

I mention these facts as an encouragement to compositors to commence this study right off—instruction through the post costs nothing but postage, which is but nominal. More could be said to influence wavering ones, which I must defer till another time. W. H. F.

To be continued.

A Type Foundry for Victoria.

A foundry for the manufacture of printing-types by machinery is now in working order at Moray-street, Emerald-hill, Melbourne, Australia. The introducer to the colony of this most useful industry is Mr. H. Thitchener, who left England some twelve months ago with the object of starting a type foundry in Melbourne, taking with him all the newest appliances and improvements in machinery for the purpose, together with copper matrices to the value of nearly £2,000, for forming the letters for founts of type of the sizes mostly required in newspaper and book work offices, and also for fancy types used in job printing. The starting of this foundry says the *Age*, will, no doubt, prove of great usefulness to the printing trade, as the proprietor not only manufactures his own machinery, but also makes matrices for forming the faces of any sorts of type wanted. At present if letters of a fount run short, difficulty is experienced in obtaining them, and on several occasions they have had to be ordered from the English foundries involving a delay of five or six months. Mr. Thitchener is able, on a specimen of the type required being forwarded him, to cast the quantity desired in three days, it taking nearly that time in a battery to deposit the thickness of copper wanted in the formation of the electrotyped matrix. Complete founts of type, in small quantities, can also be supplied; and the specimens exhibited were all of excellent manufacture, and said to be equal to any of English make.

Short-hand experts and reporters will be shocked to hear that in an article on "Modern Life and Insanity," which was recently published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, Dr. D. H. Tuke classes short-hand writing among the causes of mental alienation. Among other causes are continuous railway travel and fast living, so that there seems to be some connection between rapidity and insanity, and *festina lenta* becomes a proverb of more force than ever it had before.

Written for the Miscellany.

A Canadian Typo's Experience in England.

BY RED INK.

Most printers have a *penchant* for wandering, an insatiable desire to get over as much of the length and breadth of the land as possible, and see "life" generally. My case proved no exception to the rule; and as, in gratifying this inclination, I spent a short time in London, Eng., a *resume* of my experience, from a professional standpoint, may prove of interest—perhaps benefit—to some of the readers of the *Miscellany*, who may intend, some day, "to see how it is" themselves. Before I start, however, I must crave the indulgent criticism of my brother typos, as I am decidedly more at home handling the "leadens messengers of thought" than those of steel; and so, if my remarks appear to be crudely expressed, let this be my apology.

Long before I emerged from the apprentice state into that of a full-fledged "print," I had a great desire to cross the sea, to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with the mighty city, of which I had read and heard so much; so, after leaving my Canadian home to work in New York, and after living there a sufficient time to get pretty fully acquainted with its "highways and byways," I threw up my "sit" in one of the large printing houses, a stone's throw from Printing House Square, one sunny morning in July, and, with the modest sum of \$50 "greenbax" in my pocket, hied me to the ticket office of the National Line, and invested in a steerage passage ticket for London. As I decided going late Monday evening and the steamer sailed Wednesday morning, it may be correctly surmised that no unnecessary time was wasted in leave-taking, etc. In fact, it seems to be a failing peculiar to "comps."—the dislike to say farewell—often forcing them to steal silently away and "leave not a trace behind," except, perhaps, a two-week's old paper collar and a spent cartridge of tobacco, as mementos for their sorrowing friends. But this is a digression. Sufficient to say that no irate hash-mill keeper lamented the non-liquidation of "dot ledcle bill," and my washerwoman had buried the hatchet.

The trip across was uneventful enough, with the exception of the burial of one of the assistant stewards, who "passed in his checks" very suddenly. A ripple was raised at the expense of one of the cabin passengers, the last Sunday