

GRIP'S PRINTING HOUSE.

(From the Toronto World, Feb. 22, 1884.)

A SPLENDIDLY EQUIPPED ESTABLISHMENT ON FRONT STREET.

COMMODIOUS, WELL-LIGHTED AND SUPPLIED WITH EVERY FACILITY FOR PRINTING AND ENGRAVING.

The GRIP Printing and Publishing Company have settled down in their new and commodious premises at 26 and 28 Front-street West, and can now boast with pardonable pride of having the largest and best equipped establishment of the kind in the Dominion of Canada. The building is admirably adapted for the purposes to which it is put. It has five flats and a basement, the dimensions of each being 40x120 ft. It is well and substantially built and supplied with all the latest improvements in the way of ventilation, fire escapes, hoists, conveniences, etc.

Entering off Front-street, the visitor finds himself in the business office, which is fitted up in a new and improved style. The young and energetic manager, Mr. S. J. Moore, has a private room, nicely furnished, and supplied with electric bell communication to every part of the building. The clerks have separate compartments, somewhat the same as in banks. A nicely painted placard informs you what department of the business the clerks are devoted to, so that there is no trouble in knowing where to go. The office is roomy and well-arranged, and the furnishings are of the best.

The composing room is on the second flat and occupies the full breadth and depth of the building. Large windows in the front and rear supply it with an abundance of light, and the ceiling is high. All the type-setting is done in this immense room. When it is stated that there are over twenty tons of type in the room, all of which is more or less handled every day, the public can form an idea of the amount of work carried on there. Here, as in every other department, there is no crowding for space, and one is struck with the order and cleanliness that prevail. A compositor can put his hand on the style of type he wants in a moment, and everything is so handy and convenient that work is expedited much more speedily than it otherwise would be. A practical man would at once put it down as a model composing room.

The press room on the third flat next claims attention. The idea of having presses any place but on the ground floor or basement is something new, but it is found to work well. The room is as clean as it possibly can be kept. There are no less than eighteen presses on this flat, and they are kept running pretty much all the time. A section of the room has been partitioned off and has been christened by Manager Moore the novelty museum as it contains some machines of a most unique description. Among other specialties the company manufacture the paragon black-leaf counter check book for use in stores and other business places. The book is worked off on a little press which prints, cuts, perforates, numbers, folds and delivers 5,000 an hour. With this wonderful machine an order that took a fortnight to fill can now be filled in a day. The company operate two of these presses, and hold the patent for Canada. Another wonderful machine is the label press, which prints, cuts and delivers a quarter of a million gummed labels a day. Next to it is a press which prints in two colors at one impression 25,000 sheets a day, doing the work of ten ordinary Gordon presses. These machines are all automatic and print at a terrific speed, at the same time turning out cleaner and better work than the slow-going machines seen in old-fashioned printing offices. It will be seen that the company's press-room is no small affair.

Up another flat you find a department that

has not another competitor in Canada. It is where zinc etching is done. By this process, lithographing or printing from wooden blocks, both very expensive, is dispensed with, and brilliant and well executed work can be done at a reasonable rate. The artist's work is transferred to a plate of polished zinc, which is then subjected to a treatment with different acids, the result being that in twelve hours the plate comes out a perfect counterpart of the original drawing. With this specialty, which no other house in the Dominion possesses, Mr. Moore says they can compete in colored labels, wrappers, every description of railway printing, etc., with the best establishments on the other side. This is something to be able to boast of, and already the company are reaping the reward of their enterprise by obtaining orders which were formerly filled in the United States.

The above is enough to show the public that the GRIP printing house takes the lead in their business. Their facilities and equipment are complete for doing everything and anything, promptly and in the highest style of typographical art. Besides doing the Ontario government printing they do the work of a number of legal and commercial firms and large corporations, as well as publish several periodicals for outside parties. GRIP itself is also being advanced at a rapid rate. The circulation has been increased over 3,000 during the past few months, and new subscribers are coming in at the rate of over 100 a week. An enlargement to sixteen or twenty pages is contemplated at an early date. With a capital of \$100,000, and ably and energetically managed, the company are bound to succeed.

AN EXPENSIVE BRIDAL TOUR.

Sam Kinsley was musing on the beauties of benefits and big houses in the National Theatre yesterday morning when a tall, lean, lanky man ambled up to the box-office window and remarked:

"Say, be you the boss?"

Sam replied that he was the boss of that particular locality at any rate.

"Say, is this heer a play house?"

"It is," replied Sam.

"Say, of mo an' Suse come here ternight kin we git in?" continued the man.

