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THE TRADER.

TORONTO, ONT., JAN., 1884

Editorial.

"THE COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON."

This is the season of compliments and good wishes, and THE TRADER, in accordance with the usage of all well conducted society, takes a great deal of pleasure in wishing its numerous readers

"The Compliments of the Season."

We sincerely trust that the year 1884, upon which we are now entering, may, in spite of the few clouds at present darkening the horizon, be one of the happiest and most prosperous that this country has ever seen.

THE OUTLOOK.

Although hard to believe, it is nevertheless a fact that a period of commercial depression is upon us. In spite of the N. P. our factories have overtaken and passed the demand for their products, and although the wheat crop generally has been far below the average, the price obstinately refuses to exhibit an upward tendency.

At no period during the past five years has the stock markets been so depressed, and even undoubted securities have felt the effect of the predicted financial storm.

There is no use of dissembling—things do look blue, but are they as bad as they seem, or as bad as some would have us believe?

We think not. The over-production of our factories was a thing to be expected, and it is one of the evils of a protected market. The fall of stocks, although one sign of distress, is not always a true one. Stock broking has degenerated in these latter days as a purely gambling business, and the quoted market price is no index of its real value, more frequently is it an indication of which is in the ascendant, bulls or bears. The worst feature by all odds, and the only one really worth taking serious notice of, is the crop failure, but in our

opinion this is hardly so bad as it is made out. True, the wheat crop in Ontario is far below the average, but then to counterbalance this other things are better than usual. Taking the whole of Ontario crop together, it is calculated that the harvest of this province is in excess of that of 1882 by over \$7,000,000. We heard no complaint of that harvest, simply because the wheat crop was good, but does it really make any difference to the wealth or purchasing of the farmer, whether he sells one thousand dollars worth of wheat or oats, or hay, or butter, or cheese, so long as he gets the money. We think not, but our farmers apparently think it does, and just here is where the difference comes in, and it is in this difference of opinion that we find the true solution to the present cry of hard times.

It seems to us that the present panic is more of want of confidence in ourselves than anything else. A succession of prosperous harvests has made the country better off than it has been for a long time, and therefore better able to withstand a temporary depression. The harvest, although not good, is better than last year, so that that cannot be pleaded as a valid reason. Our merchants have met their accounts fully as well as in former years, so that in that respect there is nothing to alarm anyone.

Want of confidence is a fearful thing. Give a dog a bad name and you may as well shoot it, and it is exactly the same of the times, make a people believe they are poor and they will whine about being hard up, and very soon bring on the very thing from which they were seeking to escape.

We don't think we are going to have hard times yet. Trade may, and probably will be quiet for some months, but we see nothing in this to alarm ourselves needlessly about. The best way in such an emergency is to put a good face on things. While not undervaluing, do not over-estimate the danger. The exercise of economy and common sense are about the best preventives for such commercial paralytic attacks as these.

FIRE.

In our last issue we had something to say by way of warning, in reference to the danger arising from burglars, in this article we touch upon a danger, no less real, although more common.

The fires last month in Port Perry,

Napanee, and elsewhere furnish a text from which a very impressive lesson might be drawn by every business man in Canada. The man who fails to profit by such a lesson would be better out of business, or independent of it.

If able to be his own underwriter and stand such a loss, it is entirely his own business, although he would generally be regarded as a very foolish person. If, however, he owed for the goods and was not independent of business, then to his foolishness he adds an injustice to the creditors who trusted the stock to his charge in the expectation that he would take every possible precaution in keeping it safely.

No matter how careful people may be fires will happen when they are least wanted or expected, and this risk is now so generally recognized, and has been so accurately gauged, that insurance experts can tell almost to a fraction how much the country's average loss from fire will be, and how much it will cost each individual member to guard against that loss. A few years ago, but few of our business men insured against fire, now every man who pretends to have any business training whatever, not only insures against loss from this cause, but takes good care that the amount of his insurance is large enough to save him from loss.

Some people seem to imagine that an insurance policy is a kind of a charm against fire, and that if they are insured at all they are all right.

There never was a greater mistake than this, for as the rain descends upon just and unjust alike, so fire ravages the insured and uninsured irrespective of the protection of parchment policies or heraldic fire protectors over the doors of the insured.

This being the case, every man in business should make it a point to see to three things in connection with his insurance:

First. Make sure that he is insured.

Second. Make sure that he is fully insured.

Third. Make sure that his insurance is in some first-class company.

Cheap insurance usually means risky insurance, and risky insurance is but a shade better than none at all. Seeing that it is but common sense to keep fully insured in some first-class company, we trust that our many readers

will not neglect this matter, but make it a point to look after at once.

It is very comforting when a merchant gets burnt out for both his creditors and himself to know that he was "fully insured" in some good company, and in a position to start again with resources but slightly impaired. How different the situation of such an one, to the other who, scouting the idea of insurance from pennywise motives, finds himself in the event of a fire reduced perhaps to beggary, and compelled to commence life over again. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

COMMON SENSE BUSINESS.

Our editorial article in last month's issue, under the above caption seems to have roused the ire of Mr. W. D. McGloghlon, jeweler, of London, Ont., if we can judge by his subsequent actions. Since the article appeared we have received from Mr. McGloghlon a marked copy of the *London Advertiser*, containing the following elegant and business like advertisement:

"When a pig squeals his might you may believe the butcher knife is around, and the way the other jewellers are squealing about my low prices indicates that somebody is being hard pushed. See THE TRADER.—W. D. MCGLOGLHON, 179 Dundas Street."

Accompanying this paper was a letter from the same gentleman, which, being deciphered, ran as follows:

"For fear you might get bilious and bust I send you two circulars, if you think they are in the interests of your ring perhaps you will publish them in full. If you so conclude, I will pay you what I think they are worth to me."

In reference to the above we may say that we never go out of our way to attack any individual dealer and shew up his shortcomings, and we should not in this instance have taken any notice of Mr. McGloghlon's affairs, but that he has seen fit to rush into print and make capital out of the general remarks we made in reference to his way of doing business. We did not mention Mr. McGloghlon's name, but since the cap fits the gentleman so well, and he is so anxious to parade it, we suppose he will thank us to give him the free benefit of any publicity that our columns can afford.

But before starting out we wish Mr. McGloghlon and all others of that ilk to understand distinctly that THE TRADER is not the organ of any ring or clique.

It is published in the interests of the retail trade and as a means of communication between them and the wholesalers and manufacturers of this country. Its columns will prove that it has performed its mission faithfully and well, and we are willing to be judged, and to stand or fall by that record.

So much about ourselves; now for Mr. McGloghlon. As we said before when we wrote our article on "Common Sense Business," although we took Mr. McGloghlon's circular for our text, we did not mention him by name, as our object was simply to draw the attention of the trade generally, to the foolishness, not to say anything about the injustice, of the policy that that gentleman was pursuing, for, we are sorry to say, there are other jewelers in Canada who imagine they can crush their opponents' business by pursuing such tactics as these. We are glad to know from letters received from various parts of Canada that our views are endorsed by the best men in the trade, and this being the case, we care not how much Mr. McGloghlin and his conferees may differ from us.

In our former article we discussed this method of doing business, namely, selling "retail at wholesale prices" as Mr. McGloghlon's circular puts it, or as we would say, selling at cost price, and tried to prove from well-known facts, that such a course could not pay. We could have said a great many things about Mr. McGloghlon in support of our contention, but we were not discussing that gentleman's merits or demerits, but simply his methods of doing business. Now that he has challenged our motives, as well as our logic, we might be permitted to say that if any stronger arguments were needed in support of our contention, Mr. McGloghlon's own business career would abundantly supply them. Mr. McGloghlon, as his own circular says, has been in the jewelry business for thirty years. Thirty years is a long time, long enough, one would think, to enable a person of Mr. McGloghlin's transcendent abilities to amass an independent fortune, and pass his declining years in comfort if not luxury. But if we are to take Mr. McGloghlon's circular for gospel, what do we find? Why, that with all his thirty years' experience and chances, he is still at the foot of the ladder and compelled to sell goods at cost in order to do business at all. We can remember this gentleman

fifteen years ago, when he had the largest jewelry store in London and probably the largest in Canada, west of Toronto. Times were good, and careful business men made money. At that period Mr. McGloghlon was ahead of any of his competitors in business; to-day he is far behind them. Why is it, we ask, that a person of such superlative abilities as Mr. McGloghlon claims to possess, should have fallen so far behind in the race for commercial supremacy? Knowing Mr. McGloghlon's history as we do, we have no trouble in deciding that a false system of business is at the bottom of his want of success, and even if we had never heard of him before, his own circulars, of which he boasts so much, would effectively testify in the same direction. We confidently assert that Mr. McGloghlon's want of business success arises from selling goods too cheaply, and this he has done to his own detriment without doing his opposition any appreciable harm, as most of them appear to have flourished in proportion as he declined. We need scarcely re-iterate again what we said in our former article regarding the rate of profits that retail jewelers should have in order to make a living. No person asks them or ever expects them to sell goods at cost. People now-a-days know enough about business to understand that dealers must and do make a certain amount of profit on the goods they sell or else couldn't live. The jewelry business is peculiarly one of confidence, and if the public have confidence in the dealer they buy from, they have no hesitation in paying him a fair percentage of profit. In spite of what Mr. McGloghlon says, we think that the fact of his being compelled to give away his profits in order to make sales, if it proves anything at all, proves that he does not enjoy the public confidence as he claims he does. His opponents—who do not make one-tenth of his professions of honesty, ability, and fair dealing—seem to have the confidence of the public all the same, and the public seem to be quite satisfied to pay them a fair profit on their goods. Facts are stubborn things, and their logic is unanswerable. Mr. McGloghlon may sell goods at cost, as he claims, and delight in parading the knowledge of the fact, but we claim that such a course is foolish, and suicidal, from a business point of view. If he got the the entire trade of the city on

these terms, he would not be benefitted thereby, but facts go to show that he does not get the whole trade, or even more than his share of it, and that he has kept himself poor by his tactics, without impoverishing his opponents.

