

News from Bookland.

Mr. Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the Century, tells this little joke at his own expense: 'One day a young woman came into my office and submitted some poems. I told her that I would read them. When she came back I advised her not to offer them for sale. I told her that I was afraid that she could never succeed in the line of literature.'

'But I can,' she said.
'I must differ with you,' I replied.
'But I have had one of my poems printed in a first class magazine, and the editor paid me ten dollars for it.'
'Yes?' I said.
'Yes,' she repeated.
'And who was this editor?'

'It was yourself.'

'And it was. I had forgotten all about it.'

Frank Bullen as a Weather Sharp.

Frank T. Bullen, the author of the Cruise of the Cachalot, lives in London, where he is employed in the Government Meteorological office. He is a slender little bearded man, modest and unassuming in manner. He is, however, quite as effective a speaker as he is a writer. He frequently makes addresses before charitable organizations, and always with the greatest success.

His Cruise of the Cachalot, which has started a new school in sea tales, is the result of his personal experience as a mate on a whaling vessel. Every incident in his thrilling narrative happened, or might have happened, to the author. Not long ago a New Bedford (Massachusetts) newspaper endeavored to learn whether the stories were truth or fiction. Interviews with scores of past and present whalers brought out that it must have been founded on fact; that it could not have been written by a man who had not been on a whaling voyage. Mr. Bullen has completed a new novel along the same lines, which promises to be even more thrilling than its predecessor.

Versatile Mr. Henderson.

In his younger days William J. Henderson, the eminent musical critic and author, composer and yachman, was a contributor to a popular weekly. He was the author of the Shindere stories of 1884-5. One day he received the honorary degree of A. M. from Princeton. He marveled at this, because he had not been a popular student with the faculty.

'I think it was on account of your literary work,' said a friend to him one day.
'Your poetry and serious work, yes,' interposed a friend, 'but not your nigger stories, Billy. Not they.'

A year or two afterward Mr. Henderson had, so the story goes, a chance to speak to a member of the faculty as to the effect his early humorous stories had in securing the degree.

'It was granted in spite of them, Mr. Henderson,' was the reply.

Crawford's Earthquake.

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, who was believed by many admirers to be a woman for years after he became known, on account of his name, will not visit America this season unless he changes his plan materially. In 1898 he went over the same lecture field now being covered by Ian MacLaren.

It was during this trip that the novelist had the first experience with an American earthquake. It was in San Francisco, and the shock was one of the greatest known on the slope for years. Mr. Crawford was lunching at the hotel with his lecture manager when suddenly the building began to tremble with that sickening motion which is peculiar to earthquakes. Then the tables shook, and the dishes fell clattering to the floor.

In an instant there was panic. Men and women rushed from the room. Some religiously inclined guest began to pray, and several women fainted. The manager rose and staggered toward the door, but Mr. Crawford caught him and pulled him back in his chair.

'What is it?' gasped the manager.
'Nothing,' answered the novelist, reaching for another slice of bread.

'But the building is collapsing.'

'Nonsense. It's over now.'

'But what is it?'

'It's only an earthquake. We get them in Italy right along. It doesn't amount to

anything. What kind of dessert are you going to have?'

Perhaps the most remunerative of first efforts, from the publisher's point of view is David Harum. It is understood that ninety thousand copies of the book have been printed, and that, in last March alone, 29,000 copies were sold. Not only is David Harum one of the most successful of initial ventures, but is one of the best-selling books of the year. Of all the novels of 1898 Mr. Westcott's posthumous work has had the most romantic career.

Mr. Westcott was nearly fifty years of age when he began his composition. He had been stricken with mortal illness which unfitted him for his other work, when he took up literature purely as a diversion. After it was finished, he submitted it to two Chicago publishers, to two New York firms, and to one in Boston and one in Philadelphia before it was accepted by a third, a New York publisher.

The manuscript was received during Christmas week 1897, and was accepted early in the new year. The author never saw the book in print, for he died of consumption in Syracuse, New York, on March 31, 1898.

How Mr. Westcott came to write David Harum is almost as singular as how the publishers to whom he sent his story first came to decline it, and that is one of the things which passeth all understanding. Mr. Westcott was born in Syracuse in 1847, and spent his active life in a banking office. He took up his story when illness forced him out of business. The writing occupied his mind. It diverted his attention from himself. He found solace in his work. As it grew in length his interest in it increased. The characters were living persons to the creator. Their deeds and misdeeds were part of a life that filled his own hilling days with keen delight.

