

THE CLERK WHO MAKES FRIENDS.

By WILLIAM H. MAHER,
IN THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The young man who is making his way through the world, depending on his energy, industry and intelligence to lift him higher, must not neglect to cultivate the study of mankind. No matter how efficient he may be in other qualities, if he is not a judge of men he is doomed to failure.

A man must possess the faculty of winning the confidence of other men and of making them friends if he would be successful in any walk of life. This faculty, or gift is born with some. They touch a sympathetic chord in every one they meet, are given a hearing when more worthy men are turned away, and succeed along their chosen lines when men of immensely greater ability plead along at the foot.

If we say they possess tact, we only half express it. Tact is saying and doing the right thing at the right time to the right person. Tact prevents blunders that make enemies, but does not necessarily make friends. Tact is the form, but the feeling lies deeper down. To make friends, tact must be present, but the heart only can tie the knot of friendship.

The strength of youth is its unlimited hopefulness. Success is just around the corner; in a few years at most, she will be overtaken; then come ease and luxury! The great majority of those in the race never catch a glimpse of her robes, and the ones who lag farthest on the rear are those whose manners were so unsympathetic or forbidding that the men who could and would have helped them refrained, perhaps at the critical moment, from saying the word or doing the thing that would have advanced them.

THE GRACE OF TACT.—I am at this moment interested in a man who is out of work and who is struggling bravely to find a position. When he is not near I study how I can help him, and I canvass friends who may need a man and who would give my recommendation some weight. But when he comes to see me he has not talked five minutes before I begin to think that I wouldn't want him near me all the time, and, feeling so, I wonder if it is right that I should commend him to others. He has no tact. He does not permit me to get half way through a sentence before he interrupts me to agree with me, while he proceeds to finish my sentence in an entirely different way from what I had intended. I conclude that it is not worth while to go back and finish in the way I started out to do, so let it go as he left it, but I do not volunteer any further remarks. When he goes away, I still wish as much as ever that he was at work, but am hoping that he will find a place without my having to make a special recommendation.

Every young man with the competition of life around him, should probe deep down into his own soul, and learn for himself just what is the measure of his capacity to win the good will of other men. He should be absolutely honest with himself, listening to no flattering tale, but facing the truth fearlessly.

INTEREST IN OTHERS.—If he finds that, on the whole, he does make friends of those with whom he comes in contact, so that they seem to take a kindly interest in him, he may rejoice, for he has a basis upon which to build toward better results. His danger will be in thinking that he is, naturally, so shrewd and magnetic that he need give the matter no further study, but may safely trust to these powers to carry him through any and everything that will come in his course.

A young man in whom I am interested was told by his employers to make a preparation for a trip over a certain railroad as a salesman. He had been working in the office and had never sold a bill of goods in his life. He had been expecting to be appointed a house salesman, and while there would have had experienced men to refer to, if it were necessary, so that he could not have made any serious blunder. But to go out of the city and be obliged to depend entirely upon his own knowledge and judgment—that seemed a tremendous risk both for himself and the house. But he started on his journey.

When he finished the trip he told me: "I studied it out like this: no man will buy off a man if he dislikes him; as a stranger he will have no interest in him, one way or the other; he must approach the merchant so as not to arouse any aversion, and then do his best to create some little interest in himself. I worked on that plan. I appeared to be interested in every merchant and clerk whom I met. I had to work long and hard many times—in fact, most of the time—to get beneath the crust of their indifference, but eventually I succeeded in getting them to do a little talking about themselves. I showed such interest in this that by and by they wanted to know a little something about me. We grew friendly, and I succeeded in working up a good trade."

SINCERITY AND COURTESY.—One of the most successful men I met first learned that he might be a good salesman by an incident that happened on the cars between Albany and Buffalo. The seats in his car were pretty well taken, so he offered half of his seat to a gentleman who came late. The two engaged in conversation, and it came about naturally that the youth told of what he had been working at and where, and that he was going to a western city on a rather slim chance of bettering his position. As the old man neared

his station, he gave the youth his card saying: "This is my address. I have a factory there. I like your grit and the way you talk; if you don't find the place you are looking for, drop me a line and I'll make a place for you in my office."