If space permit, we would publish Mr. McLoughlin's circulars, in *extenso*, as we do not think that anything we might say about either himself or his methods of doing business would be half so telling as his own terse and elegant language. We have only room for a few carefully selected gems, as follows, which we have taken from his large circular:

"No dealer can buy less than these quotations. I pay net cash and sell for net cash and give purchasers the benefit."

A philanthropic tradesman surely, doing business purely from charitable motives.

Beware of the Swiss made watches; they are only trash, and are palmed off on you for a good article, and are not worth the name of a watch. When you buy a Swiss or cheap English watch you have only trash, and your money is all lost unless you cheat somebody else by selling it."

Indeed? This will be news to thousands of people in Canada and the States who have carried fine Swiss watches for years and have found them reliable in every particular. All such, please remember that your watch is no good, and you had better pitch it into the ash heap—Mr. McGloghlin says so and it must be so.

Mr. McGloghlin lets us into the secret of his wonderful business success in the following paragraph:

"Reasons why I can supply you with these goods at the prices are: 1—I buy for net cash. 2—I sell for net cash. 3—I am a thoroughly practical watchmaker. 4—I understand my business. 5—I have been in the business 30 years. 6—My expenses are very low. 7—My sales are very large, and although on a single article the profits would not buy a soda biscuit, the quantity sold enables me to live. 8—I am so long and so well acquainted with the people that they, having full confidence, buy promptly and cause me no loss of time. 9—I oversee and do a large portion of my own work. 10—Having all the most modern and best appliances, can execute all work very quickly and perfectly. 11—I do not depend on Tom, Dick and Bob, as many in this city are compelled to do, as they know nothing of the practical details of the trade. 12—Being a practical man I know just what will give satisfaction and thus save any amount of time in tinkering at half-made watches in trying to make them give the customers' satisfaction."

The jewelry trade of this province will please read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the above. If properly

applied, it may keep them from attaining the same kind of business success that Mr. McGloghlin has achieved. But we will hear further from the gentleman himself:

"WATCH REPAIRING.—In this branch I am at home on the cheapest or most intricate mechanism in Stem Winders, Calendars, Chronometers and Stop Watches. If you have a good watch that has been butchered at other places, and there are lots of them, bring it to me and I will make it as good as new, and at a cost that will be satisfactory. It is of great importance that you should know that the person with whom you entrust a good watch is a practical man, and not because he (like several in this city) hangs out a watch sign. Carry your good watch to him and receive it back in ten times worse state than when you handed it to him. If you take your watch to W. D. McGloghlin it will not only be repaired as it ought to be, but any defects will be remedied, and a good watch properly repaired will give satisfaction; if butchered it will be always a trouble and annoyance. I herewith quote a few of my prices, for which I do first-class work and guarantee perfect satisfaction in every case. Cleaning all ordinary watches, 50 cts.; main springs, 50 and 75 cts.; very best glasses, 10 cts.; hands, 10 cents each; steel or gilt, second hands, 10 cents; brooch pins, 5 cents each. W. D. McGloghlin is the only watchmaker in the city that does first-class work, and leaves all repairs like new. He is the only watchmaker in the city that has a first class set of tools. I am the only watchmaker in the Dominion possessing a Transit Instrument for obtaining correct time from the sun. I have the only first-class Regulator in the city, and the only Box Chronometer, so that those requiring correct time can obtain the same at W. D. McGloghlin's within one second. If living at a distance you can send your watch by express for repairs and have it returned at a less price than you can have it butchered at home. I do only first-class work and guarantee satisfaction in every case. It is an admitted fact that W. D. McGloghlin is the only first-class watchmaker in the city, and turns out all repairs like new work."

Great Scott! but this must be the perfection of a watchmaker. We gaze upon him with feelings of reverence and mentally ask ourselves the question, How can one man possibly know so much? What sized hat does he wear? We can only think of such a prodigy like Cowper's youth thought of the village school-master:

"And still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew"

Good-bye, friend McGloghlin, though we cannot see with you, eye to eye, upon the proper way to conduct business, yet we shall ever respect you for your egotism.—*Inserted free of charge.*

Select Matter.

REPAIRING A TIME-PIECE.

TRYING TO FIND OUT WHY A WATCH STOPPED.

HOW THE EXPERTS SHOWED WHAT THEY KNEW AND HOW THE OWNER WAS FINALLY SURPRISED.

"Here is your watch," said the jeweler, as he tore off a small white tag from the ring of a well-worn silver watch and handed the time-piece to a reporter last week. "If it breaks inside of a year you can bring it back and I will fix it for nothing. I don't think it will trouble you though, for it was very thoroughly repaired by one of our best workmen." "I hope not," replied the reporter, as he paid the jeweler \$8 and left the store with the watch ticking loudly in his pocket. For nearly a week the watch was a model of regularity, recording the time even to the minute with the great, yellow-faced clock in the City Hall tower. One morning, however, when it was drawn from under his pillow, the reporter discovered to his dismay that the hands were pointing to the hour of two o'clock. It couldn't be afternoon so early in the day. He rubbed his eyes and looked at the dial again. Surely there must be some mistake about it. He examined the hands. They were stationary. He placed it to his ear. It was as silent as a calm. The watch had stopped inside of the first week, and in spite of the three-dollar charge and the year's guarantee. He shook it. A few feeble ticks responded to the jar. The stubby second hand moved slowly about one-quarter around its short circuit and then stopped as before. He pounded it on the bed and made some uncomplimentary remarks about the watchmaker. This evoked another semi-revolution, which was again succeeded by the same silence.

After breakfast the unfortunate owner stepped into the nearest watchmaker's, a seven-by-nine shop, in upper Broadway, and asked the proprietor what was the matter with the watch. The jeweler took the time-piece, pried open the inside cover with a small can-opener, and peered into the works. After a cursory examination he handed it back to the owner. "It needs cleaning," he said.

"Cleaning?" ejaculated the reporter, in astonishment: "why I paid \$8 only last week for having it thoroughly cleaned."

"I can't help that," replied the jeweler;

"you were very foolish to take such a watch to a second class workman. The reason it don't run is because it's dirty. The pinions are covered with dust and the oil is all gum. Leave it here and I will fix it for you in good shape. Call again on Saturday and it will be ready. It will only cost you \$2.50, and you will then have a watch you can be proud of."

THOROUGHLY DISGUSTED WITH THE WATCH and the man who had warranted it, the reporter declined the offer, pocketed the time-piece, and left the shop. A few doors below, on the same thoroughfare, a brazen watch with a pair of black hands pointing fixidly to 12.20 swung from a rusty iron bar. The reporter passed under this sign and entered another jewelry store. A fleshy person who was seated at a work-bench facing the window reached for the watch, and proceeded to open it as one would open an oyster. Placing an eyeglass, which resembled a very short telescope, to his eye, he critically examined the movements. After taking observations from every position a watch can be held in, he ventured an opinion that the jewel which covers the escapement pinion was broken. "Yes," said he, after sundry punches in the vital regions of the works with a small steel instrument, such as dentists use, "the jewel is broken. Any man can see that with half an eye. I wonder the watch ran at all. Have you dropped it anywhere?" No? Well, that's strange. I can't be mistaken. The jewel is certainly broken. Leave it with me and I will put in a new one. It will cost you only \$5. and call around some day next week. What name please?" The name was not given and the watch was returned.