The story, if local historians of Central New York are to be believed, contained incidents from the author's personal observation. Its hero is said to have been the late David Hannum, of Homer—a famous character in that hamlet.

Hannum was a showman horse-trader and thrifty business man, whose ready wit and sturdy sense form the basis of many stories current to this day in that region between the classic cities of Syracuse and Troy, Utica and Rome.

It is said that considerable of the author's own life enters into the character of John Lennox. That it was a lovable life there are many who have borne testimony since its close. This incident is related as an illustration of his loyalty to his friends while he was a schoolboy: One day—it was in the High School—he and his chum, Oliver Bissell, had offended their teacher by some outrageous breach of discipline that could not be overlooked. He therefore called the lads to his desk before the entire class for punishment. Raising a heavy ruler, he asked the boys to hold out their hands. After the first blow was struck young Westcott stepped impulsively forward and thrust out his own hand, saying:

'No more on Ollie's, sir. They're not so wide as your ruler. Strike me twice, but don't you dare to strike him again.'

And the teacher did not dare to, either.

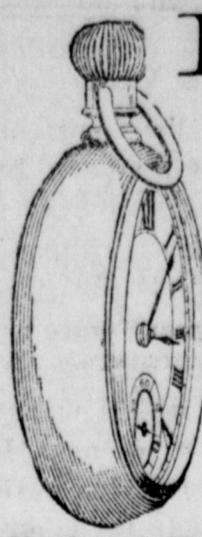
Mr. Westcott was married to a niece of the late millionaire wheat-dealer, David Dows. She died in 1890, leaving three children, two of whom are still under age.

None of the young writers who have come to the front during the past twelve-month has achieved a more certain or more widespread fame than Fintley Peter Dunne, the Chicago editor who created Mr. Dooley. As a humorist Mr. Dunne is almost without a rival in his own day and generation, yet at the same time he has a potential for earnest, serious work that causes his critics to predict high things from him.

Mr. Dunne is a thorough-going newspaper man of long and active experience, and his Mr. Dooley is the gradual result of many years of good all-round work upon the Tribune, the Evening Post and the Chicago Journal. The first of the Dooley stories appeared in the Chicago Evening Post seven or eight years ago, and continued to be printed in that paper until January last, when Mr. Dunne left the Post to become managing editor of the Journal. In the spring of 1898 the first of the war sketches were printed in the Journal.

Mr. McGarry, the saloon-keeper who is popularly supposed to be the original of Mr. Dooley, is now situated at Madison Avenue, near the lake, though he formerly carried on his business near Newspaper Row. He is a man of genuine Irish wit, with a reserve of sound common sense, and his droll, incisive sayings have for years been the basis of much entertaining reading.

Mr. Dunne was by no means slow in



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taking advantage of Mr. McGarry's humor, and some excellent Irish dialect stories began to be printed in the Post in which Mr. McGarry appeared under the thin disguise of McNarry. McGarry's friends soon found out the basis of supply and began to nickname the genial old Irishman McNarry. When it came to Colonel McNarry, McGarry could stand it no longer. He made formal complaint to the publisher of the Post, and asked him to write about some one else. Thus it was that Mr. Dooley, of Archway Road, made his bow to the public. But it is a long time now since Mr. McGarry has occurred to Mr. Dunne's imagination as an original, or even a semi-original, of Mr. Dooley.

Mr. Dunne is the hardest kind of a hard worker. He looks rather like a shrewd, effective business man than like a writer, or even a newspaper worker. He knows everybody in Chicago, one would think to follow him through a week's work—every one, that is significant in the life of the city; the politician, the professional man, the man of great affairs, the writer or leader in society—he knows them all, and understands them all with curiously minute knowledge of their relations to one another and to the community at large, and with a comprehension of character which is no less kindly than it is acute.

But much as Mr. Dunne is interested in and knows about the activities of life around him, it is, after all, the other things which move him most deeply and most often. One does not have to read Mr. Dooley too carefully to find in it the evidence of a very genuine care for literature and proof of the writer's constant literary point of view. For it is indeed literature that is closest to Mr. Dunne's heart.

