DO YOU ADVERTISE?

A Little Talk About How to Reach the Public.

METHODS AND MEDIUMS.

The Ethics of Advertising — Perfect Probity Necessary to Secure the Best Results—"Fakes"—Relative Cheapness —Writing Ads.—Don't Hamper the Compositor.

The Non-Advertiser!

We have all seen him!

He usually had a small, dark shop in an obscure street. He was consistent in that he was careful that the opacity of his windows should prevent the prying public from sacrilegious familiarity with his dusty and shelfworn wares; and he was consistent, too, in furnishing the public with evidences of his business incapacity in the shape of signs written in chalk or charcoal on shingles, barrel heads and box covers, and displayed in delightful irregularity hither and thither about his premises. "Slow & Tardy, Artistik Talers," staring from a dry goods box in Italic letters "on a bender," alternated with Roman capitals struck by lightning, always impress people with the idea of an artistic outfitting emporium. "Hear is the spott for your fine dress customs," bashfully peering, on a sheet of wrapping paper, through a murky pane, always catches the fancy of fastidious fashion worshippers. The grocer whose den is littered with pieces of barrel heads decorated in charcoal usually has time enough on his hands to improve his taste for art.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ADVERTISING.

Why do people advertise?

Ask why people trade! Why do they go into business? Generally to buy and sell goods? Why do they buy and sell goods? To accumulate money from the profits on the transactions. How do these profits arise? Commonly the merchants' profits arise in this way: The dealer caters to the wants of the public. Having studied his constituency he seeks out the sources of supply in the required lines and by reason of his shrewd business skill and his ready cash buys at the lowest possible figures such a stock as he deems will meet the requirements of his trade. Supply and demand regulate prices, of course, but it is also true that cheapness increases the consumption of any given class of goods; so the cheaper he buys the more he may count on selling at a moderate profit. Having bought his goods and laid them down at his shop he adds to his invoices the amount of purchasing agents' expenses, freight, customs duties, cartage and incidentals, such as damage to goods at his own risk, and (if he has been fortunate enough to be able to pay spot cash and save it), having deducted his cash discount, he marks his prices so as to leave him a reasonable margin of profit after paying the expenses of running his store. Shortly stated: He goes into business to sell goods; he sells goods to make money.

THE MUTUAL FRIEND.

Here the advertisement comes in.

The merchant leases a shop, engages a staff of clerks and bookkeepers and puts in a stock. He is ready for work. If every man in his employ is worked as hard as a reasonable employer wants to see him worked the expense of the merchant for rent, fuel, light, taxes, insurance and help will be little over what it would be if things dragged along in semi-idleness for three or four days every week, while the deterioration of stock—losses by shelf-wear, and accumulations of out-of-style goods—will be very much less. How is he to get this additional trade?

He must advertise!

He wants more people to visit his store. He wants more people to know that he has what they want and that he stands ready to sell to them at prices that will be good news to them. Is it unreasonable that he should invite people to do business with him? Isn't it natural that people should be interested in anything relating to their wants and advantageous methods and means of supplying them? And isn't it a fact, proven by the experience of thousands upon thousands, that self-interest is thus served to the mutual advantage of both parties?

THERE'S MONEY IN IT.

Does it pay?

Let us make a calculation!

Mr. Jones has been in business for some time. He has done a fair business, but in these days only a large trade can secure mercantile prosperity in any branch. Customers must be promptly attended to and to do so a good staff of clerks is necessary. The freshest and best goods must be kept in full lines and the stock must be up with the season. If goods are not sold in season they are sacrificed without profit, if not even at a discount off net cost, to the detioration of the trade. How has business been going:

He pays rent of store	$2,000 00
" " taxes	475 00
" " light, fuel, etc	350 00
" " insurance and sundry expenses	800 00
" " clerks, bookkeepers, etc.,	6,400 00
	$10,525 00

Now to this ought to be added a very considerable sum for intesest on investment, deterioration of stock, etc. We find he has been selling about $60,000 worth of goods a year, which, at 20 per cent. net profit (if he has no bad debts) will leave him a small, but fairly healthy, margin. But he has the store, the stock and the staff to do twice the business. He reflects: Why should I not increase my sales when by doing so I will not materially increase my outlay? Every new customer I get, every old one whose purchases are increased, will add to my profits by the sum of the net profit on such trade less the sum I am obliged to spend to get such trade.