The young man secured a place and one day told his employer of this incident. The latter said: "That is the kind of work that makes a man a successful salesman. I have been wondering if you wouldn't do well on the road, and I think you may try it." He made a profitable trip, and was a noted salesman until he was compelled to leave the road and take up the management of the house.

How could he do this? His heart was in his voice and touched the right chord in the hearts of his listeners.

NATURE OF FRIENDSHIP.—I recall another young man who was visiting a city for a few days and was taken by his host to call upon the head of a wholesale house that he might see how business was done in that busy place. The young man and the merchant talked together for an hour, and the latter drew from the youth the story of his life thus far and his aspirations for the future. That evening the merchant called upon the host, and as he took his leave particularly requested the young man to call upon him in the morning. He then said:

"Some remarks you made yesterday kept repeating themselves to me after you went away. I think you are possessed of the spirit that succeeds. I want a man in my office; if you wish to take hold you may."

The offer was promptly accepted and neither man ever had cause to regret it.

As any man studies his relations with other men, and analyses the position in which he holds, those whom he meets in either a social or business way, he must confess that he divides these into two classes: those who attract and those who repel him. There is a small percentage to whom he is indifferent, but the great majority are in the two classes I have named.

If he were free to follow his inclinations he would avoid one class the moment he detected the coldness between them, and would seek his associates and friends entirely from the ranks of those toward whom he was attracted. Experience teaches that to do this would be a grievous mistake, and in the due course of business he must not draw a line between men and men, but must endeavor by every means at his command to hold as customers all men, regardless of any antipathy he may have conceived against them.

A man who intends to succeed must have friends. These are not to be bought or borrowed ready made; they must be evolved out of the men and women when he meets both in social life and in business.

How shall he do this? I know of no better rule than that given in Proverbs:

"A man that hath friends must show himself friendly."

If this was given, as the rule by which a man shall keep his friends, much more is it the law to be adopted by which one shall create friends for himself.

The result of the efforts to make friends is no less important to the clerk in the smallest grocery store than to the salesman in the largest wholesale concern. Both rise and fall by their power to please their employers and customers.

CHILL OF AN INDIFFERENCE.—A manufacturer told me recently: "The personal equation enters far more into the success of a salesman than was the case thirty years ago, when I was on the road. Our men must make their customers their friends or they fail to build up a paying trade."

Go into a large store where the clerks employed number among the hundreds, watch one after another as you pass their counters, and observe their attitude to their customers. While all are intent upon making a sale, for thereby hangs their continuance in their places, nine out of ten have no interest whatever in the buyers. Their manner to the customer is as cold as an icicle, and though they put on what they think will pass as an air of interest, this is so palpably artificial that the customer is never deceived by it.

The tenth clerk approaches his customer with an air of kindly anticipation shows a decided interest in

the goods called for, is probably a little more desirous of exactly matching what is wanted or in finding an exact fit than is the buyer, and seems so sincerely desirous of pleasing and so thankful for the purchase that the customer remembers him, and not only seeks him again, perhaps even at some little discomfort, but is not stingy with a word of praise where it will do the clerk some good.

The clerk who is pushing his way has every reason to congratulate himself because so many of his associates and competitors "stand up for their rights." This is an attitude that is very dear to the shallow majority. They may not refuse to do something that their employers ask of them, but those show by their manner that they think they are being imposed upon, and they perform the task unwillingly and ungraciously.

CANADA AND ENGLAND.

THE SERVICES CANADA HAS RENDERED FULLY APPRECIATED.

A Prominent Brockville Business Man Pays a Tribute to the Good Work of a Canadian Institution in England.

From the Brockville Recorder.

One of the most successful business men in Brockville, is Mr. Thomas Nappy, the well known Perth street grocer. Mr. Nappy is an Englishman by birth and the success he has achieved in business here, has enabled him for some years past to make an annual holiday trip to the Motherland. In a casual conversation with some friends in the Bank of Montreal recently, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills happened to be mentioned and Mr. Nappy said that if the pills effected many cures as marvellous as one that had come under his notice, he was not surprised that they were so frequently the theme of conversation. Asked later by a reporter of the Recorder to give the story, Mr. Nappy readily consented to do so, and we give it practically in his own words.