He is only twenty-one years old, and he means to write, sometime, some things which will be quite in another vein from Mr. Dooley; possibly, indeed, it will be not so far distant to a little volume of essays in American surroundings—in a style not unlike the inimitable perforce of Mr. Booley: In Peace and in War.

A wholly different career is that of Walter A. Wyckoff, author of The Workers—an epoch-making book, as strange as fiction and as true as life itself, one phase of which it depicts more faithfully probably, than any other book ever written.

Mr. Wyckoff was graduated from Princeton University eleven years ago. He was born in India, where his father was a missionary, and spent his childhood in that country. One of his purposes in entering Princeton was to study theology and enter the ministry. He was and is of a deeply religious nature. He also was and is of an exclusive temperament, and has the manners and speech of a man of society.

Since writing his book, Mr. Wyckoff has become assistant professor of political economy at Princeton, and he frequently goes into other cities and lectures upon the graphic scenes he witnessed while gathering his material.

Many stories have been told of how the author left a country house (said to be that of J. Pierpont Morgan) one night and disappeared from the world he had known, to find a place in the vast army of unknown laborers who literally earn their bread by the sweat of their brow.

Whatever was the manner of his exit, there can be no doubt of the work he performed during his period of self-exile. He tramped the country from East to West without a dollar in his pocket save that earned by his own labor. One would think that during these years of hardship—and Mr. Wyckoff was no play-laborer—the polish of his early life would have been worn off. But it has not, in the least degree.

The Workers was not originally intended as a book. The chapters were first printed in a magazine, and their instant

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success has led into their collection into one of the notable works upon the social problem of the past decade.

THE BEAR CHASED UNCLE BEN.

Had it Been the Other way Uncle Ben Would Have Been Non Est.

After lusting bears for more than sixty years 'Uncle Ben' York, the aged West Branch guide, met with his first defeat last Sunday. Since May 1 Ben has been busy taking parties up Millnoctet Lake after trout, which are biting well. On two evenings, when walking back to camp, he saw traces of a bear that had crossed the road. On Sunday he went out to make further investigation.

Though the \$5 bounty has been taken off from bears, the pelt, meat and tallow are always valuable, not to mention the fuss and excitement which always attend a good bear hunt. Though Uncle Ben is as bad as the average men for six days in the week, he is always pious on Sunday, and while it is not sinful to look at bear tracks on the Lord's day, money cannot hire him to shoot a bear or dig one from his cave between Saturday night and Monday morning. For this reason Uncle Ben took no weapon but a small woodsman's axe when he went out on the Sabbath, thinking of holy things and keeping a sharp lookout for signs of bear.

He had crossed the level tract of land where a big pulp mill is soon to be erected and had entered a rocky road which leads up the side of Garriah's Mountain, when, passing a clump of black spruces, he came face to face with the bear. He untied the axe from his belt and took off his Mackinaw jacket. The bear growled, sat up on his haunches, and hugged himself in a way that suggested he would like to embrace Uncle Ben for a few minutes. Mr. York made a short detour, hoping to reach the bear from behind, but thought he came out on the up-hill side of his adversary. Brain had made an about-face movement and was ready for the conflict. Uncle Ben made two feints and then struck home with his axe, intending to crush the bear's skull. As the axe came down the bear dodged to one side, and raising his left paw, hit the side of the blade and sent the weapon spinning into the woods.

The bear had twenty sharp claws and nearly as many sharp teeth, all of which were available for fighting purposes. Ben's only weapon was a rusty tobacco knife with a blade not over three inches long. Knowing the advantage which the bear possessed in the way of armament, Uncle Ben turned and ran up the hill as fast as his legs could carry him the bear following about four rods behind.

The top of the mountain is bare of trees and very steep, affording nourishment for nothing larger than hard bark shrubs and a few blueberry bushes. Uncle Ben was nearly winded when he emerged from the woods and began to scale the top, but the bear was apparently as fresh as ever. Catching at the low shrubs to help him along, Uncle Ben was half way to the top when a small willow was pulled up in his hand. He stepped in the hole where the roots had come out and as he did so the hill shook with a tremor and a great mass of earth began to slide down the side of the mountain. Twice the avalanche tumbled over, taking the earth clear down to the ledge. When it turned the third time the mass weighed more than 100 tons, and all of it fell on top the bear. After that Uncle Ben heard the trees crack in the woods below and saw a broad muddy stream, fringed with second growth of wood, go rushing and roaring to the plains below. Then he fainted with exhaustion.