His reasoning is sound!

He draws on his resources for a few hundred dollars in advertising space. He uses the fund judiciously, and he finds that at the end of the year his trade has grown to $75,000. The extra sales leave him a profit of $3,750 out of which to pay his advertising bill. He finds he has drawn a better class of customers; he does not accumulate old stock, his reputation as a merchant has risen and his name has become a household word. You can't bury this merchant again among the cobwebs and loneliness of a non-advertising store. He has cut his business eye-teeth

THE SCIENCE OF ADVERTISING.

You will advertise!

Good enough; but how?

Many men embark in business enterprises and lose money. Many men squander money in their efforts to advertise and yet derive but little benefit from the outlay. Advertising is a science; it requires to be studied. Like every other investment it requires to be treated on business principles. You pay so much money for so much publicity. The shrewd advertiser will secure publicity among the people he desires to reach and see that he gets the worth of his money. The advertiser starts out with something he wishes the public to know. The advertisement will not make his goods better than they are; it will not furnish the readers of it with money to buy them; but if it is prepared properly it will put before them exactly what the merchant wishes to tell them. That is its object; the merchant's offers and the quality of the goods must answer for themselves. And just here it may be remarked that mendacity never pays—it never has from the days of Annanias down. If an advertiser beguiles a customer with offers that are not implemented, or by the hiatus between his advertisements and his business, he will lose the confidence of that customer, and powerful as a good advertisement is it cannot make truth out of falsehood.

Tell the truth!

And make your advertisements attractive. Specialize; talk business to your customers. State your offer plainly, briefly. Don't resort to circumlocution.

Don't fret about your space. A reader often gets the sense of a few well-displayed lines when he would not stay to peruse a regular rate illustration of redundancy. And be particular about what you write. Everbody can't write good advertisements. Funny? Yes, it is; but there are men who spend large sums in getting good ads. written. Last year a Chicago paper paid a prize of $1,000 for the writing of a single advertisement for the purpose of booming itself in its own columns. A Buffalo specialist has paid thousands of dollars in prizes for copy. One gentleman is employed in this work by a Philadelphia mercantile firm, and earns a larger salary than any regularly employed newspaper writer in Canada. And these men know the importance of "good copy." If you can't write the best of ads. it will pay you to get somrbody who can do so to put your mattee into attractive shape before it goes out to the public.

ADVERTISING "FAKES."

They are legion!

And they get a good deal of the merchants' loose change, giving in return ——? What is an advertising "fake"? Oh, the term is quite elastic, and will include all that class of "schemes" which are in results equal to printing (or painting) your card on paper and burying it, or using up $10 in furnishing $1 worth of publicity in an unprofitable and undignified way. We've seen people who seemed afraid of the merest mention of their names in the newspapers when they had by some lapse got into police court or become connected with a scaly transaction, who said "advertisements aren't read," yet they patronized every railway, theatre, directory, fair prize list or other advertisement mausoleum and every transitory and inartistic dodger, circular or card fake that any glib-tongued agent presented; and we've lived to see several such concerns attain distinction—in the hands of the sheriff. Of course any degree of publicity is useful; it is desirable, if not too costly. There's the rub.

Reach your customers!

No Ontario retail grocers advertise in Quebec papers. Why? Because they could not reach through them the people whose trade they compete for. Here is the key to the situation.

THE BEST ADVERTISING MEDIUM.

The newspaper!

One of standing and influence!