"Don't be disappointed when I tell you that the cure did not occur in this country," said Mr. Nappy. As a matter of fact it occurred in England and came under my observation on the occasion of two visits made to that country. During the summer of 1898, I paid a visit to my old home in England, and while there visited William Ledger, a relation of mine living at 45 Fitzwilliam street, Doncaster. In Ledger's family was a little girl, Lily, about six years of age who was absolutely helpless with what the doctors said was St. Vitus' dance, but really seemed to me more like paralysis. This child was one of the most pitiful sights I ever saw; more helpless than a new born babe. She could not move a single limb, and if the head were turned to one side or the other it remained in that position until someone changed it. The poor child had to be held and looked after like an infant, and as the doctors had not been able to do any thing to relieve her, recovery was not thought possible. Indeed, I said to the child's grandmother that I thought its early death would be a relief not only to the child, but to its parents. This was the condition of the child when I left for Canada. Again in the summer of 1899 I made a holiday trip to England and to my amazement when I visited my friend Ledger, I found Lily as bright and active a child as one would find anywhere, with absolutely no trace of the trouble, that had made her a helpless burden the year before. I told the parents I had never expected to see her alive again and asked what had effected her cure. "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills," said the father. He further said that returning from work one night, he found in the house a little book describing the pills, left during the day, and after reading it decided to use them in Lily's case. After supper he bought some of the pills and gave the first to the child that night. In a few days they saw they were helping her, and in less than two months time there was not a child in the neighborhood, brighter, healthier or more active. I have heard a great deal concerning what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done in this country, but this case coming under my own observation is as near a miracle as we can look for in these days, and shows why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are so much talked about everywhere.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are just as valuable in the case of children as with adults, and many little ones would soon thrive and grow fat under this treatment, which has no equal for building up the blood and giving renewed strength to brain, body and nerves. Sold by all dealers or sent post paid at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Do not be persuaded to try something else said to be "just as good."

THE OIL OF EQUANIMITY.—If we don't want to be worried by life's storms we must oil our feathers with equanimity.

Man can do so much and no more. Angels can do no more, for that matter. When we have done our best employed all our talents, used all the energy at our command, we should be satisfied even if the result is not up to our ideal.

Nothing counteracts worry more than the knowledge that we have done our best. The soldier in his tent, the admiral on the quarter-deck, the man or woman who can say, "I have done my best," has a sure weapon to fight worry.

We live on too high a tension. That is the reason the drama and the ballet are the senseless things they are to-day. We crave amusement. We want to laugh at nothing to relieve tension. Modern life is not equal to Shakespearean plays, because like children, we want to play a little out of school. This is not an evidence of advanced civilization, but a necessity of the situation.

In every walk of life a high grade of intelligence is demanded of those who wish to lead. This makes the struggle fierce. We lash our nerves into frenzy that we may keep up. It is the spur in the side and the whip at the neck. We make modern improvements our masters, not our servants. We cease to act directly and with judgment. And then our nerves snap, and when we ring up "Central" she is "busy."

WORK DOESN'T HURT.—If a person is in good health no necessary exertion will do the nerves any harm. Work is good for any one. If we regulate our machine to its proper capacity we need not fear a crack in the boiler.

Once an old Scotch clergyman looked down the road and saw the Carlisle mail coach coming. The driver was cracking his whip, the horses straining every nerve, the wheels buzzing the dust rising in a cloud. The minister watched it disappear. Then he said longingly:

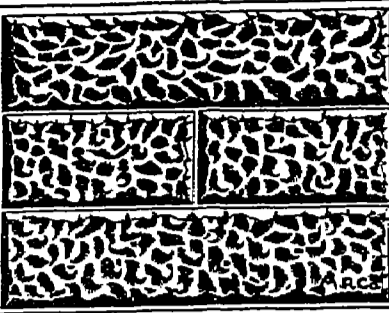
"Next to preaching the gospel of Christ I'd like to drive the Carlisle mail."

