

JAMES BUNTIN GILLIES.

IN Hamilton there is an energetic stationery firm doing business under the name of Buntin, Gillies & Co. Having enterprising travelers, and being under able management, they do a very fair business. A photograph of James Buntin Gillies, of the firm, is given herewith.

Mr. Gillies is just in his 25th year, and has had an excellent education at Upper Canada College, and a thorough training in the stationery business, since he passed from school-boy hood to manhood. His father, David Gillies, was managing partner of the concern for twenty years previous to his death, a few years ago. His mother, who died in 1880, was a sister of Wm. Hendrie, of Hamilton, who took charge of the estate on the death of Mr. Gillies, and managed it in the interest of the two sons, of which James Buntin Gillies is one. A reorganization of the firm took place in 1889, when the late Alexander Buntin retired. From that date Mr. Gillies has had an interest in the business, and a voice in the management. By his industry and the good use of his ability and knowledge he has aided materially in successfully conducting this extensive business. Much of Mr. Gillies' life, it is to be hoped, is still before him, and his natural talents will no doubt enable him to take a front place in the ranks of Canada's successful business men.

Mr. Gillies comes of a family of stationers and paper-makers, his uncle, Alex. Gillies, of Montreal, being one of the best known stationery men in Canada, while his great-uncles, the late Alex. Buntin, of Montreal (father of Alex. Buntin, Toronto) and the late James Buntin, of Hamilton (the founders of three concerns which still bear their names, viz., Alex. Buntin & Son, Montreal; Buntin, Reid & Co., Toronto; Buntin, Gillies & Co., Hamilton) were among the pioneers in the paper and stationery business in Canada.

It may be mentioned that although these three firms have similar designations, the Hamilton firm has no connection whatever with the others, and is run on its own basis. C. W. Graham is the able manager of this firm, and his long connection with the trade makes him perfectly competent to cater to its wants.

FALSE ECONOMY IN THE PRINTING OFFICE.

There has been, there is at present, and will be always the printer who deals extensively in false economy, and who prides

himself as being an economical printer. He never gets rich, or even seems to be able to get ahead of the "other fellow" across the way.

He works from morning till night without any show of progress, and wonders why it is. Now, I will tell you how he does. He thinks of different ways of doing things which will save labor; he sets to work to put one of his grand (?) ideas into shape, whereby he can save a thousand impressions on a two-thousand run. In doing it he spends three or four hours, while he could have made the extra thousand impressions in an hour. He figures out it is cheaper to buy job lots of paper, and so doing saves a dollar or two. All well and good; but in a week or so he hears his customers complain that stock is not as good as last or up to sample. Result, either a reduction on bill or do

the job over again. Dull times come; work is slack; instead of putting the men to straightening up, he lays them off or hires cheaper help. Along comes the relation cousin, brother or nephew—surely he will make a good printer; takes him in and installs him in the job room. As usual, the brother, cousin or nephew knows that, being a relation, he will not have to hustle like the rest of the men, so he takes it easy, kind of loaf, will not obey the foreman, but starts a kind of foremanship of his own. Of course, his relation will not fire him; oh, of course not. Time rolls on, and all of the men seem to have caught that tired feeling. Nothing seems to go right; the loafing of the hired relation demoralizes the men, as he sets many bad examples by his insubordination to his foreman. Thus the economical printer loses not only the time of his relation, but the men around him also.



James Buntin Gillies.

Along comes the ink man—the cheap fellow whose goods are "just as good" as the other man's. Picks out a few pounds, cheap, of course, and puts them on the first job that comes in, and, as to be expected, the pressman loses a lot of time trying to get the ink to work up even. It seems to be gummy, or has a kind of a grease which keeps it from working right. Then when the job is done it will not dry. It blurs by just putting your finger on it. As usual, do the job over again or lose a customer.

His rollers are cast by the man who will do it cheapest, regardless of the quality of the composition, and thus he hampers his poor pressman, and still expects him to turn out good work.

In buying type he thinks it much cheaper to add a few sorts, but very seldom orders new faces. His brass rule he buys in