

THE **PRINTERS' MISCELLANY**

AN EXPONENT OF PRINTING AND ALL THE KINDRED ARTS

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THE *PRINTER'S MISCELLANY* is issued monthly at \$1.00 per annum, *in advance*, or ten cents per number. Price to apprentices—50 cents per annum, *in advance*.

The name and address of subscribers should be written plainly, that mistakes may not occur. All letters should be addressed to

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St. John, N. B., Canada.

The Printer's Miscellany.

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA, DEC., 1880.

Christmas 1880. New Year 1881.

The "*Printer's Miscellany*" sends greeting to its readers:

Behold, I, the *Miscellany*, of the House Typographic, born monthly by thousands, come once more among you at this joyous and festive season; not, as heretofore, in plain guise, but clad in gorgeous attire, as befits the season. Not with fine gifts do I come (for you are many and times are passing hard), but as a bearer of good tidings and as a guide. It is my mission to make known to you the secret places where the various jewels of practical application lie hidden. But, Christmas is upon us, and the eyes of the old and young are bright with expectation; may they be not dimmed with disappointment. Let your gifts be delightful to both eye and mind, to both youth and age—let the giver choose well his gift. Though young, I grow quickly; and even now those who send me to you are consulting together whether they shall do so again without demanding sundry shekels in return. Meanwhile, may the joys of Christmas and New Year's be with you all; may the plum-pudding not oppress your stomachs,—nor the turkey disturb your dreams; but, may the

love of your fellow-craftsmen be strong upon you, for your own sakes: the love of helping and guiding them, for the sake of others; and the love of encouraging their peculiar literature, for my sake.

"PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TO ALL MEN!"

A Printer Becomes a Physician.

It seldom happens that a man who has served an apprenticeship at the printer's case, and has been enrolled in the army of typos, will stray from the "art preservative;" yet sometimes an exceptional case is found which deserves mention. In Boston, for several years past, a young man named John F. Crossin, has divided his time between the *Herald* composing-room and the medical department of the University of the City of New York, and his work at the case has enabled him to pursue the study of medicine. He graduated with honors, and subsequently was assigned to the medical staff at Blackwell's Island. He has now determined to lay aside his composing-stick and rule forever, and will display his diploma and enter the ranks of practising physicians at Haverhill, Mass.

Newspapers are proving a popular novelty in Japan, where journalism is making great strides. The Japanese, it is said, have a keen relish for news and gossip, and like both none the less for being seasoned with scandal. The best of the several hundred newspapers of the Empire are published in Tokio. They embrace journals of every description, from the heavy political *Nichi Nichi Shimbun* to the sensational police news gazette, the *Horitsu Mondo*, and the comic paper, *Maru Maru Chimbun*. The Japanese joke is very deep in meaning, and much is left to the imagination.