It's all right to want to do other things, but first be satisfied with what you are doing. Enjoy your work. Don't magnify your troubles and get to believing every brier scratch a cannon wound. Then your

Nerves have been called the curse of the nineteenth century, and yet they are something that none of us would be without, even if we could. It is only when they get out of time and jangle that they become a nuisance. Americans are said to live with nerves on edge. This is largely due to our desire to crowd so much into life—a desire stimulated by modern time-saving appliances. Our great-grandparents did not know what nerves were, and they lived longer, but less. We of the present time live very much even if our span of life is short. But even in this age of hurry nervousness is not a necessity.

CAUSE OF NERVOUSNESS.—The generator of nervousness is worry. Work does not hurt one, it is worry

Are you Building?
Why not use our
Rock Faced Stone
Steel Siding, Galvanized
or Painted.



It makes a wonderfully durable and economical covering for new buildings, or for improving old ones. Gives a most handsome effect—is very easy to apply—offers fire proof protection—and can't be penetrated by dampness. By deciding in its favor you'll get the best results, at least expense. Write us if you're interested, we'll send full information.

METALLIC ROOFING CO., Limited
Manufacturers, Toronto.

that kills. Our harness must fit us and rest easily in all its parts. It is the chafe of the collar, the nail in the shoe and the burr under the saddle that strikes the balance between easy success and disheartening failure.

Modern civilization gives us much and makes great demands upon us. We must watch ourselves to see that what we give and what we receive balance.

The first symptoms of nervous trouble are irritability, excitement, over-trills, lack of interest in work, and then insomnia, inability to sleep wears us out, for during sleep the old dynamo is charging up reserve energy. When it doesn't have that opportunity we must work on borrowed force the next day. Then we are going on the down grade.

The first step is to maintain self-control. Learn to take success or failure with equanimity. It is a sick duck who comes out of the showers with feathers drabbed. He had no oil on them, and the result is that a little water left him in a pitiable plight, while it rolled off the back of the well duck, and only made his feathers more glossy.

MONEY FOR THE BLIND.

The blind people, says a writer in the New York Evening Post, that one meets every day in the city, on street corners, on the elevated stairways, at the ferries, and in public places generally, are, at present, busy preparing applications for the "blind money" which is given out annually by the Department of Public Charities on May 1. On this day, led by their friends, the blind from all the corners of the city will flock to the pier at the foot of Twenty-sixth St., East River, and there be marshalled into line by policemen and attendants to be marched before the Comptroller's paymaster. He will have \$75,000 to distribute among them in amounts ranging from \$10 to \$75, the average being \$50.

The applicants have to pass in line before the paymaster without any help, except the little each one gets by holding on to the one in front, and when they finally come to stand before the paymaster's table, they have to corroborate, in answers to a series of questions, their statements on his application card, before they may have their money. Then they call for the friends who led them to the pier, and, arm in arm with them, leave the long line of silent people waiting their turn. For this trouble the "friend," it is said usually gets a "quarter" of the blind person's aims.

The \$75,000 expended by the city every year in this manner, is an appropriation created by an act of Legislature, and made by the Board of Estimate, and Apportionment for the relieving blind in the boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx. The fund is just large enough to "go round" among 600 people; but there are always 2000 or 3000 applications over that number received, and this year there will be about 400. These figures do not mean, however, that there will be 400 deserving blind who do not receive a portion of the blind money.

The blind have to make their applications each year, and every application is, supposedly, each year investigated by a force of inspectors and examiners who belong to the department. To be eligible as a recipient of funds, the applicant must first prove that he is a citizen of the United States, and then that he is a resident of either Manhattan or the Bronx. Here is where many of the 400 surplus blind fail to qualify. They are foreigners or they live outside the city, and come in an election district during a political campaign. These last, many times, have no home, and apparently cannot rest content in hospitals, or asylums, but drag themselves about, begging, only to spend what they collect in drink and dissipation. There is another class, also which fails to obtain the annual assistance. This is composed of blind who are in comparatively comfortable circumstances, but who believe their condition to be so bad that they call themselves destitute. However, a blind person who has learned a trade—such as broom or mattress making, or piano-tuning—is not always denied help.