In the block below a tall street clock indicates the presence of another jewelry establishment, while large show cases, filled with costly trinkets and a brilliant assortment of diamonds and watches in the front windows, attested its claim as a fashionable emporium. The reporter went in there. A languid young man, with a drooping moustache the color of barley straw, took the watch, and after working his way into the movement, placed a small lorgnette to his eye and glanced over the assortment of wheels and pinions and springs which was so numerously and diversely disordered. He remarked: "Your watch is very

badly out of repair. The escapement does not seem to be doing its work. The hair-spring is too long. It has too much play. I will cut it off and shorten it." Here he reached for a small instrument to sever the spring, but the reporter interposed. "No," he exclaimed, as he rescued the time-piece; don't cut the spring. I guess that is not what ails the thing for I paid \$8 for having it repaired and cleaned only last week, and it ran very nicely until this morning, when it stopped."

"Oh yes," interrupted the young man. "I see; you dropped it and the spring was spread out by the jar. I will undertake to repair it thoroughly for \$4, so that you can rely on it. I will give you a guarantee, and if it breaks—"

"The reporter did not remain to hear the rest of the sentence. The watch had all the guarantees it could stand. He had heard by this time so many different opinions upon the condition of the watch that he was determined to learn, if possible, what did ail it. A few blocks down the street another jeweler was found. After several shakes he applied the watch to his left ear and listened attentively. "I think," said he, with a shade of doubt in his voice, "that the main-spring is broken." He then opened the inside case and scrutinized the works carefully. "Yes," he continued, "the main-spring is evidently broken. You must have been very

CARELESS WITH THE WATCH,

and let it fall. No? Well, you have wound it up too tight. That is often as bad as a fall. I will put you in a new one for \$2." The offer was not accepted, and the reporter walked out of the shop with his dilapidated chronometer in his pocket, to the great disgust of the jeweler. At the next store a small, nervous man was examining a double row of fly-specked watches, suspended from a small iron rack in the window, and basking in the sun which filtered through the dusty window pane. He took the time-piece and, reaching into a drawer, pulled out a white tag and proceeded to tie it to the ring. "What name?" he asked. "No name," replied the owner; please tell me what is the matter with the watch." With an air of annoyance, the nervous man exposed the works and probed around the balance-wheel with what appeared to the owner to be almost wilful malice, "One of the pinions is bent,

the escapement is out of balance, and it needs cleaning; \$8, call next Saturday" The owner protested, and the watch was returned.

Having had sufficient experience in Broadway he now visited the Bowery. A large gilt sign over a wide doorway and several suspended clocks and watches, also in gilt, betokened a "jewelry palace," and into it the reporter walked. "What is the matter with the watch?" he asked. The proprietor, an elderly man, took the time-piece, shook it, listened, opened it, gazed into it and shook his head. "Hiram!" he called to a curly-headed young man, who was working at the rear end of the store, cleaning jewelry with a long brush and some white counter. "Vat ish de madder mit dat vatch?" asked the proprietor. Hiram looked at the watch as one would regard a very sore thumb, and shook his head without replying. "Moses!" called the old gentleman to a second young man, younger than Hiram, who came from behind the rear partition. "Moses," said he, "you dell de shentleman vat ish de madder mit his vatch." Moses looked at the poor, miserable time-piece with more solemnity than his brother, and, after sundry lugubrious shakes of his head, responded: "De cap chewel ish owet of blace. It vash growded back of de escapement. If you try to make it run mitowet gitting it rebaired, you will ruin your vatch. I never saw a vatch so bad as dat. It will only cost you \$5."

"I can't leave it to-day," responded the reporter.

"I will gif you a fine job for \$4, for \$8, for \$2, for a dollar and a half; and I couldn't do it you cent sheaper for my granfadder."

But in spite of the liberality of the offer the reporter pocketed his watch and pursued his search for information. Many other stores were visited and many more jewelers were interviewed. There were seventeen seen in all. Three attributed the stoppage to a broken main-spring, five said it was caused by dirt, three thought that broken jewels made the trouble, two diagnosed it as a case of bent pinions, and the remainder were divided in their opinions, varying from a disordered escapement to a broken tooth in a cog-wheel. Finally, tired of watches and watch-makers, the reporter carried it to the jeweler who had originally repaired it. "There," said he, as he laid

the time-piece on the velvet counter mat, "take this miserable ailing watch. You may keep it or give it away, just as you please. It hasn't a whole wheel in it. The main-spring is broken, the escapement is out of sorts, it wasn't half cleaned, and it is entirely ruined. It will cost me a small fortune to have it repaired. I don't want it any more. It makes me tired to see it around. I'll buy a new dollar-and-a-half watch that I can take some comfort in."

The jeweler took the time-piece and retired into the workshop. In a few minutes he returned with a broad smile on his face.

"Here it is, in perfect order. There is nothing the matter with it. You forgot to wind it up last night."

A MYSTERIOUS JEWEL ROBBERY.

Mr. Hengist Skidmore is the younger son of a junior offshoot of an ancient family. The blood that flows in his veins is heraldically very blue, but his fortune when he came of age was exceedingly limited, and was soon spent. A Skidmore cannot condescend to commerce, and therefore Hengist, by a contract of marriage bartered his ancient blood for new riches.

Heraldically Miss Maria Binns never had a grandfather. Her Pa, the late Mr. Thomas Binns, began his career as a miner, but being a clever and plucky man he left the coal pit and the country to seek a fortune. When he was abroad his hand seemed to have a Midas touch. He found gold in Australia, struck oil in America, smuggled opium into China, returned to his natieland, worth full £8,000 a year, became a member of Parliament, was venerated as a distinguished philanthropist, lived on the fat of many lands, died in the odour of sanctity, and his daughter Maria inherited his property. The Skidmore blue blood and the Binns new riches met and married. Before being Binns no more the lady insisted upon a settlement, excluding her proposed twain flesh from any share in the control of the property; and the bridegroom-elect being pecuniarily not only off his last legs but also off his last crutch, assented to the hard conditions. Mrs. Skidmore allowed her husband £400 a year, paid quarterly for his personal expenditure, and affectionately congratulated him on her marvellous generosity.

Mr. Skidmore owed a few debts, and

his habits were not strictly economical. Unfortunately for him the terms of the marriage settlement were not generally known, and consequently, as the consort of an eight-thousand-per-annum lady, he readily obtained credit from tradesmen, and loans from the accommodating gentleman who never pay the least regard to the Bank of England *minimum*. Within two years from the auspicious day when he had leased himself for life to the prudent Maria, he was deeply in debt and dreadfully dunned. His courage being spurred by necessity, he ventured to ask his wife for a loan. Her reply proved that although she might love him much, she was still fonder of her property.

"Hengist, I am not a fool, and I would rather put on weeds to-morrow than give you a sixpence more than your liberal allowance."

Mr. Skidmore applied to his friend Captain Kiddell. The name of Arthur Kiddell is not in the Army List or in the Navy List, but he is supposed to have attained military rank in foreign service. In chess he has invented a new gambit. He has, he says, played whist with Imperial Chancellors. Professional billiard players applaud his side stroke. He has, so he avers, won money on the turf. He asserts that he has an infallible system for winning money on the Stock Exchange.

He would be delighted to help Mr. Skidmore. He was at that moment engineering a Stock-Exchange rig that must be a fortune to those who were lucky enough to "be in the swim." If Mr. Skidmore put in £4000 he would take £14,000 of the spoil in less than six weeks. But where, oh where, was the £4,000? Captain Kiddell would have been charmed to lend the money, but he had already overdrawn his account to oblige a noble friend. The Captain claims to be a Napoleon in finance.

"My dear fellow, you say you have nothing, and so can get nothing, but *ex nihilo nihil fit*, is a maxim only fit for greenhorns. You shall borrow the money."

Mr. Chapeau, who lends money on securities that are not negotiable in Lombard Street, agreed to give £4,000 for a £8,000 promissory note, at two months' date.

"Chapeau and his tribe have a tremendous swallow. But, my dear fellow,

you will not £10,000 at least, and when you have paid the £2,000, you will be £8000 in pocket."

Mr. Chapeau was somewhat fastidious, for a hundreds per cent. per annum lender. He insisted upon Mrs. Skidmore joining in the promissory note. Mr. Skidmore could not even ask her to do so. Captain Kiddell held that a husband had authority to sign his wife's name. Besides, Mrs. Skidmore would not hear of the affair. Chapeau would not part with the note, and it could be paid and burnt in six weeks, a full fortnight before it was due.

Mr. Skidmore had £500 for his immediate wants; Captain Kiddell kindly advancing £500 to make up the £4000 for the infallible rig. Alas! even a Kiddell is not infallible, and for once the 'cute Captain was mistaken. The rig totally failed, and all the invested money was lost.

"My dear fellow," said the Captain, "I have dropt ten thousand, but I shall win on the double-fold venture; for I never go in for mere double or quits. But your fix with the Chapeau note is confoundedly awkward. If your wife won't lend you the money, why not borrow her jewels? Being so cruelly cornered, it is your duty to help yourself."

