

Every Dollar Spent in BRANTFORD Helps Your City!

FIVE INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF AN ORDINARY SHOPPER

Hard up as we were after settling for our new little home in the suburbs we agreed that there wasn't much use in having a fire-place if we didn't have a good looking pair of andirons. This point, agreed upon, the hunt began—my hunt, that is. I was to do the scouting; the lady was to come in at the finish and look over the most promising specimens that I had selected.

It was sleeting, raining and snowing by turns on the day the decision was to be made, but the lady showed up at the proper corner at the designated time, and we hastened up the street to look at the first store's exhibit.

"Yes, I like these pretty well," said Mrs. See, after a thorough inspection of their line, "but it seems to me they are a trifle large. How are we going to tell whether they'll look all right in our fireplace?"

Thinking her courage might ooze at this point, I picked up the thread of the conversation and added: "That's right. Couldn't you send this pair out on approval? We naturally want to be sure about it before we buy."

No, the salesman said, he didn't think that could be done. Andirons, it seemed, were on the "verboten" list. Nothing doing in the way of approval deliveries.

"Good enough," I said. "That's up to you people. Wouldn't be a bit surprised if we came back and bought that pair, but to tell the truth, these a couple of other places we want to go before we decide. Thank you very much."

Around the corner we entered a smaller establishment. Not a salesman in sight—nor a customer, to be exact. But wandering back toward the rear of the place, I suddenly came on a sort of little office away behind the shelving. A middle-aged, prosperous looking gentleman seated at the desk glanced up, saw me and immediately stepped forth.

"Salesmen seem to be scarce around here, don't they?" he greeted, with a glance around. "Don't mind that; I'll take care of you. What can I do for you?"

"TAKING PAINS"—THE KIND THAT MADE THE SALE. The lady approached, and I explained that I wanted to look at a pair of andirons I had noticed in his window. Why, of course, no trouble about that. "Just come along with me and show me which pair you mean."

Into the window went the boss. Out came the andirons, and then: "Now you folks take a good look at these while I go upstairs a moment. There's another pair up there you might like. Look these over carefully while I'm gone. Take 'em apart, lift 'em, hit 'em with your umbrella, stand off and size 'em up, do anything you please with 'em. They'll stand it."

It wasn't long before he was back. Depositing the upstairs pair on the floor before us, he smiled, slapped the dust off his hands, and said: "There you are. Plenty of others, if you want to look, but this pair (the ones that were in the window) is my idea of what andirons ought to be, and if it's also yours, these two pairs are the very best specimens we have in stock."

An inquiry as to price brought out the information that they were only three and four dollars respectively more than those around the corner, and to my eye, at least, they looked like considerably more value.

"That price, my friend, is very reasonable. Both of these were bought before meals went up. If you were to order either now, it would cost you just one-third more."

Personally, I was tickled to pieces with them, and something told me that the lady was, too. But which pair? It seemed a weighty question that we had to decide.

"Tell you what," said the boss,

"Where do you people live? Oh, yes, Oak Road. Well, that's easy. I'll just send both pairs out to the house. Keep 'em there a day or two, see just how you like them, and send back the ones you don't want."

Maybe it was poor salesmanship, but maybe it wasn't. The merchant—if he had been in that line all his working days, he must have been there at least a quarter of a century—had plenty of time to size us up, and evidently we looked decent and respectable. Furthermore, he didn't have to risk a cent's worth; after we left he had plenty of opportunity, if he wished, to look us up very carefully.

"Why don't more people do business like that?" was the verdict we reached on the way home.

"A lady to see you," said the new office boy. "Phew!" I said to my caller. "That's my wife. Forgot all about it. I'm afraid you'll have to excuse me; I have an engagement with her."

Sure enough, when I reached the outer office, the lady was waiting there to suggest that before we went anywhere else we ought to buy some shoes—we both needed them.

"All right," I said. "Where will we go?"

"Haven't an idea," replied the lady. "I'm about disgusted with all shoe stores and prices."

"That's bad," I told her, "but wait a minute. Heckson's handle both men's and women's shoes, and I have a card here—somewhere—yes, here it is. This is the man who sold me the last pair I bought there. I've been wanting to go back to see him."

So we went to Heckson's. While the lady waited for the elevator to take her to that part of the establishment concerned with the daintier sort of footgear, I explained to what seemed to be the floor manager that I would like to see Mr. Michael, who had last waited on me.

"Just a minute," he said. "Mr. Michael's doing a little work downstairs in the stockroom. I'll call him." Before I could remark that perhaps some other salesman would do just as well, he leaned over the rail of the stairs leading to the basement and called loudly: "Mr. Michael. Mr. Michael. Gentleman to see Mr. Michael."

