

you might perhaps—er—take pity on a lonely fellow, and you know—er, in fact—accompany me. Eh?"

Miss Fulling was a trifle flustered by this condescension, and did not answer for a few seconds.

"What do you say?"

"Oh, you are very kind, Mr. Morgan, and I should so like to hear 'Carmen,' but——"

"Well, we'll call it settled then?" he said, smilingly.

"But I am afraid I shall have to decline your kindness on account of my mother. However, she may be well enough to spare me."

Mr. Morgan hoped so from the bottom of his heart, and inwardly consigned Mrs. Fulling to regions where the state of her health could not interfere with his amatory affairs.

A few minutes later, in the absence of Mr. Morgan, a cash girl conveyed a slip of paper from the hands of Miss Fulling to the hands of Blanchard, who opened it and read:

"He has asked me to go to the opera to-night."

Blanchard looked thoughtful for a moment, then, catching Miss Fulling's eye, shook his head negatively, and the incident closed.

Mr. Morgan did not go to the opera that night. Instead, he took a walk. During that walk, as the fates would have it, his path crossed the path of Blanchard and Miss Fulling, who were also taking a walk.

"So, so," mused the floor-walker, "mother's too sick to let her go to the opera, but just well enough to let her go walking with Blanchard."

Next morning the note of color was missing, and a modest white tie reposed in its place. "Blanchard," he began, "I see your department did not show up well at all last week. How do you account for it?"

"Well, the season is over, and business won't pick up for some weeks."

"But business must pick up somehow. We can't have departments running behind at this time of year."

"I have done my best, Mr. Morgan."

"Well, in that case your best doesn't satisfy me."

Mr. Morgan spoke very curtly and frowned very darkly. The thumb and forefinger of his left hand were inserted in his vest pocket, and they held between them two tickets for opera seats for the night before. Little wonder he frowned.

Blanchard felt uncomfortable, but his conscience acquitted him. He had done his best under the circumstances, but the circumstances seemed to temporarily conspire against him.

The senior member of the firm was just now away opening another large department store in a town some forty miles distant. When, an hour or so after Mr. Morgan had spoken to him, Blanchard was called into the office, he confronted the younger partner, who had always interested himself warmly in the young fellow.

"Blanchard," he began, gently and pleasantly, "your department, Mr. Morgan complains, doesn't show up in results quite as well as usual. How do you account for it, my lad?"

Blanchard reddened and hesitated for a moment or two.

"I think, sir, the complaint is not just. In the first place, my stock is run down and there is scarcely any assortment. I have sold all the seasonable stuff and haven't got much more than the staples left. Then, my department gets no show in the windows or in the advertising. If you will look, sir, you will see that in all the six large windows every department but mine is well displayed. I have got just twenty-four inches on the side street, and there a lot of ties and shirts and things are so jumbled up that no one will look at them.

"The new line of ties came in three days ago, but the windows say nothing about them. The advertising yesterday said: 'See

our splendid new line of men's neckwear,' and in the smallest type at that. You see, sir, that I have had no aid in keeping my department up. I only want a show."

"Well, well, Blanchard, I believe you have done your best. Keep at it. You shall have a show. To-morrow Mr. Morgan and the window dresser go to the other store to arrange for the opening. Then we'll see," and the old gentleman's eyes twinkled as he dismissed Blanchard.

And go they did.

"Blanchard," said his employer, "have the curtain of the third window drawn, and you remain this evening and dress it with your goods as you choose. I'll see to the advertising."

Blanchard returned to his department elated and enthusiastic and laid out his plan of display.

On the following morning the store front was so much brightened up by the display of new styles in men's goods—even though many of them were remnants of the stock—that that particular window was the centre of attraction. When the papers came out with a big spread on men's furnishings in the advertisements Blanchard was happy and induced his employer to fill up the more attractive lines which had been depleted. Then he awaited results.

They came. Within a day or two all the men in the town seemed to be wearing new ties, gloves, and the latest shirts, collars and cuffs.

Stock was renewed and renewed for days and Blanchard had to call for more help, and though overworked he was correspondingly happy. So was Miss Filling. So was the firm.

When Mr. Morgan and the window dresser returned late Saturday night to remain till Monday morning they were dumbfounded, and, if the truth must be told, disappointed.

But Blanchard was vindicated, and he is going to celebrate the event by asking Miss Fulling to go the opera. Her mother's health will not be pleaded as an excuse this time, however.—D. G. Economist.

CANADIAN GOODS ABROAD.

THE present Government say there are other ways of helping Canadian manufactured goods besides a tariff. In export trade, for example, they say that every assistance which can be given to introduce our goods abroad will be cheerfully rendered.

Already the country has a few agents abroad, and the reports they send are published here, so that the Canadian mills may know what, where and how to send. The agents are few, however, and their reports are not very promptly issued. Even improvements on the present system would still leave much to be desired.

It seems to us that a practical step would be to place within easy reach of all Canadian manufacturers the British consular reports from all over the world. These reports are valuable and practical. They cover every class of goods. They are full of warnings and suggestions. While intended especially for British manufacturers, they contain much that cannot be improved upon regarding the local requirements of nearly every market on the civilized globe. Canada could never expect to go to the enormous expense involved in having consular reports of its own, and the individual manufacturer here would hesitate before subscribing to these reports, issued by the Government printers in England, as so many of them would not relate to his particular line of business.

THE REVIEW suggests to the Minister of Trade and Commerce, Sir Richard Cartwright, an inquiry into the feasibility of utilizing these reports. The Department might get a quantity and keep our manufacturers posted on their contents.