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THE TRADER.

TORONTO ONTARIO. FEB. 1883

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13 Adelaide Street East, Toronto.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To ensure insertion, changes or new advertisements must be sent to the office not later than the 20th of each month.

Editorial.

THE HOLIDAY TRADE.

The holiday trade is over at last, and our merchants have now leisure to sum up the results of the rush, and jam, and bustle of the few weeks preceding the new year.

As far as we can learn, the results on the whole have been highly satisfactory, and our merchants in nearly every quarter express themselves as being highly pleased with the volume of trade done, and the manner in which payments have been made. It is probably a good job that Christmas comes but once a year, for its duties are a severe strain on the energies of the merchant as well as on the pockets of the consumer. We trust that the regular trade that should follow at this season of the year will not be in any way injured by the extra efforts that have been put forth to secure the holiday patronage. The indications at present seem to point to a winter and spring trade fully up to if not ahead of the average run for the same period.

THE COMMERCIAL BAROMETER.

The winding up of the year 1882 has again brought us the valuable and well digested annual circular of the Messrs. Dou, Wiman & Co. Mercantile Agency. The facts and figures thus published by this enterprising firm are of so much value to every mercantile man in this country that we take the liberty of pre-

senting them to our readers entire, and trust that they will "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest," not only the information given therein, but the lessons that may be deducted from them.

Shakespeare says we can find "sermons in stones, and good in everything." Without contradicting him, we can safely say that a most useful lesson may be derived by every thinking man from a quiet perusal of the failure tables which we give below.

A glance at them will suffice to convince the most sceptical that, in spite of protection and good crops, and many other favourable circumstances, the lowest point in the tide of commercial failures in both Canada and the United States has been reached, and that we are again on the up grade of the mercantile highway. This does not necessarily imply that our business men are all going to the wall, or that we are going to have an immediate return of the "old hard times." It simply means that these figures are a warning to merchants and mercantile men generally to shorten sail and prepare for squalls. The fact is that credit is too cheap in Canada, and it is simply on account of the ease with which they can get goods that many merchants incur debts which ultimately lead to their failure. We do not think there is the slightest necessity for any alarm at the present trade prospects; all we say is that the indications at present point to the necessity of avoiding all unnecessary risks and of keeping one's business well in hand, so that come what may, they may be prepared if the storm should break.

From the tables below, which embrace the failures for the past six years, it will be seen that in the year 1881 Canada reached the lowest point as regard the number of failures, the present year showing an advance of 152 in number, and \$2,886,450 in amount.

"The Canadian figures are as under for six years past:—

	No.	Amount.
1877.....	1,892	\$25,523,903
1878.....	1,697	23,908,677
1879.....	1,902	29,347,937
1880.....	907	7,989,077
1881.....	635	5,751,207
1882.....	787	8,687,657

There is this difference between the statistics for the United States and those of Canada, as furnished by the authority quoted, that while the lowest point was reached by our neighbors in 1880, when the mercantile failures were 4,785 in

number and \$65,752,000 in amount, our failures had not reached the minimum of the period until 1881. The United States figures for these years are as follows:—

	No.	Amount.
1877.....	8,772	\$190,669,926
1878.....	10,478	284,883,182
1879.....	6,658	98,140,053
1880.....	4,785	65,752,000
1881.....	5,582	81,155,922
1882.....	6,788	101,557,564

Analysis of the localities and comparative amounts of these failures for 1882 shows that while in Canada there was one failure for every 77 traders, the United States furnished but a failure for every 122 traders. The Pacific States and Territories alone furnished a parallel for the relative number of Canadian failures; these were as 1 to 68 traders. In the Southern States they numbered 1 to 78; in the Eastern States, 1 to 114; in the Middle States, 1 to 149; and in the Western States they were least numerous of all, being but 1 to every 151 traders.

The circular regards as a most unpleasant feature of the situation across the line the fact that an increase of failures should be shown when the conditions are so extremely favorable to the prosperity of the country. The chief reason for this anomalous exhibit is considered to be 'beyond question, the alarming extension of the lines of credit, which the two last years have witnessed.' Respecting the prospect of trade in that country for the new year, Messrs. Dun & Co. say. 'It is difficult to discover any element of a disturbing character, except, perhaps, over-production by manufacturers; pressure to sell goods; a tendency to extend credits unduly; and the dangers which result to individuals owing more than they can readily pay.' Canada, we remark, is by no means free from these very elements of possible disturbance, and it were wise for our bankers, merchants and manufacturers, who have it in their power to limit these threatening features, to act with the caution which the circumstances demand."

THE MILWAUKEE HORROR.

Probably nothing, since the terrible boating accident on the Thames at London two years ago, has created more wide spread consternation than the burning of the Newhall House at Milwaukee a couple of weeks ago. The "London horror" was worse as regards the number of lives lost, but bad as it was, it scarcely appeals to the mass of people

with half the effect that the "Milwaukee horror" does.

The reason is not far to seek; people that go on the water in overcrowded steamers are always exposed to a certain amount of risk, and when an accident does happen, it cannot be said to have been altogether unlooked for. Thus in the London accident, there were many, who, seeing the overcrowded state of the boat, refused to venture upon it, and thereby saved their lives. In the "Milwaukee horror," however, there seems to have been no premonitory warning of the dreadful danger the guests were exposed to, and the probability is that most of them lay down to rest feeling as safe and secure as they would have done in their own homes.

Hotels are generally supposed to have special safeguards thrown around them in case of fire, and up to the present time the public have had the utmost confidence in their fire extinguishing arrangements and the promptitude with which they could be put into operation.

If the Newhall House is any criterion of how these patent fire protecting apparatus work, we certainly think that the public will insist on having something more practical and certain in its application. The trouble seems to have been with the elevator, which, acting as a huge chimney, not only carried the flames from bottom to top of the building with lightning rapidity, but supplied the conflagration with all the air necessary to make it effective. Indeed we do not suppose that if an engineer were to try and construct a machine for the instantaneous firing of any large building, he could improve on this ordinary passenger elevator now in use in our hotels and public buildings. As usually constructed, they are lined with dry, seasoned wood, and the sides are well lubricated with the best of inflammable oils; all that they want is a start, and in a few seconds they can produce a flame as fierce as any that ever belched forth from the roaring mouth of a blast furnace.

Now that attention has been directed to this danger, the public should insist that these elevators should be made fire-proof. The doors should be made of iron and kept securely closed after the elevator has stopped for the night. The inside should be made non-combustible in some way, either by the use of brick or iron lining, fire-proof paint, or some other device equally effective. It is customary

in theatres to have iron screens between the stage and the audience, but in reality there is not one-half the danger to a crowd of wide awake people in a theatre that there is in a lot of half-awake people, who, roused from their beds, and not having even their ordinary senses about them, have to fight for their lives in the midst of a fog of unknown darkness and death.

We think that every hotel should have a fire bell in each bed room, with a printed card attached, telling its guests plainly that this bell was connected with the office of the hotel, and would be rung only in case of an alarm of fire. If such were done, it would be impossible, as it is too often the case at present for people to be burned in their beds without having any chance for their lives. In first-class hotels, having electric bells, this could be very easily and effectively managed.

In addition to this every hotel should be compelled to provide fire escapes of some kind from every room in the house. For a lack of better, a simple knotted rope long enough to reach the ground would be a most effective means of escape, and we venture to say that if every room in the Newhall House had been provided with one of these primitive inventions the loss of life would have been very small compared to what it was.

We think parliament should take this matter up, and legislate so as to make the lives of travellers more safe than they appear to be at present. Our hotels are really the only homes that thousands of our fellow citizens have, they are public institutions, and ostensibly agree to provide their guests with food and shelter and safety. If the Newhall House is a fair sample of our hotels, and we are sorry to say that we know more than a score of such places in Canada, the sooner that the matter is legislated upon the better.

