



HIS METHOD.

SOKER—"Whenever I drink I can't work, and so I let it go."

JOGGS—"Which, the drink?"

SOKER—"No; the work."

THE NEW ART.

ADVERTISING.—An experienced journalist is open for engagement; able to write up artistic advertisements; first-class solicitor; not "a local fakir"; only mediums able to pay salaries when they fall due need apply, and such must be prepared to pay well for services that will be energetically and efficiently rendered.—*Advt. in Toronto Paper.*

This is about on a par with the advertisement inserted by the ambitious young man to whom work was not so much an object as a good salary. That is to say, in point of frankness. In other respects it forms somewhat of a contrast.

This self-possessed young man appears to believe that the canvas is more powerful than the pen. Will he join me in positively asserting further that the canvas-back duck is more powerful, on the table, than the *décolleté* domestic bird?

The artistic branch of journalism to which he belongs, is not the sanctum sort or the wood-cut kind. It has to do only with advertisements. Art in advertising is highly desirable, not to say necessary, in these days, when one of the great ambitions of our lives is to successfully avoid the advertising snares in the papers in our endeavors to get at the news. The old and original advertisement used to be written thus:—

MR. WILLIAM JOHN ROBINSON

BEGS TO ANNOUNCE

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THIS TOWN AND SURROUNDING COUNTRY

THAT HE HAS JUST LAID IN AN IMMENSE

STOCK OF

GENERAL DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CROCKERY, BOOTS AND SHOES, HARDWARE, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, ETC.

FISH, HAMS, CANNED GOODS, PATENT MEDICINES,

STATIONERY, ETC., ETC.

EVERYTHING BOUGHT FOR CASH, AND MUST BE SOLD

EARLY TO MAKE ROOM FOR FRESH

IMPORTATIONS.

CALL AND EXAMINE!

NO TROUBLE TO SHOW GOODS!

FARM PRODUCE TAKEN IN EXCHANGE!

REMEMBER THE PLACE—TWO DOORS NORTH OF THE POST-OFFICE.

WILLIAM JOHN ROBINSON,
NOTED CHEAP STORE.

A man did not require a university degree to become author of an advertisement of this nature. There was no particular literary finish to it, or classical halo around it. It was simply a plain, common, board fence announcement, that you could read without running.

But now they prepare advertisements on different plans and specifications. A sort of lambent nimbus and pictures accompany them. The type looks colder and more menacing, and, as to the letter-press itself, experts are its inventors and fashioners, and will suffer hereafter for it. To so couch a business puff that it can be sandwiched in between hunks of real news, without disclosing its dread identity until too late for the unsuspecting victim to escape, has become one of the greatest of modern vices—that is to say, arts. So we find brilliant journalists devoting their time, talents, inventive genius and reputation in a new and prolific field. Probably that is why so many papers are comparatively spiritless and sensationless these times, and so strangely given to calm facts, editorially and locally. How is this steady sapping of the very life-blood of the Press to be stopped? may well be asked, in hollow tones.

Our advertising hero recognizes the presence of "fakirs" in the new field. So can any one when he comes across a paragraph of this sort:

A RUSHING TRADE.—The celebrated Maginnis Brothers are doing a stupendous trade these days. Customers are climbing over each other's backs in the mad effort to reach the counter and be served. Policemen guard the doors to keep back the surging masses. This firm are selling ready-made clothing 50 per cent. below cost, and giving away valuable presents as well. No wonder they succeed. No surprise that they down all opponents. They are the Napoleons of the clothing trade, and will never meet with a Waterloo. Call, see and be convinced. Elsewhere in this issue this enterprising house makes a specific announcement.

That sort is the patent, undisguised, twenty-five-cent-a-line fakir article, warranted to suit any style of business—or no charge. The æsthetic, art-journalistic, college graduate style reads like this, and gets a place on the editor's page:

AGREES WITH THE SUN.

Conversing with Mr. Jones, of the firm of Jones, Brown & Smith, dry goods importers, that gentleman said yesterday to a *Sun* representative:—"I entirely concur in the opinion advanced by the *Sun* as to the need of more strict economy in the administration of our civic affairs. Taxation must be reduced, if we would have a prosperous and contented populace. Times are hard, money scarce, and the masses find it difficult to make both ends meet. Therefore, let us have saving in every department. So far as our business is concerned, (the speaker went on to say) we have scarcely felt the hard times, because we have arranged our prices to meet them. Our sales this season are ahead of last season's, and we shall try to keep this up. Yes, you have heard aright. Our Mr. Brown starts next week for the European markets. To be sure, I believe in advertising—and advertising in the *Sun*, too. Good-day, sir!"

The writer who can go the rounds and elaborate indefinitely in this fashion certainly wants his salary every pay-day.

Nor wants that salary small.

Let us trust this noble and outspoken Professor of Puffs will get a job—a good job—one that will give him a chance to display his erudition, to manifest his love of labor, and to earn glory and big money.—T. T.