

## SAMPLES.

**F.** H. DOBBIN, managing director of The Peterboro' Review Printing and Publishing Co., writes concerning the methods of showing colored proofs referred to in last month's issue. He says he has been using crayons for years to indicate colors. A sample of a can label was enclosed, and showed how four colors would combine and the effect thereof. Mr. Dobbin says: "I find this a good wrinkle, and one it pays to practise. The idea can be carried farther if a water color is used. I have used colored writing inks with good effect." Mr. Dobbin's office turns out some highly creditable work, and his opinion is valuable.

The Medicine Hat News Publishing Co. sent in some samples recently that are surprising, considering that the artistic sense of the wild North-West is not supposed to be very broadly developed. The work on invitation and admission cards is as neat and as artistic as anything turned out in the usual way from the best city offices. Their type is new in style, and they seem to use the best inks and pay strict attention to their press work. The samples of statement and letter heads noticed are not produced by novices, but by men who are up-to-date in the styles of display.

Some samples have recently reached us from the job department of The Newmarket Era office. Mr. L. G. Jackson has made this part of his business well known, and instead of work going out of his town to city offices, it goes out of other towns into his. What strikes one most is the perfection to which Mr. Jackson has brought his two-color work. The harmony is well preserved, and, unlike a great deal of this class of printing, it does not give one the idea that the printer has aimed too high. The effect is subdued and pleasing, no plaster effect being noticeable. Then where bronze work is added to two color work the same effect is attained. Any job printer who desires to see a model invoice head in three impressions should send to Mr. Jackson for one of his own. They are beauties. In the statement heads, the type used for the firm name is a variety used by many printers, but is too fancy to suit the writer. Plain-faced type, without the slightest attempt at being decorative, gives the neatest effect. A statement head is an exceedingly hard display to make, but Mr. Jackson's samples are fairly good. In Fall Fair prize lists some neat samples are seen, the colored cover being a very creditable production.

Some statement heads have been received from Frank C. Mellroy, printer and stationer, 80 King street east, Hamilton. One for a fruit dealer in that city is a beauty and an effort will be made to reproduce it for the next issue of *PRINTER AND PUBLISHER*. Mr. Mellroy is wise in recognizing that dark blue ink gives a hundred per cent. better effect than black, and the wise man shall inherit the earth.

## THE TRAMP PRINTER.

COLONEL PAT DIXON'S DESCRIPTION OF A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

Wyer bayer, lumberlock  
Seventeen geese in a flock,  
One flew east and one flew west,  
And one flew over the cuckoo's nest.

"Whiff! whiz! Presto, change! Ever shifting, always shift less. Wheel about and turn about, and skeedaddle every which

a-way. Tramping yesterday, working to-day, drunk to-morrow. Now in the city, where the ponderous eight-cylinder, self-paster and folder mingles thunder and lightning, ink and cheap bombastic stupidity at chain-lightning speed; and anon in the back-woods village, where the antiquated lemon-squeezer hand-press squeaks and wheezes under its weekly and weakly burden of ignominious politics, thanks for the pumpkins and turnips, rural rhymester doggerel to some freckled Nancy Jane, or the memory of some infantile victim of whooping cough or green apple colic, murdered English, massacred grammar and smashed orthography. Here a dandy and there a ragamuffin, everywhere a philosopher and a vagabond. The bedouin of civilization, Ishmaelite of Christendom, stamped by the hunger of omnipotent destiny with the Cain like brand of ceaseless unrest, the seal of perpetual motion. The world owes much of its light to him. A vast amount of its science, its art, its literature and its religion would lie buried in impenetrable obscurity but for him.

"To his nimble, dingy fingers mankind, at least in part, owes every spelling book and Bible, every poem, history, revelation, discovery and Pall Mall Gazette sensation that stores the minds of the wise or tickles the ears of the foolish. And yet he is a vagrant, a homeless wanderer, knowing everybody, caring for nobody and nobody caring for him. Such is the history, the life, the epitomized biography of ninety-nine out of every hundred of the peripatetic printer tribe.

## WHY HE FAILED.

The man was talking to the city editor about the chances for a job as reporter.

"Where did you work last?" inquired the city editor.

"Out west. I owned an evening paper out there in one of those new towns, or rather I started one."

"Didn't it go?"

"Yes, went to smash."

"What was the matter?"

"Aw," in a tone of deep disgust, "the most prominent citizens always discriminated against me in favor of the morning papers."

"In what way? You weren't in competition."

"We were in the matter of the only kind of news our people wanted."

"I don't understand."

"You would if you had tried it once. It was lynching parties shooting scrapes and that sort. They always made it convenient to have them take place after my paper had gone to press and the whole force had gone off and got drunk, and then the morning paper had the scoop. By the time my paper had got out next day, the people were wanting something new, and they just waited over till next morning and got it."

The applicant for a job sighed profoundly at this point, and the city editor extended his sympathy.

"I tried to change my luck," continued the ex-editor, "by starting out one day at noon with my gun for the editor of the morning paper, but it wasn't any use; he dodged me until my paper had gone to press, and then I missed him and he shot me in the leg. After that I concluded Providence wasn't on my side and I jumped the town. If you can't give me a job give me a quarter, and that will make my burden lighter, anyhow," and the city editor, knowing what kind of a load was in the quarter when properly applied, gave it to him wonderingly.