

partaking of a light breakfast he left the hotel and went to a store, where he bought a revolver and box of cartridges. He returned to his room in the hotel, and a few minutes afterwards a shot was heard. The proprietor, on entering Harding's room, found him dead, the bullet having entered the region of the heart. Next day the coroner's jury returned a verdict of accidental death. Harding had been a salesman in Morgan's for the past five years, but on March 1st he entered the service of the Laing Manufacturing Co. as traveler, and became a member of the Dominion Travelers' Association. His accident policy was made out in favor of his married sister, who resides in Point St. Charles. He was thirty-four years of age, unmarried, and was born in Kemptville, Ont. He was steady in his habits, of sanguine disposition, and highly thought of by all who knew him. A year ago he underwent an operation for internal tumour, and this, it is thought, preyed on his mind somewhat. Those who knew him say he was the last person on earth to be suspected of committing suicide.

LOST THEIR SAMPLES.

Early in the morning of Tuesday, April 7th, fire broke out in the Grand Central Hotel, Listowel, Ont. Several commercial travelers were stopping at the hotel and had narrow escapes from being suffocated by the smoke. Many of them lost their samples and personal effects, among them being the following from Toronto: George Ellis, of P. W. Ellis & Co., who lost \$300 worth of clothes and samples; James Woods, of Henry Smith & Co., his gold watch and money equal to \$250; James Swift, of Copp, Clark & Co., samples of books; George Weston, of the Barber, Ellis Co., \$100 gold watch, \$150 diamond pin and \$150 in cash.

SERIOUSLY INJURED.

Mr. John Crofton, city traveler for John Macdonald & Co., Toronto, met with a serious accident on April 9th. While riding on a bicycle on his way to the warehouse he was thrown to the ground, his head striking against the curbstone. His neck was badly cut and his skull split.

THE LATEST.

The Knights of the Road have been mystifying each other by propounding the following problem: Suppose you sell goods to a firm with a discount of 25, 10, and 5 per cent. and to another firm with a discount of 5, 10, and 25 per cent. which gets the better terms?

VICTORIA COMMERCIAL TRAVELER TAX REDUCED.

The Commercial Travellers' Association of Canada has succeeded in obtaining the following concession from the corporation of Victoria, B.C.: The full amount of the license tax, \$50, which is now levied on commercial travellers, will be collected as prescribed by law, but a rebate of \$40 will be allowed bona fide commercial travelers who pay said license, making the net license fee \$10. This latter amount the said corporation have collected for years past, not merely from travelers representing foreign houses or Canadian houses outside of Victoria, but from local travelers as well. The \$50 tax, until it was thus reduced to \$10 again, was also collected from local travelers. The remission is secured not only to the members of the Commercial Travellers' Association of Canada, but to all genuine travelers.

MR. HECTOR MORRISON.

Mr. Hector Morrison is one of the oldest, most popular, and respected commercial travelers on the road. For a quarter of a century he has been guiding the fair sex in the selection of fashionable goods on the route of the Great Western Railway. No traveler meets with a more cordial welcome, troubles customers less in soliciting orders, yet receives larger orders than the subject of our brief sketch who is a regular old war horse in the millinery line. For the past ten years he has been representing the popular house of D. McCall & Co. About five years ago Mr. Morrison met with, what nearly proved a fatal accident in the warehouse elevator on one of the opening days, which laid him up for six months in the hospital. Since then he goes about with a hump, some of the bones in his foot having been broken. He is held in high esteem by all his fellow



travelers, who have honored him by placing him on the Board of Directors of the association. Notwithstanding that he has been on the road continuously for such a long period, he has never been in a railway accident. As a strong upholder of temperance principles, Mr. Morrison has no equal. By example and voice he condemns in no uncertain sound the practice of treating. He never treats and is never asked and yet he does the business. As a euchre player he has no rival on the road.

COMMERCIAL TRAVELER.

So many things have been written about the Commercial Traveler, some true to life, some unreal and impossible of occurrence, and some tinted with all the varied shades of the prismatic brain of the penny-a-liners, that the really true knight of the road feels his soul shrinking at the bare idea of reading an article headed by the subject of his avocation.

Those who have read the works of that great and wonderful genius, Balzac, whose scalpel laid bare the deepest and most repulsive wounds of the social world, high and

low, and whose writings display such a profound knowledge of the human heart and an extraordinary range of knowledge, and who painted life far deeper and more true to nature than even George Sand or Rousseau, will pleasantly recall the scene from his "Provincial Life," and see in the "Illustrious Gaudissart" such a picture of a commercial traveler of his day as to make one marvel at the writer's erudition and prescience. In order to give those of our readers who have not read the works of the great French novelist a glance at the commercial traveler as portrayed by him, we think it pardonable to reprint such of his opinions as can be clipped from the story and still prove interesting, instructive and reflective reading, and we feel sure our readers will admit that Balzac's description, though written over fifty years ago when the commercial traveler, as an indispensable part and parcel of the commercial world, was still an infant, though happily out of his long clothes, shows a wonderful pre-knowledge of his subject, and most of his observations are applicable to the traveler of our day. In reading "The Illustrious Gaudissart" one feels as if Balzac were still in the flesh and a regular reporter on one of our progressive dailies, so familiar is his picture to us.

Waiving any further remarks on this subject on our part, for time and space would be inadequate to exhaust it were we inclined to enter upon the task of adding to the literature of the "road." Let us see what Balzac writes:

"The Commercial Traveler, a personage unknown to antiquity, is one of the striking figures created by the manners and customs of our present epoch."

How familiar and commonplace this sounds to us, as if clipped from last evening's paper.

"The Commercial Traveler! Is he not to the realm of ideas what our stage-coaches are to men and things? He is their vehicle, he sets them going, carries them along, rubs them up with one another. He takes from a luminous centre a handful of light, and scatters it broadcast among the drowsy populations of the duller regions. This human pyrotechnic is a scholar without learning, a juggler hoaxed by himself, an unbelieving priest of mysteries and dogmas, which he expounds all the better for his want of faith. Curious being. He has seen everything, known everything, and is up in all the ways of the world."

How true this is of some of the newlings who start out with a head full of knowledge and ideas, and come in at the end of the trip with a dearth of orders and much smaller opinion of himself and his abilities and a far greater respect for the knowledge of "Old Smith" up North.

"Jester and jolly fellow, he keeps on good terms with all political opinions, and is patriotic to the bottom of his soul. A capital mimic, he knows how to put on, turn and