

JOE DUDGEON TALKS ABOUT BARGAIN DAYS.

"Come in here for five minutes, Joe," said my Aunt Susan the other day, as we passed Buncum & Push's place. It was bargain day. My aunt Susan takes no stock in holidays like the Queen's Birthday or Dominion Day, but say! she's all alive on bargain days. She knows every article on the list.

"I hate shopping like sin," said Joe to me. "But I went in to please her."

Aunt Susan went straight to the grocery counter.

"I want to see those raisins at two cents a pound I see you are advertising to-day."

"You are too late, madam, the advertisement says from 8 a. m. to 10 a. m. They are 4c. now."

"Oh!" said Aunt Susan, "if you can sell them at two cents at those hours, why not now? Show me that twenty-five cent tea you are advertising."

"You are too early for that; you will notice the tea sale is from one to three this afternoon."

"Well, how much is it now?"

"Thirty-five cents until one o'clock."

"Well, that's funny," said Aunt Susan. "I see you are advertising some fresh canned vegetables at five cents a tin."

"Oh, but that is only for afternoon trade from three to five. They are eight cents at present."

"Well, did you ever hear the like?" said Aunt Susan. "Why" I'll have to bring a lunch basket and stay around all day at this rate. Where is the sailor hats you are advertising?

"Hats!" yelled the grocery man, and the shopwalker showed us to the hat department.

"I want to look at those fifteen-cent sailor hats you are advertising to-day," said my aunt.

"You are too early, madam. They are thirty cents at present; call again between four and five this afternoon. Then you can have them at fifteen cents."

"Do you think my time's no more value than a setting hen trying to hatch chickens from crockery eggs? Show me to the parasol department."

We waltzed off to the parasol counter to find we were just too late for that dollar kind, reduced to sixty-nine cents for bargain day.

Aunt Susan seemed greatly cut up when she found she was just too late to get a boy's all-wool tweed suit for two dollars, worth three and a half.

Aunt struck the correct hour for the two hundred pieces of toweling—regular ten-cent line for five—but there had been such a rush while she was fooling after sailor hats and parasols that we just missed getting any.

Aunt Susan was terribly unlucky. She was an hour too early to get those thirty-five cent cashmere stockings at fifteen cents, and an hour and ten minutes too late for those pure silk fifty-cent gloves which were going, or, rather, had gone, at nineteen cents.

Nevertheless, she kept "toting" me around for half a day, and all she bought was a four-cent cocoanut and a pair of five cent curling tongs. She won't catch me again on bargain day!

I told the manager they should keep a free restaurant open all day for people like my Aunt Susan. At eight o'clock let

them start and announce the bargains that were ready at that hour.

For instance:

"Eight o'clock, ladies. The sugar sale is now on."

"Ladies, it is now 8.45. If you want raisins at two cents a pound you must hurry up, there's a big rush at the raisin counter."

"Ladies, it is now 9.15. If you want any of those cheap parasols you must get a move on."

"It is now ten o'clock. The sale of cocoanuts, dried apples, nutmeg graters, infants' bibs and perambulators is now on. Shop full of customers. Now's your time for bargains." And so on throughout the day.

You see, this scheme would save people like Aunt Susan a terrible lot of worry and disappointment. They look forward to bargain days as much as a boy does to a circus, and the store-keepers should make it as pleasant for them as possible.

At the big stores where bargain day is "all day work," it's different. But this new idea of selling "pepper castors" and "tooth picks" from 8.50 a.m. to 9.15 a.m. is terribly trying to bargain hunters like poor Aunt Susan.

TOM SWALWELL.

MR. W. P. SLESSOR'S MARRIAGE.

A pretty wedding took place in St. Andrew's church, Toronto, on Wednesday June 27, when Mr. William Pulsford Slessor, son of Mr. James Slessor, of Mintlaw, Montreal, a member of the firm of James Johnson & Co., was married to Miss Isabel Torrance Miller, daughter of the late W. McC. Miller, of the Customs. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, assisted by Rev. Dr. Warden, of Montreal. The fair bride, who was escorted by her brother, wore a handsome gown of white duchesse satin, trimmed with white chiffon. The train was very long, and was square cut. A wide sailor collar, edged with a full ruffle of chiffon, was a novel feature of the dress. The maid of honor was Miss Nellie Parsons, and the bridesmaids were Miss T. Slessor and Miss Miller, the bride's cousin. They wore pretty gowns of white dotted muslin, trimmed with pink ribbons and lace, and Miss Parsons' gown was trimmed with bands of white satin ribbon, covered with valenciennes insertion. Their hats were of spotted net, and in them were pinned clusters of natural pink roses taken from their bouquets. The best man was Mr. Hill, of Montreal, and the ushers, Messrs. W. Burritt and W. Warden. An immense throng of people witnessed the wedding, and the reception at the residence of the bride's mother, in Bellevue Place, afterwards was largely attended. There were many beautiful and costly presents. Mr. W. P. Slessor, whose connection with James Johnson & Co. has brought him much into association with the trade, is highly popular and esteemed.

NEXT SEASON'S KID GLOVES.

The manager of the Canadian agency of Emil Pewny & Co., Richard Patton, left a few days ago for Grenoble, France, the headquarters of the house, to look after novelties for the following Spring season, and see that all important points are carried out in Fall shipments. He will study the interests of the trade for customers, and return in time to get shipments ready.