

said Aaron Buckler." The body was taken to Bowmanville on the evening train for interment.

In speaking of deceased after the inquest, Mr. Jones, who was visibly affected, said his business relations with Mr. Buckler had extended over more than a quarter of a century, and that, having seen him but two days before bustling about in his usual active way, it was hard to realize the sad facts of the meantime.

Early in the month we had a genuine tumble in safes, not in price, but in the actual safes. The occasion was a fire in the Montreal warehouse of Messrs. Goldie & McCulloch, of Galt. On the first floor, used as a showroom, were some fifty ponderous safes: the cellar containing a quantity of lumber, and it was here that the fire originated. Our firemen, as is their custom, left fear in their vest pockets in the station, having no use for it at a fire. And at once rushed into the cellar. They had not been there long before crash went the floor above and down came the safes. A "down pour" of safes may be a grand enough sight, if they belong to someone else, and you are the right distance away, but should you be just under, it is not a bit interesting, and so thought the firemen, as they beat a hasty retreat, carrying their wounded companions with them. Fortunately no fatal results followed. The fire was soon got under control, but not before considerable damage was done. Fire and all, no jeweler need fear that we cannot get a safe sharp on time from Messrs. Goldie & McCulloch, Montreal—the business interruption lasted just the time required by a railroad train to reach Montreal from Galt.

Mr. Edgar A. Wills, Secretary of the Watch Jobbers' Association, paid Montreal a flying visit a few days since, and in his usual fast express style interviewed our jobbers, presumably on Association business, but reticence pervades the air as to the exact nature of the matter in hand. Mr. Wills has a happy faculty of saying more and hearing more in five minutes than most men can in five hours, but his says and hears are for those only in whose behalf he is interested.

A St. Lawrence Main Street jeweler, in talking business, said with the air of the true philosopher, what we want badly is something in the way of wet weather jewelry. "Look," said he, and your correspondent looked at rain, mud and moving umbrellas, "every business has rainy weather goods but ours." Wishing to do your city jobbers a good turn, I suggested that he try Toronto for it, so now your jobbers know what is wanted in Montreal. I always like to let jobbers know the wants of the retail trade, it helps business.

Mr. Miller, of Miller & Bremner, retailers and manufacturers of fine jewelry, is visiting the haunts of his boyhood days, again to tread the heather among the hills o' bonny Scotland. Mr. Miller is the factory man and makes 18k gold that is 18k, according to the advertisement, and the testimony of every customer he has, but he was educated in the maxims and cradled in the scenes "from which old Scotia's grandeur springs,"

"That makes her loved at home, revered abroad." Your correspondent is Irish, but he dearly loves a Scot.

Mr. L. P. Dufresne, of Notre Dame Street, one of Montreal's representative jewelers, who was compelled to vacate his premises owing to the destruction of the building to widen the street, is settled in his new quarters, a little further down on

the opposite side of the same street. Jewelry stores are pretty thick in that section, but Mr. Dufresne's practical business methods and generous genial nature makes him welcome anywhere; that is, his friends welcome him and he has no foes.

Business with the retail trade is not as good as might be desired; in common with most other districts we are having too many rainy days and the people are kept in doors. Even when the elements are braved, who would buy jewelry on a wet day? Business, however, is far from being at a standstill, and the prospects are bright.

The wholesale firms are fairly busy; a good many buyers are coming and going, and travellers' orders, though more of the sorting than stocking up nature, are satisfactory. As the season advances the wants of the trade are becoming settled. In jewelry it would seem that bracelets are in again, sales of rings are scarcely up to former years; ear-rings, outside of very neat and chaste designs, are slow, though it is predicted that larger ear-rings are coming; ball necklets don't appear to know whether to come in or stay out; the Victoria style of ladies' watch chains is still the selling line with fancy or novelty charms; in brooches the call is for novelties and small neat patterns. Gentlemen's jewelry shows little change from the usual rather staple lines. Watch sales are not to say unsatisfactory, though it is complained that the uncertainty of price is hindering trade with those whose wants are more limited, and others of a cautious conservative method; the jobbers having no fixed uniform price, the difficulty is to know what the bottom rate to the retailer is.

General satisfaction is expressed at the arrangement of the manufacturers of cases by which prices to jobbers are made uniform. One of our largest dealers in American movements and Canadian cases said that when the makers depended too largely on price to induce sales, the tendency was to an inferior product, but now that price is fixed and uniform, the makers must depend on the quality of their product to sell it; quality and design being now the necessity to make trade.

Montreal, Sept. 16th, 1890.

PENDULUMS.

Editor TRADER—SIR:



"DID you ever have a clock come in for repairs in which the pendulum was too long?"

This is a question I was asked, not many months ago, by the apprentice of one of the best watchmakers—generally speaking—in our country, and one on whom I had called. He being absent from the shop for a short time, I was entertained by the above-mentioned apprentice until his return.

"Not that I remember," I answered.

"Well," he continued, pointing to a rather good-looking grandfather's clock, "here is one. We could not get it to go, now, so at last the boss found out that the pendulum was too long and cut this much off and now it goes fine."

As he said this he presented a piece of iron rod about twelve or fourteen inches long, of which, to cure its perversion, the clock had been curtailed.

Apparently the clock went all right, but it had not yet the