According to the clerks of the department, the number of applicants is constant, about 600. It apparently does not increase with the population of the city. It remains at a standstill. Whether this is due to the energy of the inspectors in cancelling applications is left to the imagination.

For thirty-one years this blind money was distributed each year in the old department building at Eleventh Street and Third Avenue, and many of the applicants became familiar figures about the corner. Some of them could find their way unaided to the line in front of the paymaster's desk, and would go home alone with their money clutched lightly in their hands. Last spring the "paying off" station was moved to the East River pier in Twenty-sixth Street, and the "old-timers" then had to find friends to lead them.

Sleepless nights caused by a persistent, rasping cough. Pny-Pectoral quickly cures the most severe coughs. It soothes, heals, never fails to cure. Manufactured by the proprietor of Perry-Davis' Pain-Killor.

EASY QUICK WORK
SNOWY WHITE CLOTHES.



nerves will be such a well-oiled part of the machinery of your body that you won't know you have any.

With women, keyed as they are to a sensitive pitch, the wear and tear of life is even harder than with men. It has caused them to be called, "the quietest sex." They have caused nervous exhaustion to be the fashionable disease.

FOLLY OF SOCIETY WOMEN.—The society woman with all the many demands made upon her, works harder than any saleswoman behind the counter. Fashionable life is the great provoker of nervous trouble. It is there and not among the wage workers that are found the victims of nervous troubles.

There is a vast difference between abstract bodily tire and exhaustion. Rest, food and ordinary recuperatives will do away with the former, the latter is oftentimes beyond immediate relief. Almost every form of pain, ache and exhaustion is due to a derangement of the nervous system.

The worst thing any one can do is to have recourse to patent medicines and anodynes with the idea of ticking over the break. It is merely borrowing more money on the mortgage. Don't lull your nerves into temporary insensibility. They will awake, and the awakening will be worse than the first attack. It is never refreshments but always a cry for more.

When a machine gets out of order you call in a skilled machinist. There may be only a little oil needed in this piston or that, and then it will run smoothly again. Get expert advice. Don't fool with drugs. They are never harmless in the hands of a novice.—Dr. Shready, in the New York World.

Nature has just one pigment on her palette with which she produces all the marvelous tints of beauty, and that one pigment is the blood. The shell-like pink beneath the finer nails, the delicate rose of the cheeks, the cherry ripeness of the lips, the iridescent brilliancy of the eyes are all produced by the blood. Just as the permanence of a beautiful painting will depend upon the purity of the colors, with which it is painted so the permanence of beauty depends on the purity of the blood. Paint powder and cosmetics won't avail to preserve beauty. Beauty begins in the blood. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is a true beautifier. He uses it provides for nature that pure blood with which alone she can paint.

The use of this medicine will cleanse the skin, brighten the complexion, brighten the eyes, and give to face and form that radiance of health which is the greatest charm of beauty. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are very effective in ridding the system of clogging residuum which accumulates with constipated habit.

PERFECT BUSTS by the use of ORIENTAL Powder, the only powder that assures perfect development of the bust within three months, and cures Dyspepsia and Liver Gall.

Price per box with directions, \$1.00; six boxes for \$5.00. (General Agent for the Dominion: L. A. BERNARD, 1582 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, United States: G. L. DE MARTONY, Druzist Manchester, N. H.)

The DRINK HABIT CURED.

(From the St. John's News, Nov. 10.)

Many homes have been made bright and cheerful, and many erring sons have been restored to happiness, and many husbands brought back to enjoy the blessings of their promises at the altar by using The "Dixon Cure" for the drink habit and the writer was astonished when in the office of the Company, on the 10th Oct., to be shown the many letters from mothers and wives; also men patients who testified that their sons or husbands or men themselves had been entirely cured, and the cost is much less than most cures.