One that circulates among those you would reach. Circulation means publicity; standing and character give influence. Both are factors in securing the desired result. A newspaper that endorses humbug, either in its news or advertising columns, depreciates the value of its space to its customers; a newspaper with poor circulation, or with a circulation among a class that is unlikely under favorable circumstances to yield patrons, is a poor medium. The respectable, carefully conducted newspaper goes into the bosom of the family; in thousands of homes it is a daily or weekly visitor and is as one of the family circle. It relates a history of the day's or week's events and its advertising patrons' names grow so familiar to the readers that they attain, with them, to the exclusive position of *the* business men in their respective lines. When they offer something special that strikes the fancy the reader does not drop into town to make a tour of the stores of Brown and Robinson and D'Smith, but saves time, trouble and money by going directly to Jones, on the principle (and a very sound one, too,) that if the others had anything worth offering they would have called the attention of the public to it.

Circulars?

They are all very well in their way, but they are expensive. A hundred dollars spent judiciously in placing tasteful, well-written advertisements in a good paper will go further than four times the amount in circulars and postage, and will have better results. Circulars and dodgers have their uses, but those uses are merely supplementary and cannot take the place of legitimate newspaper advertising.

A FEW POINTERS.

Be liberal?

Your advertising bill is as much an investment as your rent. If it is well done, you should spend as much in advertising as in rent. The experiences of the world's most successful men warrant that observation. Get a good, clean medium; see that it reaches the people you would induce to trade with you. Write your advertisements in a neat style, or get them so written. Don't weary your readers. Don't try to get the worth of your money by crowding your space, or you will defeat your own object. Don't let your ad. grow stale. Have some variety about you. Don't romance; be scrupulous about carrying out all you promise; it is worth something to have a reputation for strict advertising probity. Don't think you can advertise enough in a week or a month to do all year, for you can't do it, any more than you can eat enough at a meal to do you a month. Keep your name before your readers and don't let them fancy you've been queezed out. And when you get your copy ready put it into the printer's hands early.

Give the printer a chance.

Unless you are a printer don't try to run the composing room; if you do you'll very likely make a botch of it, even if you don't know it. Of course he will try to help out your ideas, as he ought; but the general "build" of the ad. is much safer in his hands than in yours. Anyway he would only laugh if you asked him to set display lines in agate and body matter in four line pica. Many a good ad. is speiled by limiting the taste of the compositor in its display. When you send reading notices let them tell a plain, business story and not too long a one at that. But the most important thing, after a good medium is secured, is to be always at it. A good journal works every day or every week, and it is largely to the regular, scientific and liberal use of such that our modern merchant princes owe their standing in the business world to-day.

Moral: Begin now! MASQUETTE.

GETTING INTO PRINT.

Remarkable Story Told of a Popular Brooklyn Writer.

A New York publisher, or rather a gentleman editorially connected with a publishing firm in New York, told recently this story about a now popular contributor to the magazines. He, with his partners, was seated in their private office one day about six years ago, when a gentleman entered. He was in great distress, and after some hesitation said in words something like these: "It is with much embarrassment that I have come to you. I have an excuse, however, that I hope you will accept. My daughter is a young, beautiful and talented girl. She is my only child and she is motherless. I have spoiled and petted her, and I confess her violent temper has given me great unhappiness, since it greatly affects her health. She is lying desperately ill at my residence in Brooklyn with a fever that we fear will terminate fatally. This fever was brought on by excessive rage, grief and disappointment because you have rejected her manuscript. She refused to eat when she received the news of its failure to please you, indulged in tears and cries, and finally worked herself into a delirium. It is impossible for me or her nurses or her physicians to control her. She says she will take neither food nor medicine and will die if she cannot see her story in print, and as she has always done what she threatened to do, I believe that I shall lose my daughter if you will not relent and accept it."

