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A TALE OF TWO PRINTERS.

ONCE upon a time in a Canadian city there lived two young men, printers by trade, both ambitious. Their surnames are suppressed but their Christian or "water" names—as Oliver Wendell Holmes calls it—were striking and hence worth mentioning. One was called Procras, and his brother typos always wanted to know whether he was Grecian, Hebrew or Heathen, but he maintained that he was a Canadian in spite of the fact that his parents were born and bred in one of the counties of the easy-loving Emerald Isle, where they love, hate, loaf and grow fat. His friend's name was plain John. This pair worked together at the case, and both, like Caesar, were ambitious. John was getting along somewhat better than Procras because he paid a little more attention to his work and didn't waste so much time. Procras was an honest fellow, but with the \$1,000 his father had left him he was anxious to start a printing office of his own, and knowing that he would soon do this he saw no reason why he should try to do more than was absolutely necessary to maintain his present position.

One bright spring day Procras made a start with the blossoms. He rented his office and put up his sign. He paid for his type and got his presses (by means of a chattel mortgage). He got his first job, and the work was delivered at the hour promised except that it was 180 minutes late. The man who ordered it took out his watch as the parcel was handed to him, looked surprised, paid for his work but said nothing. A few days afterwards Procras called on him and asked if there was any further work that he might figure on. The customer courteously declined his services, and Procras received no more work from that firm. Why he didn't, he never realized.

John got a partnership in another business with his \$300 of hard-earned capital, and was made foreman of the composing room. He made it a point to have his work out on time—because John was well brought up and hated a lie.

To-day, John's firm is rich and prosperous, the customers numerous and of the best class, their office run on a well-enforced system, and their reputation for neat work and promptness

above reproach. Procras never could build up a trade because he delivered everything an hour or more behind time, and finally he was hanged—for the murder of time.

Procras has many brothers. They are engaged to-day in the leading cities of Canada in photo-engraving, stercotyping, wood engraving, paper jobbing and printing. They never are known to keep their engagements nor deliver goods on time, and as a consequence they never get the best and most profitable trade.

Are you a brother to Procras, or are you a relation to the sturdy John?

TRIVIALITIES.

OUR life is made up of trivial occurrences, the neglecting of any of which might be and often is exceedingly disastrous. These trivialities are just what the newspaper man or printer must observe, note and study.

The weekly or even daily newspaper of to-day which surpasses its competitors, accomplishes this by noting more trivialities than the latter. The country weekly must note the fact that "Mr. Jones, the dry goods merchant, and his milliner, Miss Feathers, have gone to the city this week," and should he forget that "Miss Sawyer-Brown, daughter of Hiram Sawyer-Brown, Esq., of Sawyer-Brownville, was visiting her second cousin, Mrs. Isaacs, for a few days last week," he has lost a friend. Some weekly newspapers have a column of locals, half of which is not really local, and two or three personals each week, and then the editor sits in the big chair with his feet on the desk, and the paste pot for a cuspidore and wonders why the farmers are not bringing in wood, chickens, apples and new potatoes. To procure these dainties of life, the editor of a country weekly must hustle for the news just like a city reporter. He must note the comings and goings of every individual who breathes the atmosphere of that town. "I will fill my paper with people's names" is a good rule to follow, because man is vain and woman a tissue of vanities.

Advice of this kind to the city editor of a big daily would be presumptuous and unnecessary. Many of their humbler brethren have yet to learn the lesson.

But trivialities affect the printer in another way, or rather when his work is viewed from a mechanical standpoint. The slight mistakes in the paper are what cause trouble. A mistake in an editorial criticizing the action of some public body, may not be resented but may rather be attributed to a divergence of opinion, but a mistake in the initial of some reader's name arouses bad feeling, which it is difficult to allay. The omission to mention some little social event is considered a decided slight by the participants. Every little occurrence must be chronicled, and every detail noted and noted accurately.

The editor whose paper contains most notices of trivialities receives most credit for having "a newsy sheet."

A BIT OF HISTORY.

THE sale of the Presbyterian Review, a weekly paper published in Toronto, terminates an interesting bit of newspaper history. Some years ago, a Toronto clergyman was very much taken with an idea that a paper should be circulated among the Presbyterians in Canada at the popular rate of one dollar a year. He tried to get the Canada Presbyterian, an old established paper, to reduce its subscription to that sum. The proprietors informed him that they were doing little more