

The Printer's Miscellany.

AN EXPONENT OF PRINTING AND ALL THE KINDRED ARTS.

VOL. V.

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

No. 2.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

HUGH FINLAY,
St. John, N. B., Canada.

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We hope all those who received subscription accounts with last number will remit promptly. We need the money.

The Abuses of Advertising.

There is a class of people in the world who think that newspapers are conducted by their proprietors for the mere pleasure of the thing. They also labor under the delusion that a "puff" for their place of business, or for any particular article in which they may deal, is an "item of news," and would, as the common expression of the dead-beat advertisers hath it, "go to fill up the paper;" just as if, as all newspaper men know, there is not always enough and to spare of matter to crowd into the columns. Unfortunately, there are too many proprietors of journals who insert in their local columns items that are *de facto* advertisements, and should be paid for as such. The Rev. Mr. Snodgrass, B. A., etc., etc., gets a fur coat presented to him about Christmas time, and the editorial sanctum is, about a week before the interesting event comes off, invaded by a small army of infatuated female members of the Rev. S.'s congregation, clamoring for an advance notice of perhaps thirty or forty lines, which, of course, go "to fill up the paper," and at the same time takes sundry shekels out of the proprietor's pockets for composition. Then comes a long report of said presentation, taking up *uræ* and space—for

what? Just wear and tear of type, and no thanks? Every man whose hen lays a mammoth egg, every huckster who has the first strawberries of the season, wants a puff, but all for nothing, and the paper has to run stall, pay wages, feed the proprietor and his bairns, for chameleon-like remuneration. As everybody who has had the luck, ill or good, to engage in newspaper business knows, it is not the subscription list that keeps up a paper, because the latter is as hard to collect as borrowed umbrellas, and if the advertising patronage is all of the d. h. class, a paper soon goes to the wall. One of the most valuable adjuncts to a newspaper is a good advertisement canvasser, and when he is a good one he is worth more to the proprietor than any other man on the staff. Pay him well, give him *carte blanche* to use his own discretion as to what contracts he makes; trust in his judgment, and keep clear of gratuitous advertisements, and the elements of success in a paper are secured. The writer of this at one time was connected with a little paper in Liverpool, England, called the *Porcupine*, that threw its quills around in a lively style. Hugh Shimm, the editor and proprietor thereof, inaugurated a new departure. No contributor was allowed to accept a complimentary ticket for any sort of entertainment. Hence free and unbridled criticism could be indulged in. Here they are trammelled with being placed under the thumb of a showman who comes along, floods the office with tickets, and the unfortunate mortal of a reporter is oftentimes obliged to stultify himself, by saying that an affair is good, when he knows full well that it is worse than bad. For pity's sake, let some journal start the ball rolling, and do away with this infliction of having to waste printer's ink, printer's time, and proprietor's space, which is a portion of their capital, for gratuitous ads. If one paper would only have the pluck to set its face against it, the others would soon follow.

Germany has 3,778 periodical publications, England 2,509, and France 2,000; while in America there are 9,129.