"The jewels are in the settlement. Kiddell, I am utterly ruined. She will not part with a penny to save me from penal servitude."

"If she had done Arthur Kiddell the honour to take his name in wedlock, she would have been made to part. But, my boy, don't talk about being dry dooked. We must weather the storm."

"Chapeau won't wait, and the moment he applies to her, my prosecution will begin."

"The most cruel fix I ever heard of! Oh, the vanity and vexatiousness of women! I suppose the jewels of your wife would pay Chapeau's bill twice over?"

"The jewels are worth over £20,000. But it is no use of talking about her property. In a few weeks a Skidmore will be a convict."

"I will rescue you, my dear fellow. Let us dine, and while we wine discuss my stratagem."

When Mr. Skidmore reached home he was so pale that his wife thought he was ill, and said—

"Hengist, you must see the doctor,

for if you have fever I shall at once leave you and go to Brighton. I have such a dread of fever."

Mr. Skidmore not being stricken with fever, Mrs. Skidmore was not obliged to quit London in the midst of the season. Twice a week she appeared at the opera decorated with nearly all her costly jewels. Among the constant visitors to the Skidmore box were Captain Kiddell and his friend Count Van de Hoeven.

Mrs. Skidmore went to Brighton for a fortnight because she did not feel quite so well as usual. Whenever she visited Brighton her principal jewels, including the diamond necklace, the diamond bracelets, and the superb diamond cluster that decorated her hair, were taken to the bank. She put the jewels into the jewel box and locked it. Her husband locked the jewel-box in an iron box, and attended his wife to deposit the treasure at the bank. No one could charge Mrs. Skidmore with the carelessness that encourages robbery. When she was in town the jewels were kept in an iron safe fixed in her bedroom, that was warranted fire-proof and thief-proof.

If an irresistible force encountered an immovable mass, what would be the result? The answer to this school-boy catch problem is that there cannot be an irresistible force if there is an immovable mass, and *vice versa*. Final or supreme physical force is at present undiscovered. There is no absolute security for property against those who are resolved to break through and steal. That was the bitter experience of Mrs. Skidmore.

The sojourn at Brighton terminated on Friday afternoon. On Saturday afternoon Mrs. Skidmore, attended by her husband, went to the bank and brought home the iron box that contained the jewel case. The lady unlocked the jewel case, glanced at her jewels, re-locked the case, put it into the iron safe, and with her own fair hand locked the iron safe. Could fondest mother be more careful of her children than Mrs. Skidmore of her jewels?

Having been operated upon by her lady's-maid for a full hour, Mrs. Skidmore departed with her husband for Richmond, having been invited by Capt. Kiddell to an early, that is, a five o'clock dinner.

"Now Hengist, be sure to leave

instantly after the dinner, for I am determined to be at the opera to-night."

There was a mistake as to the dinner hour. The early repast was for six, not five o'clock. Captain Kiddell's party included Count Van de Hoeven, who proposed a promenade in the grounds.

Mrs. Skidmore was walking with the Count. The Captain took Mr. Skidmore aside.

"Let us light a cigar."

The Captain handed the case to Mr. Skidmore, and then took a cigar himself.

"Look at that little document before we light our cigars."

The document was the promissory note that had been given to Mr. Chapeau. The Captain ignited a wax match and burnt the promissory note.

"There is an end to the perilous bit of paper. Now my boy, let us have a peaceful smoke, whilst the Count amuses Mrs. Skidmore. As for your being in town in time for the opera, that is almost impossible. Punctuality is not one of the virtues of this pleasing place."

It was nearly seven o'clock before the dinner was served, and it was within an hour of midnight when Mrs. Skidmore arrived at her residence.

"I am vexed about the opera, but I'm not sorry to go to bed. I am so drowsy that I cannot keep my eyes open. I suppose the Richmond air is of the sleepy sort."

Mrs. Skidmore had been dosing during the ride home, and she slept whilst being undressed by her maid. Next day she complained of headache, and remained in her room, but about six o'clock felt better and able to be dressed.

"I am glad that I can go down to dinner, for our guests would be dreadfully dull if I were not present. Norah, I may as well air my jewels to-night."

Mrs. Skidmore took a neat leather case from her pocket, and out of the case a key.

She could not get the key into the lock of the iron safe.

"There is something in the lock. Or else the key is at fault. Norah, ask the master to come to me."

When the maid returned with the master, Mrs. Skidmore was still at the iron safe.

"Is it not strange, Hengist, I cannot get the key into the lock? You try."

Mr. Skidmore was as unsuccessful as his wife.

"How provoking Hengist. I suppose one of the bolts has slipped, and we shall have to send for the locksmith."

So saying she put her hand on the handle, and behold the door opened.

"I swear I locked it when I went out yesterday. I must have unlocked it without knowing that I did so."

Mrs. Skidmore looked into the safe and screamed. Pulling out some papers, and the iron box used for conveying the jewels to the bank, she yelled with horror.

"My dear, what is the matter?"

"My jewels, my jewels, my jewels!"

Mr. Skidmore looked into the safe.

"My jewels! Fool, why don't you do something?"

"My dear I am so upset that I don't know what to do."

"Go for the police. Go to Scotland Yard. Oh, what shall I do? Oh, my jewels!"

The rage and the terror of Mrs. Skidmore cannot be described. Her magnificent diamond, worth at least £20,000 were gone. The detectives came and examined the safe, and minutely questioned all the servants. Presently they looked at the windows. There was a balcony to the side window, and to one of the girders of the balcony a rope was tied. That indicated the way in which the thief had got in and out of the room. How the thief-proof safe was opened could not be explained. The burglary must have been committed whilst Mrs. Skidmore was at Richmond.

A large reward was offered, and the investigation was directed by Mr. James Burrow, one of our cleverest detectives. After a fortnight there appeared to be a chance of a clue. The pendant to the necklace was a diamond of rather peculiar colour, of large size, and it had a slight flaw. Burrow ascertained that such a diamond was in the hands of a London dealer. The jeweler who had sold the necklace to Mrs. Skidmore identified the stone. Burrow tracked the movements of the stone and found that it had been sent to Holland by a person named Van de Hoeven. But the clue that seemed so promising completely failed. It was proved that the diamond had been in the hands of the dealer and had been offered by him to two leading firms three weeks before the robbery, and Mrs. Skidmore had seen her jewels the very day that they were stolen.



JAMES BOSS GOLD WATCH CASE,

is the best protection for the Movement that has ever
been put on the market.

IT IS STRONGER, STIFFER, MORE COMPACT AND CLOSER FITTING

than any other, and is the only case containing a

DUST BAND.

This dust band encircles the inside of the case in such a manner as to

Prevent any Dust or Dirt

FROM WORKING INTO THE MOVEMENT

and is the greatest improvement ever adapted to

Watch Cases.

In Finish and Ornamentation the Jas. Boss Case is unapproached.
They are sold by all Canadian Wholesale houses.

The Canadian trade will remember that this case is recognized
by the Jewelers of the U. S. as the standard, and is the only Filled
case that has given entire satisfaction through all time.

"So much for the positive identification of a stone," said Burrow

Six months passed, and there was no hope, whatever, of recovering the diamonds. Burrow called on Mr. Skidmore.

"Any news now, Burrow?"

"The diamonds are clean gone, but I think I have found out how the job was done. Would you like to hear my view?"

Mr. Skidmore had been treated for a nervous disorder, and he was not yet well. His voice was rather tremulous when he replied:—

"Certainly, Mr. Burrow."

Mr. Skidmore turned his face from the detective, and appeared to be closely studying the pattern of the carpet.

"Being on another job, by a half chance I discovered that paste imitations of Mrs. Skidmore's jewels had been made by a Paris house, about two months before the robbery. Also the imitation jewels were put into a case, corresponding in colour and shape with Mrs. Skidmore's jewel case. What do you think of that, sir?"

Mr. Skidmore had to clear his throat before he spoke, and still his voice was husky.

"What have paste jewels to do with the stealing of my wife's diamonds?"

"It is the true clue, Mr. Skidmore, just as the rope tied to the balcony was a false scent. The identification of the big stone was correct. The genuine diamonds were stolen weeks before the imitations were taken from the iron safe. You are pale, sir, and you are shaking as if you had the ague."

"I am not well. I suffer from nervous attacks."

"I could run in the accomplices. Say, a bill discounter who dusts forged bills, a notorious blackleg gamester, and a foreign party who deals in stolen jewels. But what is the use of running in the accomplices if you mustn't touch the principal?—especially as not a sixpence of the property can be recovered. I have my eye on the principal, and can show you his photo. There it is, look at it."

With a trembling hand, Mr. Skidmore took the mounted photograph from Burrow. He looked at it, groaned, gasped for breath, and dropt it.

