

class house, who will sell you only good materials. By "first-class" I do not mean necessarily a large concern, but one upon which you and others may absolutely rely. The importance of this will become apparent to you if you consider for a minute. If you go to your timber merchant to buy some timber you are very unlikely to be deceived; you know what you are buying. If you are a family man and go to the butcher's to purchase a joint of meat, it is quite unlikely that he'll "have you" isn't it? Unless, indeed, in selling foreign-killed meat as English. But when it comes to paint material, how do you know whether the white lead is not half chalk, the linseed oil largely composed of resin with, perhaps, a little mineral oil added? You don't know, or at least, very few carpenters and builders do. Why, even the turpentine may be largely adulterated with benzine, and as for the colours—I have many times come across so-called vermilion that consisted wholly of red lead toned up to the proper colour with the dye recene; and I have known a green sold containing over ninety per cent. of barytes, an adulterant that is absolutely valueless for staining or colouring purposes, for the very simple reason that it has no colour.

I want to consider some of the methods by which you may economize. One, and perhaps the most important, item is the prevention of waste. Many workmen are allowed to get into slovenly habits and waste a good deal of material; and this is especially the case with dry colours, most of which are quite expensive. The most economical colours to use, by the bye, are those ground in oil. There is very little waste with them and they save time. But the great secret of economy in the paint department is to engage a good, smart foreman, one who will get the men into good habits and keep them so, and who will keep a watchful eye to see that they not only take care of the material, but that they keep their brushes and tools in good order. Pay such a foreman a few shillings more a week, if necessary; it will be money well spent, I assure you.

You have, doubtless, heard of the old story of the New York builder and his hod-carriers. In any case, it will bear repetition. The custom "on the other side," as here, is for the hod carriers to go up and down the ladder in regular order, every man in his proper place. For one man to get before or behind another would be an awful thing. Well, the builder of whom I speak noticed that the carriers were going up and down the ladders very slowly, much to his disgust. He tried all means to make them go faster, including, I am afraid, some not very choice language; but it was no use. Presently an idea occurred to him. He picked out a smart young fellow and took him into his confidence, promised him twenty-five per cent. more wages, and put him at the head of the gang. Of course this leader exerted very nerve to get up and down quickly, and as the whole gang was compelled to follow him, the "boss" got somewhere about twenty-five per cent. more work out of all the men for his expenditure of twenty-five per cent extra on one of them. So take my advice. Have a smart foreman who will look after your interests, not one, though, on any account, who cannot get along well with the men. There is all the difference in the world between getting a fair amount of work out of a man and being a nigger-driver. The clever foreman knows where the line should be drawn.

Another thing—do insist upon the men being properly clad. I know a painter who insists upon every work-

man bringing clean overalls every Monday morning. He told me that the rule was much objected to at first, but he insisted, and now the men go out to a job a credit to their employer and to themselves. And if you do repairing work, do, as you value your future prospects, have everything cleared up after you. Leave the place neat and tidy. It will cost you a shilling or so more, but take my word that it will not be money thrown away. Have you ever considered the bearing that women have on the repairing part of your business? True, it is the gentleman who pays the bill and who assents to the work being done, but it is the lady who has to put up with all the trouble and fuss, and it is she also who you should aim to please in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred. Now, perhaps—most likely, in fact—you recognized all this years ago, and always make a practice of having the colours of paper and paintwork suit her taste. Well, you do right. Never mind about the man who pays the bill. She'll know how to deal with him if she's an average wife, because if she is that she will possess a full share of that valuable quality, tact. But don't spoil all your efforts to cultivate her goodwill by leaving a lot of rubbish around.

Now as to materials. Do not use ready mixed paints; they are not made for painters. They are intended for the "everybody-his-own-painter" sort of a man—the man who finds time hang so heavily on his hands that he will cheerfully spend about three times as much on labour (certainly its own) and bad paint in painting a job than would pay for the work to be properly done by a qualified mechanic. You know the kind of man; he is closely related to the gentleman who builds himself a summer house of a nightmare design, and who uses up about three times the amount of timber required, spoils a complete set of cheap tools (which is not to be regretted), and smashes his thumb half a dozen times or so during the process, and all in order that he may have the pleasure of doing what the carpenter would have done for him at half the cost and then made a handsome profit.

I have said before, use good materials. Of course you know that there are various grades of white lead. There is "Genuine," "No. 1," "No. 2," and so on. The genuine is genuine—that is to say, it is strictly pure hydro-carbonate of lead—i.e., white lead proper. The other grades are cheaper and contain more or less whiting, barytes and other materials. For certain work they will do well enough, especially for that which is not exposed to the weather. A friend of mine had some years ago the job of redecorating a large school room. The walls and ceilings were to be painted in lead and oil, and the work was to be finished by a certain date under heavy penalties in case of failure. Work seemed to pour in that week, and, as a consequence, the school work was to be delayed. On the day before the work was to be completed the ceiling had not been touched. In the morning one coat was given it, and my friend calculated that by two o'clock the following morning it would be quite dry enough to take the second coat, so he arranged that some of the men should work all night. About one o'clock he went to the job to take a final look at it before going home, and to his horror found that it had been discovered that there was only enough white lead to do about one-third of the work. There was plenty of oil and plenty of turps. The only thing in the paint material way on the premises was a lot of putty. So he gave orders at once to have this beaten up with the lead, added a liberal amount of oil and turps, and finished the job. He assured me that the work stood as well as any he had ever done. Of course, what he had done, in fact, was to make his paint very similar to, say, No. 2 or No. 3 white lead. Putty, of course, is simply whiting ground in linseed oil, and by adding the whiting to the lead, and giving the mixture a good binder in the shape of pure linseed oil, he had obtained a good paint—that is good for the particular purpose—at a very low cost.