

particulars about the Northwestern association, and which were freely given at the time, to the best of his ability, then later on a deputation was sent from the Toronto association, who waited upon the directors of the Northwest association, at Winnipeg, to talk over the matter of amalgamation.

Later, Mr. Bedlington, the gentleman referred to in the above clipping, was in Winnipeg during the course of his ordinary business as a commercial traveler, at which time he asked that a meeting of the directors of the Northwest association be called, which was done, and which he attended along with other Winnipeg gentlemen, who are connected with the Toronto association, and they explained the particulars of the offer, as made by the Toronto association, to the Northwest association.

No resolution was passed at that meeting deciding to recommend the acceptance of any offer, to the general annual meeting of the Northwest Commercial Travelers' Association, so that particular portion of the above clipping is entirely wrong. So far as the insurance offer is concerned, it appears to resolve itself simply into a matter of dollars and cents, because Mr. Bedlington, of the Toronto association, stated distinctly that the amount of insurance offered was solely in accordance with the purchasing power of the reserve cash in hand of the Northwest Commercial Travelers Association.

They do not think that anything else should be considered, while the directors of the Northwest association feel that they are an institution of this northwestern country, under charter of the local government, and each member that I have seen connected with the Northwestern association, expresses himself as desirous of our retaining the standing that we have at present, and not becoming absorbed by the Toronto association, even though the annual addition to the insurance should be somewhat larger.

From present prospects the board of trade, of Winnipeg, can make their minds easy, because the only thing that the board of directors of the Northwest association resolved to do at Mr. Bedlington's meeting, was to submit to the general annual meeting any offers made to them about amalgamation. We made no request for amalgamation, and it depends entirely upon the members of the Northwest Commercial Travelers' Association whether it will take place or not. As proposed, the effect would be to entirely wipe out the present association as a Northwestern one, and in addition, our cash surplus would be taken to Toronto for investment, as there was no inducement whatever, held out that any of the money would be invested in this country.

At the same time, it must be understood that we have only the most friendly feelings towards all commercial travelers' associations, and we are not only willing, but anxious to work shoulder to shoulder for mutual interests.

Yours &c.

ONE OF THE DIRECTORS OF THE
NORTHWEST C. T.'S ASSOCIATION.

THOUGHT HE WAS BACK ON THE FARM.

John Bartlett was a farmer; now he keeps store. One day soon after he opened, a farmer's daughter came in and asked him for a leather belt. Not being able to find the box he shouted out to his wife, who helped in the store: "Mary! where did you put that box of belly bands?" All fainted.—TOM SWALWELL.

A LADY DRUMMER.

A lady jewelry drummer is the latest novelty on the road in Maine. She is handsome, dresses stylishly, wears a man's soft felt hat, and hails from New York. She is away up in the art of traveling, cannot be imposed upon by hotel clerks, hackmen or railroad men, and always sells as many goods as the smartest of her male competitors.—St. Louis Dry Goods Reporter.

HAD HIM TURNED OUT.

The commercial room of English hotels is devoted to that species of business man whom we designate as "drummer," and who in America fares with the other guests. John Poole, an English humorist of bygone days, once strolled into a hotel at Brighton and ordered dinner. As he was discussing his savory chop another man entered, took his stand by the fire and began whistling. Finally he spoke.

"Fine day, sir," said he.

"Very fine," answered Poole.

"Business pretty brisk?"

"I believe so."

"Do anything with Jones on the parade?"

Now, it so happened that Jones was the grocer from whom Poole occasionally bought a quarter of a pound of tea and so he answered:

"A little."

"Good man, sir."

"Glad to hear it, sir."

"Do anything with Thompson in King street?"

"No, sir."

"Shaky, sir."

"Sorry to hear it, sir. Recommend a course of salt baths."

The stranger looked earnestly at Poole, advanced to the table, and said, arms akimbo:

"Sir, I begin to think you are a gentleman."

"I hope so sir," answered Poole; "and I hope you are the same."

"Nothing of the kind!" exclaimed the stranger. "And if you are a gentleman what business have you here?"

He rang the bell, and when the waiter entered, exclaimed indignantly:

"Here's a gentleman. Turn him out!"

Poole had unwittingly settled himself in the commercial room of the hotel.—Youth's Companion.

THOSE DEAR GIRLS.

Nellie—aged 14—doing her own shopping for the first time—at glove counter. "Show me some gloves?" Salesman—"Kids' Miss?" Nellie—"I'm no kid, I want you to know I take ladies' size!"—TOM SWALWELL.

WHY THEY LET HIM GO.

"You look blue." "I feel blue."

"Still traveling for Silk & Satin?" "No; I've quit."

"Quit! You don't mean it! When did you leave 'em?" "About twenty minutes ago."

"What was the trouble? Expense account?" "Yes expense account."

"Kicked on \$1.50 for medicine when you were suddenly taken ill, I suppose?" "Oh, no; they passed that."

"Didn't see how you could pay \$4 a day in a \$3 a day hotel, perhaps?" "No; I charged it up to \$4.50 and they let it go at that."

"Objected to paying 50 cents for a shine, then?" "I don't believe they even saw that item."

"Thought a dollar too big a tip for a sleeping car porter, I imagine?" "No; they've always allowed that."

"What did they object to, then?"

"Well, you see I swelled everything a little to sort of make up for the night I was out with the boys, and they passed every item until they came to one of \$2 for a sleeping car berth from St. Paul to Minneapolis. That was too much for them."—Chicago Tribune.

A HARD CUSTOMER TO SELL.

Two traveling men were relating the experience of their last trip. Said one: "I ran across a country storekeeper in the southern part of this State who broke all records. He is a hard customer, and no one can sell to him but one man. When I got in his town the other day I made up my mind I'd give him a line of goods—make him a present of them, mind you, just for the satisfaction of selling them in his store. Well, I laid out some samples and gave him a fair price. He hesitated and I lowered the figures. Presently I told him that he could have them at his own price, and pay for them in thirty, sixty, ninety days, or two years. I told him to take the goods, then when he got ready pay for them. He wanted to think of it. That was enough to stun a fellow, but I let it go at that and called in the afternoon.

"Made up your mind?" I asked.

"Not exactly," he answered slowly.

"You will let me have them at my own price, and pay for them when I get ready?"

"That's the proposition."

"Is that the best you can do?" he drawled out. Well, I wouldn't tell this to the firm, but I slammed the door in his face and ran down the street."—New Jersey Trade Review.