

other 3c. invested in a stamp. These notices I also saw in exchanges, showing that the wily advertiser had rightly gauged the power of the cash-in-advance bait. McKim offered the Fig Syrup ad. at a net rate away below the 3c. mark, and it was promptly refused. This led to a long correspondence, and his letters, now on file, urged that the advertisers were seeking to work up a Canadian trade at a great first outlay, etc., and that the rate would not be taken as a precedent. After much delay, the order was accepted, and now mark: Two years later the Tucket advertisement was sent by the same firm, at a figure slightly in advance of the Fig Syrup, but still below the 3c., and was refused (Tucket had previously paid me half of local rates for the same space), when the agent reminded me that I was running other advertising (Fig Syrup intended) for less than he was now offering. So much for the precedent.

This sort of sample could be multiplied ad infinitum, but enough has been given to make the point, which is: that skilled advertisers and agents apparently realize that the average rural

publisher does not know what his space costs him, or that it costs him anything, and virtually, if not tacitly, trade upon that ignorance.

What is the remedy? For publishers to awake to a knowledge of what most concerns them, and to cultivate sufficient respect for themselves and their calling to firmly close their columns to all trade which is offered at rates commencing below the point where self-respect ends, and which tend still downward. The chief trouble is that publishers who accept such rates are seldom enterprising enough to subscribe to a trade paper, and consequently will not see this or any other article on the vital subject, going on in their slipshod way until the end comes.

Individually, I mean to apply a remedy that will prove effective. That is: to reduce space to the amount required by local advertisers, and refer all one and two cents per inch advertisers to those publishers who have not yet exerted themselves so far as to figure out the first cost of their advertising space.



#### A CANADIAN POET.

By A. H. U. C.

THE photograph gives you a good idea of William H. Drummond—the face expresses force, reserve, a certain measure of downright sincerity. These are all in the man, and when the outer edge of mere acquaintanceship has been penetrated you begin to discern the other qualities—the humor, the activity of thought, the sympathy, which have been drawn upon to produce some of the aptest and most distinctive specimens of dialect verse to be found in current literature.

I knew Dr. Drummond a long time before hearing from himself a single word of his literary achievements. He never speaks of the matter unless drawn out, and when asked recently for a copy of one of his poems, he confessed that he kept no record, no scrap-book, no private collection of his own pieces. Being pressed, he admitted with some reluctance that he knew where he could lay his hands on it. Evidently no over-supply of literary vanity here!

Of course, Dr. Drummond's writings have been the occupation of a professional man's leisure, and there is reason to believe that as he grows older and his tastes mature the faculty for writing will be stimulated and strengthened. He began when a youth to hear and appreciate the English dialect employed by the French Canadians, the quaint mannerisms of the habitant, the rougher originalities of the rivermen. The idea of putting his appreciation of the humor and pathos of French Canadian life and character into verse was never systematically followed, although since the immense success and popularity of the "Papineau Gun" and the "Wreck of the Julie Plante"—the two pieces selected to accompany this sketch—he has written with some

industry, so as to give the hope that in time Canada will develop its own master of humorous verse. Already there are distinct proofs that the power is here, and the man, if he chooses, can use it. "I do not find this kind of versifying what you call difficult, though it is not, of course, as easy as English verse," said Mr. Drummond once in reply to a query, "because the vocabulary is limited and you must not repeat the characteristic expressions, as it would become tiresome and iteration."

The taste for dialect poetry is of comparatively recent growth. In this case, the French Canadians themselves naturally do not see the humor of it, because it resembles the way in which so many of their habitants speak English. The humorous setting of the whole, the choice of phrases and situation, does not sufficiently appeal to them as original, and it is left to English people to admire and enjoy. The Americans have been wonderfully taken with it. Some of Dr. Drummond's pieces have been published all over this continent, and are now included in every standard collection of American humorous verse. The dialect is an apt medium for conveying humor, but Dr. Drummond does not content himself with that alone, and he has written some satirical English verse which indicates exceptional talent. One of these, published



WM. H. DRUMMOND.

anonymously, and another, never published at all, give without doubt every promise of developing power. Still it is quite possible that Dr. Drummond will continue to build up his fame chiefly by his dialect verse, because only a short time ago when invited by the "Shakspeare Club" of Montreal to be present, with Hon. Justice Doherty, as guest of the evening at