

MANAGING MEN.

"Old George Graham," The Pork Packer, Writes to Pierrepont.

Consider carefully before you say a hard word to a man, but never let a chance to say a good one go by. Praise judiciously be stowed is money invested.

Never learn anything about your men except from themselves. A good manager needs no detectives. And the fellow who can't read human nature can't manage it. The phonograph records of a fellow's character are lined in his face, and a man's days tell the secrets of his nights.

Be slow to hire and quick to fire. The time to discover incompatibility, of temper and curl-papers is before the marriage ceremony. But when you find you've hired the wrong man, you can't get rid of him too quick. Pay him an extra month, but don't let him stay another day. A discharged clerk in the office is like a splinter in the thumb—a centre of soreness. There are no exceptions to this rule, because there are no exceptions to human nature.

Never threaten, because a threat is a promise to pay that isn't always convenient to meet, but if you don't make it good it hurts your credit. Save a threat till you're ready to act, and then you won't need it. In all your dealings, remember that today is your opportunity; tomorrow some other fellow's.

Keep close to your men. When a fellow's sitting on top of a mountain he's in a mighty dignified and exalted position, but if he's sitting at the clouds, he's missing a heap of interesting and important things down in the valley. Never lose your dignity, of course, but, tie it up in all the red tape you can find around the office, and tuck it away in the safe.

It's easy for a boss to awe his clerks, but a man who is feared to his face is hated behind his back. A competent boss can move among his men without having to draw an imaginary line between them, because they will see the real one if it exists.

Besides keeping in touch with your office men, you want to feel your salesmen all the time. Send each of them a letter every day, so that they won't forget that we are making goods for which we need orders; and insist on their sending you a line every day whether they have anything to say or not. When a fellow has to write in six times a week to the house, he uses up his explanations mighty fast, and he's pretty apt to hustle for business to make his seventh letter interesting.

Right here I want to repeat that in keeping track of others and their faults it's very important that you shouldn't lose sight of your own. Authority swells up some fellows so that they can't see their corns; but a wise man tries to cure his own while remembering not to tread on his neighbor's.

A "Sky-Pilot" In Camp.

Mrs. Harriet Caswell Broad, than whom no woman knows better the conditions of religious work on the frontier, recently told a story of a young minister from New England who asked to be sent to the hardest field which the Home Missionary Society could find. He was sent to a sparsely settled mining district, which comprises four thousand square miles. He made his advent into the principal mining camp, and followed the crowd to the leading saloon.

"Look here," said the proprietor, "if you're a 'sky-pilot' you may as well make yourself scarce at once. We don't want any of your goods around here."

"Let me sing for you," said the "pilot." "You hire men to sing for you now and then, don't you? I'll sing for nothing."

Mounting a keg near the door, he sang a familiar and moving hymn. The men round the bar turned and came near. The gamblers at the tables in the rear stopped to listen. From the street outside the passing miners poured in until the saloon was full. Then from his pocket the minister produced a dozen or more thin hymn-books, and passed them round. He selected another familiar hymn and asked the men to join. Then some were called for a particular hymn, and after that several others asked for favorites.

This was all the service the minister held that night; and as he went out they called after him, "Come again, pard!"

In the next camp the opposition was more pronounced. The preacher got a deserted building, procured slabs and boards to make seats, and went out for his audience. A rough crowd gathered about him, and it was proposed to take him to the saloon, compel him to pay for drinks for the crowd, and then drive him out of camp. One man covered him with a revolver during the discussion. But it was this very man who, meeting the level and unterrified gaze of the pilot along the pistol barrel, at length said, "Hold on, boys; this ain't a square deal. I'll pay for the drinks for the crowd if you'll all come and hear him preach tonight!"

So it was the pilot got his standing in camp; and his first convert and warm defender was the man with the revolver, who remembered "the best father and mother in all the world, back yonder in God's country."

We do not need to go back to days of old for examples of heroism and fidelity. The labor of men like this adds every year new chapters to the Acts of the Apostles. There is still opportunity for heroism in religious work, and there are still men willing and able to perform it.

The Joy of Working.

Think not, Sir Man-of-Leisure, as you peep lazily through your heavily curtained window at the scurrying seven-o'clock crowd on the way to its daily toil, that you have the best of it because you can snuggle back beneath your luxurious covering and sleep until Jeems or Meadows brings your morning coffee and paper and asks if you prefer the Yellow Dragon or the Green Devil for your forenoon spin.

Do not lay the flattering unction to your soul that yours is the happier lot.

Yonder youth with swinging step, with fists dug deep into the pockets of his thread-bare coat and a cold luncheon wrapped in paper tucked beneath his arm, tastes a finer, sweeter joy than all your luxury can bring.

His is the pleasure of incentive—the glory of work.

