

THE CRY IS "STILL THEY COME."

There is a good story told of a Yankee druggist. It comes from away down in Maine, and the beauty of it is, albeit he was a Yankee druggist, he was tricked, but it was through the mistake of a brother Yankee. It happened in this way:—In the enterprising and flourishing city of C.—or village rather—the principal drug-store was presided over by a genius, whom, for the sake of the story, we will call Penobscot. Now Pen., to be brief about the matter, was very fond of the pennies and the dollars as well, and whether it was from a laxity in his morals or an easy conscience that he made it a rule to charge ten times the price of an article or not the writer is not prepared to say, but the fact remains the same, nevertheless, and Pen. was known far and near as a "durned old skinflint," and if that title is the fitting thing for a person who has a love for the dollars and exorbitant prices, then the christening was a success both as to intention and execution, for Pen. was noted far and near in that way. One day Pen. was in a great rush and hurry, for it was County Court day, and crowds of farmers were in the village, and, as a natural consequence, there was a big run on Pen. Among his many patrons was a Mr. W., well known to Pen., who had come to have a prescription filled. The druggist put it up in proper shape, and as soon as compounded handed it to Mr. W., with the remark, "Two dollars and a half, sir," and turned to wait on another customer. Mr. W., who was also in a hurry, pulled from his pocket two two-and-a-half gold pieces, among which happened to be some new bright pennies; the newness of one of the latter-named coins, coupled with shortsightedness on the part of Mr. W., caused that gentleman to mistake the copper for the gold. "Here is your money, Pen," said he, laying what he really supposed to be a two dollar and a half gold piece on the counter, but what was in reality only a cent, and immediately took his departure. When Pen had finished the order of the last customer he turned to pick up the two dollar and a half piece, and lo! it was a cent. A pallor overspread his features as he gazed upon the coin, and in his mind's eye he pictured to himself the form of W., who lived some miles in the country, rapidly fading in the dim distance. An involuntary groan escaped his lips as he held the cent aloft and gazed at with disgust, and exclaimed:—"A durned beggary cent; now if he'd left two on 'em, and kivered the cost of the stuff, I would not keer a bit, for the cost of the stuff was two; therefore, he is clearly a cent ahead."

The laugh that followed Pen's remark reminded him that he had given the thing away, and made him ready to "roast" the next luckless customer. It is safe to say that a druggist possessing Pen's peculiar proclivities would not last long in Toronto. It is hardly that sort of a town. Toronto druggists are, as a class, the *creme de la creme* in the line. Entering the establishment of Messrs. E. Hooper & Co., of No. 43 King-street, the writer was surprised to see the immense stock of drugs, medicines, and chemicals, fancy and toilet articles, sponges, perfumery, etc., that fairly littered the place.

Mr. Hooper was found in the rear office, and although very busy at the time, received us quite cordially, with excuse for the haste of business; that was how we liked to see him, and diving down at the subject, said, "Mr. Hooper, we presume that you sell St. Jacobs Oil in this establishment?" "Well," said Mr. Hooper, "I should think we did; it would not do very well to be without an article with such a demand as there is for St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy. I sell six dozen per month, yes, more than that; I sell probably a couple of dozen bottles per week, by retail, mind you, and that is not the beauty of it, for the demand has only just begun to assume some shape." The writer, seeing that Mr. Hooper was in a hurry to leave, took his departure, and going down King-street to Yonge, he turned up the latter street to the drug store of Messrs. Smith & McGleashan, at No. 135. Here the St. Jacobs Oil was again introduced, while the writer amused himself looking at the establishment of these gentlemen, smelling from its variety of perfumes, like a vale in Acadia, and looking every inch such a drug store, with a plentiful stock and extensive variety. In answer to the query, "Mr. Smith, do you sell much of St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, in this establishment?" That gentleman said—"Sell much of St. Jacobs Oil! Well, we sell St. Jacobs Oil, my dear sir, in large quantities; we consider it the best selling proprietary medicine in our house. Every day we sell St. Jacobs Oil, every day and night right along. The people are going crazy over it, and are beginning to realise its value. Only a few days ago a gentleman who is a neighbour of mine told me of a remarkable cure performed on him by St. Jacobs Oil. He had been suffering from neuralgia some five years, or more, and was cured in an exceedingly short time by the Oil. When people get to know more of it, they will want more of it, and, in fact, will not do without it, for St. Jacobs Oil is good." While walking along, in a thinking mood, we almost fairly walked into the massive and elegant show window of Mr. C. W. Howarth, chemist and druggist, at No. 243 Yonge-street.

