

[Written for the Miscellany.]

## "Devil"-isms.

A printer's devil wanted to know if the Russians were doing a Russian business in Turkey. A fellow-apprentice thought that Turkey, instead, would soon be Russian after the Russians.

By a smart printer—a new sum in arithmetic—Suppose a cow, twelve feet long and six feet high, should give eighteen quarts of milk a day, how many ought a cow give that is only nine feet long and five feet high? A chromo given for correct solution of this problem. Answer given in next number if none is received. Look out for it!

It is even so, that when a printer gets out of sorts, he has invariably but one alternative—distribute *dead matter*.

A young printer on beholding the object of his affections, cried out—"Let me embrace you," and they embraced, and were happy.

An unsophisticated bore was in the habit of calling on a jour. printer to see him manipulate type. Annoying him one day, the jour. cried out, "I am going to reach for a double dagger." Unsophisticated made a bee line for the door, and never returned.

Our boy says—If you can see a mile in smiles, why can't you see a row in a frown? We pride on our boy for that.

"Our devil" recently joined a base ball club, and was unanimously chosen catcher. Out practicing one afternoon, he caught the ball, put it in his pocket and made the first home run in his life, followed by a *barolung* crowd. He says he don't think it was a *base* transaction as he caught it on a *fly*.

"Our devil" prides himself on his name, which is Gunn. His father is a gunsmith, and when asked his name, he says he is the son of a Gun—smith. If you disbelieve him, he *goes off* and says then that he is a son of a Gunn.

"Our devil" says he has often been flogged for his wicked acts. On being corrected on one occasion, for some of his pranks, he asked his boss to decapitate him at once, and if he did, he would find him just as full of *evil* without his *d*.

"Say, boss," said "our devil," the other day, "why is the Roman cap M like a regiment of soldiers?" We told him we couldn't see the similarity. "You give it up then," he asked. We told him yes, and wanted to know what it was. "Because they both represent a thousand."

"You see our water pitcher over there, with the sponge on it," asked "our devil" with a comical quiz in his eyes, the other day. "Well, can you tell me on what side the handle of it is?" We ventured to suggest that it was on the right side of us, the way it stood then; or, if it was changed round, it would then be on the left side. He laughed at us, and said neither way was right, as the handle was on the outside.

"Our devil" says he was often on the track of the milky way. Being astonished at such a remark as that, he asked him how that was? He said when he was on a farm he had to drive the cows home to be milked.

Those on the look-out for bargains will do well to consult our advertising pages this month. There are some splendid chances offered, in materials as well as proprietary interests. See pages 221 and 223.

## Worthy of Imitation.

The following paragraph is going the rounds, and we reproduce it in order that it may be brought under the eyes of some of our large firms of employing printers. We are strongly of the opinion they would find their work better and quicker done, if all their employes were readers of the *Miscellany*.

The example set by a manufacturing firm at South Bend, Indiana, is, we think, worthy of imitation. Studebaker Bros., wagon and carriage manufacturing company, presented each of their army of workmen with a twelve-month subscription to a weekly newspaper, the employee signifying whichever paper he desired to take. A vote was taken among the workmen, by consent of the employers, to ascertain what number would prefer a turkey to a newspaper, and only three expressed a preference for the turkey. Their desire was complied with, and all the other workmen, numbering several hundreds, were supplied with weekly papers at the expense of the firm.

The attention of the craft is called to the advertisement of the Dominion Type-Founding Company, to be found on page 221. This is a purely Canadian concern, and Canadians should see to it that it receives proper support. This company deal honestly and liberally with their patrons, and are deservedly popular in the maritime provinces, at least, where they have been represented for some years past by Mr. P. A. Crossby, their gentlemanly general agent.

THE first newspaper, says the *Figaro*, which appeared in England, was published at the time of the threatened Spanish invasion in 1588. It was issued by the Government for the reason, as stated, "that this publication is the surest means of making the truth known to the people, and of contending against the sin of lying and exaggerations of calumny." The oldest number of this journal extant is No. 50, of July 26, 1588, now in the British museum.

THE Quebec *Gazette* was the first paper published in Canada. Its first number appeared on the 21st of June, 1764. It started with one hundred and fifty subscribers. In 1874 it was merged in the Quebec *Chronicle*. A complete file of the *Gazette* is in the British museum.

Correspondents will please recollect that their favors must be to hand by the 25th of each month, at the latest. Quite a number of letters too late again this month.

Show the *Miscellany* to your friends and ask them to subscribe.