

among other things, the four garments, illustrations of which I had sent out, and, after passing three, he exclaimed. "That's a go, that suit there, but from whom did you copy it?"

"Nobody," I said, very much surprised at the question. "It is my own idea. Why do you ask?"

"I saw it this morning. What do you ask for it?"

"It is worth \$7.50," I said, naming the price in the circular.

"If you want to sell it to me you'll have to shave off exactly 50c. I can get the same thing for \$7."

I sold Harry a few at that price, and after he had gone I spent a half hour wondering how my circular got into the hands of a rival manufacturer.

During the ensuing week I had more experiences similar to that with Jim Beaverberg. They were rather disheartening; but I did not relinquish all hope of receiving some replies to my circular. About three weeks after I had sent it out there came in my mail one morning the following letter, written in an almost illegible hand, and dated at Indianapolis, Ind.:

DEAR SEER. Yure sirkular resived, and as i nede a new cote fur spring I thot I wood wright fur won if you wood bee so kind as To send mee a sampel of NO. 2945. I work fur the Boston store uv this plas i like yure cote best Of eny i deo work fur the Boston store and so sind the cote in there keer obligein mary De son.

"George," I cried, after I had perused the strange letter with an interest not born of its value as an order; "George, will you please come here?"

"What is it?" he asked.

"I don't know, do you?"

"Well, it looks to me," he said, after reading it, "as if the charwoman who sweeps out Mr. Thomas Blackgoods' office at the Boston Store wanted a spring jacket."

"What? Where did she get that circular?" I cried.

"Why, in the waste-basket," George replied.

We got one or two more replies from small concerns, but by that time we were too busy to attend to orders for one of a size, and George wrote them all apologetic letters.

I had two pages in the next issue of 'The Skirt Gazette.'

#### AN EXPENSIVE PLAN TO GET TRADE.

A Michigan advertising agent says: "An experience which one of my clients, a dry goods merchant, had some two years ago has convinced me that people who are eternally looking for something for nothing are not so numerous as is generally supposed. This merchant, through the influence of a manufacturer of kid gloves, purchased a gross of ladies' gloves, 'assorted sizes and colors, of a specially good quality—gloves that would retail at \$1.25 per pair. He took the right hand glove of each pair, and packaged it, together with a neatly-printed little folder, which explained that if the receiver of the package would bring the enclosed glove to the store of — she would be given the mate to the one she had, free of charge. These packages were given to a clerk, who, with a horse and buggy, drove over the best section of country tributary to the merchant's counters, and gave them to the ladies of the different houses visited, with a full verbal explanation, selecting the right size as near as possible. During the fifth and sixth weeks after the packages were put out, four of the gloves were returned and the mates obtained. These four were the only ones out of the 144 that were ever heard from. It cost the merchant something over \$75, and perhaps it paid, but I don't believe it did."

#### AUSTRALIAN TRADE.

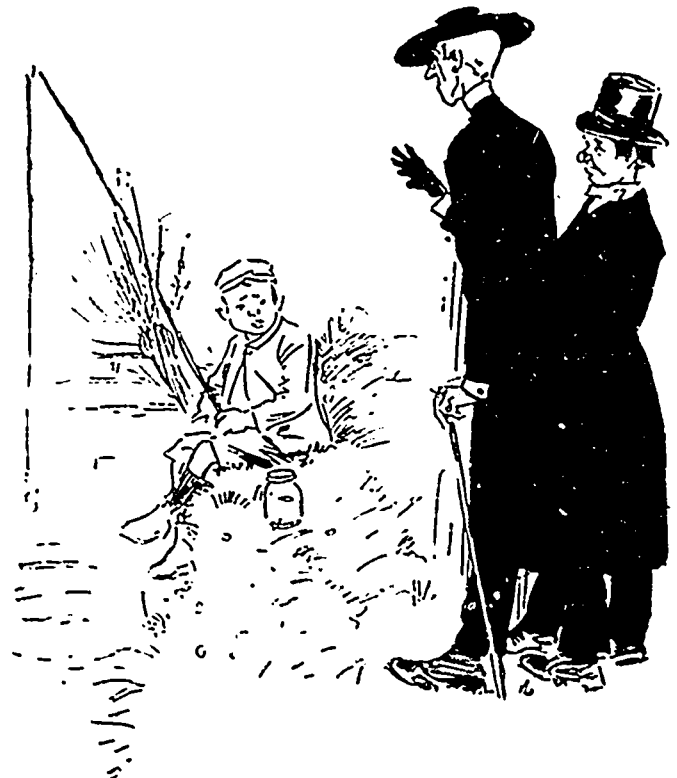
The satisfactory development of the trade between Canada and Australia, which has been made possible by the establishment of the Vancouver and Sydney steamship line, is becoming very apparent. The steamship Warrimoo, of that line, which left Vancouver lately, says The News-Advertiser, had a full outward cargo, similar to the case with several other outward-bound sailings during the last few months.

Among the cargo were 800 tons of Manitoba wheat and about 150 tons of flour, the latter the product of the Ogilvie mills at Winnipeg. The balance of the cargo consisted of machinery, beer, lumber and other Canadian productions.

The line also appears to be becoming a favorite one with passengers, judging from the inward list of the Warrimoo. With faster and larger boats in the service the passenger traffic would assume important proportions and this improvement in the character of the vessels employed is likely to take place with the commencement of the fast Atlantic Canadian service to which the Pacific service will be a necessary complement in the Imperial mail route through Canada.

#### A FIRE AT PETROLIA.

A fire took place in McMillan's London cash store at Petrolia recently, and damaged the stock somewhat by smoke and water. The fire itself was speedily extinguished. Its origin is a mystery, as no light was left in the store, and it is supposed that some spark from a stray cigar smouldered near a pile of cottons all night and in the morning broke out into flame. Mr. McMillan, with characteristic enterprise, as soon as the insurance losses were adjusted, advertised a cheap sale of fall damaged goods, engaged an extra staff of clerks, and turned to profit what, in less energetic hands, might have been a set-back to business.



"My boy, do you know it's wicked to fish on the Sabbath—  
I'm fishin', I'm teachin' this ere wumme to swim."

Phil May's Annual.