For particulars and price apply to J. B. Lakime, No. 572 St. Denis Street, Montreal, or to Doctor J. M. Mackay of Belmont Retreat, Quebec.

We guarantee that these Plasters will relieve pain quicker than any other. Put up only in 25c. tin boxes and \$1.00 yard rolls. The latter allows you to cut the Plaster any size.

Every family should have one ready for an emergency.

DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., LIMITED, MONTREAL. Beware of imitations.

A. BROUSSEAU, DENTIST, 7 ST. LAWRENCE STREET. Telephone 2001.

SPECIALTIES of GRAY'S PHARMACY. FOR THE HAIR: CASTOR FLUID.....25 cents FOR THE TEETH: SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE 25cents FOR THE SKIN: WHITE ROSE LANOLIN CREAM 25c

HENRY R. GRAY, Pharmaceutical Chemist, 122 St. Lawrence Street, N.B.—Physicians' Prescriptions prepared with care and promptly forwarded to all parts of the city.

Pny-Pectoral A QUICK CURE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS. Very valuable Remedy in all affections of the THROAT or LUNGS. Large Bottles, 25c. DAVIS & LAWRENCE CO., Limited Prop'rs of Perry-Davis' Pain-Killor

A Blessing to the Fair Sex!

PERFECT BUSTS by the use of ORIENTAL Powder, the only powder that assures perfect development of the bust within three months, and cures Dyspepsia and Liver Gall.

Price per box with directions, \$1.00; six boxes for \$5.00. (General Agent for the Dominion: L. A. BERNARD, 1582 St. Catherine Street, Montreal, United States: G. L. DE MARTONY, Druzist Manchester, N. H.)

ited States, and then that he is a resident of either Manhattan or the Bronx. Here is where many of the 400 surplus blind fail to qualify. They are foreigners or they live outside the city, and come in an election district during a political campaign. These last, many times, have no home, and apparently cannot rest content in hospitals, or asylums, but drag themselves about, begging, only to spend what they collect in drink and dissipation. There is another class, also which fails to obtain the annual assistance. This is composed of blind who are in comparatively comfortable circumstances, but who believe their condition to be so bad that they call themselves destitute. However, a blind person who has learned a trade—such as broom or mattress making, or piano-tuning—is not always denied help.

According to the clerks of the department, the number of applicants is constant, about 600. It apparently does not increase with the population of the city. It remains at a standstill. Whether this is due to the energy of the inspectors in cancelling applications is left to the imagination.

For thirty-one years this blind money was distributed each year in the old department building at Eleventh Street and Third Avenue, and many of the applicants became familiar figures about the corner. Some of them could find their way unaided to the line in front of the paymaster's desk, and would go home alone with their money clutched lightly in their hands. Last spring the "paying off" station was moved to the East River pier in Twenty-sixth Street, and the "old-timers" then had to find friends to lead them.

Sleepless nights caused by a persistent, rasping cough. Pny-Pectoral quickly cures the most severe coughs. It soothes, heals, never fails to cure. Manufactured by the proprietor of Perry-Davis' Pain-Killor.

Consumption

is contracted as well as inherited. Only strong lungs are proof against it.

Persons predisposed to weak lungs and those recovering from Pneumonia, Grippe, Bronchitis, or other exhausting illness, should take

Scott's Emulsion. It enriches the blood, strengthens the lungs, and builds up the entire system. It prevents consumption and cures it in the early stages.

It enriches the blood, strengthens the lungs, and builds up the entire system. It prevents consumption and cures it in the early stages.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

NERVES.

Their Disorders and Cure.

Nerves have been called the curse of the nineteenth century, and yet they are something that none of us would be without, even if we could. It is only when they get out of time and jangle that they become a nuisance.

Americans are said to live with nerves on edge. This is largely due to our desire to crowd so much into life—a desire stimulated by modern time-saving appliances. Our great-grandparents did not know what nerves were, and they lived longer, but less. We of the present time live very much even if our span of life is short. But even in this age of hurry nervousness is not a necessity.

CAUSE OF NERVOUSNESS.—The generator of nervousness is worry. Work does not hurt one, it is worry