

ploye, the man we sell to, or the man we buy from, but he is sure to find it out, and the police patrol wagon will call round to-morrow, next day, Tuesday week, or perhaps next month. But it will call, rest assured of that.

We are here to do our very best, as merchants, as men, as parents, or sons, or merely average idiots; whichever it be, let it be the best of its kind. Make this resolve, and 1897 will turn out better than his late lamented sire; fail to make it, and some hard fate is in store, perhaps a politician's reputation, perhaps a kick from a mule, perhaps a term in jail, or in the newspaper line. But now is the time to subscribe, anyway, and here's to all,

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THESE WORDS DO US GOOD.

Editor DRY GOODS REVIEW:

SIR,—We believe with Milton that—

Man hath his daily work of body or mind appointed.

A few hours more and the year will have closed upon the best year's work of both body and mind that THE REVIEW has ever done. We congratulate you. Without work nothing is accomplished that is worth accomplishing. At no time in its history has THE REVIEW done so well for its subscribers and the trade as during 1896. We know you are not working for praise, but praise is commendation for worth; approval of merit, therefore, we praise you.

Our earnest wish is that your endeavors have met with a good return financially.

May 1897 bring to all connected with you increased prosperity and a bright, happy new year.

Yours sincerely,

BROPHY, CAINS & Co.

Montreal, Dec. 31, 1896.

KEEPING LOCAL TRADE.

The business men of Quebec City are the latest to register that justifiable kick about people buying away from home, and the local paper says that "a certain number of people who are making their living here, and some who have made fortunes or had them made for them in this city, are in the habit of effecting many of their purchases abroad, even of what they can obtain just as well and often very much better from their own fellow-citizens. Some Quebecers are even credited with sending regularly to England and France for merchandise. Apart from the fact that our people can certainly do better by making their purchases in their own city, we should like them to look at the matter from a broad and patriotic standpoint, and to consider what would happen to Quebec if everybody else followed their example in the matter of purchases. We want to see every one of our citizens imbued with a loyal home spirit, and all our business men encouraged to the fullest extent. They merit it by their energy and enterprise. Patriotism demands it of their neighbors. Our merchants, in almost every line of business, keep good stocks and are fully abreast of the times."

All this is perfectly reasonable, and we repeat, what we have said before, that the merchant who patronizes his home paper by advertisements should capture the ear of the editor, and cause him to keep drumming facts like these into the ears of the townspeople. It is a practical, not a sentimental question. The habit of going away to buy, once started, is hard to check, like over-smoking or lying in bed of a morning. But it can be restrained, and we do not see that concentrating the retail buying of the country in one or two big centres ministers to the interests of the people either financially or otherwise. Let the local merchant have his local trade.

OUTWITTING THE FLOOR-WALKER.

A TALE OF THE TRADE.

MR. FLOOR-WALKER MORGAN—to quote one of the cash girls—looked "puffeekly killin'." On this particular morning there was a striking note of color in his appearance.

Some men always look well, no matter what the quality or style of clothes they wear. Others always remind one of the clown, whether they import their toggerly from Poole or have them made on the Bowery. Mr. Morgan would have worn sackcloth with the dignity of a Roman Pro-Consul. He was always "Mr. Morgan." No one, not even the firm, ever ventured to address him as plain "Morgan."

The secret of Mr. Morgan's effulgence was a necktie. A new line had been delivered at the store the evening before, and he had had his pick. His pick was a so-called "Persian Confection"—a combination of green, red and gold, suggesting gory and dyspeptic Japanese dragons silently yet "loudly" and immovably climbing toward Mr. Morgan's smooth-shaven chin.

Blanchard—no one called him "Mr. Blanchard"—while arranging his stock for the day noted Mr. Morgan's unusual gleam, and—the truth must be told—envied. Blanchard was a slim, dapper-looking fellow, who had charge of the men's furnishing department.

He knew, as did the firm and all concerned, even down to the man who kept tab on the entries and exits—the general enemy—that Mr. Morgan was a thoroughbred, up-to-date dry goods manager. Business had increased 30 per cent. since Mr. Morgan's advent in that store. But Blanchard envied and thought and envied, and—oh, for an opportunity!

Miss Margaret Fulling, who had charge of the glove department, was late on this particular morning. Lateness meant commercial death to some, financial sacrifices to others and frowns and black looks to those who would not submit to financial sacrifice, and whose services were too valuable to be dispensed with for trifling laches. Miss Fulling belonged to the latter class.

Miss Fulling took her place, nodding and smiling pleasantly at Blanchard, who smiled back and looked as pleased as though he had made a good sale.

"Good morning, Miss Fulling."

"Good morning, Mr. Morgan."

"A little late, isn't it?"

"Yes—a little. Mother is quite sick and I was up in the night with her a good deal."

"Dear, dear! Too bad! I hope it will be temporary." Such a soothing, solicitous tone!

Mr. Morgan made the rounds of the departments and finally brought himself and his necktie to the glove counter again. He beamed on Miss Fulling. He placed eight knuckles and two thumb-tips on the counter, leaned over as though searching for something in the vicinity of Miss Fulling's feet, and said, in tones which conveyed the idea that he had made a discovery:

"You are—er—looking remarkably well this morning."

Then he balanced back and watched for the effect of his condescension. He noted a slight heightening of color in the girl's cheeks and he heard—

"Yes?"

"You certainly are. Er—by the way—" replacing his knuckles and thumb-tips on the counter—"I have two seats for the opera this evening. 'Carmen' is to be sung for the last time. I don't care to—er—go alone, and I—er, you see, Miss Fulling, thought