As Mr. Howarth, senior, and Mr. Howarth, junior, together with the gentlemanly corps of clerks in the establishment were busy, the writer sat down to wait for a quiet conversation, but judge of his surprise on hearing the very first thing, "Now if you have that prescription filled. Mr. Howarth, you would oblige me by getting a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil." The speaker was an elderly gentleman, and as he pocketed the Great German Remedy the smile that overspread his features led the writer to think that he felt supremely happy in being the possessor of a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil. In a few moments Mr. Howarth, junior, being at leisure, the writer gained these facts. Said Mr. Howarth, "St. Jacobs Oil is going with a boom; several times a day we have callers for St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, and what speaks best in my estimation is that people invariably come back for a second bottle. It is certainly the very best selling article in the place, and the sales are increasing wonderfully. Several people tell of the many and singular cures it has wrought among them, therefore we know it possesses rare curative qualities."

At the corner of Church and Queen streets we stopped to gaze at the Catholic Cathedral and the Metropolitan Church, two of the finest pieces of church architecture in Toronto. After gazing at the beauties of the rival temples, so to speak, we turned to examine the splendid business house behind, when, presto! it proved to be the glittering abode of Mr. Charles A. Mitchell, druggist and pharmacist. The writer found Mr. Mitchell a genial and affable gentleman, with a smile as clear as the crystal bottles, whose innumerable sides sparkled from the highly ornamented shelves of the establishment, their mysterious Latin labels reminding one of the obelisk puzzle, whereon the youths of the day spend so many pleasant hours working out the mystifying inscription regarding St. Jacobs Oil, probably it was that which prompted me to ask the question, "Mr. Mitchell, have you such an article on hand as St. Jacobs Oil?" "St. Jacobs Oil? Why, my dear sir, it was but last night that I sold four bottles of it, and it is selling every day; the demand is splendid." Bidding Mr. Mitchell, "Good day," we started for the corner of Queen and Elizabeth streets, where our attention was attracted by a highly wrought show card displaying the flag of all nations encircling the trade mark of St. Jacobs Oil, with the name of that wonderful and infallible remedy in eleven different languages, and pausing to scan them the poverty of my linguistic powers shamed me. Oil in German, oil in Spanish, French, etc., met my gaze, and entering the "French Pharmacy" of Messrs. J. Wright & Co., to have another chat over St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, Mr. Wright, like the rest, said that he had sold great quantities of it, and found the de-

mand steadily increasing. "I sell about a dozen weekly and find that it is well spoken of by customers. When people return again and again for an article it is a pretty sure proof that it is worth its money." From thence I wended my way to the handsome store of Mr. Henry J. Rose, which is situated on Yonge-street. Here a throng of customers lined the place, and after waiting some twenty minutes I got a chance to ask Mr. Rose the same question about St. Jacobs Oil. Again came the pleasing intelligence—"Oh, yes! St. Jacobs Oil is selling very rapidly. I sell more of St. Jacobs Oil than of any other proprietary medicine." Thinking that I had Oil enough for once, I continued down Yonge-street, intending to go straight to tea, but found myself, when near the corner of King, confronted with the sign of J. C. Lander, dispensing chemist, No. 78. Entering I perceived a young man who was not busy. I approached him at once, for I judged, from the manner in which the other clerk was flying around his time must soon come. The gentleman told me that Mr. Lander conducted both houses, and that the other was situated on the corner of Bloor and Yonge streets, and that St. Jacobs Oil, the Great German Remedy, was the best selling article in both. As I looked about me and my eyes rested upon the large and varied stock of goods in the store, and thought of another one similar to it, I thought that St. Jacobs Oil must certainly possess good qualities to be the best selling article in both. I bade the gentleman adieu, and started for my hotel well satisfied with the well I had struck.