'El I had a bin chasin' the b'ar instid of the b'ar's chasin' me,' said Uncle Ben, 'just think of whar I'd bin now. It would a took twenty men a bull week ter find the remains.'

Solving It.

Mr. Gladstone once told the following story:—

The inhabitants of a village had decided to pull down and rebuild the parish church but they were in a difficulty as to asking the richest man in the place to contribute. Said they—

'What shall we do? Mr. So-and-so is a Quaker. If we ask him to give anything he must refuse. If we pass him he will take offence.'

However, a deputation waited upon the gentleman, and the spokesman put the cautiously. The Quaker considered for a moment, and then replied—

'Friend thou hast judged me rightly. I cannot in conscience contribute to the erection of an Episcopalian church; but didn't thou not say something about pulling down the church? Put my name down for one hundred pounds.'

Direct From Ireland.

Beauty always wins the Irish heart. A 'purty face, a neat ankle, a pair of sparkling eyes act like champagne to native wit of the chivalrous order. Courtesy to the gentle sex is a feature in Pat's character, and he is an adept at courting.

'It is a great pleasure entirely to be alone, especially when your sweetheart is wid ye,' observed one reflective swain. Another was asked by his colleen: 'Do you drame of me, Mike? with a roughish touch on his arm.

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'Drame of you, is it, dear? Sure it's the way wid me that I can't sleep dramin' of you, darlin' came in a manly whisper. Now and then some of the boys require to be prompted a bit in their love making. 'Ah,' said a sweet Kerry maid to her lover, 'if you wor me, Tim, and I wor you, I wud be married long ago.'

Forced to Retreat.

Some thirty years ago Sir Digby Murray, who was subsequently in the marine department of the Board of Trade, commanded an Atlantic liner. He once had, as a passenger, a well-known general of engineers, who was visiting some Irish ports for the purpose of inspecting their fortification. At Queenstown a number of Irish girls came on board and endeavored to sell lace handkerchiefs and other dainty articles, much to the annoyance of the general, who was neither good-looking nor devoted to the fair sex. Captain Murray, however, good-tempered giant that he was, pressed forward, carrying the little man with him.

'Will yer honour buy this pretty handkerchief?' called out a good-looking girl to the general, as she knelt before her basket. 'It's just the thing to cover the baby's face with!'

'Got none!' gruffly answered the general. 'For the lady's lace then, yer highness,' persisted the girl.

'Got no lady!' grumbled the warrior. 'No but ye soon will have!' smilingly continued the girl.

'Not if I know it!' hastily responded the general, adding angrily, 'Girl, I am not such a wretched fool as I look!'

'God forbid your honour should be!' was the instant reply.

This apt retort convulsed the small audience with laughter, and the defeated veteran beat a hasty retreat.

Faithfully Caught.

The ticket examiners at a certain railway station beyond the border frequently confound smartness with impertinence, and because of their many rudenesses have become cordially detested by all the travellers going that way. The other day a traveller, who had a vivid recollection of some previous incivility, determined to take revenge without any further delay. The opportunity soon presented itself. 'Tickets!' was the peremptory demand from one of these tickets examiners, as he jerked open the door.

'I say, ma friend, wull ye tak' a nip?' asked the seemingly pleasant traveller, as he turned towards the railway official a beaming countenance.

The official scanned the platform carefully to see if the coast was clear, and, being assured that all was right cheerfully assented.

'Well, then,' said the traveller, banding over the familiar piece of pasteboard, 'tak' it out o' that.'

That ticket examiner's feelings were very inadequately expressed by the vicious slam with which he closed the carriage door behind him.

Logical.

When the family of a very orthodox divine were gravely discussing why the baby was so naughty, a boy of twelve, who had just commenced to study the steam-engine, as well as the Catechism, asked— 'Papa, as we all inherit the sin of Adam, and the baby is such a little fellow, isn't there a greater pressure of sin to the square inch in the baby than there is in any of the rest of us?'

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