

meantime, some member of the association will enlighten our darkness and clear up any seeming crookedness, bearing in mind that it is to their interest, as well as that of the printer, whom we wish to keep fully informed, that the terms upon which purchases can be made should be made as plain as possible.

Another Printer "Called."

We have a sad duty to perform this month in announcing the death of Mr. John Seymour, an employé in the *Daily Telegraph* book and job office, which took place on the morning of February 12th, of congestion of the lungs, after an illness of only three weeks.

Mr. Seymour was born in St. John, in 1844, being in his thirty-third year at the time of his death, and was unmarried. He served his apprenticeship in the book and job office of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan. Shortly after the expiration of his apprenticeship he went to Boston, Mass., where he worked for a short time. Soon tiring of morning newspaper work, he went to Woburn, Mass., where he secured a situation in the office of the *Woburn Journal*, John L. Parker, proprietor. He remained in Woburn for some years, making many friends, as, in fact, he did wherever he worked. In 1876 he returned to his native city and shortly after his arrival went to work in the *Daily Telegraph* book and job office, where he continued up to the time of his illness.

Mr. Seymour leaves a father, two sisters and four brothers to mourn his early death. Two of his brothers are printers, one working on the *Daily Telegraph* and the other (a twin brother) living and working in Cambridge, Mass.

Mr. Seymour was naturally of a very retiring disposition, kind and quiet in his manner, strong in his friendships and honorable in his dealings with his fellowmen. He was by nature sensitive and charitable, always ready and glad to be of assistance to those in distress. He was very domestic in his habits, and seemed to derive more genuine pleasure from home associations than the most of men.

Mr. Seymour was a member of Pioneer Lodge, I. O. O. F., and was R. S. S. at the time of his death. He was also a member of the Masonic fraternity, but had not affiliated with any lodge in this city after his arrival home in 1876. While he was an ardent admirer of both societies, his unobtrusive nature and retiring disposi-

tion would not permit him to mount the ladder of office in either.

As a printer, Mr. Seymour displayed excellent taste and judgment in jobbing, and with slight additional experience and opportunity would, without doubt, have taken rank with the foremost in a very short time. In his death the printers have lost a good co-laborer and friend, while his family have been bereft of a kind and affectionate son and brother.

We tender our heartfelt sympathy to his family and relatives in their said affliction, and would remind them that what may seem their loss, is, without doubt, his eternal gain.

Printing by Water-Power.

We have never seen water-power applied to printing purposes, but have heard of several cases in which it has been successfully employed. The *Salt Lake Herald* says, in reference to this subject, that the power used in that office is a thirty-inch (single) water motor, and describes it as a little machine taking up no more room than a farmer's grindstone, being rather ornamental than otherwise. But small, compact and simple as it is, it is one of the great inventions of the age, being a triumph in the application of hydraulics and the inventor's art. It is supplied with water from the mains, and the stream used passes through a tip which an ordinary Faber pencil will barely pass. This power is obtained from the pressure, which, we understand, is about fifty pounds at this point. The full capacity of the motor we do not know, but the power is more than they have any use for at present. Small as the jet is that turns it, one-half of the force is sufficient for our purposes. It is a pleasure to watch the motor work, it performs its duty with such ease and perfect regularity, and is so quiet about it. There is no "firing up," no waiting for steam, no smoke, no dust, no heat, no danger of an explosion, no engineer, no gauges to be watched, no boilers to be repaired, no unpleasant smell, nothing about it that is dangerous or disagreeable. You simply turn a hand wheel and work begins, the power and speed being regulated at will by the little wheel opening and closing the valve that controls the water.

Mr. George H. Lewes, the first editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, and well-known as a *literateur*, died at Folkestone, at the age of 62 years.