We compel steamboat owners to provide life boats and life-preservers for every passenger in anticipation of an accident; we compel the proprietors of all public buildings to hinge their doors so as to open outwards, in short we legislate in every conceivable way in order to make life as safe and secure as possible. The same thing should be done in the case of hotel keepers regarding the safety of their guests, and all the more so because, trusting implicitly to the reputation of the house, they are practically helpless.

Many old travellers when going aboard a steamer make a thorough inspection of

the vessel, and find out all about the arrangements of the life-boats and life-preservers so that if necessity arises they know exactly where to lay their hand on them. In like manner when putting up at a strange hotel, they examine thoroughly the protections against fire, and their best avenues of escape in case anything should happen during their stay.

This is an excellent idea, and one that is easily carried out, the only difficulty about it is to be able to keep your wits about you and to be able to take advantage of your knowledge when the crucial moment comes.

Few people have self-control enough to make the most of their chances in such an emergency, and we think, therefore, that the strong arm of the law should be invoked to compel hotel-keepers to provide such safeguards for the escape of their guests from midnight peril as experience and common sense shall dictate.

Selected Matter.

A LOST OPPORTUNITY.

Sing, business muse, the dark and doleful fate
Of him who labors but that he may wait
The piles of goods heaped up within his store,
Which can't be less, and never may be more.
The man whose life has lost all fortune's prizes.
In fact, the man who never advertises.

Sing of his start, his great ambition's scope,
The capital that gave him cause to hope,
His credit large, his full and ample stock,
His bank account as solid as a rock,
Then tell the doom to which the man was fated
Who never advertised, but simply waited.

So simply, and so vainly! Splendid signs,
With basement, art irradiates and refines,
Plate-glass show windows elegantly dressed,
In lovely clerks, cashiers, and all the rest,
Served but to show him how the public sizes
The style of him who never advertises.

He waited, and all waited; clerks, cashiers,
Salesmen, saleswomen, such delightful dears,
Impatient waited all the season through.
With precious little for the crowd to do.
The public saw — that fact there's no denying
But passed the store without a thought of buying.

Business was dull, but salaries and rent
Went on, till cash and credit both were spent
The silly merchant hoped his luck would turn.
Until the Sheriff closed the whole concern.
Now, at a pittance which his soul despises,
He works for one who always advertises.

—Hamilton Times.

COMPARATIVE VALUES OF GEMS.

Scientists speak lightly of coloured gems as alumina found in nature, crystallized and coloured with oxide of iron, and "valued at enormous sums." It hardly raises the more precious in

general esteem to know that the emerald, ruby, sapphire and amethyst are almost the same chemically, or that the emerald and the aquamarine only differ in color, the former being absolutely priceless, while the latter has no determinate value. Pearls only are sold by the grain. All other precious stones are sold by the carat, which weighs four grains. Diamonds weighing less than a carat are more valuable than rubies, sapphires, or emeralds of the same weight. But all the colored stones exceeding a carat are more valuable than diamonds, and the difference in value increases very rapidly with increase of size. If a ruby is very perfect, and of a rich, dark color, it commands an extravagant price. A fine three-carat diamond might be worth from \$600 to \$1,000, according to quality, while a perfect three-carat ruby would find a purchaser at from \$8,000 to \$5,000. Rubies weighing four carats have been sold in Eastern cities for \$10,000. Scientific writers class sapphires and rubies simply as sapphires. The red sapphire is a ruby, and the blue ruby a sapphire. The present demand for fine rubies exceeds the supply. It is not exactly known where those came from which are now finding their way into the market, but it is presumed that many are taken from old ornaments in family collections. Sapphires are very rare and scarcely less valuable than rubies. They make an exquisite appearance, properly arranged, and having small diamonds as foils. They are apt to show a dull color at night, and those are consequently most sought after which sparkle by gaslight. Large and perfect stones are of fabulous value. The Baroness Burdett-Coutts has a fine sapphire considered worth \$160,000. Sapphires and emeralds are rarely set alone, but with smaller stones, commonly diamonds, which throw their beauty into relief. Except jewelers are not agreed as to whether the sapphire or the emerald is the more valuable, but the last, perhaps, maintains a greater popularity. Its value increases rapidly with its size. The wife of a railroad king purchased a fine ten-carat emerald a dozen years ago for \$5,000, which is now worth probably \$20,000. It is worn in a ring as a solitaire, and needs no foil to enhance its extraordinary beauty. There are said to be many rubies and emeralds in the city worth from \$2,000 to \$5,000, or even more, which are in the possession of connoisseurs.—*Exchange.*

THE SPIRAL STUD.

Who has not been a martyr to its damned inquisitiveness?

We see that there is a new shirt stud invented, which goes through a gimlet hole in a shirt bosom, in sections, and snaps together, leaving the under side smooth, so that there is no raw selvage to stick into a man's vital parts, the way there is in the old spiral stud, and we look forward to the happy future when we can buy a set of the new "Favorite" studs, and give the old spiral studs to the poor, who have no feelings to be lacerated. We have thought for years, that the government ought to call in the old spiral shirt-stud and issue a new kind, with coupons that will go together with a snap, but nobody has seemed to think the government ought to take the responsibility. The man who has invented the new stud should be placed on the pension roll with the man who invented the telegraph and the India rubber baby clothes. For a hundred years the spiral shirt-stud that screws in has held the stomach of a man in its grasp, and has made sore spots on him, when all should be sunshine, and so forth. It is said that women share our joys and our sorrows. This may be so, to a certain extent, and they may suffer some, but they don't know anything about the horrors of the spiral shirt-stud. Many men go down to their graves and never complain, who have had their lives made miserable by spiral shirt-studs. No man can be cheerful, full of fun and frivolity, and keep a company in a roar of laughter, when he is constantly reminded that three golden corkscrews are gently but firmly entering his body from three different places, that three different shows are getting in their work under one canvass at one price of admission. It is asking too much to expect a man to be entertaining when three artesian wells are being sunk into his person at once. Women do not mean to be cruel, and to cause unnecessary pains to man, but if they knew how they send the quivering arrows to his very soul, in three places, they would be careful how they throw their heads on men's shirt-bosoms and root around to find an easy place to lay. No doubt many of our hearers have noticed that men shrink from them when they lay their darling little heads on his breast and have thought the man was shocked at their actions. It is not that. It is the spiral shirt-stud.

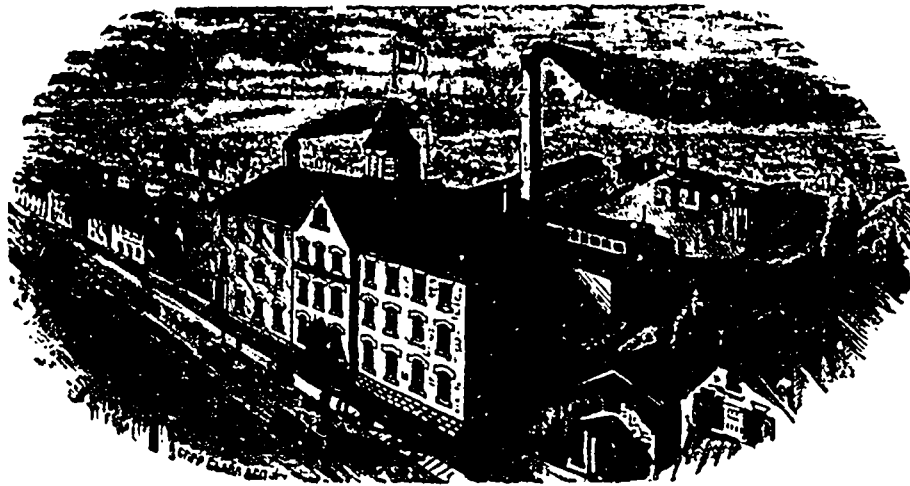
Of course, a man will stand a good deal, and not complain, under such circumstances, but if the woman in the case, or on the shirt-bosom rather, will look up into his fond eyes, she will find there, besides a look of satisfaction and don't-get-up-on-my-account expression, a far away penetrating look, as though his soul was on fire, or he had been eating cucumbers. Women can have no idea of the sacrifice man makes, in such cases, and they should not be surprised if he faints away. Other things in the world may cease, but the boring of the spiral stud never ceases. We have known a preacher to get a vacation of six months, with a trip abroad, because he looked sick, when all in the world that ailed him was spiral shirt-studs boring into him, though in this instance there was no female head acting as a screw driver to drive them in. He would preach a sermon on faith, and look sick, as the studs went into him, and the congregation would pity him, think it was his liver, and raise money enough to send him all over the world. Oh, the spiral stud has done much to demoralize the world and it should be suppressed.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

GOLD NUGGET SWINDLERS.