"If you pay your way you will be treated like any other patrons," responded Sam.

"Say, kin we hev seats an' see the actors an' hear the moosic an' everything jist like ennybody else?"

"Of course."

"Then, pard, gimme two bids fur a dollar an' make 'em right down inter ther front row whar ther man with ther big ho'n sits, an' don't yer forgit it," said the man.

"The seats you allude to are one dollar each," said Sam.

"A dollar apiece!" ejaculated the man. "Then Suse don't see no actin.' I've been a payin' fifteen cents fur fi' cents wuth er ice-cream an' a buyin' erbout half a dollar's wuth er candy every day an' doggone my cats if I avall ther expenses of this heer bridle tower by er payin' two dollars fur th'ater tickets. Tralaloo, kurnel. I'll jist git Suse a pictur' paper an' let ther actors git erlong thout me the bes' way they kin."

And as he slid out of the lobby he pulled a big piece of chewing gum out of his pocket and stuck it into his jaw like a man who was at peace with the world.

Mr. Jones, although he is of a very sanguine temperament, has days when the world is all hollow and his doll stuffed with sawdust. One of these occurred to him recently when he put on his winter overcoat and started out to catch the next car. He caught the car; also caught his foot in the door, and was shut up by the

driver, who, when he saw his mistake, released him so suddenly that he was shot into the lap of an old lady who only had breath enough left to exclaim—"Mercy sakes alive man! Take me money, but spare me life?" Jones apologized, and then smiled at one or two whom he knew, but there seemed a coldness and constraint on the part of the passengers and a determination to avoid him. "Board of Health ought to be informed of this," said a red-faced man angrily, "it's a criminal offence that's what it is, for a fumigated patient to leave the hospital and go about in public! Have you no regard for the health of the community!" and he covered his face with his handkerchief. "Good Heavens! what do you mean?" demanded the alarmed Jones. "I mean, sir, to protest against your presence in this public place, carrying an odour of camphor and other disinfectants, which show that you are an escaped fever patient. It is absolutely outrageous, sir!" "Ha-ha-ha!" laughed Jones hysterically "He-he-he!—fever patient—escaped. Ho-ho! Because I forgot to take some lumps of gum camphor out of the pockets of my coat—disinfectants—ha-ha-a-a!" The disgusted passengers left the car, and Mr. Jones put his feet upon the cushions and laughed softly to think what a joke he had to tell Maria when he got home. But who knows what a day will bring forth! Jones was going down to the post-office a few hours later and as he walked airily down Griswold-street, thinking of the rise in dried apples, he twirled a natty cane he carried and sang with a voice up to concert pitch a line from one of his favorite war songs—"Let me like a s-o-ho-l-dier fa-a-all!" Some ladies were passing, and they looked at him with that admiration he always excites in the female breast, and he raised himself on tip-toes, swelled out like the impressario of an opera troupe, and in a voice several octaves higher, warbled—"Le-het me like a s-o-ho-l-dier fall." Then he stubbed his toe on a step-ladder, on which a small boy was washing windows, and it climbed all over him, and the soap and water extinguished all his martial valor, and when the hook and ladder company rescued him he only uttered one word which seemed to be a Welsh combination of m's and n's. Mrs. Jones was sitting at the parlor window knitting a pair of plain silk ear muffs for a Christmas present to Jephtha when the ambulance drove up with his remains; she counted fourteen "thread under, thread over"—then she went to the door and identified him "And you promised me you wouldn't touch a drop of anything to-day," she said in a four-volume voice, as she looked up and down the street. "Take him round to the coal-shed, driver, and leave him there till he sobers off." Poor Jones!—*Detroit Free Press.*

The *Yonkers Statesman*, with infinite bad taste, writes up the "Women's Wear" business. But when women swear we thought they should be left out in the cold of utter obscurity, and not paraded in the newspapers.—*Chicago Sun.*

"Here," said an excited man entering a grocery store, what kind of a chicken was that you sent to my house? It certainly wasn't the one I ordered." "Great Scott," exclaimed the grocer, "if that boy hasn't made another mistake. He went and gave you one of those gutta percha ones that we kept especially for boarding-houses. Did the paint boil off?"—*Chronicle-Herald.*

Rev. J. G. Calder, Baptist minister, Petrolia, says:—"I know many persons who have worn Notman's Pads with the most gratifying results. I would say to all suffering from bilious complaints or dyspepsia: Buy a pad, put it on and wear it, and you will enjoy great benefits." Hundreds of others bear similar testimony. Send to 120 King St. East for a pad or treatise.