The poor fellow was overwhelmed with mortification after this confession, but managed to stammer out that he was a rich man and would be willing to pay the editors handsomely if they would gratify the whim of his spoiled child, and, producing the manuscript, begged them to re-read it and see whether it did not have sufficient merit to enable them to print it without seriously reflecting on their literary taste. The editors, of course, rejected the bribe, but, being kind-hearted men, and valuing a life more than their readers' approbation, consented, after some discussion, to take the story, my friend having ascertained from the girl's physicians that the father's account was absolutely true. He also learned the result of the intelligence upon the young woman, who at once took a turn for the better, rapidly recovered, and as soon as possible began to write again, sending her next contribution to the same publishers, who found it so good that she is now one of their regular contributors.—*Hartford Courant.*

He Reproached Her.

"My dear," said Mr. Lushly, in a tone of mild reproach which broke a silence which was becoming oppressive, "when I came up the steps last night I did not walk with the firmness that is one of my characteristics when I am—er—in perfect health."

"No," was the coolly spoken reply; "you did not."

"And I remarked just before enterlng the house, 'Mrs. Lushly, the moon is full.'"

"Yes, you did."

"And you didn't say a word."

"Not a word."

"Permit me to remark, Mrs. Lushly, that you lost the opportunity of your life for repartee."

Settling a Duck's Age.

Are you fond of duck? says a writer in the Chicago *Tribune*. Do you shoot your game or buy it? If you buy it, how do you know it is young or old? Do you want to know? I'll tell you.

Take the duck and hold it at arm's length, straight from the shoulder, by the lower part of the bill. If the bill breaks from where it joins the meat then the duck is young. If it doesn't don't buy it.

The duck being old the meat is tough and the bill is too firmly hung to break. It is an infallible rule.

How to Eat in Company.

The knife should be held by the handle only. Do not touch the blade with your finger. The fork should not be held with the whole hand except when cutting. In raising the food to the lips hold the fork at the end of the handle, prongs upward, between the first finger and thumb, the handle resting on the second finger.—*Detroit Free Press.*

His Vocation Would Be Gone.

"Young man," said the temperance orator, "if there was no liquor in the world you would not be standing 'round on the corners, out of work."

"But you would," came a voice from the gallery.

Circumstances Alter Cases.

Moneybags (to Hopeful)—See here, you scamp! You'll have to cut down your college expenses. Now, when I was a boy—

Hopeful—That's all right; I have a rich father and you hadn't.

Chicago, pretty girl, has hung up her dainty silk stockings interwoven with gold threads, and will give Mr. Santa Claus a kiss if he will deposit that longedf-or World's Fair in it.—*Chicago Times.*

CRUELTIES IN CRETE.

The "Daily News" Reiterates its Charges Against the Turkish Government.

The special correspondent of the *Daily News*, writing from Canea, says:

The *Daily News'* revelations of the Turkish excesses and horrors in Crete caused great confusion in the circles of the Turkish Government. The first step taken on the part of Chakir Pasha and his supporters among the European Consuls in the island was to contradict the facts. But as this failed, accusations followed. His Excellency endeavors to throw all blame on his assistant Galip Bey, who is supposed to have been given to him as a spy, and the commander Ibrahim Pasha. Both are represented as thwarting Chakir Pasha's work of pacification. The Porte is besides accused by Chakir Pasha of refusing to give him definite orders as to his future policy.

The Turkish Government is also perplexed by the recent mutiny of four battalions of redifs (reserves) who have already been sent home, and of three more battalions who mutinied since. They feel uneasy lest other troops may follow these examples. Indeed, signs of a rebellious tendency are becoming manifest not only among the remaining troops, but even among the famous Albanian gendarmerie recently recruited to replace the Cretan men. Troops and gendarmes alike complain, the former of the scantiness of their food, clothing and payment, the latter of the non-payment of their salaries. Since the 1st of August last no more than £17,000 have been received from Constantinople for the maintenance of 25,000 soldiers in Crete!

CONTINUANCE OF THE EXCESSES.

Meanwhile all sorts of excesses continue to be perpetrated in the island, and the news daily received here from the district of Rethymo is alarming. Prisoners in batches are daily brought into the prisons, and the ill-treatment continues.