"Why, you've been swindled, man! That isn't gold quartz. You can't fool me on mineral; I've seen too much of the glittering truck to be caught on such a deal as that. Wouldn't have believed it of you, Charley!" and the speaker leaned up against the Windsor hotel counter with a look of painful disgust spreading over his features. You could have told he was a miner by the runcouth cut of his clothes, the looseness of his wide, soft hat, and the unkempt condition of his whiskers. The companion whom he addressed as Charley was an inoffensive-looking sort of a city chap, one of your young men who has seen a great deal of life, but not enough of its wiles, perhaps. He turned up the ends of his mustache ambitiously with one hand as he looked at the speaker in evident amazement. His other hand held a large piece of quartz, seemingly as rich as that which has given the Bowen mine its notoriety. "Don't say that, uncle," he said, nervously, rolling the quartz from side to side, "that specimen cost me \$50, and I thought I was getting a good bargain, then." "Well, you can bet that I'm right," replied the uncle, with a harsh

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laugh. "It's brass; the whole business is brass; there isn't a grain of gold in that rock. Let's go and have something."

As the two were walking towards the entrance to the bar, the one laughing, derisively, and the other looking like a man entering a pawn shop with his last suit of clothes under his arm, a reporter of the *Tribune*, who overheard the remarks quoted, tapped the uncle on the arm and asked what the conversation was about.

"O, not much, stranger," he said, suddenly checking his laughter. "It don't amount to much. Charley here, a young nephew of mine, who came from Illionis to meet me, ran against a brace game to-night, and the sharpers got the best of him. Funny, ain't it? Somebody has sold him a chunk of quartz stuffed with brass fillings for gold. He only paid \$30 for the experience. 'Till do him good. I'm from Deadwood; been in Deadwood three years. I guess I know a quartz specimen from a chunk of salt. Jine us?" With the desire of ascertaining more, the reporter "jined." The nephew seemed ashamed of himself, but after warming up under the insinuating influence of an alcohol straight and the derision of his uncle, he told the story of his purchase. His name is Charles Hanson. He arrived here two days ago to meet his uncle, James Hanson. The uncle did not arrive from the Black Hills until last night. Meanwhile Mr. Hanson, Jr., had piloted about the city as best he could in quest of means wherewith to while away the hours of waiting. Tuesday night he dropped in at the Palace theatre on Blake street, and while investigating the mysteries of the boxes there, quite accidentally like made the acquaintance of two genial young bloods, who claim to be from San Juan, and stated they were out on a lark. He was not averse to having some fun himself, and together with the two spent the evening in taking in the resorts of pleasure and quiet. Now that he thought of it, he acknowledged that he had to foot most of the bills. Each of his new-found friends had a large black quartz nugget of gold, which they said had been given them by Judge Bowen as specimens, from his Summit mine. They were beautiful specimens, he thought, and from his limited knowledge of gold and gold quartz, he judged they each contained at least \$50 worth of the precious metal. As the trio were bring-

ing the festivities of the night to a close, one of the alleged San Juan boys apologized for the fact that they were not overstocked with money, and suggested that if Mr. Hanson would accompany them to a faro bank, one of the nuggets might be given as collateral for enough to play with. He was tired and sleepy, though, and declined. Yesterday afternoon one of the San Juanites, so-called, met him on Larimer street, and after a pleasant recounting of the former night's experience, confessed that he was broke and would sell his nugget at a discount. As much out of sympathy for his friend's condition as anything else, Mr. Hanson took the nugget and paid all that was asked therefor, the sum stated. He showed it to his uncle with the result known. "Now I'll prove that you were swindled," said Mr. Hanson, Sr., taking the nugget from the nephew and leading the way to McMorran's drug store. Purchasing a small vial of acid he poured it all over the specimen, the supposed gold sizzling and turning as green as a fresh-landed lobster. "I told you so; it's the same old trick. I've seen lots of the boys caught by it in the Hills. The specimen was excellently gotten up, being a perfect imitation of the Bowen specimens before having been submitted to the lapidary polish. The pores and interstices of the brown quartz were all filled with what people would have sworn was the pure quill." "How is the trick done?" asked the reporter. "Simply enough! The sharpers take a chunk of quartz, dip it into glue, and then blow brass fillings into the pores until they refuse to hold more. Then they roll it in the dirt to make the deception complete."—*Denver Tribune*.

CARON DE BEAUMARCHEAIS.

The following occurrence took place on a fine day in the month of July, 1750, in the city of Paris:

Mr. Caron, an honorable, modest watchmaker, living in the St. Denis St., drove his only son and heir-apparent, Pierre Augustin, out of the house.

And he had good reasons.

The young gentlemen, who, since his thirteenth year had been an apprentice of his father, and counted upon as following in his footsteps, could by no means be held up as a pattern of a diligent horologist and orderly citizen. He was far from being ignorant; on the contrary, he

was too smart; he lacked likewise not in accomplishments—in fact, he possessed too many—so many that his father grew desperate. The young man, for instance, rather played music than wrestled with the intricacies of depthing; and worse than all, he exhibited a talent for committing all manner of frivolous jokes, which, in an honest citizen's boy, were entirely out of place.

Father Caron, however, was no strong-hearted parent; he loved all his six children, his scapegrace son the most; he therefore, was willing enough after a lapse of a fortnight, when his passion had cooled, and at the intercession of all the paternal and maternal uncles and aunts, to receive the scamp again into his house—*provided, however*, he was willing to submit to the following conditions:

First, to dispose of nothing of his, the father's things, without due permission—not even an old watch key.

Second, to rise in the summer at six and in winter at seven, and to labor until supper, in order to honor his calling.

Third, feast and Sundays excepted, to eat nothing outside of the paternal house, and to be back by nine o'clock on these exceptional days.

Fourth, to quit that unhappy music; or at most to play violin or flute only in the evenings after work.

Fifth, not to go out without leave, and to invent no bad excuses therefor.

Sixth, to be satisfied with free board and eighteen livres per month, and to liquidate his indebtedness gradually from this sum.

The young Caron did not even attempt to soften the vigor of these, to him, very harsh conditions. He subscribed them obediently, full of repentance, and again entered into the house and business of his father. He began suddenly to develop a peculiar zeal for horology. In order to show his father that he could be capable of becoming one of the foremost watchmakers of his time, he invented the pin escapement for watches. He incautiously confided his secret to a very famous watchmaker in Paris, by the name of Lepaute, who misused the confidence so far as to proclaim himself openly as being the inventor of the escapement. But Caron was not the man to quietly let his right be usurped in this manner. He proceeded publicly against Lepaute, claimed the invention solely for himself, and demanded the arbitration of the Academy. This scientific body, in-

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This being the commencement of a new business year with us, we beg to thank our many customers for their kind and liberal support during the past, and to assure them that we will endeavour by constantly studying their interests to merit a continuance of the favours so generously bestowed on us.

Our stock for the coming season will be found well assorted with all Staple Goods, and also with the Novelties as they are brought into the market.

As usual our prices will be low and terms liberal.

23 SCOTT STREET, TORONTO.

deed declared, on the 4th of March, 1754, young Caron to be the sole rightful inventor.

This was the first process of the man, who afterward, as Monsieur de Beaumarchais, was destined to interest the entire cultivated world in his processes. This case had made the name of the watchmaker, Caron Son, well known in Paris, and the consequence was that the King Louis XV., ordered a watch made by him. By means of his inventions published to the four corners of the earth by the interesting law suit, the young watchmaker was enabled to make the watches as diminutive of size as demanded. The joy of the King at the handsome and excellent timekeeper constructed by Caron was so great, that he invested him with the title of "Furnisher to the Court." Madame de Pompadour ordered a similar one, and Caron in person handed it to the all-powerful *amis* of the monarch. The watch was so small that it was mounted in a finger ring; it was 4½ lines in diameter, and not thicker than two-thirds of a line. It was wound by a new and very ingenious contrivance, and ran thirty hours with great exactness.

Caron had opened his path. The princes and princesses all ordered watches of the same Lilliputian pattern, and their young producer always carried it himself to the place of Versailles and handed it to the purchaser, because, of course, everyone wanted explanations concerning the thing, especially the ladies. The King favored him greatly, and even received him personally. The favorite wrote the following letter in 1754 to a relative in London. "I have finally delivered the watch to the King, who did me the honor of recognizing me, and remembering my name. His Majesty ordered me to wind it, and to explain it to all the gentlemen of the *Lever*. Never has the King received an artist with so much kindness; he desired information about every part of the movement. I lauded the magnifying glass at this opportunity, the one you presented me with, and it was universally admired. The King used it to inspect the ring watch of Madame de Pompadour. He demanded one like it for himself, on which I am engaged at present. All the gentlemen of the Court follow the example of the King, and each one desires to have his watch first. I have also constructed a remarkable little pendulum for Madame Victoria (one of the daughters of the King). It has two hands, and from whatever side it is viewed it indicates the time."

If all this attests the skill of young Caron as horologist, his personal attractiveness, and even his faults, were calculated to pave his fortune in a manner little suspected. A still young wife of a Court official, who also had ordered a watch by him, took so lively an interest in the tall and shapely young man with the *spirituelle* face, that she influenced her husband to surrender to him his office, by paying a certain pension. This was nothing uncommon at that time, and the King patented the office to Caron, who stood in his special favor, as well as that of Madame de Pompadour and his daughters. From this day forward—November 9, 1755, when not yet 24 years old, young Caron left the store of his father in the Rue St. Denis, hung horology on a nail, and played the roll of courtier in the palace of Versailles, with a self-esteem of his actual value that was not by any means circumscribed by too great a modesty.

And, indeed, he moved upon the beeswax flooring of the palace as if he had been to the "manor born." He had become acquainted with the daughters of Louis XV. by means of his watches. They were four old maids, with the remnants of a convent education, who lived in great retirement in the palace, and suffered much with ennui. They passed their time as well as they could, and their strict rules permitted; one played several instruments, the other painted, the third studied languages, and the fourth took an interest in the mathematical and mechanical arts, and at times essayed to be a watchmaker. They gave a musical soiree once a week, at which also the King, the Dauphin and various other princesses were wont to attend. When they learned that Monsieur Caron also performed upon several instruments, and was especially expert upon the harp, he was invited to perform before them. The harp, little known until then in French society, was just beginning to grow into favor. The young harpist delighted the old ladies, and understood how to make himself so amiable with all of them that he was regularly invited to assist in these concerts, and to assume the role of bandmaster. He also instructed the royal daughters upon the instrument.

The awakening ambition of Caron, since such favors were showered upon him, aimed with single calculation for higher objects which he wished to obtain

in the court world open before him. The old gentleman whose office he had purchased, died, leaving his youthful wife a widow, and she consented to become the wife of Caron. This gave him not alone wealth, but also another name, which threw around him a halo of nobility, even if only by the offrontery of its inventor. Because if the son of the humble Caron, from the Rue St. Denis, henceforward styled himself Caron de Beaumarchais, he simply added the cognomen upon the strength of an estate which his spouse had possessed formerly, either as a thing real or imaginary. Enough, the Court of Versailles counted one nobleman more—Caron de Beaumarchais, of whose patents of nobility no one knew anything definite.

It is not to be supposed that such a bold character lacked jealous and envious enemies. But he possessed spirit and wit, together with courage and confidence to break a lance with them morally and physically. He fought a duel with a nobleman and killed him. This added not a little in making him respected. With malicious verses and quick repartees, he understood how to be respected.

A cavalier had undertaken once, when he returned through the ante-chamber, coming from the boudoir of the royal ladies, to ridicule him in the presence of the courtiers.

"Monsieur," he addressed him, and held out a costly watch, "you understand something about watchmaking. Would you be so very kind, I pray, as to look at mine; it is in disorder."

"Monsieur," Beaumarchais responded, "since I have ceased to be occupied with watchmaking, I have become very unskilful."

"O, do not refuse me this favor."

"Be it so; but I reiterate that I have become very unskilful."

He took the watch, opened it, lifted it up high as if examining it closely, and let it drop.

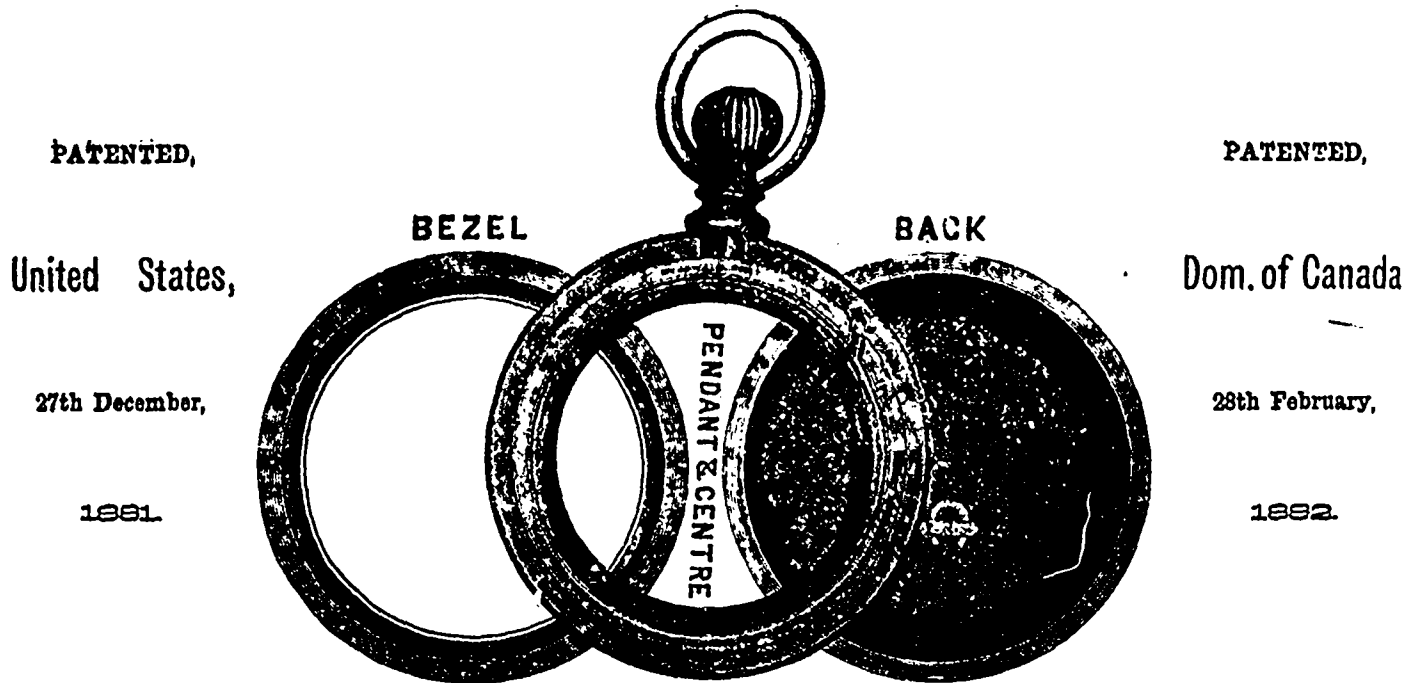
Deeply bowing, he turned to the cavalier saying:

"I cautioned you that I had become very unskilful."

