

THE POWER OF ADVERTISING.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Goschen, has, in presenting his budget, given the newspapers of Great Britain a grand gratuitous advertisement. The sale of coffee had, he said, largely fallen off of late, owing to the persistent advertising of their wares by the dealers in cocoa, the result of which was the establishment of a tremendous trade in that commodity. No more significant statement was, perhaps, ever made by a finance minister. Here we are informed, on the highest authority, that continuous advertising had succeeded, in the course of a comparatively brief period, in producing what is equivalent to a dietetic revolution in British society. No more emphatic tribute was ever paid to one of the most important functions of the newspaper and periodical press. There is nothing, probably, in the range of human habit on which it is more difficult to work a change than the articles of food to which daily use has accustomed a community. And of such articles there are none which, in the course of generations, have acquired such an undisputed right to their places on the British breakfast table as the tea-urn and the coffee-pot. If a law were passed prohibiting the use of tea or coffee to the British householder, he would be a wise or bold statesman who would answer for the consequences. Temperance reformers may contemplate with complacency the gradual creation of such a change in public sentiment that the British workman will no longer look upon his beer as an inalienable right. But they have not yet ventured to propose an interdict on the tea and coffee of the British millions. Yet, without the least agitation, without mass meetings, without the aid of either pulpit or platform, the thing has been brought to pass in thousands of homes, the inmates of which have consented to forego their habitual beverages. How was the marvel accomplished? Simply by the insertion in certain newspapers and magazines of a few business-like words recommending a rival commodity. This is an economic fact of some importance, or the Chancellor of the Exchequer would not have deemed it worth mentioning. But it has also a lesson of deep interest to all persons who have wares to sell. It reveals, in a most striking manner, the wondrous power of advertising, and it is worth while to make enquiry as to the kind of advertising which produced so remarkable a result. If a notice of anything—a meeting, an auction, some specialty in food and dress, or a house to let or sell—appears a single time in the columns of a journal in the ordinary way and is paid for—we call that an advertisement. But advertising, such as Mr. Goschen had in his mind, was something more than that. It was persistent advertising. Only persistent advertising can have any effect on a busy, versatile, frivolous and distraught public. What is seen once or twice fades from memory. To impel the public mind with determination in any direction, it is necessary to agitate, whatever the object, question or cause at stake may be. A single grave and lucid article, lecture, speech or sermon may suffice to inspire a few earnest minds with fervour of purpose strong enough to carry them to the goal of accomplishment. But the mass of mankind is hard to move, hard even to touch. The same truth, however obvious it may seem to the initiated, must be repeated over and over many times before it begins to make an impression on the many. It is the same with advertis-

ing. An advertisement may be seen a dozen times before it is even read. But gradually it wins its way to the inner consciousness and then it is never forgotten. Such a maker's name is henceforth associated with such a commodity and *quis separabit?* There are articles which we could easily mention that it would be well nigh impossible to disconnect from certain names. Nor is there the least likelihood that the owners of those names ever regretted the outlay to which that association of ideas is due.

The men whose names have thus literally become household words studied advertising as an art—the art of capturing and keeping the attention, the interest, the sympathy, the custom of the public. To-day, advertising has become more than an art in the merely figurative sense. It has its special professors—its experts and its own organs. In one of these, the *Office*, we saw not long since some statistics touching the growing practice of magazine advertising in the United States. Let any one take up a copy of the *Century*, of *Scribner*, of *Harper* or of *Lippincott* and he will see how thoroughly alive are the business classes among our neighbours to the importance of keeping constantly in touch with the more intelligent order of readers. The advertising columns in those magazines furnish a key to the industrial and commercial life of 60,000,000 of people. In Canada, unhappily, we are still mainly dependent on the United States or Europe for our periodical literature. Our advertisers being, therefore, limited in their choice of mediums for communicating with the public, have become habituated to the daily newspaper as the *ne plus ultra* of their hopes. That such a restriction of their patronage is a mistake it is scarcely necessary to point out to those who have any knowledge of the use that is made of the monthlies and weeklies across the border and the ocean. The most profitable of all advertising is that which appeals to the readers of the high-class illustrated periodicals. In the States one firm may have its advertisement constantly in from three to a dozen such periodicals. Such advertising pays. In Canada we have so few monthlies and weeklies that the advertiser is saved from the perplexities of choosing. There is all the more reason why he should not neglect to avail himself of such periodicals as we have. The *DOMINION ILLUSTRATED* circulates not only through the length and breadth of Canada, but over a great part of this continent and of Europe, as well as the more distant parts of both hemispheres. It has been complimented in England for its superiority to the British illustrated press. It is read with interest everywhere. It is, therefore, an admirable medium for what the Chancellor of the Exchequer calls "persistent advertising." We invite our business readers to put it to the test.

