

## THE PRINTING OF A GREAT PAPER.

THERE are few things the everyday public know so little about as the manufacture of the newspaper that comes every morning and evening to their doors, and about which they always feel privileged to grumble if it does not meet their expectations, without a thought for all the labor—mental and mechanical—that goes to the make up of the



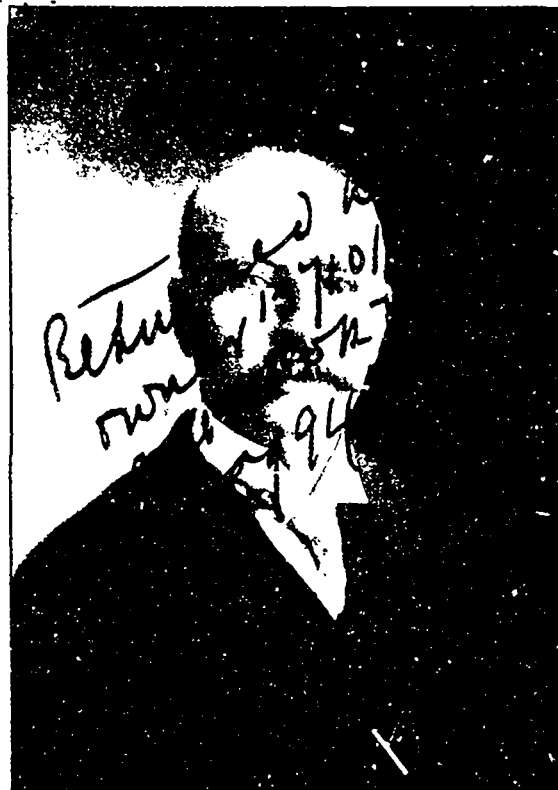
By courtesy of The Canadian Magazine.

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most indifferent sheet. Perhaps one cause of this ignorance and want of interest is the lack of opportunity of becoming acquainted with the inner working of newspaper offices. The Manitoba Free Press has made a wise departure by inaugurating the installation of their new press and stereotyping plant with a general invitation to the public to come and see for themselves how the thing is done. It is quite safe to say that every one of the many who accepted the invitation will, for the future, have a keener appreciation of and a warmer sympathy with the workers who spend their lives seeking to gratify the desire—no longer confined to the Athenians—"to hear or to tell some new thing."

Your correspondent had the pleasure of being shown through by Mr. Mott, of New York, the expert in charge of the erection of the new press. Just as we stepped from the elevator into the stereotyping room, the form of the second page of the evening edition was rolled in on an adjustable table from the composing room. The chief of the stereotyping staff met the form with another adjustable table, on to which it was slipped. Then the fun began. First, the form was beaten with block and mallet to insure its being perfectly even; next it was vigorously brushed with an oiled brush to prevent sticking. The tissue-lined stereotype paper, previously moistened by steam, was laid on,

and great care taken to see that it was straight. With a long-handled brush, not unlike a huge hair brush, the stereotyper began to beat the creamy, pulpy, paper into the form of type—the matrix rolling machine not being in use here—and at each dexterous stroke of the brush the matrix could be seen appearing distinctly. This operation complete, small squares of cardboard were placed on each blank space that was more than a quarter of an inch in size, until the whole looked not unlike the present war map of South Africa. An exceedingly fine white powder was laid on as thickly as though the matrix were the face of a faded court beauty, and again carefully wiped off, so that only enough remained to fill up the wrinkles. A further covering of stereotype paper was laid over this, and, on top of all, six ply of blanket, then on to the big steam drying-table the whole was deftly slid. By this time the matrix of the first page was dry, and out it came from under the great screw press of the drying table, making way for number two. When the blanket was removed and the matrix raised from the form, we were allowed to hold in our hands for a moment the perfect facsimile, reverse side up, of course, of the first page of the evening paper. A most curious document it appeared. If, in the cycles of the centuries to come, posterity unearth these old matrices from the tombs or archives of this century, they will find them quite as curious and interesting as the cuneiform tablets of past civilizations are to the antiquarians of to day. The matrix was fitted into a sort of cradle affair that looked not



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unlike a half section of iron smokestack laid on stout iron legs. The matrix in place in the mould, the cover was pulled down, which fits it just as one-half of a waffle iron