And he left the apartment while the duped nobleman collected the pieces of his timepiece.

At another time, Beaumarchais heard that evil-minded persons had prejudiced the princesses, by telling them that he stood in unfilial relations with his father. He therefore went to Paris, visited his father in the watchmaker's shop, and

The "Excelsior" Patent Dust Proof Case.



This is the first and only case made without one grain of solder. Every piece is cut from the solid metal and pressed into the shape used in the case. This process hardens the gold and silver by the only method known (that is to work it), and is handed to the Trade as hard as is possible to make it, being a great advantage over a case made in the ordinary way, in saving gold and silver by making a case as strong as a much heavier one that has been softened as heat does in soldering on pendant, joints, thumb catches, or joint to swing movement in. Heat not only softens the gold or silver, but warps it out of the shape that the snaps have been fitted to, and it is never perfect after soldering. The Excelsior Patent Dust Proof is never soldered, never heated, is fitted perfectly, and remains perfect. The Excelsior Dust Proof has no joints to wear out or break off. The Excelsior Patent Dust Proof has no spring to break or wear the case. There is no part of the Excelsior Patent Dust Proof that will wear. The Excelsior Patent Dust Proof is the safest case made for protecting the movement—it will never open in the pocket. Put an Excelsior Dust Proof in your pocket, bend forward, backward, put yourself in any position you please and the Excelsior is closed tight. In an ordinary case, with springs, by bending forward the case will often open and when the lock-spring is worn, the case is nearly always open.

The Excelsior Patent Dust Proof Case is the strongest, best fitting and most durable case made. Ask your Jobber for the Excelsior Patent Dust Proof. Every case warranted as stamped, 18 kt., 14 kt., 12 kt., 10 kt., United States Mint Assay or Coin Silver, as may be stamped, and every genuine case bears the Trade Mark. The Excelsior Patent Dust Proof Case may be obtained from any of the jobbing houses in the country.

TRADE MARK.



Instructions to Open the Excelsior Patent Dust Proof Case.

First press the crown as in opening an ordinary Hunting Cased Watch, then to open front, turn bow to the right with thumb and finger; to open the back, turn left. To close, turn case back in same position as when case was closed, and snap same as glass bezel on any watch.

under pretexts persuaded him to accompany him to Versailles. He was extremely careful to meet the princesses several times during the drive. He went to see them in the evening and was received very coolly, but was asked, as he had expected, with whom he had been driving.

"With my father," he responded.

Great astonishment; explanations followed, and Beaumarchais begged the honor of presenting his father who was in the ante chamber. The old gentleman was admitted, and with paternal pride he sounded the praises of his son. In fact the honest citizen who had expelled his scapegrace son, had learned to hold him in high esteem, and was ready enough to proclaim it. And his son gave him an opportunity soon after.

In order to obtain a patent for nobility, he had, for 85,000 frs., purchased the titular position of Secretary to the King. There was only one obstacle, his father still pursued the business of watchmaker, a vocation incompatible with the high pretensions of his son. Wherefore he persuaded him by letter to retire, and bound himself to honorably support him and his sisters. The father in order not to thwart the aspirations of his son, succeeded, the latter obtained his patent, and the former lived afterward, in company with his four unmarried daughters, as *rentier*, amply supported by the munificence of his son.

We cannot part from so interesting a member of the horological fraternity without following his fortunes, the more so, since he was destined to play a large part in the future events of France.

Beaumarchais, a favorite of fortune in everything he undertook, in his new relation engaged in the sale of arms to America, and other speculations, and soon became a very rich man. Three law suits made him known everywhere, and two theatre pieces raised him to the rank of the most celebrated of French authors. His lawsuits, which he conducted against a high functionary, obtained their great popularity because Beaumarchais skilfully defended himself, and with it, all the rights of citizens heretofore wronged by justice.

In them, he attacked the ancient *et cetera* order, the defended and ossified right, the corruption of the administration, the preferences of the higher ranks. The great minds were impelling France to that immense revolution, destined to

change the face of the entire civilized world, and Beaumarchais shook with vigor and energy, in his law documents on the decayed pillars of the temple of justice, the tumbling down of which speedily followed thereby. What he termed *Memoirs*, in which he recounted in a masterly manner his disputes, were illustrious pamphlets against the government, which long ago had become odious to the people. Beaumarchais published them, and his lawsuits became themes of national interest. They exerted such a power that the German poet Goethe dramatized it, and personified M. de Beaumarchais in his drama "Clavigo."

His two theatre pieces scarcely earned him less fame. "The Marriage of Figaro," and the "Barber of Seville," are known to everyone.

The "Marriage of Figaro," was first played in Paris in 1784, and its success was simply immense. Not on account of its special beauties, but of its wit and poetical proclivities. In Figaro, the merry Barber, the everywhere felt democratic idea was reduced for the first time; this servant of the Count Almaviva represented the third estate, the citizenship, which was still regarded as subject by both the nobility and the government, and as inferior in rights, but which was already in ferment, caused by this political and social inferiority. Everything he felt was expressed in this pert and witty Figaro, and laughs were not wanting even in the highest circles. This established before the whole world the moral right of these attacks upon the privileges of the nobility and the principles of social equality were thus sanctioned. The saying of Figaro, were secret thoughts of the people, and silenced all those against whom it was aimed.

The infirmities of existing society were laid bare at once, as if the last shred of deception had been dropped. All ancient authorities, the existence of which, simply because they were things handed down from the past, was still sanctioned and commanded respect, could be seen tumbling together in a miserable manner, and became a laughing stock, whereby their respect was lost forever. If there was a rotten concern, Beaumarchais aimed a shaft of derision thereat, and it never failed its mark. Before this, letters had been written lacking signatures, he affixed them. He was another Aristophanes, who pointed with his finger at

what he assailed, and at the same time he had been a successful aspirant for that nobility himself.

It is remarkable that this piece, which the French government critic would not permit, was performed at the special command of Marie Antoinette. Beaumarchais was greatly liked by her, as well as by the King, and both did naturally not dream that they were loading a cannon with Figaro the charge of which should hit themselves. The right of the nobility to all the preferments in the State could not be derided better than by the words of Figaro, "because he had taken the trouble to be born."

Beaumarchais was the witty genius who predicted the Revolution as an inevitable fact. When it entered into the arena of history with an earnest face, and finally played its tragical part, carried away by passion, a genius like that of "Figaro's Marriage," was of no further consequence. He whose works had struck such heavy blows at the old regime, could not escape the Nemesis; to fall with it, he had carried him upward. In the year 1784, he was the most honored man in France, rich, popular with the citizens, feared by the nobility, and his piece was performed 72 times in succession, calling forth an ever-increasing applause from the public, until he himself said: "There is only one madder thing than my piece, and that is its success."

