

Printing and Journalism in China.

A Chinese printing office is a greater curiosity than one would think. The alphabet numbers way into the thousands, and a cap and lower-case goes all the way round the inside of a two story building and half way up the roof. It takes an apprentice twenty years to learn the case, and then he has to use a step-ladder to get at the higher branches. A case was pried once in Canton, and it took five days to remove the type from the form of the foreman. They punctuate wherever they can drop a dot, without regard to the prospective. When the editor coins a word the printer whittles out a new character with his jack-knife. The journeymen set by the square foot, and never belong to a union. They do their presswork by hand, and use boxing-gloves to ink the type. They have one paper in the empire a thousand years old, and the bound volumes half fill a pagoda. It is rumored that Bennett has started to edit that venerable paper. The editor's head is responsible for all items published in the paper, and is taken off whenever an article of news is published. Not an editor has been beheaded in China for the last five hundred years. The Chinese have just invented a twenty-five cylinder press for printing tea chests, with which they are able to print one a week.—*E.x.*

Fault-Finders, Beware!

Editing a paper like the *Miscellany* is a nice business. If we publish jokes, people say we are rattle-headed. If we omit jokes, they say we are an old fossil. If we publish original matter, they blame us for not giving selections. If we publish selections, folks say we are lazy for not writing something they have not read in some other paper. If we give a complimentary notice, we are censured for being partial. If we do not give complimentary notices, folks will say we are jealous. If we do not cater to the wishes of the ladies, the paper is not fit to tie up a parcel, or make into a bustle. If we remain in our office and attend to our business, folks say we are too proud to mingle with our fellows. If we go out, they say we never attend to our business. If we wear poor clothes, folks say business is bad. If we wear good clothes, they say we never paid for them. Now what are we to do?—*Printer's Miscellany.*

Do? Why, go right straight ahead, the same as though you had never heard those sickly fault-finders. Or, better still, buy a handsome guillotine and a quantity of sawdust, place them in a back room or down in the cellar, and then wait till one of those deluded beings steps into the sanctum to find fault. Then tell him that you're very sorry that you don't know how to run the *Miscellany*, and ask him to "play it alone" for a single day. If he fails to please everybody chuck him into the machine and chop his head off. There's 9,999,999 of that class of fellows in the United States and Canada, all knowing more about running a paper than the editor does. As you have the best interests of the craft at heart, such delicate attention on your part would be appreciated, and you could rest in the full assurance that after "shuffling off this mortal coil" a monument, eclipsing all other monuments that the world ever produced, would be erected to the man who so nobly rid this terrestrial sphere and the "poor editors" of a terrible bore.—*Lakefield News.*

We haven't got a "guillotine," but are negotiating for an old-fashioned standing-press, which will, perhaps, answer the purpose. If we can only secure him in it with a few turns of the screw, and then get four or five of the binders to take a "swing" on the "bar," we are strongly of the opinion that the "matter" will be pretty effectually "straightened out." We're after that monument!

A "Foul Case."

We cut the following paragraph out and let it lay around the forms and imposing stones for a few hours with the following result. We give it entire in order that George may see in what estimation his conduct is held by his fellow-craftsmen. It is to be hoped this will prove a salutary lesson to all who may be tempted similarly:—

HIS FORM LOCKED UP.—George Cunningham, a printer, took another "lift" off the "pile" in the *Chronicle* office yesterday, in the shape of a quantity of white paper for which he tried to get some "quoins," but was caught before the "sheets went through," "run in," "planned down" and "locked up." This morning his "proof" was "struck," "read" and "corrected," but so many letters of the "wrong font" were found that the "matter" could not be "lifted" into the "form," therefore he was laid on the dead rack for eighty days, in default of a fine.—*Halifax Citizen.*

His lifting a "take" off the wrong "hook" brought him to the wrong "bank" to "empty," and the "bank-man" saw that his "tag" didn't come "in even."

When he gets out of the "stone" jug, he ought to "lead" a better life, and not go the "devil" with the "stamp" of "hell" on his "head." Let him make a "rule" and "stick" to it, never to become the "dupe" of evil desires. But he deserves his punishment, for the "proof" was "dead" against him.

His "case" was bad and the "matter" not "justified." Perhaps when he "issues" forth again he will "mend" his ways, "turn over" a new leaf, and guard against becoming one of the "lost arts" in future.

He will be "solid" for his "hash" for eighty days anyway.

Poor Cun. cannot "carry the banner" nor even "flag it," but must "sit" on the "stool" of repentance; he cannot "tramp" round the world for eighty days.

'Twas not a "cunning" thing to do—

This lowering of the "pile";

He struck the "quoins" that "locketh up,"

And not that kind called "ile".

A GOOD COMMISSION will be paid to any person who will undertake to thoroughly canvass any town or city for subscribers to the *Miscellany*.

If you get out of "sorts" don't forget to look for them on page 176.

In purchasing articles advertised in the *Miscellany*, please mention the name of the paper. Advertisers always wish to know which paper is the most effective in bringing their goods to notice.

MARRIED.

In Dundas, Ont., on the 5th ult., by the Rev. John Laing, M. A., Mr. George E. Scace, printer, to Mary, third daughter of Samuel Russell, Esq.

DIED.

At Harbor Grace, Newfoundland, on the 21st Feb., after a lengthened illness, Archibald Munn, editor and proprietor of the *Harbor Grace Standard*, aged sixty-three years. The deceased was a native of Rothesay, Isle of Bute, Scotland, but passed the greater part of his life in Newfoundland.