As an answer, not loud, but quite clear and peevish enough for me to hear: "For God's sake, I'm busy—can't somebody else wait on him?"

Biff. I felt exactly as though Mr. Michael had hit me between the eyes with a stuffed snowball. I felt cold, then hot, then lost all desire for new shoes. The lady, I noticed, was just stepping into the elevator. I grabbed her by a sleeve.

"Wait a minute, lady; we're in the wrong place. Now don't get excited. I'll explain it to you when we get outside. Oh, yes, just a moment. . . . I'm very much obliged to you, Mr. Manager, but please tell Mr. Michael I'll try not to interrupt him any more."

Disappointed? I'm mortified. I'd almost rather have no roast at all than to have a tough one when the Jacksons come. Honestly, when I bit into mine, I wanted to cry. Well, I'm through; no more buying by telephone from the butcher."

No sane person could have comforted the lady by maintaining that our roast of beef had been sweet and juicy and tender. It hadn't. And on this, of all occasions, the Jacksons were new people in our crowd. We had dined once with them. This was their first attempt to masticate bread and meat with us.

But I very much disliked to hear the lady say she was through with telephone buying, even from the butcher. He was a good butcher, that I knew. I had been in his establishment—a fine, big, tile-lined, plate-

glass, place that made it almost a pleasure to pay the price. To me the salesmen had always appeared intelligent, capable, and courteous. As an advocate of telephone shopping I was a little dismayed at the state of the lady's mind.

As it happened, our monthly bill from this concern came to the breakfast table not more than two or three days later. The lady, playing with a grapefruit with one hand and opening her mail with the other, made a sound that plainly meant indignation.

"Well, if I ever hated to pay a bill," she exclaimed, "this is it. Look at this: 'Beef, prime ribs—\$1.50.' It wasn't worth 50 cents; you know it wasn't."

Yes, I knew it; but there wasn't much use in saying so. "Just let me have that bill for a day or two," I said instead. "Maybe I'll get a chance to call up the butcher about that item. Don't suppose it will do any good, but I'll tell him what you think of him, anyway."

But instead of telephoning, I took advantage of the first opportunity to

stroll around and meet the proprietor of the whitetiled establishment face to face. "We have been dealing with you people for two years," I told him, "and so far as I know we have never had anything to kick about. But I thought I'd just like to tell you that this particular item on your bill of yesterday spoiled an evening for my wife, decided her to cut you people out altogether—for a time—and never to try again to do business with you by telephone. What's that? Yes, tough, very tough! And my wife usually keeps her word."

Investigation began right there. I didn't wait to hear the result, but told the proprietor to write or call me up if he learned anything of interest. I wasn't looking for much of an explanation, to be truthful, so I was rather surprised the next morning when I walked Mr. Butcher.

"I happened to be down this way," he explained, "and thought I'd stop in here at the office to tell you what I found out about that beef order. We had a temporary man helping us that day, and I'm sorry to say Mrs. See



Brantford, because of its industries and general progressiveness, has never had a bread line. But can you picture what would happen to Brantford's thousands of workmen if the factories and stores were forced to close? We could not all move away before hard times would overtake us.

Some of us would be caught in the slump, and the bread line would follow. Just for this reason isn't it a good policy to spend and keep as much money in Brantford as we can? Isn't it up to us to be loyal to our merchants and to our industries? Think it over. This is a horrible picture to contemplate but it has happened, and none of us want it to happen here. In fact the danger is small, but the danger will be lessened if we all decide to Boost and Bug in Brantford.

must have got hold of him when she called up. Our Mr. Burkitt usually waits on her, and I think she'll tell you that she always gives her exact order, and please tell her for me that there's a roast of beef on its way out there now with my compliments. If you want me, I'll call her up and tell her myself."

"Oh, no," I said. "I don't think you need bother about that any more. I'll take the responsibility of changing Mrs. See's mind this time, and all I ask of you is that you hold up your end. I think she'll be tickled to pieces to deal with the boss—provided the boss doesn't fall down."

"Well, you helped me choose it. Now that I have it, how do you like it?" I was exhibiting a new suit, just

come from the tailor's. It was the first try-on, and heaven knows a man has no idea at that time whether he's going to like it or not. Besides, it was my first trial of this particular tailor. That in itself made the decision quite important in my mind.

The lady turned me around slowly from left to right, then from right to left, then backed off and inspected me from a distance of six or seven feet, then made me walk to the other end of the room and back, hold up my right arm, my left, unbutton the coat, rebutton it—and some more.

Finally: "Looks all right to me. Everything except—ah—there's something the matter here," indicating a point between the two uppermost buttons of the vest.

"Fits a little neat there," I volunteered, "but I like it that way."