Fifteen years afterward, at the end of the century, the same Beaumarchais died almost unknown, and impoverished, after having been proclaimed the enemy of the people, and barely escaped with his life.—*Jewelers' Circular*.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

From Poor Richard's Almanac.

We are pleased to present to our readers a reprint of the celebrated maxims and apothegms of Benjamin Franklin, printed in his almanac, which bore the feigned name of Richard Saunders, and hence acquired the title of "Poor Richard's Almanac." Its publication began in the year 1782, and continued twenty-five years. When it was brought to a close a collection of the maxims was published in the last number in an address to the readers, entitled "The Way to Wealth." The admirable digest has been translated into various languages, and is widely known. We reproduce it herewith as follows:—

SIMPSON, HALL, MILLER & CO.,

WALLINGFORD, CONN.

— MANUFACTURERS OF —

Artistic and Useful Hollow Ware,

ELECTRO PLATED UPON FINE HARD WHITE METAL.

There is nothing in Designing, Ornamentation or Manufacturing which our artists and workmen cannot produce.

Our Facilities for Executing Fine Work are Unexcelled.

Our Assortment is Suitable for the Best Trade.

We carry a stock of manufactured goods sufficient to meet the demands of the largest trade.



Spoons, Forks, etc., plated upon the Finest Nickel Silver in

Extra, Double, Triple, and Sectional Plate.

Full lines of over

Forty Staple and Fancy Pieces

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.)

WM. ROGERS,
Wallingford, Conn.

No connection with any concern in Waterbury, Meriden or Hartford using name of Rogers in any form.

FACTORIES: WALLINGFORD, CONN., U.S. AND MONTREAL, CANADA.

THE WAY TO WEALTH.

I stopped my horse lately where a great number of people were collected at an auction of merchants' goods. The hour of sale not being come, they were conversing on the badness of the times; and one of the company called to a plain, clean old man, with white locks, "Pray, father Abraham, what think ye of the times? Won't these heavy taxes quite ruin the country? How shall we ever be able to pay them? What would you advise us to?" Father Abraham stood up and replied, "If you'll have my advice, I'll give it to you in short: 'for a word to the wise is enough: and many words won't fill a bushel,' as poor Richard says." They joined in desiring him to speak his mind; and gathering round him he proceeded as follows:—

"Friends (says he) and neighbors, the taxes are indeed very heavy; and if those laid on by the government were the only ones we had to pay, we might more easily discharge them; but we have many others, and much more grievous to some of us. We are taxed twice as much by our idleness, three times as much by our pride, and four times as much by our folly; and from these taxes the commissioners cannot ease or deliver us by allowing an abatement. However, let us hearken to good advice, and something may be done for us: 'God helps them that help themselves,' as poor Richard says in his Almanac.

"It would be thought a hard government that should tax its people one-tenth part of their time, to be employed in its service; but idleness taxes many of us much more, if we reckon all that is spent in absolute sloth, or doing of nothing, with that which is spent in idle employments, or amusements that amount to nothing. Sloth, by bringing on diseases, absolutely shortens life. 'Sloth, like rust, consumes faster than labor wears; while the key often used is always bright,' as poor Richard says. 'But dost thou love life? then do not squander time, for that's the stuff life is made of,' as poor Richard says. How much more than is necessary do we spend in sleep! forgetting that the sleeping fox catches no poultry, and that there will be sleeping enough in the grave,' as poor Richard says. If time be of all things the most precious, wasting time must be (as poor Richard

says) the greatest prodigality; since, as he elsewhere tells us, 'Lost time is never found again; and what we call time enough, always proves little enough.' Let us then up and be doing, and doing to the purpose; so by diligence shall we do more with less perplexity. 'Sloth makes all things difficult, but industry all easy,' as poor Richard says; and 'He that riseth late must trot all day, and shall scarce overtake his business at night; while laziness travels so slowly that poverty soon overtakes him,' as we read in poor Richard; who adds, 'Drive thy business; let not that drive thee;' and,

'Early to bed and early to rise
Makes a man healthy, wealthy, and wise.'

"So what signifies wishing and hoping for better times? We make these times better if we bestir ourselves. 'Industry needs not wish,' as poor Richard says; 'He that lives upon hope will die fasting.' 'There are no gains without pains; then help, hands, for I have no lands: or if I have, they are smartly taxed;' and (as poor Richard likewise observes) 'He that hath a trade hath an estate, and he that hath a calling hath an office of profit and honor;' but then the trade must be worked at, and the calling well followed; or neither the estate nor the office will enable us to pay our taxes. If we are industrious, we shall never starve; for as poor Richard says 'At the working-man's house hunger looks in, but dares not enter.' Nor will the bailiff or the constable enter; for 'Industry pays debts, but despair increaseth them,' says poor Richard. What though you have found no treasure, nor has any rich relation left you a legacy? 'Diligence is the mother of good luck,' as poor Richard says: and 'God gives all things to industry: then plow deep while sluggards sleep, and you will have corn to sell and to keep,' says poor Dick. Work while it is called to-day; for you know not how much you may be hindered to-morrow; which makes poor Richard say, 'One to-day is worth two to-morrows;' and further, 'Have you somewhat to do to-morrow, do it to-day.' 'If you were a servant, would you not be ashamed that a good master should catch you idle? Are you, then, your own master? be ashamed to catch yourself idle,' as poor Dick says. When there is so much to be done for yourself, your family, and your gracious king, be up by peep of day;

'Let not the sun look down, and say, 'Inglorious here he lies!' Handle your tools without mittens; remember that 'The cat in gloves catches no mice,' as poor Richard says. It is true, there is much to be done, and perhaps you are weak-handed; but stick to it steadily and you will see great effects; for continual dropping wears away stones, and by diligence and patience the mouse ate into the cable; and 'light strokes fell great oaks,' as poor Richard says in his Almanac, the year I cannot just now remember.

"Methinks I hear some of you say, 'Must a man afford himself no leisure?'—I will tell thee, my friend, what poor Richard says. 'Employ thy time well if thou meanest to gain leisure; and since thou are not sure of a minute, throw not away an hour.' Leisure is time for doing something useful; this leisure the diligent man will obtain, but the lazy man never; so that as poor Richard says, 'A life of leisure and a life of laziness are two things.' Do you imagine that sloth will afford you more comfort than labor? No; for as poor Richard says, 'Troubles spring from idleness, and grievous toils from needless ease: many without labor would live by their own wits only, but they break for want of stock.' Whereas industry gives comfort, and plenty, and respect. 'Fly pleasures, and they'll follow you; the diligent spinner has a large shift; and now I have a sheep and a cow, everybody bids me good-morrow: all which is well said by poor Richard.

(To be Concluded next Month.)

BUSINESS CHANGES FOR JANUARY.

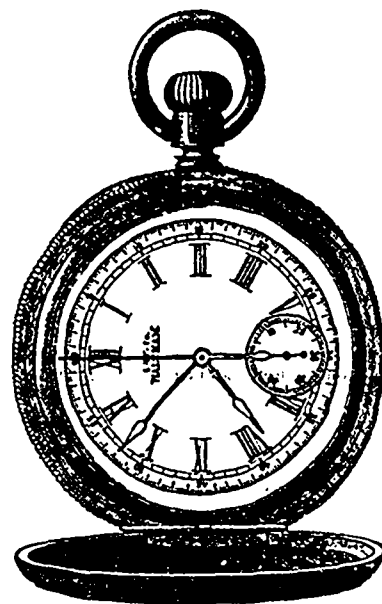
Samson & Swanson, Blenheim, Hardware, dissolved. W. D. Samson continues alone; A. E. Morris & Co., Toronto, Jewellery, style now Levettus Morris & Co., J. Kennedy & Co., Guelph, Jewelers, selling off by auction; John Crow, Hamilton, Jeweler, sheriff in possession; J. L. Martineau & Fils, Quebec, Hardware, has called meeting of his creditors; Hutchinson & Co., St. Johns N.B., Jewellery, store closed, John Woodward, Port Rowan, Hardware, selling out; Miller, Morse & Co., Hardware, Winnipeg, admitted F. M. Morse into the firm; John Swindles, Jeweler, Hamilton, acknowledged.