"Dear me, Mr. Skidmore, I have not

given you a photo, but a hand mirror. It is your own face that has scared you."

Mr Burrow put the hand mirror into his pocket.

"It is a queer game, but not new or uncommon. No wonder the detectives are often baffled over these jobs. Good day to you, sir. I think you will now agree with me that to me, as well as to you, the Skidmore jewel robbery is not a mystery."—*Life*.

HOW WATCH CRYSTALS ARE MADE.

Many of our respected readers, although daily handling this unpretentious component of a watch—its crystal, will only be tempted when reading the above headlines into making the inquiry: How are watch crystals made? We will endeavor to elucidate this subject to the best of our ability, and will invite them to accompany us in a visit in imagination to such a factory.

The work of the celebrated chemist, Piligot, *Glass, its History and Production*, will help us to elucidate the methods and manners of fabrication.

Watch crystals formerly were simple spherical segments, and were separated from small glass spheres by means of iron rings red heated in fire. These *calottes* (segments) must necessarily be very arched, to submit sufficient play to the hands. An irregular fracture occurred hereby, and the subsequent attempt of correcting it with imperfect tools often entailed the total loss of the crystal. The rim was then finished upon a disc or grinding wheel.

The invention of the cylinder watch permitted the use of a much flatter crystal, and the defects of the highly arched glass were still more keenly felt. Several Parisian watchmakers manufactured concave glasses for these watches, pressing them of a square piece of flat glass and rounding the rims, which method was imitated in Geneva.

This kind was at first made of a round glass or crystal disc, giving it the necessary height for the motion of the hands; the rim was next corrected, and finally they were cut to correspond to the bezel of the lid. This method of hand production being very expensive, the crystals were very dear; the watchmakers sold them from three to five francs per piece.

Toward the year 1680, concave crystals

called Chevé crystals, were manufactured at Gotzenbruck in a greatly improved manner, by blowing glass balloons in shape of a bottle with flat bottom, and the latter, when separated, furnished the desired crystal. These bottles were blown by skilled workmen without the use of a model, and only a scale showed them the diameter of the piece.

These crystals were also manufactured in like manner in Bohemia. The bottom of the flask was separated while in a hot condition, and received a somewhat heightened rim, which was cut level-shaped to fit it to the case bezel. The making of each crystal requiring a separate flask, the price remained pretty high, in spite of the great speed obtained in their manufacture; they commanded from fifty to sixty francs per gross.

Shortly afterward, the same factory manufactured thicker, so-called double Chevé crystals, which commanded a price of sixty francs per gross, at present only ten to twelve francs. A great improvement in their manufacture has since occurred. Instead of a small flask for each separate glass, with a diamond fastened to a sort of a compass, a number of calottes were cut from a balloon of about fifteen centimeters diameter. The diamond formed the moveable shank of the circle; the other shank was replaced by a piece of leather or chamois skin, laid upon the glass ball. The shank carrying the diamond could be lengthened or shortened to suit the diameter of the crystal to be furnished. By this fabrication, of 100 blown glass balls, on an average only fifteen could be used for watch crystals; the balance found its way into the wastage.

This method has been very materially improved by the superintendents of said factory, Messrs. A. & T. Dalter, to both of whom the watch crystal manufacture owes its great advancements. The small spherical callottes are at present cut of large balloons, of from 75 to 80 cm. in diameter. From a single one of these spheres, as many as four gross crystals are cut, not to take into account several hundreds of small crystals for Nurnbergian toy watches. About one-half of the spheres may be used at present, instead of 15 of 100, as heretofore.

The progress, together with other further perfectionments made in cutting and polishing the crystals, have gradually lowered their price; ordinary Chevé

SOMETHING NEW IN GOLD CASES

We would call the attention of the Trade to our

10 Karat Gold Cases.



These goods are made in every Style and Size to fit the Waltham Movements, and are manufactured in the following way. The outside, or wearing surface, is 14 karat gold. The inside, or not exposed surface, is 8 karat gold, and when taken together the case will assay 10 karat. Thus possessing every quality of a much higher grade of case, and for Style, Finish and Durability are FAR SUPERIOR TO ANY OTHER THAT IS OFFERED TO THE TRADE AT THE SAME PRICE.

FOR SALE BY ALL LEADING JOBBERS IN CANADA.

Robbins & Appleton,

SOLE AGENTS,

New York. Boston. Chicago. London, E. Sidney, N.S.W.

crystals come into commerce at from seven to eight francs per gross, crystals of third choice, intended for export, are sold as low as two francs, fifty cent.; heavy ones cost from ten to twelve francs.

The large spheres, of which we spoke, and which sometimes possess a diameter of one meter, must be blown very thin, since they cannot be thicker than a watch glass, that is from 1 to 1½ mm., either as single or double. The blower's breath is not sufficiently strong to inflate a sphere of such a magnitude, because the glass, in proportion with its expansion and consequent attenuation, also becomes cold, and very rapidly offers great resistance to further expansion; it must be the main object, therefore, to blow the sphere as quickly as possible, while the glass is still hot and yielding.

The following method is pursued at Gotzenbruck: The blower collects six or eight kilog. glass with a pipe of corresponding large dimensions; he then rounds his glass upon a block of soft wood, with assistance of a wooden mallet; at the same time he first blows very gently, and, when the ball appears at the end of the pipe, somewhat stronger, turning the entire mass, that a length-glass balloon, in shape of a pear, is produced, and with his tools he gives it the shape of a distended bladder.

This blowing is repeated in the furnace; the workman blows again to increase the circumference, he next makes use of a blowing contrivance propelled by a small machine of three-horse power. The finished sphere is loosened from the pipe, and placed upon a frame. The glass is so thin that it is not necessary to bring it into a cooling furnace in order to cut it. — *Exchange.*

TROUBLES OF A BRIDAL PARTY.

"Say, what kind of a hotel do you keep?" said a green-looking man as he stopped up to the counter and registered his name, and added, "and wife," after it. "Can a new married couple settle down here for two or three days and have a quiet visit with each other and not be scared out of their boots?"

The hotel man said they could go right to their room and stay there three days or three weeks, and never come to their meals if they didn't want anything to eat. "But what is the matter? Have you been annoyed?" asked the hotel man.

"Annoyed? That doesn't express it. We were married day before yesterday at St. Paul, and went to a hotel. I live about sixty miles west of St. Paul, and the travelling men put up a job to make me tired. There were about a hundred of them snowed in at St. Paul, and I'll be darned if they didn't keep us awake all night. They knew we were a bridal couple, and they bribed the bell boys and porters to let them act for them, and when we rung the bell for the bell-boy a drummer for a Chicago cigar factory came in and wanted to know what was wanted. I ordered a pitcher of ice-water, and a Milwaukee drummer for a grocery house brought it in, and he looked at my wife, who is bashful, and made her feel real bad. I didn't know they were drummers until the next day, or I should have killed some of them. I rang the bell for coal, and a travelling salesman who posts railroad cards around and works up excursions, he came in and fixed the fire, and he stayed and poked it for half an hour, and he had more gall than I ever see. He asked so many questions about how long we had been married, that I wanted to thump him, but my wife said that we didn't want to have a row the first day we were married. I rang for a chambermaid to clean up the room and bring some towels, and it was about half an hour before she came, and I went down to the office to see about my trunk, and the chambermaid stayed about half an hour and was very interesting, and my wife said she was a real pleasant, affectionate sort of a creature, far above her station, and I tell you I was mad when I found out that it was a smooth-faced, handsome young Jewish drummer for a Milwaukee clothing-house, who was in with the gang, and he gave the chambermaid \$3 to loan him an old dress so he could play chambermaid. When my wife told me that the chambermaid patted her on the cheek, and said she was the sweetest bride that was ever in a hotel, and asked for a kiss, and my wife said she thought it would be no harm to kiss a poor chambermaid, and encouraged her, I wanted to kill him, and I went down to the office next morning, but the smooth-faced cuss had gone to Fargo. It was all the landlord could do to hold me. Well, while we were at supper somebody got into the room and put cracker crumbs in our bed, and we found a cold oil-cloth floor mat over the top sheet, enough to freeze anybody.

