidays, would make a sufficient economic plea for them. But, next, there is a gain in health. Many a physical trouble, nourished in the routine of a business life, would become chronic and embitter a man's existence, if some period of the year were not unreservedly spent in the air. How many bodily wrecks are there now that might not have been, if but a month's city house rent had been expended every year to get under green leaves or beside watery waves! Shattered nervous systems, ruined stomachs, torpid livers, sluggish circulation, and general functional disorder are some of the physical causes of unhappiness. The detailing of all the miseries to which flesh is heir is not agreeable, and is not done, as by patent medicine literature, to scare the readers into adopting our nostrum. We aim to persuade the booksellers of the country to conserve their energy. They cannot get a physician to do so much for them for the same money as they can get done by taking a few pleasant holidays every summer. The practice should grow until it becomes an institution in the life of trade. Physical robustness is not especially necessary for the discharge of the duties of a bookseller's calling, but it is necessary to sustain the mental energy such duties constantly draw on.