

false representations directly to the party injured."

A now light will, by this decision, be made to dawn upon very many, both in the States and Canada, who, we have reason to believe, indulge very freely in highly-colored statements to Credit Bureaus or their emissaries. To bamboozle an assessor, or to deceive a Mercantile Agency man, are looked upon as venial offences, or, indeed, as clever strokes of business, since in the one case liability may be escaped, and in the other goods may be obtained on credit. The words of Mr. Justice Rapallo may prove a warning to those who are so ready with glib statements, intended, oftentimes, to deceive whatever relies on them, or so worded as to convey, without exactly expressing falsehood, impressions which the maker knows to be false. "A lie that is half a truth is over the bluckest of lies," and this kind of semi-falsehood is more despicable, if possible, than the lie direct and transparent. — *Monetary Times.*

THE HEAVY COMMERCIAL.

Is that gentleman about to start with his very well appointed trap and pair of bays, driving tandem-fashion. You will notice that he has a hat from Lincoln and Bennett's, jewelry from Brogdon's, his tailor resides on Bond street, and his general appearance more resembles that of a scion of some noble house than that of a "traveller." He mounts a pair of Dent's best "kids," wears a sealskin waistcoat of undoubted genuineness, his collars and "fronts" are decidedly fine linen, and, altogether, you wonder that so "large" a character can possibly condescend to take orders or receive cash. Certainly he will require a good deal of the latter, and no doubt spends it. He always takes wine for dinner, never dines earlier than six or seven p.m., has a game of billiards about eleven, chaffs the chamber-maids at twelve, gets "three heets in the wind" by one a.m.; and is tenderly assisted to bed about four a.m., by a sleepy headed boots, who probably gets more kicks than half pence for his care of the inebriate. The Heavy Commercial never travels otherwise than first-class; he considers he would lower his dignity to rub his coat against those who patronize any other style of railway locomotion. Auent this, I once overheard a conversation on the Thirsk station between two commercials. Our

heavy friend was one, the other was clothed in a quiet suit of gray tweed, and evidently made little pretensions to appearances.

"Which class are you going, Cholmondeley?"

"Oh! Fawst of cawse. Nevaw go any other way, old fellah?"

"I'm going third?"

"Bless me! Nevaw do that! Aw! couldn't! Can't afford to look paw!"

"Just so. That's it my boy! I know you can't afford to look poor, since you are poor; and so you travel first to gain an opinion as to your position to which you have no title. Now you know me. I have made my fortune, and I can afford to do what I like—to pick my own class of carriage, and to be totally independent of the opinion of my fellow men!"

What a pity, thought I, that our "heavy" friend had not a small portion of the common sense of the quieter gentleman with whom he had the *tete-a-tete*. It will generally be found that these "great men" abroad are but small people at home; they resemble the outside of Richardson's show, where you see the best of the performance, the inside being uncomparably inferior. At Plymouth one of the "heavies" came down to breakfast, where eight of us were already seated. He wore a very jolly expression, and a thick gold chain, so thick as to resemble a cable more than a gentlemanly decoration.

"Morning, gentlemen! Received a very pleasant letter this morning. I'll read it.

"DEAR SIR.—As you are not making your expenses, the best thing that you can do is to pack up your samples and return per first train.

Yours truly,

"CATCHIN & PUSU."

The company all stared, and thought it was the height of impudence for any firm to write thus to a gentleman of such a fascinating exterior as our mutual friend. Certainly, there was just this shadow of an excuse—he was doing no business, and the firm he represented had to pay him heavily for *not* doing it, which could scarcely be satisfactory to the chief of the counting-house at home. But then he was not at home—he was abroad, away from any of the sordid influences of the warehouse. It was with him pretty much the same as it was with the Scotchman—all right until it came to taking orders.

"How do you like travelling?" said a young clerk to Sandy, after the latter had

been out three months, and had returned minus order and cash.

"Oh! likit the travelling gay well, ye ken. The 'hottles' was guid, and the companie was weel eneuch, the change was plesant, the dinner was fine, man and the 'wuskey' was ro' that bad, but when you cam' to seekin' orders, man, it was awfu' like beggin!"

Ah! there are many more "heavy" commercials whose returns are not "heavy," who are more for ornament than use, who "patronize" the firm they are so gracious as to travel for, who finally leave this world almost as poor as when first they entered it, such a butterfly existence have they led.—*Leaves from the Sketch Book of a Commercial Traveller.*

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NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE case of E. & A. Gunther against C. W. M. HUGHAN of Bowmanville, for obtaining goods from the n under false pretences has been thrown out of court, the grand jury after hearing the evidence returning "no Bill."

THE commercial travellers are petitioning the St. John, N. B. corporation, for the return of their license money paid under the by-law which the Dominion Supreme Court recently declared *ultra vires*.

THE Hudson Bay Company are hauling coal from the Imperial drift on the Saskatchewan to their sheds at Fort Edmonton, which is taken out of the mine at the rate of a ton per day for each man employed, and costs \$4.50 per ton laid down in the Fort.

WE understand that C. W. HUGHAN of Bowmanville, jeweler, who recently made a compromise of 25 cents on the dollar with his creditors, has borrowed the money from a relation and paid off all the claims. We trust that his experience will not be thrown away.

MESSRS. J. B. WATSON & Co., hardware dealers in Strathroy, compromised with their principal creditor, Messrs. J. Proctor & Co., about a year ago. The firm did a good business, are honest, but are getting behind and will likely assign. The creditors do not expect a large dividend.