But the worst was at night. We had just got comfortably in bed when there was a knock at the door, and I got up, and the watchman was there, and he said he wanted to point out to me the fire-escape so I could get out in case of fire, and I went out into the hall and he took me way out to the end of the building to show it to me, and while I was looking out of the window my wife came running down the hall and begging me to save her. I asked her what was the matter, and she said as soon as I went out a man that looked like a porter came in the room and told her to fly and save herself, and to follow her husband. She felt awful when she found there was no trouble, and we got back into our room half frozen. I have got them fellows down fine. The fellow who called me out to look at the fire-escape is a drummer for a Philadelphia millinery house, and the one that scared my wife out of her wits travels for a hearse factory at Rochester, N. Y. My wife says she would know him, because he has a big gray moustache, and wears a diamond collar-button in his shirt. She said she thought he was pretty stylish for a porter at the time. They woke us up several times in the night to tell us what to do in case we were sick, and in the morning, before we were up, a waiter brought up our breakfast. He said the landlord sent it up, and he just stood around until we had to sit up in bed and eat breakfast. I thought at the time that it was kind in the landlord to send up our breakfast, but when I found that the waiter who brought it up was a travelling man for a reaper factory at Rockford, and remembered how darned impudent he looked at my wife, I could have murdered him, but the clerk said he had gone to Winnipeg. It was just about as bad coming down here on the sleeping-car, and I think half the passengers on the car were those same drummers that were snowed in. It was colder than Alaska, and I would order extra blankets and they would steal them. I had more than twenty blankets put on the bed, and in the morning there was nothing but a sheet over us. And every time there was a blanket spread over as there was a different porter put it on, and I think they were all travelling men. Every little while somebody would pull open the curtains and sit down on my berth and begin to pull off his boots, and I would tell him the berth was occupied, and that he must have made a mistake,

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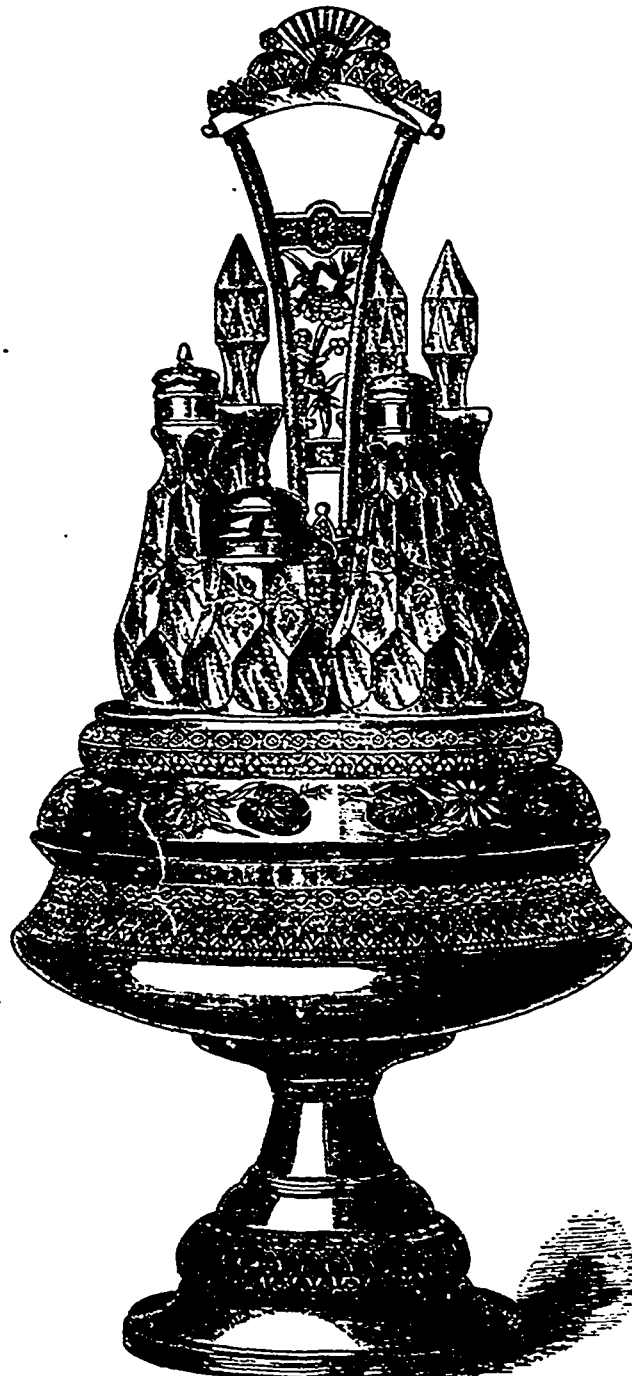
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in each Pattern in Geneva, St. James, Countess, Windsor, Oval Thread, etc. Made under the supervision, and quality guaranteed, and controlled by Wm. Rogers, formerly of Hartford and Meriden. (Wm. Rogers, Sr., died 1873.)

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and he would look around at us as innocent as could be, and ask our pardon, and then go out and damn the porter. Once I felt somebody feeling about my berth, and I asked what was the matter, and the fellow said he was looking for my wife's shoes to black. Then about every fifteen minutes the conductor would open the curtains and hold a red lantern in and ask for our tickets. I think they punched my ticket sixty-five times. Anyway it looked like a porous plaster when I got up in the morning. I think it was the travelling men who were playing conductor, but I was sleepy, and I thought the best way was to let them punch it. Well, about 8 o'clock in the morning somebody punched us and said it was time to get up, as all the passengers were up, and we would have breakfast in fifteen minutes. And then we hustled around and got dressed the best we could, lying on our backs and kicking our clothes up in the air, and catching them on ourselves when they came down. I got my pants on wrong side before and lost everything out of my pockets, and my wife lost her hair and had to tie a handkerchief around her head, and then we had our berths made up and sat up till daylight, and the porter found my wife's hair and pinned it to the curtains of a berth occupied by a preacher from Oshkosh, and he kicked, and got mad and talked about it, and wondered how it came there, and he swore about it, and I think he travels for an Oshkosh carriage factory. O, I never had such a night, or two such nights, in all my life, and what I want to know is if I can be quiet here, and get a little sleep, and not be annoyed."

The hotel man told him if anybody came around to bother him, to knock them clear down stairs and he would be responsible, and the bridegroom took his satchel and his wife, and the colored man showed them a room, and they have not showed up since. It is confounded mean in travelling men to get snowed in and form a syndicate to have fun. They will cause themselves to be disliked if they keep on.—*Peck's Sun.*

CURIOUS LETTER SENT BY A QUAKER TO HIS WATCHMAKER.—"I send thee once more my erroneous watch, which wants thy speedy care and correction. Since the last time he was at thy school, I find, by experience, he is not benefitted by thy

instruction; thou demandest the fourth of a pound sterling, which thou shalt have, but let thy honest endeavours first earn it. I will board him with thee a little longer, and pay for his table if thou requirest. Let thy whole endeavours and observations be upon him, for he has mightily deviated from the principles of truth. I am afraid he is foul in the inward man—I mean his springs. Prove and try him well with thy adjusting tools of truth, that if possible he may be drawn from the error of his ways. By the index of his tongue he is a liar, and the motion of his body is ever variable and uncertain. I presume his body is foul, as I before observed; therefore brush him well with thy cleansing instruments from all pollutions, that he may vibrate with regularity and truth, admonish him friendly and with patience, and be not too hasty and rash with thy correction, lest, by endeavouring to reduce him from one error, thou should'st fling him headlong into another, for he is young and of malleable temper; he may, with due correction, be brought into the path of truth. To fine, let him visit often the motion of the sun, and regulate him by his table of equation; and when thou findest them agree, send him home with thy bill of moderation, to thy friend **TOBIAS GO-WELL.**"

THE WATCH.

The word is derived from a Saxon word signifying "to wake." The first watches were about the size of a modern tea saucer; it had weights and was called "the pocket clock." The earliest known use of the modern name occurs in a record made in the year 1542, which mentions that Edward VI., of England, had "onne lorum or watch of iron, the case being likewise of iron gilt with two plummettes of lead." The first real adaptation of a timepiece to the pocket was when Peter Hele, in 1550, substituted the spring for weights. The earliest springs were not coiled, but were either straight or slightly curved to suit the shape of the case. Early watches had only one hand, and required winding twice a day. The dials were of metal, generally of silver or brass; they had no crystals in front, and were four or five inches in diameter. A plain watch cost the equivalent of \$1,500 in our currency, and when an order was given for one, it took a year to make it.

BUSINESS CHANGES FOR DECEMBER

John Binns, Hardware, Oshawa, dead. T. J. Carroll & Co., Wholesale Jewelers, Hamilton, assigned in trust. Thos. Legalle, Hardware, Essex Centre, sold out. Kelly & Gillespie, Tins, &c., Orangeville, dissolved, Jacob Kelly continues Wm Filmer, Hagersville. Tins, &c assigned in trust. Bullock Hardware Co Otterville, assigned in trust. M. Morn, Jeweler, Trenton, assigned in trust. Joseph Dennison, Jeweler, Huntingdon, dead. John H. McVean, Hardware, Dresden has taken his brother James H. into partnership under style of McVean & McVean Carder, Benton & Co., Wholesale Hardware, St. Thomas, assigned T. Shallcross, Jeweler, Streetsville, selling stock by auction. J. W. Fralick, Tins, &c., Newmarket, assigned.