A week or two later I changed my mind; I didn't like it that way. It felt very much as though the tailor had inserted a small, steel hoop at the point midway between those two uppermost buttons, and every time I took a deep breath it gouged. "I'm going to walk in to see that man some day and ask him if he can fix this thing," I said. "It seems to me it shouldn't be such a very hard job."

"Surely," I told myself the lady. "Why didn't you do it long ago?"

The tailor was decent about it. Just send the vest in next day and he'd fix it right up and send it out at once. It was sent. It came back.

Worse than before.

The lady didn't seem to understand my impatience about the thing, but I assured her any man would have. "A man," I said, "hasn't time to be fooling around getting his clothes altered. They ought to be right when they come home. What's a tailor supposed to be for, anyway? I'm going down to see like the fellow once more. If he doesn't make good, I'm through."

I talked rather plainly at my next meeting with friend tailor. He was calm and reassuring as before. "But the vest, confound the thing, hadn't come home ten days later. I called up. 'Sorry for the delay,' said the head of the firm, 'but if you can possibly stop in this afternoon, Mr. See, I'll have it finished to-morrow. I'd like to see you this afternoon, if you can arrange it for a try-on.'"

Next day it came home as promised. "That's more like it," I said, as I felt of those two upper buttons. "I wonder why he couldn't have fixed it this way at the start?"

"Wait a minute," said the lady. She studied my vest closely for a moment or two. "Why, man, you've got a new vest. That's what I call pretty good treatment."

"Hello!" I said to the tailor next morning. "Look here, Mr. Tailor, did you make me up a new vest for that grey suit? . . . You did. . . . Well, now, I didn't want you to go to the expense. Had to send away for the material? I'm very sorry. Well, I'll tell you, I appreciate that; and don't worry, I'll be back next fall. . . ."

Brantford Has No Bread Line

THE BREAD LINE

MY PLEDGE

As a Resident of Brantford I hereby Pledge Myself:—

- 1st.—That I will Boost Brantford at all times.
- 2nd.—That as a Booster I will buy, as far as possible, everything I need for myself or for my family, in my home city.
- 3rd.—That I will, where possible, purchase Brantford-made goods in preference to goods manufactured in other cities or towns.
- 4th.—That I will, on every occasion, urge my friends and neighbors to buy in Brantford and Boost Home Industries.

(Signed)

Address

Campaign Endorsed by the Following Business Men:

Grafton & Co., Limited—Clothing, Furnishings, Hats and Caps.

S. Nyman—Ladies' Furs and Clothing.

Edy's Limited—Drugs, Successors to F. McDowell.

Agnew's, Limited—Boots and Shoes.

Chris. Sutherland, Merchant Tailor.

Gordon Brander—Druggist.

Neill Shoe Co.—Boots and Shoes.

Tip-Top Tailors—Men's Clothes.

Wiles & Quinlan—Men's Furnishings and Clothing.

Levy's Limited—Ladies' Ready-to-Wear.

Northway & Co.—Ladies Wear and Lin-gerie.

Henkle Bros., Limited—Clothing, Furs, Etc.

E. H. Newman and Sons—Jewellers.

Greiff's—Jewellers.

The Western Fair—Millinery.

F. J. Calbeck—Men's Clothes.

L. Pettit—Millinery.

Clark Lampkin Co.—Milliners.

Joseph Orr—Harness Maker.

W. L. Hughes, Limited—Ladies' Wear.

S. G. Read & Son—Piano Dealers.

Buller Bros.—Jewellers, etc.

Andrew McFarland—Clothing and Gents' Furnisher.

T. J. Barton—Pianos, and Grafonolas.

T. A. Cowan, Plumbers & Electricians.

M. E. Long, Furniture Co., Furniture.

Dominion House Furnishing Co. Furniture and Clothing.

Howie's—Heavy and Shelf Hardware.

W. G. Hawthorne, Bicycles and Sporting Goods.

Ludlow Bros.—Clothing, Boots and Shoes.

A. C. Percy—Gents' Furnishings.

J. G. Townsend—Boots and Shoes.

A. N. Pequegnat—Jeweller.

The Scotland Woolen Mills Stores—Men's Clothing.

T. A. Squire—Shelf and Heavy Hardware.

M. E. Buck—Millinery.

J. M. Young & Co., Dry Goods, Rugs, Linoleums, Etc.

Ogilvie, Lochhead & Co., Dry Goods, Rugs, Linoleums, Etc.

E. B. Crompton & Co., Limited, Department Store.

The Crompton Grocery, Pure Food Store.

C. J. Mitchell, Automobiles and Sporting Goods.

J. W. Burgess, Furniture and House Furnishings.

The Brantford Willow Works, Willow Furniture.

R. Stoler, Furniture and House Furnishings.

Sheppard & Co.—Shoe Repairers.

J. T. Sloan—Real Estate, Auctioneer, Delivery.