All churches within reach of the troops have been desecrated and damaged, sometimes in a most brutal manner. The flagstaffs, on which flags representing their patron saints were hitherto hoisted, have been taken off by order of Chakir Pasha, who has abolished that old religious custom. Beating is still in full practice, and in order to make it more painful, water is often poured over the body of the victim before the cruel proceeding begins. The prisoners are not only beaten hard on their way to the fortress, but within the prisons they are periodically scourged till the floor is often covered with spots of blood caused by the whip.

The prisons are full of such victims, and, especially in the district of Rethymo, are reported to be packed with them. The terror of the knout is felt not only by the prisoners but by the entire population. Peasants are whipped on the slightest pretext. I witnessed a few days ago a lieutenant-colonel beating a peasant simply because he did not make the *temenah*—Turkish salute—to him.

OUTRAGES ON WOMEN.

This regime, never heard of previously, is especially felt by the women. They do not venture to go out in order to get water, or to collect their olives, now in season. They are fallen upon or hard pursued by the soldiers or gendarmes, who run after them with criminal intentions. A great number of cases of violation of women might be given, if it did not expose to danger or compromise the victims or the accusers. It is obvious that any official inquiry on the subject would expose them to great risks, the more so as the compromised authorities would have to carry out the investigations. Moreover, the question is so delicate that it is a point of honor with any injured woman to avoid making public a scandal reflecting not only on her, but also on her husband and the whole family. For these considerations no woman or man will ever permit the name of the violated person to be known to the public. I know personally of several cases, but I am threatened with personal injury if I publish the names of the victims. A gentleman of the highest standing confessed to me some days ago that his own sister, with two other young women, while returning from their olive gardens, were fallen upon by soldiers, and had, only after a daring expedient, a narrow escape. But I am also particularly requested to avoid compromising his sister. I repeat then, it would be wrong to give definite and precise facts.

The situation is aggravated by the fact that the Christian population is subjected to forced labor. Thus the inhabitants of Setino were invited by the Kaimakan Ali Riza, on the 16th ult., to labor at the erection of blockhouses intended, as the authorities ironically pretend, to secure public peace.

An Unanswerable Argument.

Benevolent Gentleman—You look to me as if you were in the habit of drinking too much liquor."

Mendicant—Well, I've just come from Chicago, and you've got ter drink there. There 're 5,480 saloons in the town, and they've all got ter live. What show has one man against such a number?—*Spellbinder.*

He hoped to win her by his presents but she said his presence wasn't desirable, so he didn't send any.

DELIGHTFUL DANCES.

The kisses that are never kissed,
Sad poets sing, are sweetest,
And opportunities we've missed
Must ever seem the meetest.

But this is true, whate'er may mar
The rest of Fate's bright chances,
The dances that we sit out are
The most delightful dances.

—Wife—I believe you only married me for my money. Husband—Everybody else thinks the same thing.

Why doth the Reverend Doctor shoot
The lowly quail—a base pursuit—
Since by his weekly pupit rail
He makes his congregation quail.

THE TIMID SOUL.

I do not want a dog, for fear he'll bite me;
I do not wish a girl, for fear she'll slight me;
I do not want a horse, for fear he'll kick me;
I do not wish a friend, who'll mayhap stick me
I do not want to live, for really I
Am fearful, when life's over, I must die.

—He is a pretty foolish man who thinks that the grass widow is green.

—There will be an eclipse of the sun on the 21st inst.

—First Turkey—How do you feel? Second Turkey—Tough.

THE ISSUE OF THE DAY.

Amazing Ignorance of an Ambitious and Aspiring Young Man.

"Phyllis! Darling!"

There was a tremor in the full, rich, manly tones. He looked up with beseeching eyes, in which the faint suspicion of a tear glistened, at the fair, perfect type of all that could be lovely in woman that stood before him, and as he looked long, earnestly, intensely, his voice broke in a trembling treble. Outside on the brick swathed pave could be heard the low, dull sog of the rain drops and the soft, plaintive gurgle of the organ grinder as he gyrated the crank for all there was in it, while the merry invitation of the man next door to "have anozer one 'fore we go home" broke upon his ears with a startling distinctness that made his tired head ache.