BUSINESS NOTES.

We understand that Mr. S. P. Kleiser has taken out an auctioneer's license, and now plies his new calling on his own and other stocks every evening. It seems to us that such a policy is suicidal to any good watch business, and if Mr. Kleiser does not very soon give up his regular business, it will give him up, it he keeps on at the auctioneering.

CHRISTMAS TRADE.—Advices from all parts of the country indicate that although the holiday trade has not been quite as good as last year, still it has been fairly up to the general average and much better than many had anticipated. The number of sales appear to have been about as large but the articles not so expensive as in the flush speculation years. We suppose our jewelers should be thankful, however, and say like the clergyman collecting for the missionaries, "Small favors thankfully received, large ones in proportion."

MESSRS. ZIMMERMAN, McNAUGHT & LOWE'S warehouse narrowly escaped being burned about two weeks ago, on account of a fire breaking out in the up-stairs part of the next building. The fire originated in one of the rooms occupied by Mr. J. R. Hughes, as a paper pattern emporium, and owing to the combustible nature of the stock, spread with dangerous rapidity. After the arrival of the fire brigade the flames were quickly got under control, and the damage to the building will not probably amount to more than \$1,000. The principal loss arises as usual from water, the offices below being badly deluged. Messrs. Zimmerman, McNaught & Lowe also got a share of it, although fortunately it came down into their offices instead of amongst the stock, in which case their loss would have been heavy. As it happened their loss would not exceed fifty dollars.

IN Shields v Kleiser the plaintiff sued for \$1750 the amount paid by him for a gold watch. The action was taken on the strength of a document which guaranteed the chronometer to be a gold enameled watch, and warranted it to keep good time for five years. Four visits to the defendant's factory failed to make the watch a good timepiece. An expert stated that

Highest Honors Awarded at the Toronto Exhibition, 1882
TWO SILVER MEDALS AND A GOLD MEDAL!



Meriden Britannia Co.

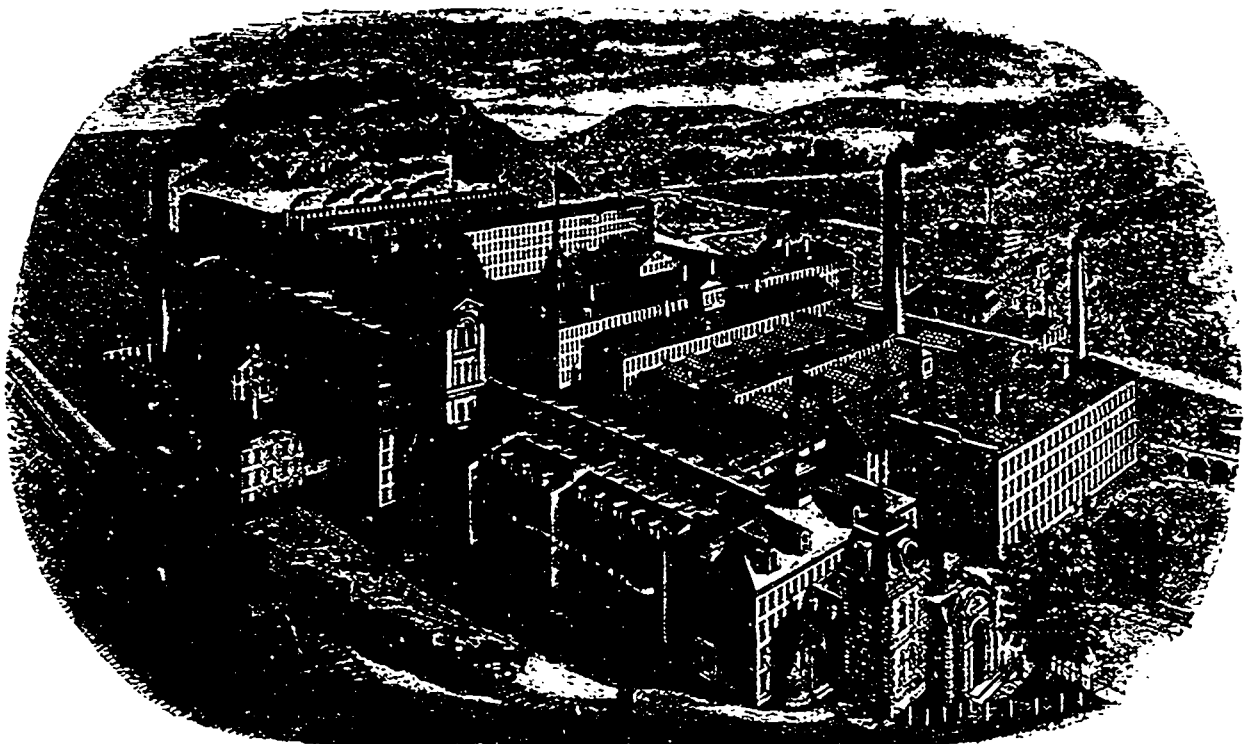
MANUFACTURERS OF STANDARD

**ELECTRO, SILVER AND GOLD
 PLATE.**



WAREHOUSES: Chicago, I. I., San Francisco (J. L. Luncheon & Co.)

WAREHOUSES: Union Square, N. Y., Meriden, Conn., Hamilton, Ont.



MANUFACTORIES: Meriden, Con., U.S. and Hamilton, Ont.



OBSERVE

this Trade Mark is stamped on all Hollow
 Ware of our manufacture.

TRADE

**1847, Rogers Bros., A I,
 OR
 1847, Rogers Bros., XII
 MARK**

OBSERVE

this Trade Mark is stamped on all
 Knives, Forks, Spoons and
 other flat ware of our manu-
 facture.

The A I Goods are Standard Heavy Plate, and XII signifies that in addition the articles have an extra quantity of Silver on all the parts most exposed to wear.

The Meriden Britannia Company have been awarded the highest premiums wherever exhibited, from the WORLD'S FAIR, 1863 to the PRESENT TIME, and the high reputation of our Goods throughout the world has induced other makers to imitate our Trade Marks and name as well as our designs, and as many of our patrons have, through a similarity of names, purchased inferior goods under the impression that they were our manufacture, we are compelled to ask especial attention to our Trade Marks.

THE FACT THAT OUR NAME AND TRADE MARKS ARE BEING SO CLOSELY IMITATED SHOULD BE A SUFFICIENT GUARANTEE TO THE PUBLIC THAT OUR WARES ARE THE BEST IN THE WORLD.

WE RE-PLATE OLD WORK AND MAKE IT EQUAL TO NEW.

although the watch was of the class known to the trade as gold enamelled, it in reality contained but little gold and the composition out of which the case was composed was barely worth fifty cents per pound. The defendant held that he never refused to take the watch back, but as another witness contradicted him in this statement the judge directed Mr. Kleiser to return the plaintiff \$17.50 and take the watch back.

STOLEN JEWELRY RECOVERED.—We are glad to know that Mr. G. L. Darling, jeweler, of Simcoe, the robbery of whose safe was duly chronicled in last month's *TRADER*, has luckily succeeded in getting back almost the whole of his goods. The story of their recovery is quite romantic, and we think that when its true inwardness is fully explained, it will be seen that justice was not so blind as she is usually made out to be in the arrest of the suspected parties. All we care about saying just now is that we congratulate Mr. Darling on his good luck. The story of the recovery of these goods as told by a local contemporary, runs as follows:

"On Sunday morning the town was thrown into great excitement when word was passed from mouth to mouth that the stolen jewelry was found. The report was generally discredited, but during the day ample confirmation was forthcoming. Speculation was rife, in the absence of any positive information, as to the manner in which the goods had been got hold of. All this was known for certain was that late on Saturday night Mr. Darling had gone to the residence of Mr. G. Bruce Jackson, the lawyer who defended Almond, and who is now looking after Lawlor's case, and had there received his goods, there being, it was said, only some four hundred dollars missing. Some said "Almond has given it up," others "Lawlor has squealed." Mr. Jackson being waited upon, refused emphatically to give any particulars. He said that he and he alone knew who gave up the goods and no one would ever know anything more than is now known. He, however, denied that Lawlor had squealed and scouted the idea that Almond knew anything about the matter. Neither he nor Adams, Mr. Jackson said, had anything to do in the burglary from first to last. He went on to say that the public were away off in all their surmises, and would never get the real truth. The probability is that Mr. Darling has paid a good round sum as a reward for the restoration of his diamonds, and that he knows no more about the real perpetrator of the burglary than the public—at least, if he does know he will not tell.

WORKSHOP NOTES.

PASTE FOR CLEANING METALS.—1 part oxalic acid, 6 parts rotten stone, mix with equal parts of train oil and spirits of turpentine to a paste.

SOLDERING GERMAN SILVER.—Dissolve granulated zinc in spirits of salt, in an earthen vessel. Cleanse the parts to be soldered, and apply the spirits of salts. Next put a piece of pewter solder on the joint, and apply the blowpipe to it. Melt German silver 1 part, and zinc, in thin sheets, 4 parts, then powder it for solder.

AN extraordinarily clear and limpid oil for lubricating watches can be procured by pouring upon a bowlful of the best olive oil some melted lead. The bowl should then be set in the sun for two or three months, covered with a pane of glass, when it can be strained and bottled.

A FINE and absolutely colorless cement can be obtained by cutting seventy-five grammes of rubber into very small pieces, and putting them in a bottle containing sixty grammes of chloroform, which should then be hermetically corked. When the rubber is completely dissolved, fifteen grammes of mastic in drops should be added, and the bottle again corked tight. The cement will be ready for use in eight days.

TO TEMPER DRILLS.—Select none but the finest and best steel for your drills. In making them never heat higher than a cherry red, and always hammer till nearly cold. Do all your hammering in one way, for if, after you have flattened your piece out, you attempt to hammer it back to a square or a round, you spoil it. When your drill is in proper shape heat it to a cherry red, and thrust it into a piece of resin, or into quicksilver.

CEMENT FOR FASTENING SECONDS DIALS IN WATCHES BETTER THAN TIN SOLDER.—Finely pulverized plaster of Paris (alabaster gypsum) mixed with cabinet-maker's white glue, cold. A little should be spread on the edge of the dial, which should then be quickly pressed into position for ten minutes, when the superfluous cement should be cut off with a brass chisel. In twenty-four hours the cement will be as hard as marble.

WHY BOYS DISLIKE TO LEARN TRADES.—The *Blacksmith and Whatwright* believes that the old system is, in the main, responsible for the aversion that such large numbers of boys manifest for learning trades. For the first year a boy in a blacksmith's shop, for instance, is put to the roughest and most disagreeable work. He is made to do a thousand-and-one things that will be of no use to him when he grows up, and having nothing to do with making him a skilful mechanic. He knows this and naturally rebels and wants to do something that will be of benefit to him. He is brought to feel that to be a good blacksmith, a man requires much brawn and little brains. That he obtains an erroneous idea of the trade he is trying to learn we all know, but, nevertheless, this impression is apt to become fixed in his mind from the character of the work he is put to do. Is it any wonder that he looks with envy on the boy behind the counter, or in a lawyer's office, and longs to get away from an employment which has become irksome?

A peculiar clock, which marks the hours from one to twenty-four, has recently been completed by a Wilmington manufacturer. The new time-piece is of a kind soon to be adopted by several of the railroads. The most conspicuous innovations are in the marking upon the dial and in the movement of the wheels which run the hands. The minute hand, instead of making twelve revolutions to every revolution of the hour hand, as in the ordinary clock, makes twenty-four revolutions while the hour hand passes around once.

GEO. E. COOPER

ORNAMENTAL & GENERAL

ENGRAVER,

31 KING STREET EAST,

TORONTO - - ONTARIO.

ALL KINDS OF PLATE, JEWELLERY, ETC.

TASTEFULLY ORNAMENTED.

Inscriptions, Mottoes, Crests and Monograms designed and engraved in first-class style. Terms Cash.

T. WHITE & SON, MANUFACTURING JEWELERS

Lapidaries & Diamond Setters,
39 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

CANADIAN & FOREIGN
STONES POLISHED & MOUNTED

—FOR THE TRADE.—

N.B.—A variety of Stones and Imitations
of all kinds in Stock.

BUY THE



BECAUSE THEY ARE THE BEST IN USE.

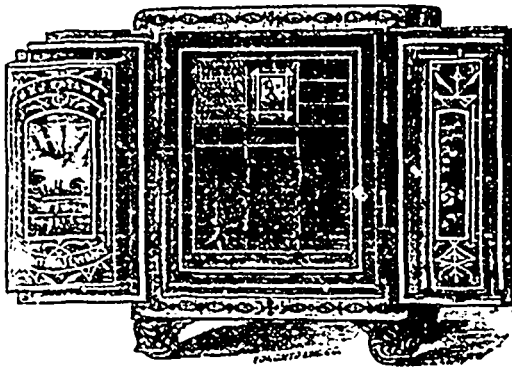
These Celebrated Cases have lately been reduced in price, and are now the Cheapest as well as the Best case made. Send for Price List to

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CANADIAN WHOLESALE AGENTS,

16 WELLINGTON STREET EAST, - TORONTO

**A FULL ASSORTMENT ALWAYS
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TORONTO SAFE WORKS.**

Patentees and sole manufacturers of Taylor's patent Fire-proof Safes with
Non-Conducting Steel Flange Doors.

ALSO MANUFACTURERS OF
**Burglar Proof Safes, Vaults, Vault Doors, Bank Locks,
Combination Locks, Prison Locks and all Kinds
of Fire & Burglar-Proof Securities.**

70 YEARS ESTABLISHED.

The Oldest and Most Reliable Safe Manufacturing Firm in the Dominion

A. C. ANDERSON & CO'Y

Present their Compliments to their numerous Friends and Customers, and wish them all a very

HAPPY NEW YEAR,

And trust that the pleasure and profit they have experienced during the old year will be renewed with even greater vigor during the New Year of 1884.

A. C. ANDERSON & CO., - HAMILTON, ONT.



Factory of the American Watch Co.-Waltham, Mass.

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JUST RECEIVED A LARGE LINE OF
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GOOD VALUE. INSPECTION INVITED.

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MANUFACTURERS OF

PLUSH, VELVET

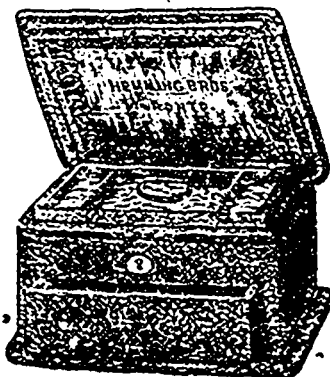
SATIN & MOROCCO CASES & TRAYS

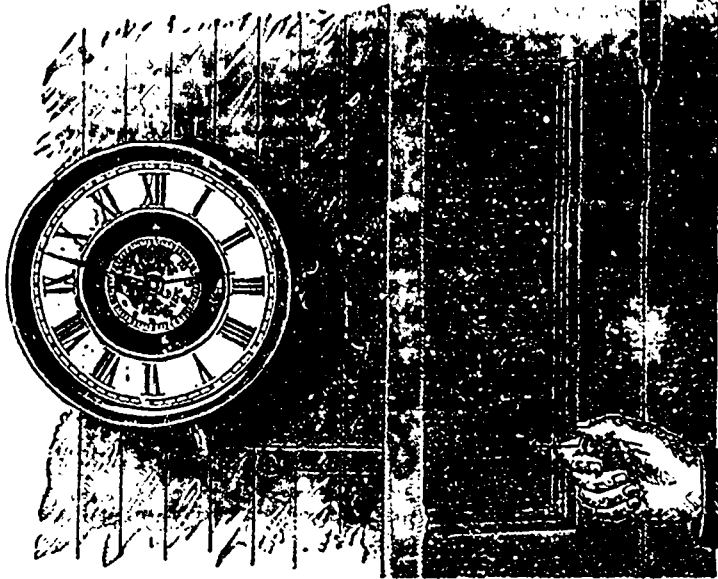
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This Cut represents a Watchman's Clock made by Seth Thomas Clock Co. This Clock registers correctly the exact time when the watchman was at his post. A fine lever movement in Nickel Case, suitable for Banks, Factories, Stores, &c. Also just received The Meteor Illuminated dial clock, Nickel Case, 4 inch dial.

SHINES ALL NIGHT
Time seen distinctly in darkness or daylight. A very large stock of American Clocks of the Newest and Handsomest Design.

THE LARGEST VARIETY OF FRENCH MARBLE CLOCKS
IN THE DOMINION.

Prices furnished to the Trade only.

N.B.—I keep on hand a Large Stock of Jewelry. Watches of all grades, Silver and Gold. Watch Cases at Bottom Prices.

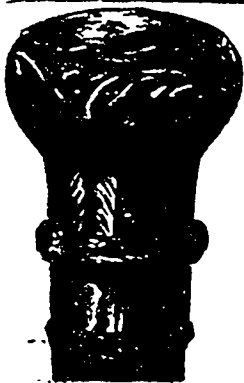
SAMUEL STERN,
WHOLESALE IMPORTER.

31 Wellington and 40 Front Streets East, Toronto.

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We have just received direct from the French Manufacturers, a large assortment of BLACK MARBLE CLOCKS which we are prepared to offer to the trade at very low prices. For presentations or regular stock, our assortment will be found equal to anything in Canada. Call and see them.

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