

Only a Printer.

HE is only a printer. Such was the sneering remark of a leader in a circle of aristocracy—the codfish quality. Who was the Earl of Stanhope? He was only a printer. What was Prince Edward William and the Prince Napoleon? Proud to call themselves printers. The present Czar of Russia, the Crown Prince of Prussia and the Duke of Battenburg are printers, and the Emperor of China works in a private printing office almost every day. Wm. Caxton, the father of English literature, was a practical printer. What were G. P. Morris, N. P. Willis, Jas. Gales, Charles Richardson, James Parker, Horace Greeley, Charles Dickens, James Buchanan, Simon Cameron and Schuyler Colfax? Printers all, and practical ones. Mark Twain, Amos Cummings, Bret Harte and Opie Read are plain, practical printers, as were Artemus Ward, Petroleum V. Nasby and Sut Lovingood. Senator Plumb, of Kansas, James S. Hogg, of Texas, are both printers; and the leader of science and philosophy in his day made it his boast that he was a journeyman printer. In fact, thousands of the most brilliant minds in this country are to be found toiling in the publishing houses of large cities and towns. It is not everyone that can be a printer—brains are absolutely necessary. —Exchange.

"The Imprint."

WE have received a copy of THE IMPRINT, a very neat and readable monthly publication issued by the Toronto Type Foundry.

As might be expected, THE IMPRINT contains a good deal about the Toronto Type Foundry; but the editor also contrives to insert a quantity of very interesting reading matter, consisting of personal items and notes on current topics.

A publication such as this serves to keep Canadian printers in touch with one another, and should be patronized if for no other reason than that.

We should like to see THE IMPRINT publish a series of articles upon advertisers and advertising. The field for this subject is unlimited.—Clarksburg Reflector.

RECENTLY we received the business card of a country newspaper and job printing office, which was the product of a Toronto lithographing establishment. Printers who cannot print their own stationery ought to go out of the business.

A Lucky Accident.

ONE of the greatest discoveries ever made was the result of the purest accident. It was the year 1796. The citizens of Munich had just witnessed the first triumphant performance of Mozart's opera, "Don Juan," and the theater was deserted by all save one man, Alois Sennefelder, who, after making a round of inspection in the building to see that no sparks had ignited anything combustible, retired to his room to stamp the tickets of admission for the day following.

When he entered his apartments he had three things in his hand—a polished whetstone, which he had purchased for sharpening razors, a ticket stamp, still moistened with printing ink, and a check on the treasurer of the theater for his salary. As he placed the latter upon the table, a gust of wind swept it high up in his room, and then deposited it in a basin filled with water. Sennefelder dried the wet paper as well as he could, and then weighted it down with the whetstone, upon which he had before carelessly placed the printing stamp.

When he returned to his room the following morning, he was astonished at seeing the letters printed with remarkable accuracy upon the dampened paper. A thought came to him. He wondered whether, by such means, he could not simplify his work of continually copying the songs of the chorus. He went out and purchased a large stone, commenced making experiments, and, as we all know, finally discovered the art of printing from stone—lithography. —Youth's Companion.

YEARS ago, when the advertisement announcing the sale of "Xmas Goods" was allowed to do duty for six or eight months without a break, it was quite a common remark among a certain class of business men, that "advertising didn't pay." Christmas goods advertised in July and summer goods offered for sale in December—no wonder the sleepy man doubted the value of printers' ink as a medium for attracting business to his store! But the merchant who fails to change his advt. at least once a month is quite a curiosity now-a-days. Advertising is rapidly being reduced to a science and the reader who fails to scan the advertising columns of the papers misses some of the very best things in them. Advertising by posters and dodgers has had its day, but newspaper advertising has come to stay. —Streetsville Review.