



Just now the wholesale houses are forwarding parcels for which import orders were booked months ago. The sorting-up trade is always calculated upon to be large, as the disposition of retailers is to evade the risk as far as possible of carrying stock much in advance of the demand. So far, however, there has been little supplementing of orders placed early, and travellers report sorting up business to be very light. Stocks on hand, remnants of last season, are said to be quite large. A feature of this year's stock is the lack of new ideas. The old stand-bys—albums, plush goods, etc.—are as prominent as ever, but clearly are not gaining ground. The dearth of new notions is a matter of quite general comment. Native productions have more freshness of conception about them than imported lines have.

A revival in the use of ladies ring purses has brought out some very pretty varieties. Beaded and made of silk, with rings they are certainly attractive.

Fancy lined silk work-baskets are selling as well as most things for eking out Christmas supplies not sufficiently provided for by future delivery orders.

Manicure sets in the usual diversity of make are relied upon this season to fill a big part of the demand for fancy goods.

Autograph albums are the object of an attempted reaction which may prove more or less successful. The movement is favored by oddity in the shapes, horse shoes, triangles, etc., being affected.

Something is doing in crystal, nickel and tortoise-shell picture-frames, which appear to be the sorts most in vogue.

The Persian Silver line of fancy goods has had a good run. In toilet cases, manicure cases, collar and cuff boxes, glove cases, the demand has been specially active.

Warwick & Sons have found the demand quite strong for a handsome circular plate mirror intended for use as a table rest for a jardiniere holding a bouquet. It is a very pretty notion for a present.

Williamson & Co. have put on the market a line of exceptionally taking photo-cases made in several styles. The surface surrounding the space for the photo is hand-painted with a variety of graceful designs. These beautiful goods compare favorably with similar imported lines, and are entirely the product of Williamson & Co's own manufacture.

Brown Bros' warehouse is in the throes of fall business just now, its receiving and shipping departments being equally busy. The firm's stock of fancy stationery and office supplies is particularly large and varied. The demand for papeteries is also met by a

very full assortment. The choice leather toilet cases manufactured on the premises are having a strong run. Photograph albums, the very latest in the season's resources, are being opened up and forwarded to retailers. The leather goods of this line are especially fine. An album of the "double decked" description and another folding together, having pages opening from two sets of hinges, is in favor, as are likewise the fine photo-screens now in stock. Portfolios, wallets and purses of morocco, Russian leather, all luxurious looking, are in their usual fall plenitude in the stock of this very old house. A very catchy line of purses is for loose change, fine leather pouches hanging in steel or oxidized silver frames. One of these has a sort of false top, in which is a compartment very handy for street-car tickets, postage stamps etc. An elegant thing, and one sure to take the fancy of tasteful people is a soft leather photograph case for the pocket, intended for travelers and others who like to carry about with them pictures of their family or any other collection of photographs.

A CRUSTY STOREKEEPER.

Old Jim Doolittle used to keep a store in Cottonwood, Neb., but he is now out of the business. He was a very peculiar salesman. If a customer didn't buy everything he looked at, Doolittle regarded him as an open enemy. He took very little stock in the motto "No trouble to show the goods." In consequence of his peculiar method of transacting business Doolittle's trade dwindled until he was able to enjoy all of that solitude for which his nature seemed to yearn. One day a lady strayed into Doolittle's store and timidly asked the poor boon of looking at some cheap calicoes. Doolittle clung heroically to his nail keg, and kept right on whistling "Yer want ter look at some prints, do yer?" he snarled. "If you please," replied the lady. "Well, now, if yer air going to buy some, I'll show 'em down, ef yer ain't I don't propose to unlimber the goods and muss up the counter." The lady fled. A man from the North Loup stumbled on to Doolittle's store, and went in to buy a pair of boots. The stock of men's foot wear was not very extensively sorted up, and every pair the Loup Fork man tried were too small for him. The last pair of split leather kips were mournfully laid aside, and with a sickly smile he said he guessed he had better go somewhere else. "Then you don't want no boots ter day," snapped Doolittle. "Yes, I've got to have some bates, pardner, but it seems they air are all too small enough." "Yer don't act like a man as wanted any boots," said Doolittle, glaring at him like a wounded hen hawk. "They're too small, pardner." "Don't you call me pardner, you old lantern jawed snoozer. Yer one of these finny-ky chaps as can't be suited nowhere, that's what yer air. What do yer have such cussed big feet for, anyway?" "I guess I'd better be a-going," said the Loup Fork man, pulling on his old pair of mocassins and starting for the door. "Yer had that, yer splay-footed old mud-dubber. Here, hadn't you better come back and try on the case? Mehbe it'll fit one of your lug-fat-feet?" Something like a crowd gathered in front of

Doolittle's store immediately after this colloquy. There seemed to be a kind of theatrical entertainment going on inside. Anon the Loup Fork man would swing something over his head and fetch the floor a thwack with it which made all the alabaster crockery and nutmeg graters rattle on the shelves. The floor was strewn with canned peaches, cove oysters, boneless codfish, and pants buttons. The dust was so thick that the excited audience couldn't see exactly what was transpiring within, but from certain ejaculatory sentences overheard it was surmised that someone was trying to sell Doolittle a bill of goods on thirty days' time, five per cent off for cash. But as he shot out into the heart of the crowd, and lay there in a kind of stiff, pulpy condition, his face highly ornamented with displayed ads. and cuts, and a half-pint of teeth scattered around him, the assembled multitude reverently made way for a tall stranger, who issued from the store minus a hat, with a flushed face and a great rent down the back of his coat.—Ex.

ELOQUENCE IN A DRY GOODS STORE.

One of Waterville's dry goods houses has a head clerk who is a most accomplished salesman and is kept busy from morn till eve by the customers desirous of being waited upon by him. Not long ago he was highly complimented. He had a countryman in the store, and was showing him a very handsome piece of dress goods, not with any hope of selling it, still there was some slight chance of so doing, and besides, it is necessary (as our friend claims), to keep constantly in practice.

So he dashed ahead in fine style, praising the richness of the pattern, extolled the texture of the fabric, held it up to a favorable light, vouched its ultra-fashionableness for years to come, and, in short, let loose a torrent of eloquence, in which it was difficult to distinguish which was the most flattered, the good taste of the admiring rustic, or the quality of the magnificent stuff. The man's eyes flashed with pride at complimentary allusions to himself, and with unconcealed astonishment at the development of beauty in the goods and fluency in the salesman.

Catching our friend by the arm, he exclaimed: "Stay right here one minute," and dashed out.

"Eloquence" stood still, a little bothered, holding the bolt of goods across both hands, just as though he had frozen in the attitude in which he had so thoroughly impressed the rural gentleman. Meanwhile, the last mentioned individual whisked two bouncing girls out of a carry all that stood in front of the store, and half pushing, half pulling them, brought them up in front of the fluent tongue.

"Gals! stand there, right there, Sally, and now, mister, cut loose again! I just want the gals to hear you!"

It's almost needless to say that our friend was utterly overwhelmed with his emotions, and, for at least once in his life, failed in his utterance—to the great disappointment of both father and daughters. The man bought the piece of goods, and no doubt will always think with regret of what his daughters missed.—Lewiston Journal.

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