



MAY BE SOMETHING IN IT.

BRANTFORD, Ont., Jan. 3, 1891.

THE CANADIAN GROCER, Toronto.

GENTLEMEN,—I noticed in last week's issue an article on preserving eggs by scalding. I am inclined to think there is something in it. I remember when a boy at home seeing my mother fill a cullender with eggs for packing, pouring boiling water on them, then packing them in barrels in wheat or oat chaff, and saying to my enquiries that it stopped the pores and kept them better than salt or brine. I would like to see it tried.

Kindly yours,
R. M. FULLERTON.

APPRECIATION THAT WE APPRECIATE.

CORNWALL, Dec. 20, 1890.

Editor CANADIAN GROCER, Toronto.

DEAR SIR,—Enclosed please find \$2, to pay one year's subscription to your valuable paper. It took considerable talking to persuade me to take THE CANADIAN GROCER, but after taking it two years I think it would take about ten times as much persuasive power to get me to do without it.

Wishing you the compliments of the season, and hoping you will continue to meet with the same or greater success than you have in the past,

I remain,
Yours respectfully,
G. W. ARMSTRONG.

GENERAL MERCHANTS AND THE CREAMERIES CONVENTION.

EDITOR CANADIAN GROCER :

As a member of the Ontario Creameries Association I must express my thanks for your timely remarks of a few weeks since in reference to the work of the Association and the benefits to the country at large of creameries.

I also would trespass upon your columns to direct the attention of country merchants, in localities where there are no cheese factories or creameries, to the benefits which they as merchants would derive by the establishment of creameries in their midst. I venture to say there is to-day hardly a country storekeeper who does not on an average lose from 5 to 20 per cent. on the butter he handles yearly. Now, farmers in such localities, in consequence of their isolation and insufficient knowledge of the advance in

dairying of the present day, are reluctant to invest any of their hard-earned money in an enterprise of which they know so little.

And I would hereby urge such storekeepers to attend the convention of the Ontario Creameries Association to be held in the thriving and handsome town of Berlin next Tuesday and Wednesday, the 13th and 14th inst., where they will meet with the creamery men of the Province, and have an opportunity of learning something of the method of making butter in creameries. They then would be in a position justly to urge their farmer friends to go into the enterprise, which, when conducted with careful judgment, would result in a large saving of money to merchants, and an increased income to farmers.

Gov. Hoard, of Wisconsin, one of the most prominent dairymen of America to-day, will address the convention. The writer, having last year heard him speak, knows that much most valuable information on dairying, feeding of cows, and on the dairy cow, will be freely and lucidly given by him to the audience. Prof. Robertson, of the Ottawa Experimental Farm, whose reputation as a successful dairyman is almost world-wide, and Mr. Dryden, M.P.P., Minister of Agriculture, will also address the convention, besides a number of other prominent Canadian dairymen.

If not already supplied with certificates granting you reduced railway rates, request your railway agent to give you a certificate signed by him, which present to secretary of association at the convention, who will countersign it, when you will be entitled to return fare at reduced, usually one-third, rate.

The writer is a country storekeeper, and for the past six years has operated a creamery, having undertaken the whole expense of building, equipping and operating it, and has found by experience all that is claimed above. More he cannot trespass upon the columns of the GROCER to say at this time.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, not only for the space, but for your most valuable and timely articles in the past, I remain, with best wishes,

Yours truly,
COUNTRY STOREKEEPER.

I doubt not grocers could tell many a funny story of mistakes made by customers in calling for goods. One may ask for "dedicated cocoanut" and another for "satanized hams." It is related that a small boy recently walked into a Philadelphia drug store and gravely asked for five cents' worth of jumps. The clerk, after much puzzled thought, came to the correct conclusion that the lad wanted hops. Another apothecary, this one a resident of Salt Lake City, says "a man came in to my store one day and asked for 'a raw shell' powder. He meant a Rochelle powder. On another occasion a customer demanded a 'sidelight' powder. He got it. A lady came in once, and, holding up a pint bottle, said: 'What will you charge to fill this bottle with pneumonia?'"—New England Grocer.

IT DIDN'T PAY.

Not many days ago, my friend,
I kept a grocery store,
Sold potatoes by the load
And cabbage by the score.
I had a way, it was my own,
I care not what you say;
By rights it should have made me rich,
But found, it didn't pay.

I had five thousand as a start,
The promise of some more;
My stock I all on credit bought,
To fill my spacious store.
Each drummer I would entertain,
Believe all they would say;
And bought full lines of all their goods,
But found, it didn't pay.

By measure, I would sell my goods,
Scorned the idea of weight;
Knew nothing of a "Tariff Law,"
Nor of "McKinley's" rate.
Each lady I would try to please,
By giving her her way
For sampling goods and picking choice,
But found, it didn't pay.

I did a rushing business soon
It was gaining day by day;
Gave credit free to all my trade,
For "no" I could not say.
I hired boys to do my work;
It was the cheapest way;
They had full sway with all the cash,
But I found it didn't pay.

My goods outside I would display,
Would never close the door;
With charcoal dust and mackerel brine,
I would wash up the floor.
My fruit I would evaporate,
Turn spinach into hay;
My celery I would crystalize,
But still, it didn't pay.

How cheap, to offer all my goods
Would be my great-est aim,
For shrinkage and for extra tare
I never brought a claim
To take away my neighbor's trade,
I studied night and day;
Gave two more eggs than he could buy,
But found it didn't pay.

They offered me assistance soon,
By hanging out a flag;
And all my stock, both good and bad,
Was marked up with a tag.
They might have had continued
The "sale" another day,
But the man who did the shouting there
He said, "it didn't pay."
—FAIRFIELD, in Retail Grocers' Advocate.

A few days ago, when the delegation of tobacco manufacturers from various cities were in Washington in the interest of the passage of their rebate bill, a few of them called on Maj. McKinley at his hotel. After talking about business matters for a while, Maj. McKinley and one or two of his callers took a stroll down F street. Returning, the party went into a tobacconist's to purchase some cigars. It was the Major's treat, and he selected three of a brand for which he had been in the habit of paying 25c. Somewhat to his surprise the cigar dealer asked for 35c., and did so with an apology, saying that he would like to sell the cigars at the old rate, but that he was prevented on account of the pesky McKinley bill. The Major thought this was a pretty good joke, and began to quiz the shopkeeper. After a few sallies back and forth he asked him if he had ever seen this fellow McKinley.

"No, I have not," said the merchant, "and I never want to. His bill has practically ruined my business, and I wish the McKinley bill and Bill McKinley were both in a hotter place than this."—Washington Letter.