For there is a zest to it all. The quick spring from bed at the alarm clock's summons, the hastily-swallowed breakfast, then out into the wine-like air of early morning. To work—vigorous work of brain and brawn, whether it be pegging away at a desk or directing the eternal grind of clanking machinery.

It is occupation—accomplishment!

Do not pity these work-a-day folk. Save your sympathy for the hapless and hopeless idle fellows—the unfortunates or unwilling; alike commiserable.

Joy goes with the working masses. There is joy in the noonday lunch, whether in a gilded cafe or a cold snack hastily devoured 'before the whistle blows.'

The evening meal is a feast to the weary man, and his well-earned rest is the greatest joy of all.

Hard work is the best of all cures for insomnia.

Thank God you can work!

Though your office labor strains your nerves and racks your brain, though the 'shop' takes the best of your strength and vitality—be glad to be living, an active part of the working world.

You must earn your amusements before you can enjoy them. Ennui has no part in the strenuous life.

Be glad, for conscience sake, that you are not one of those most miserable of all men, a fellow without a job—a human machine standing idle, rusting and losing its value from disuse.

Thank God you can work!

When sorrow and grief come, when you seek to forget, to crush out cruel thoughts, thank God that you can absorb yourself in your occupation, plunge deep into the details of your duty.

Thank God that you can work—that you can grasp your pay envelope and say, "This is mine the rightful pay for the labor of my brain, the just earnings of my strong right arm."

Be thankful, Employer, as well as Employee, for the joy of working.

You know the pleasure of it.

Do not deceive yourself by the promise (nine times in ten a pleasant little fiction) that by and by you will retire, ease up, end your life in idle luxury.

The business game is not alone for the pleasure of the spoils, but for the joy of playing it. What the world may call greed and avarice you know to be the fascination of success—the intoxication of accomplishment; and it will keep you unceasingly at it—on your mettle in the battle—till the end of life. For life is work. And work is life.—D. Herbert Moore, in Lord & Thomas's 'Injudicious Advertising.'

His Complaint.

I am a baby, eleven months old, and nearly worn out already. Please let me alone!

I am not a prodigy, except to the extent that, not having anything to say, I don't talk. Two big persons claim to be my parents—why can't they let it go at that? I have never denied the charge. I haven't much data to go by, but I don't think I am either a magician, a learned pig, or a virtuoso. I don't hanker for applause; so, it will be an appreciated favor if you won't put me through any parlor tricks.

If I have my wealthy old Uncle Ezra's nose, congratulate Uncle Ezra, but don't blame me. I may be a kleptomaniac, for all I know, but I can't help it.

Don't rattle rattles at me—they rattle me. Don't goo-goo and ootsie-kootsie at me. I can't understand it any better than the English language.

The pain I have is not in my stomach, but in my neck. I don't want to be entertained or mystified or meditated or applauded. And, if you don't want me to grow up to be a hypochondriac, a stamp-collector, an awful example, a ping-pong enthusiast, a misanthrope, you just lemme me!—"Smart Set."

The Improvement of Highways.

At the national good roads convention held in Chicago recently it was declared that the improvement of roads is the greatest industrial problem in the country. Besides effecting a saving of more than \$900,000,000 annually it was said that good roads would solve the problem of congestion in the cities by enabling more persons to live in the country.

SHE PATIENTLY BORE DISGRACE

A Sad Letter from a lady whose Husband was Dissipated.

How She Cured Him with a Secret Remedy.



"I had for years patiently borne the disgrace, suffering, misery and privations due to my husband's drinking habits. Hearing of your marvellous remedy for the cure of drunkenness, which I could give my husband secretly, I decided to try it. I procured a package and mixed it in his food and coffee, and, as the remedy was odorless and tasteless, he did not know what it was that so quickly relieved his craving for liquor. He soon began to pick up flesh, his appetite for solid food returned, he stuck to his work regularly, and we now have a happy home. After he was completely cured I told him what I had done, when he acknowledged that it had been his saving, as he had not the resolution to break off of his own accord. I heartily advise all women afflicted as I was to give your remedy a trial."

FREE SAMPLE

and pamphlet giving full particulars, testimonials and price sent in plain sealed envelope. Correspondence sacredly confidential. Enclose stamp for reply. Address The Samaria Remedy Co., 23 Jordan Street, Toronto, Canada.

HER HUSBAND WAS A DRUNKARD

A Lady who cures her husband of his Drinking Habits writes of her struggle to save her home

A PATHETIC LETTER



"I had for a long time been thinking of trying the Tasteless Samaria Prescription treatment on my husband for his drinking habits, but I was afraid he would discover that I was giving him medicine, and the thought unnerved me. I hesitated for nearly a week, but one day when he came home very much intoxicated and his week's salary nearly all spent, I threw off all fear and determined to make an effort to save our home from the ruin I saw coming, at all hazards. I sent for your Tasteless Samaria Prescription, and put it in his coffee as directed next morning and watched and prayed for the result. At noon I gave him more and also at supper. He never suspected a thing, and I then boldly kept right on giving it regularly, as I had discovered something that set every nerve in my body tingling with hope and happiness, and I could see a bright future spread out before me—a peaceful, happy home, a share in the good things of life, an attentive, loving husband, comforts and everything else dear to a woman's heart; for my husband had told me that whiskey was vile stuff and he was taking a dislike to it. It was only too true, for before I had given him the full course he had stopped drinking altogether, but I kept giving him the medicine till it was gone, and then sent for another lot, to have on hand if he should relapse, as he had done from promises before. He never has and I am writing you this letter to tell you how thankful I am. I honestly believe it will cure the worst cases."

HER FATHER WAS A DRUNKARD

A Plucky Young Lady takes on Herself to Cure her Father of the Liquor Habit.

STORY OF HER SUCCESS.



A portion of her letter reads as follows:—"My father had often promised mother to stop drinking, and would do so for a time but then returned to it stronger than ever. One day after a terrible spree, he said to us: 'It's no use. I can't stop drinking.' Our hearts seemed to turn to stone, and we decided to try the Tasteless Samaria Prescription, which we had read about in the papers. We gave him the remedy, entirely without his knowledge, in his tea, coffee, or food regularly, according to directions, and he never knew he was taking it. One package removed all his desire for liquor, and he says it is now distasteful to him. His health and appetite are also wonderfully improved, and no one would know him for the same man. It is now fifteen months since we gave it to him and we feel sure that your little is for good. Please send me one of your books, as I want to give it to a friend."

Fully Qualified.

The story is told of a man who by some unaccountable blunder by the appointing authority was made judge of a minor court.

He could neither read nor write, but that did not give him any uneasiness, although it aroused some fears in the breast of his wife.

"What are you going to do when there's any reading or writing comes into cases?" she timidly inquired.

"The folks that bring the readin' will read it, and the folks that bring the writin' will write it," calmly replied his honor, "or if they can't I shall commit 'em. All I've got to attend to, Hitty, is the judgin' and I can do that as quick as anybody."

"What an awful voice that man's got!" said the manager, who was listening to the throaty tenor.

"Call that a voice!" said his friend, "it's a disease!"



Heals and Soothes the Lungs and Bronchial Tubes. Cures COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, HOARSENESS, etc., quicker than any remedy known. If you have that irritating Cough that keeps you awake at night, a dose of the Syrup will stop it at once.

USED FOR EIGHT YEARS.

I have used DR. WOOD'S NORWAY PINE SYRUP for every cold I have had for the past eight years, with wonderful success. I never see a friend with a cough or cold but that I recommend it.—M. M. Ellsworth, Jacksonville, N.B.

PRICE 25 CENTS.

Bristol's Leading Store.

A nice line of Men's Overcoats.

Men's and Boys' Clothing of all kinds.

Ladies' Wrappers and Shirt Waists.

A general stock of Dry Goods and Groceries, Hardware, Boots and Shoes.

Also, Furniture, consisting of Bedroom Sets, Extension Tables, Centre Tables, Dining Chairs, Iron Beds, Mattresses, Couches, etc.

Please call and see.

F. A. PHILLIPS.



This Churn has both foot and lever drive, improved bolted trunions, steel roller bearings. It is built of very best selected English oak. Works so easy a child can operate it. It is the best Churn made and has a larger sale than all other churns combined. Sold only by us and our regular agents.

Balmain Bros.

March 4, 1903.

WASHING MACHINES.

Time works wonderful changes in all fields—methods that were considered the best a decade ago are obsolete today. Ideas that prevailed a quarter of a century ago are long since exploded. That which appeared impossible of accomplishment in 1898 is rendered easy in 1903. Progress is the watchword all along the line, and he who does not recognize this fact is soon out of the running.

In no department of the home, we feel safe in saying, has there been a greater transformation brought about in recent years by the introduction of up to date appliances than in the case with respect to the day generally termed WASH DAY.

This day of all days in the week is the one hitherto mostly dreaded; but in the home where proper appliances are used it is not less bright and free from onerous routine than any other of the working days.

The fact is, that in the ideal home wash day is not considered at all in the light of a day of exceptionally heavy and unpleasant work, because it is not by any means a day to be abhorred if a really good WASHING MACHINE is brought into requisition.

The REACTING WASHER fills the bill. It is made of thoroughly seasoned lumber, guaranteed against defects in workmanship or material. The price is so cheap that it is within the reach of every housekeeper.

Call at our store both at Woodstock and Centreville and see this great labor saving machine.

W. F. Dibblee & Son.