"Phyllis!"

"What is it, Clarence?" said the beautiful girl, turning the rare and dazzling loveliness of her face towrds his, but there was no answering tremor in her voice. "Have you a pain? Perhaps a porous plaster or a pill——"

"Do you mock me still?" he cried, springing to his feet, while all the pent-up agony that had twisted his internal economy with a gas-plier twist tortured his features into an awful look of despair. "You know how madly, passionately, I love you. It is true, you are rich and I——"

"Owe for your last week's board," came the cold, calm, matter-of-fact and business-like reply.

"True, alas! too true. But it will not always be thus. I am young——"

"And callow," chipped in the maiden.

Not noticing the interruption he continued: "I will work, carve a name for myself, and paste it on each successive rung on the ladder of fame, until wealth and position are mine. For you I——"

"Listen to me, Clarence Coughdropp—" and there was a cold, steely glitter in her eye—"I asked you a question last night—a simple every day question that every school boy and school girl in the land could have answered with their eyes shut—you stared at me in blank amazement. You remember it, do you not?"

"Yes," he faltered, "I remember. It was whether I favored the League or the Brotherhood?"

"And you told me—told me without the shadow of a jest, but in dead earnest, that you never heard of the League or Brotherhood and did not know what they meant. Is it not so?"

Clarence bowed his head. He could not speak.

"And you expect me to marry you," continued the now thoroughly aroused woman. "You! A man who confesses himself actually ignorant of the existence of the League or Brotherhood. You must think I'm a chump."

And they parted forever.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

The Power of Ink.

"A small drop of ink, falling, like dew, upon a thought, proclaims that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think," wrote Byron. The inspiration of his pen might give the dusky fluid such a far-reaching power, and we wish we were possessed of such an inspiration, that we might, through a like medium, bring into such extended notice the matchless virtues of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets, those tiny, sugar-coated granules which contain, in a concentrated form, the active principles of vegetable extracts that Dame Nature designed especially to promote a healthy action of the liver, stomach and bowels.

A Fife Farm.

Recently the Duke of Fife sold a farm to two of his tenants under highly interesting circumstances. Messrs. A. and G. Shand are the occupiers of a holding near Macduff, and they represent the oldest family on the estate, the same farm having descended in succession from father to son for over 300 years. It is now their freehold, bought from the Duke, together with the adjoining crofts, at the rate of 26 years' purchase.

Don't hawk, hawk, blow spit, and disgust everybody with your offensive breath, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy and end it. 50 cents, by druggists.

Hard Luck.

Aunt Susan Turner (just returning from a visit)—D'ye mean ter say that "Bial Simpson's died 'n' been buried since I been gone? Well, I never! It jest beats the Dutch how luck runs agin me! I was sick, 'n' lost Decoration Day. Jane Thompson sent for me to nuss her when Mariar had her quiltin'. Fourth o' July it up 'n rained; 'n' now I've lost 'Bail's funeral 'n' I always set sech store by buryin's too

Poor Widow Bedott!

She tried to write love poetry to the deacon, and could frame only—

"Affliction sore
Long time I bore."

Had the lone creature used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription—the sure remedy for the weaknesses and peculiar ailments of her sex—she might have secured the deacon's favor by the cheerful character of her verses.

Let the Good Work Go on.

Young lady—I want a very stylish hat and something awfully becoming.

Milliner—Now, here is one that I think would suit. The broad brim is especially suitable for you.

Young lady—That won't do at all. Show me something with a narrow brim. (Sotto voce)—The sleighing season is coming on and Harry must have half a show at least.

DONL 52 89.

AGENTS MAKE $100 A MONTH with us. Send 20c. for terms. A colored rug pattern and 50 colored designs. W. & F. BUSH, St. Thomas, Ont.

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER
THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND