

Will It Work?

A practical demonstration of "Tactics of Selling" and an answer for "doubting Thomases" on selling Farm Produce.

We Farmers must learn to sell, for what does it profit us to raise two blades of grass where but one grew before if we cannot sell both "blades" at a profit!

SHOW us how to sell our farm produce at a good price, and a profit, and we'll raise all the stuff your market will take, so say we farmers in answer to the cry of produce!

One secret of successful farming is in good selling and knowing how, and where, as well as when to market. To our great loss, as farmers, we have overlooked pay-

ing enough attention to our own commercial interests. It will pay us to know more about markets and how to sell our produce.

Out of 14 years of successful selling experience, on top of 21 years on one of the best "mixed" and dairy farms in Ontario, I have written the following article, which appears as a feature in the December issue of:



Tactics of Selling

By CHAS. C. NIXON, B.S.A.

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"The best of men are only belly, breath and brains," said Carlyle. And as Herbert Casson has remarked, some of them are only empty suits of clothes walking about.

COURAGE is to the man who has been there before, said another great writer. These things are worth keeping in mind when out selling goods, or marketing the produce from the farm. It helps a lot to be able to meet the other fellow as your equal; and the chances always are that you are better, if quite as good—though it's well, betimes, not to give any one such an impression of what might be in your mind.

As many as eleven years ago, when I first started in to edit a farm paper (Rural Canada), I was seized with the tremendous need of our farmers, people having such information as to set down to the foregoings, and having it right within our very grasp.

ONE must overcome fear. And, in selling, the best way to overcome fear is to have good produce, and believe in it so strongly, and desire so earnestly to sell the other fellow, take it for the good or benefit that it will do him—so that the buyer first as well as the seller incidentally—that he forgets himself through the necessity of a noble service to a fellow-man.

PROBABLY our readers will forgive me if I tell a little anecdote, and Nixon family story, of how we sold our apples in Toronto, Ontario, in the year 1902.

W HILE on the train last Thursday, going home to our farms at St. Georges, I was talking to a farmer from Ancaster Township, Wentworth County, and was telling him something of what is behind our advertising appearing in Ontario papers these days.

He asked, "Will it work?" I answered, "You be the judge," and I told him the story as above.

"Tactics of Selling" is a regular feature in RURAL CANADA, every issue, as is also "Ceres—Goddess of Agriculture," which is also referred to as a "mystery yearling" for her child.

Don't you think we have chosen wisely and well adopting this as the symbol for all that "Rural Canada" will bring each month to your home?

Note:

RURAL CANADA for January, Mr. Nixon will write about things that help to make the winter better, being the 9th article in the special series running month to month in RURAL CANADA up to June last, when Mr. Nixon severed his connection with the Continental Publishing Company, Limited, to take over ultimately the publication of RURAL CANADA under the direction of the Ontario Farmers' Publishing Syndicate.

Developing a Sale

I spoke to the Town's lunch manager he, too, was indifferent. He said that he had an office in town, and that he had orders and deliver them as they wanted the apples, he might be glad to do so, but he would not take him about his trade in apples and his margin on sales of apple bushes as compared with other fruit.

A Much Better Sale

A COUPLE of days afterward I told my sister, Miss Eitel, about the incident (she helps me on the business on Rural Canada) and I asked her if she would kindly call on the manager at the King Edward Hotel.

Do You Want More?

Let me know if you had this kind of article interesting, and I will write a lot more of similar or better ones for you.

Keeping at It

OF all the little disappointments I looked up the number for Young's lunch and we giving it to Father I handed him the above and asked him to speak while I should use the time in writing a little classified ad for the local stores, which would surely sell the apples by the best direct to private customers.

W HILE on the train last

Thursday, going home to our farms at St. Georges, I was talking to a farmer from Ancaster Township, Wentworth County, and was telling him something of what is behind our advertising appearing in Ontario papers these days.

Subscription Notice

Subscriptions stopped, promptly on copy unless you write to the Editor and had you pay in advance.

Editor and General Manager

CHAS. C. NIXON, Editor and General Manager.

Nicholas Romanoff

I would have been happy had I found him to be a man with a mighty intellect. I distrust him. He told me not to associate with my wife. He wished that I should meet her only during meal-times, as I must not be conversing with me to do this. He took a long time explaining to me why he feels obliged to take such a course. He explained that the famous Council of Workmen and Soldiers' Delegates were concerned about me. Have they not other matters more pressing with which to concern themselves? Why do they fear us? But now we are prisoners and we must do what our keepers wish us to do and avoid violence. How shameful!

Saturday, March 11, 1917, Tsarko Solo. I slept very little last night. My wife has grown silent. Poor Alexander! Count Benkendorf has returned to us unexpectedly and has good news. My wife listens to him eagerly. He tells us that the government has decided to keep us at the Tsarko Solo indefinitely. After Count Benkendorf left again looked over my papers and burnt several more of them. Anastasia and the little girls have searched. My wife is informed yesterday that General Korniloff, commander-in-chief of the Petrograd military district, has been forced to resign. Gutchkoff, too, has disagreed with Kerensky, his chief. He also has resigned. The disagreement between Gutchkoff and Korniloff on one side and Soviet Councils on the other, are growing serious. Kerensky has no courage to take a definite stand. He is trying to do so on both sides. He will fall. O Great Providence, what have you in store for our poor country? What is God's will that will be done?

Tuesday, April 25, 1917: Our idiots have decided to celebrate the last day of May as they do in western Europe. They are everywhere marching in procession preceded by red banners and bands. Monday, May 1 (must be the old calendar), Tsarko Solo. My wife was informed yesterday that General Korniloff, commander-in-chief of the Petrograd military district, has been forced to resign. Gutchkoff, too, has disagreed with Kerensky, his chief. He also has resigned. The disagreement between Gutchkoff and Korniloff on one side and Soviet Councils on the other, are growing serious. Kerensky has no courage to take a definite stand. He is trying to do so on both sides. He will fall. O Great Providence, what have you in store for our poor country? What is God's will that will be done? (The diary again breaks off abruptly for a month.)

Saturday, June 1, 1917. M. Kerensky arrived here suddenly this morning in a motor car. He only remained a short time, and asked me to hand to the commission of inquiry some documents of letters dealing with foreign policy. Alexis, while playing with his little rifle, fired a shot. The soldiers walking in the garden requested the children to get out of the way. The gun from the child, which was done. What the fellows, these officers, who do not dare disobey their soldiers, are!

Friday, June 9, 1917: It is three months to-day since I left Mobeil, and since we have been surprised here. It is very hard to be without news of my dear mother. As for the rest, I am indifferent.

Monday, June 13, 1917: In the afternoon good news reached us regarding the offensive undertaken by our army on the northwestern front. In the direction of Zolotchewsk after two days' bombardment, our troops have broken the enemy lines and captured 170 officers, 10,000 men, 8 guns and machine guns. God be praised! The news has made me feel young again.

Paris, Dec. 10—The University of Paris awarded the first time of the authorization granted by a recent decree to nominate honorary doctors, has decided to bestow this title upon President Wilson as a former professor and president of Princeton University. He will receive his diploma at a ceremony in the Sorbonne Saturday afternoon.

SPANISH "FLU" SPREADS

A sure preventative against this disease is the constant use of POLUSTERINE. A few drops in a glass of water and used as a gargle before each meal, and upon retiring, will kill the germs. Use it in the bath also, as it thoroughly cleanses the skin and relieves that tired, weary feeling.

CHILI PASTE

Use it on chest and back instead of mustard. Will not blister the skin.

EUCALINE

A small quantity placed up the nostrils will clear the head. If placed on the tongue, will relieve that "tickling" feeling.

SOLYOL

The Canadian-made Lycol, manufactured only by Polusterine Products Co. of Canada, Toronto.

The above articles for sale locally at all drug stores.

MADE SLIGHT ERROR.

Telegrapher's Mistake Resulted in Practical Joke. It was at Krasniarsk that we barely missed a good joke on our Red Guard friends. They had received a telegram to prepare to receive sixty barani, which were to arrive on the train this day. Now barani means "sheep," so the Red Guards made ready wagons and an abundance of hay and feed for the welcome animals. Instead of sheep, however, there stepped off the train sixty aristocratic nobles, heavily guarded. They were being sent into exile from the northwest provinces of Russia. The telegraph operator had made the mistake of reporting barani instead of baroni. But it made good fun for the crowd at the station.

Now, Izenkin, I said, after greetings were over, "you're a good Bolshevik or are you a good gardener?"—so tell me about the reforms you're putting through here in Siberia. He comically winked at me with both eyes. "Oh, Gospodin Atkinson, you know very well why I pretend to be Bolshevik—because it isn't safe to be anything else. Most of us here in Siberia are descended from political exiles, and we've always tried to keep up our education a little and be worthy of our ancestors' fight for liberty. And now it seems as if everything had gone to pieces.

My people tell me that even when Kerensky was in power a lot of low laughs from the Petrograd factories, to say nothing of Siberian convicts, were receiving pay from somebody to go through all our villages, trying to stir up the vilest kind of trouble. Deserving soldiers were coming home, so they repeated to our home folk the lies we all used to hear from Germany and the Bolsheviks, all about America, the Petrograd factories, eastern Siberia, and about the deliverers, Lenin and Trotsky, who were going to keep us from becoming slaves to foreigners. "Our people don't believe these stories, nor did they like the way the provocators were acting; so they decided that they'd set up a republic of their own, with the capital near here, as Omak or Tomak. "You know the rest," he continued, bitterly. "Trotsky, while he was talking internationalism and the rights of free peoples, sent cannon and guns and ammunition, and a blood-red gang of enthusiasts—and what would unnamed Siberia do? Every city found itself in the line, but it had to end sometime. Thousands of our soldiers turned traitor and joined the invaders, getting good money for it. Of course, the criminal elements of the State of the women believed the stories of the deserters and thought it was a great battle for their freedom. But most of them are just waiting, and in Russia, for a chance to throw off the despotic rule of these tyrants!"

Rebellious Sons. The King of Rumania was recently reported to have condemned his son, the Crown Prince, to seventy-five days' imprisonment on account of a little affair of the heart and a rather outside the lines of royal affection. If the story be true the Rumanian monarch and his son have merely added a new chapter to an old story and a long story.

King and his heirs have often showed a tendency to differ. Henry II, had a rebellious brood of sons. Henry V, was a wild and naughty prince in his youth; the best of the throne in Hanoverian days was usually on the worst terms with his father. Russia has always been a land of extremes, and in Russia, this little tale of disagreement between the royal father and the princely son was carried to its fullest extent. Peter the Great executed his own son. But Peter was archaic and not so advanced; he believed in sentences of death as the cure for most of the troubles of life.—Tit-Bits.

Gathering Bees in Switzerland. The Central Control of Grasses organised last autumn the gatherings of bees in Switzerland. The gathering was made by the school children under the direction of forest authorities. From these nuts they were able to prepare 1,100,000 pounds of edible oil.

The long and white almond contained in the beechnut has a taste very much like that of hazelnuts. It furnishes a flour which may be converted into bread, and a soft oil which has the advantage of not becoming rancid.

There is no known 75-millimetre gun. If there were its bore would be more than 2 1/2 inches. The famous French 75-millimetre gun has a bore a little less in size than the American 3-inch field gun, being approximately 2.35275 inches; the German 77-millimetre is a little larger than the American, being approximately 3.02449 inches.

Changed Name of Dynasty. On July 17, 1917, King George announced to the Privy Council the new name of the Royal House and family to be the House of Windsor. The council unanimously indorsed the announcement and the proclamation putting it into effect was published the same day.

Until the sixth century the silk worm was cultivated only in China, where the art of its cultivation was guarded with vigilant jealousy so as to insure China the monopoly of silk manufacture. Takes Mind Back. Capt. J. A. Lewis, M.C., formerly a G.T.R. trainman at Brockville, now bathes daily in the River Jordan, but in Palestine writes that he takes his does not enjoy it.

Rex Theatre

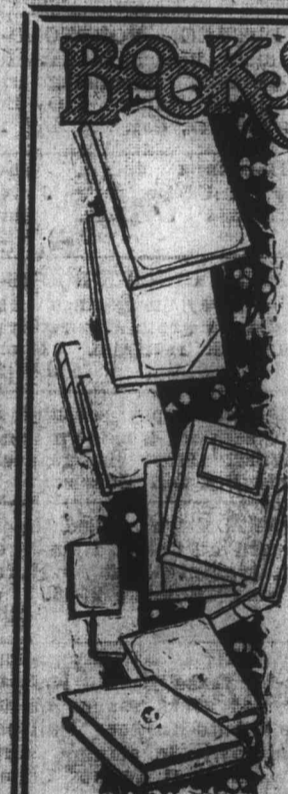
VAUDEVILLE PICTURES Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday SESSUE HAYAKAWA in "The Temple of Dusk." THREE NEVADA GIRLS Classy Singing Trio CHARLIE CHAPLIN in "Daredevil Queen." THE LION'S CLAW Shows Christmas Day 3-3 at 2:00, 7:00 and 9:00 Coming Thursday ENID BENNETT in "When Do We Eat."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years Always bears the Signature of Dr. H. H. Weston

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

Christmas Day, Dec. 25 MATINEE NIGHT The Greatest Photo-Play of the Present Day Legion of Death Starring—Edith Storey With a Full Orchestra Special Prices for This Attraction. Gallery 15c. Third Floor and Balcony, 25c Seats Now on Sale at Boles' Drug Store.



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We have bought almost extravagantly so you might have an endless stock to select from.

For the Boys' Chums, Boys Own, Boy Mechanic, etc., are ever popular favorites. Books are in excellent taste regardless of the relation, whether Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, Sweetheart or Friend.

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Christmas without Candy would be a dull Christmas indeed. Every piece of it should be pure and wholesome, yet there must be the gay colors and fancy shapes that help to make Christmas the greatest time of the year. Many of the same flavors and shapes children have always known and love, and many new varieties to please both young and old.

BETSY JANE "The Home of Pure Sweets" 88 DALHOUSIE STREET

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