BUSINESS NOTES.

D. HARR, a tinsmith, of Walkerton, left suddenly the other night for parts unknown, but before doing so made an assignment to John Klein.



THE NEW
WALTHAM
WATCH
CHRONOGRAPH.



The Best Watch now in the Market for
General Use.

—
SOLD IN GOLD CASES ONLY.
—

Fourteen and Eighteen Carat Fine. Quality Stamped and
GUARANTEED by the Company.

This watch is of medium size, and made to indicate and register the fifth second.

By new inventions and the application of American Machinery, THE AMERICAN WATCH CO. has so simplified the manufacture of these Watches as to greatly reduce their cost, and they can now be obtained at prices which make them the MOST DESIRABLE time-piece for all classes of watch wearers.

FOR + SALE + BY + ALL + FIRST-CLASS + JEWELLERS

AMERICAN WATCH CO.,

ROBBINS & APPLETON,

General Agents,

NEW YORK

THE HAMILTON Powder Company, Montreal, has acquired the building now being erected on Bell's Island, Kingston, for the manufacture of dynamite. There is a great demand for this explosive and duilin at mines along the line of the Kingston & Pembroke Railway.

MR FRANKLIN J. LAIDLAW, for many years in the employ of the late Robt. Wilkes, and lately travelling for his successors, was last Thursday evening presented by his fellow-employees, with a gold Albert chain and locket, together with an address expressive of regret at Mr. Laidlaw leaving the employ of the firm.

A YOUNG Canadian named Aylmer Samis was arrested on the 5th of January at Detroit for smuggling five watches. He pleaded guilty and was taken to gaol to await disposition by Judge Brown. Samis formerly lived in Port Hope and Newcastle. He has been in Detroit only a few weeks. Still the work goes on, and still we wonder at crime.

MR J. A. WATTS, the well known and popular manager of the Toronto Silver Plate Co., has just returned from a visit to the United States, where he succeeded in securing the services of some of the best workmen in the electroplate trade. The Company will now prosecute vigorously the manufacture of the newest designs of Hollow Ware, and expect shortly to turn out an assortment of goods that will be a credit to Canada.

A NEW TELEPHONE.—Mr. R. Gray, agent of the Grand Trunk Railway at Acton, has invented and patented a new telephone. The instrument has been in successful operation over a three mile circuit at Acton for some time, and although it has received no greater test so far its utility for this distance leaves no doubt as to the possibility of its successful operation over longer stretches. The chief feature of the new telephone is that you can hear a message in an office without putting your ear to the instrument, and that it does away with the necessity of using a bell to call the person up with whom you wish to speak.

The Hardware firm of J. L. Martineau et fils Quebec, has issued a circular to its creditors calling a meeting when a statement will be submitted. As far as we can learn from outside sources their liabilities will probably amount to about \$25,000, due principally in Montreal. The assets are understood to be largely composed of outstanding accounts among poor blacksmiths in the Saguenay district. The concern, while claiming a considerable nominal surplus, has been in a troubled condition for a long time past. A failure is recorded against them in 1871, on which occasion they settled at twelve and six pence in the pound.

MR. JOHN CROW for some time has kept a small jewelry store on York Street, Hamilton. He went to that city about eighteen months ago, soon starting business with a capital about \$1,000. On Tuesday, 2nd inst, he gave his wife some money and told her he was going to Toronto and would return the next day. He has not been seen in the city since. Deputy Sheriff Gibson is in charge of the stock for Mr. Crow's creditors, whose claims amount to about \$2,000; assets about \$700. Mrs. Crow states that she thought he was getting along well and had no idea he was going away. She is left in somewhat straightened circumstances, with an infant.

MONTAGUE BANKS carried on the drug business in Winnipeg for several years and made an awkward failure. Then he became a clerk. About a year ago he bought a small grocery and liquor business and opened in his wife's name. Now she has assigned, with liabilities of about \$8,000 and nominal assets of \$5,000 or \$6,000. Montague had not much business capacity, and could not reasonably expect to make money without it in a wide-awake city like Winnipeg. This is only another illustration of the folly of people who have not capacity rushing into business. "Oh! Montague, Montague, what would your mother say if she could see you now."

THE latest proposed method of ensnaring "the enterprising burglar," throws door-pistols, electric bells, and all previous burglar alarm apparatus completely into the shade. Electric pins imbedded in window sills and door-steps did their work, but overdid it by alarming the burglar oftener than the household, and have consequently, fallen into disfavor. According to the new plan, the electric buttons will be preserved as before, but the current instead of starting an alarm will turn on the full glare of an electric light, and at the same time expose a plate in a camera all in readiness to receive an instantaneous picture of the party "occupied in crime." The scheme is novel and ingenious, and would be useful if photographs of an unmasked man could be counted on. In the meantime it is better to be warned of the presence of a burglar than to have ever so good a picture of a felonious person effectually disguised.

JOHN SWINDLE, jeweler, Hamilton, Ont., levanted a few days ago, leaving a lot of creditors to mourn his departure. Developments go to show that he did business largely with the pawnbrokers. At the different pawn-shops some eighteen watches, gold and silver, have been seized by Detective Mackenzie. They were pawned for a total sum of \$223. The real value of the watches would not be less than \$1,000. Many of the watches have been claimed by their owners. This Swindle swindler, is a good example of a class that are becoming common in America, simply because credit is too cheap, and wholesale houses have themselves to blame for crediting such irresponsible people. If wholesale dealers always insisted upon such men paying cash until they get their credit established, we would hear of fewer rogeries of this kind. His creditors should hunt for this fellow until they find him and put him through as far as the law will allow. An example made of such people now and again might act as a deterrent against such practices.

Most jewelers find it hard enough to put their advertisements into prose, let alone into rhyme, but this does not seem to be the case with our friend W. J. Douglas, jeweler, of Pembroke, Ont. For his holiday advertising he mounts his Pegasus steed and soars aloft on the wings of verse away over the heads of his competitors. We trust his Christmas trade was as good as his verses, and that he may ever be able truthfully to sing

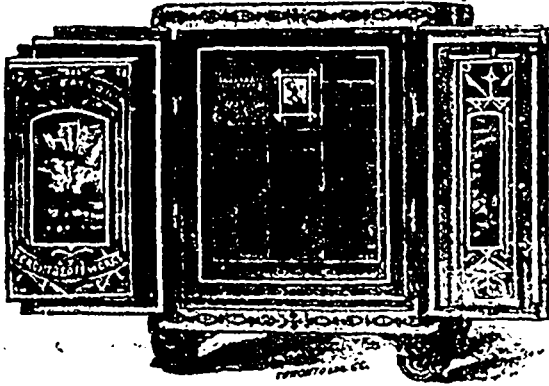
"Thus wags the world, success beget:
Envy and malice, and oft sets
Slander in motion, anger whets,
But DOUGLAS.

Onward, regardless, keeps his way,
Lets friends and foes have their say,
He sticks to business makes it pay,
Does DOUGLAS.