HERE AND THERE.

GÉRÔME ON MODERN ART.—The famous French artist, Gérôme, contributes the following to an article on himself in the February *Century*: "You ask me about my method of teaching. It is very simple, but this simplicity is the result of long experience. The question is to lead young people into a straightforward, true path; to provide them with a compass which will keep them from going astray; to habituate them to love nature (the true), and to regard it with an eye at once intelligent, delicate, and firm, being mindful of the plastic side. Some know how to copy a thing and will reproduce it almost exactly; others put into it poetry, charm, power, and make of it a

work of art. The first are workmen, the second are artists. An abyss separates the mason from the architect. To-day, in this epoch of moral and intellectual disorder, there seems to be a sovereign contempt for those who seek to elevate themselves, to move the spectator, to have some imagination; for those who are not content to remain fettered to the earth, dabbling in the mud of realism. It is to-day the fashion to which all the world sacrifices, because it is only granted to a few to have a well-balanced mind, and because it is easier to paint three fried eggs than it is to execute the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. But all this will pass like a shadowy phantom, and it need not make us uneasy."

A SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL.—A painted glass window in memory of Shakespeare has just been placed in the hall of the Stationers' Company by Mr. Joshua W. Butterworth, a member of the company. The design is by the donor, who has been assisted in the final execution of the work by Messrs. Mayer and Co., of Munich and London. The centre of the window is occupied by a full-length portrayal of the poet in the attitude in which he is most usually represented, the authority for the likeness being the Chandos portrait now in the Ellesmere collection. The contour of the figure is derived from the statue of him by Roubillac in Westminster Abbey, and the signature at the foot, "William Shakespeare," is after an accurate tracing of the poet's signature to a deed now in possession of the Corporation of London. The motto "He was not for an age, but for all time," is beneath: and two medallions below represent the "Birthplace of Shakespeare" and the Church of Stratford-upon-Avon, between them being portrayed the arms and crest of the Shakespeare family. It may incidentally be mentioned that two painted glass windows in memory of Caxton and Tyndale were placed in the hall last year, another, representing St. Cecilia, having been placed there in the previous year. The three windows are the gift of Mr. Edmund Waller.

A SONG.

Who would not brave the fiercest storm
That ever shook a rafter,
If only for the sweetened charm
Of the calm that follows after!

Who would not face the darkest night
That ever followed even,
If but to take renewed delight
In the glowing noonday heaven!

Who would not quarrel with his love
And brave the storm of sorrow,
If only love's bright bliss to prove
With kisses on the morrow?

Ottawa.

ARTHUR WEIR.

SLACK TIDE.

My boat is still in the reedy cove,
Where the rushes hinder its onward course,
For I care not now if we rest or move
O'er the slumberous tide to the river's source.

My boat is fast in the tall dank weeds,
And I lay my oars in silence by,
And lean, and draw the slippery reeds
Through my listless fingers carelessly.

The bubbling froth of the surface foam
Clings close to the side of my moveless boat
Like endless meshes of honeycomb—
And I break it off and send it afloat.

A faint wind stirs, and I drift along
Far down the stream to its utmost bound,
And the thick, white foam flakes gathering strong
Still cling, and follow, and fold around.

Oh, the weary green of the weedy waste,
The thickening scum of the frothy foam,
And the torpid heart by the reeds embraced,
And shrouded and held in its cheerless home.

The fearful stillness of wearied calm,
The tired quiet of ended strife,
The echoed note of a heart's sad psalm,
The sighing end of a wasted life.

The reeds cling close and my cradle sways,
And the white gull dips in the water's barm,
And the heart asleep in the twilight haze
Feels not its earth-bonds, knows not alarm.

SOPHIE M. ALMON.