moval. It is not merely in this latter instance that the question is an apt one, for there are business men keeping stores and apparently making a living, that still should make way for better brains. Perhaps it is due to want of training in buying and keeping stocks, or it may be ignorance of financing and bookkeeping, or it may be disregard of his customers' wants, or it is (as is but too frequent) from a decided lack of honest purpose; at any rate his customers are not satisfied, his creditors are constantly bringing him to time, and if the whole position could be viewed by one impartial eve, there is no doubt but the judgment would be-"Make way for a better man." There is, however, one particular class of storekeeper that we have in our mind just now. He generally has had a little training in selling goods in some store where business is conducted in perhaps a rather old-fashioned way. He imagines that with his superior mental ability, etc., he can start in opposition to his employer, and in a short time will take his whole custom from him. He has saved a little money from his small wages, a hundred dollars perhaps, and he launches out. In these days of keen competition, when goods are sold by travellers, and wholesalers rarely see their customers, almost every one who has a store can buy goods; and on credit. The store is accordingly soon loaded up. The savings are all spent on a partial payment for fixtures and advertising. Seeing the necessity for

sales so as to meet his current expenses, he marks his goods very low, so low that there is no margin left him after he has paid rent and salaries. Cheap goods bring customers, and things boom. The shelves are emptied, notes are met and new goods ordered in larger quantities. The store seems to be well patronized and the travellers say: "This is the coming man." He too believes them and takes their advice, buying everything that they say is selling elsewhere. By and by the dull season arrives; farmers stay at home, and when they do come out to buy they want credit for some months till next harvesting. Cash sales are very small. Notes fall due in quick succession. At first an installment is sent on each, with a request "owing to dull times" to renew the balance, but soon even this cannot be done and the notes go to protest. The wholesaler's bookkeeper calls this time and is astonished to see the real state of affairs. Probably there are no books kept worthy of the name, and the questions "what are your habilities?" "what are your assets?" are new ideas to our triend, who points to the shelves for the latter and to a pile of bills for the former, adding that there are some notes coming due he does not know exactly when. We need not tell the sequel. Our friend has done but one good thing. He has taught himself to see that he is not nearly so clever as his old-fashioned employer. The business he has done is very great. His opponents have lost money in trying to compete with his mad style of selling. Their customers have been taught to expect to buy goods at prices that yield no margin. He has landed into his town a bankrupt stock of goods that will hurt business for years. The wholesale houses he has been dealing with have lost money through him and lost faith in his town. His good name has gone for a time, if not for life. Should this man have been allowed to be in business for himself? Is there any one who will answer Yes?

One thing in particular should be impressed upon clerks—the necessity of carciulattention to small customers.

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CIRCULAR AND PAMPHLET ADVERTISING.

A CANADIAN correspondent, in debating the question of phamphlet advertising in PRINTERS' INK a few weeks ago, made the assertion that pamphlets, even though properly addressed, frequently did not reach their destination, but remained piled up in the corners of the country post-offices until they were old enough to sell to the paper mills. This letter came under the notice of the Postmaster General, who considered it a slur upon the postal system and directed the District Inspector to call upon the writer and either clear the Department of the odium or remedy the evil if it was actually found to exist. PRINTERS' INK correspondent now writes. "I proved to the gentleman's satisfaction that the evil was genuine, but not confined to Canadian post-offices, as the same thing was going on just as regularly in Uncle Sam's domain, and I showed him also that it could not be remedied. The emoluments of country postmasters are not sufficient to enable them to have suitably arranged offices, extra clerks, full compliment of letter and newspaper boxes, etc., which would be needed for the proper distribution of the flood of books, pamphlets, calendars, almanacs and sample papers which continually pours into every post-office."—Printers' Ink.

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