ANOTHER of the best known business men in Montreal, Mr. Horatio A. Nelson, has passed away. Born in New Hampshire in 1816, Mr. Nelson went to Montreal in the year 1840, where he began business in the firm of Nelson & Butters. In 1861 the firm became Nelson & Wood, and in 1874, the four sons of the deceased being admitted partners, the firm became H. A. Nelson & Sons. A prudent and methodical man, Mr. Nelson built up an extensive business, and what is more, earned an enduring name for fair dealing, which his sons and successors in two cities well maintain. In the City Council of Montreal the deceased gentleman served his fellow-citizens faithfully and well, holding for years the position of chairman of the Finance committee. In Quebec Legislature he spent three or four years; as president of the Montreal Loan & Investment Association, director in Molsons Bank and other corporations his judgment was valued; while in works of temperance, charity and morality his influence was strong on the side of right. It was not alone in church circles that he received and merited the affectionate title of "Father Nelson;" he has been father, helper, counsellor, to many. In his death the city of Montreal loses a diligent, conscientious and public spirited citizen.

DEATH OF AN OLD AND HIGHLY RESPECTED JEWELER.—We are sorry to have to chronicle the death of Mr. Henry Davis, the well-known jeweler of London, Ont. Mr. Davis had been engaged in the jewelry business in that city for nearly thirty years, and was well known throughout the trade as one of the best watchmakers in Canada. He leaves three sons engaged in the same business, one in London, who for several years past has managed the old business, and two in Toronto, who have built up a very successful trade under the style of Davis Bros.

By the death of Mr. James Michie, Toronto loses one of her foremost and most respected citizens. Mr. Michie was born in Strathdon, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, in 1828. At the age of eighteen he left his native town and country for Canada, and arriving in Toronto in 1846. On coming to Toronto he entered into the services of Alex. Ogilvie & Co., of which his uncle, the late George Michie, was partner. In 1853 the now well-known firm of Fulton, Michie & Co. was established, the late James Michie being the managing partner. This was the retail branch of the wholesale firm of A. Ogilvie & Co. About the same time as the business of Fulton, Michie & Co. was established, the present firm of George Michie & Co. was also started, James Michie being a partner. Probably no citizen of Toronto was better known and liked than Mr. Michie. He was the soul of honor, generous to a fault and liberal, though unostentatious in his munificent charities. He had a host of friends, not one single enemy, and his name will long be remembered in this city as that of one who, possessing immense riches, used them so well as to earn the good will instead of the envy of those who knew him. The many who had not the pleasure of his acquaintance will miss his genial face and well-known form from our streets, but to those who knew him but to love him, his death creates a gap that no one else can fill.



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NOTICE.

We take this opportunity of thanking our numerous customers for the liberal share of patronage extended to us during the season of 1882, and also beg to announce that our Mr. Anderson has just returned from the American Markets, where he has been selecting the latest novelties. Our travellers will take pleasure in calling on the trade during February.

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WORKSHOP NOTES.

ENGRAVERS' BORDER WAX.—Beeswax, 1 part. pitch, 2 parts, tallow, 1 part, mix. Engravers' cement: Resin, 1 part; brick dust, 1 part; mix with heat.

POLISHING POWDER.—An excellent polishing powder for gold and silver consists of burnt and finely-pulverized rock alum, 5 parts, and levigated chalk, 1 part. Mix and apply with a dry brush

GUM FOR BACKING LABELS.—Mix pure dextrine with boiling water until it assumes the consistency of ordinary mucilage. Apply with a full evenly-made camel's hair brush. The paper should not be too thin or unsized.

TRANSFERRING PICTURES, ETC.—If you desire to transfer pictures from paper to wood, for re-engraving, soak the print in a saturated solution of alcohol and white caustic potash, to soften the ink, then transfer to the block under roller pressure.

EXTRACTING SILVER FROM WASTAGE.—Mix your refuse with an equal quantity of wood charcoal, place in a crucible, and heat to a bright red, and in a short time a silver button will be found at the bottom. Carbonate of soda is another good flux.

TO RENEW OLD OIL PAINTINGS.—The blackened lights of old pictures may be instantly restored to their original hue by touching them with dentoxide of hydrogen, diluted by six or eight times its weight in water. The part must be afterwards washed with a clean sponge and water.

METAL LETTERS ON PLATE GLASS.—It is often necessary to attach glass or metal letters to plate glass. Use the following binder: Copal varnish, 15 parts, drying oil, 5 parts; turpentine, 8 parts; oil of turpentine, 2 parts; liquefied glue, 5 parts. Melt in a water bath and add 10 parts slaked lime.

SCIENCE AND OTHER NOTES.

SILVER coin was struck at the English mint last year to the value of \$5,021,615. The profit to the Government was \$469,110. Besides this coinage, the mint struck about \$90,000 worth of bronze pieces. In 1881 worn coin of the nominal value of \$1,600,000 was withdrawn from circulation. The recoinage of the light gold in circulation in England, computed at \$250,000,000, cannot be deferred much longer, in the judgment of competent observers. Besides the expenses of recoinage, there will be found an actual deficit of precious metal of \$3,250,000, if the process be undertaken.

To imitate old artistic productions made of solid silver, the ground work and hollow portions not subject to friction are covered with a blackish red earthy coat, the parts in relief remaining with a bright lead luster, mix a thin paste of finely pulverized plumbago with essence of turpentine, to which a small proportion of red ochre may be added to imitate the copper tinge of certain old silver ware; smear this all over the articles. After drying, gently rub with a soft brush, and the reliefs are set off by cleaning with a rag dipped in spirits of wine. Old silver is easily renewed and the brightness

of the metal restored by a hot solution of caustic potash, cyanide of potassium, or benzole. To give the old silver tinge to small articles, such as buttons and rings, throw them into the above paste; rub in a bag with a large quantity of dry fir-wood sawdust until the desired shade is obtained.

THE case of two clever English rogues, Fulton and Watson, came on for hearing in the city of Paris yesterday. It was they who last winter stole from a jeweler, Mme. Chauvet, in the Rue des Capucines, diamonds to the value of 250,000 francs. The robbery was perpetrated in the following daring fashion. A man, calling himself Caston, presented himself in Mme. Chauvet's shop and requested to be shown some diadem diamonds, necklaces, etc. His manners were so good, and his dress so elegantly correct in every respect, that the merchant had no hesitation in spreading before her customer her most valuable gems. Of these the swindler made a lavish choice, and asked Mme. Chauvet to place them in a small black hand-bag he had brought on purpose. In payment, the pretended Colonel offered a check on a foreign bank, which was refused. "Wait a moment," cried the blackleg. "I will get it changed at the bank and bring you the notes. Keep the hand-bag; I shall be back directly." So saying he disappeared. Almost immediately he had left the shop a respectably-dressed woman entered and requested to be shown a certain ring in the shop window. While Mme. Chauvet was occupied in getting the ring, the "Colonel's" accomplice succeeded in adroitly substituting an absolutely similar hand-bag for the one left on the counter. This done, she quickly chose her ring and left. When evening came without her customer returning, Mme. Chauvet opened the bag—which she thought was the same one that "the Colonel" had left—and discovered that she had been robbed. When Fulton and Watson were arrested in Belgium for other diamond robberies, several stones stolen from Mme. Chauvet were in their possession. Fulton was yesterday sentenced to four years, and Watson, the pretended Colonel, to five years' imprisonment.—*London Standard, August 27.*

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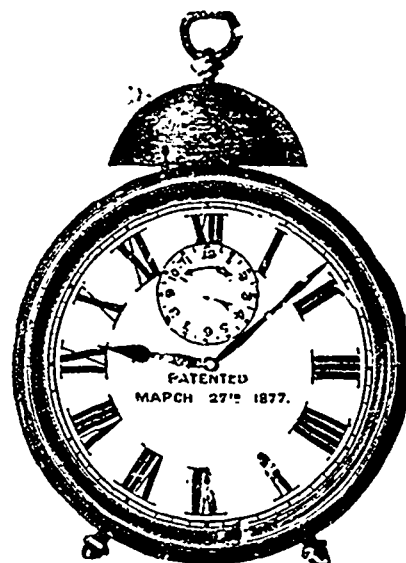
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