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THE NEWSPAPER DOG.

A YEAR or so ago the Montreal reporters admitted into their charmed circle a white dog which they found living on cigar stumps and other equally indigestible food in a place on Sherbrooke street where they give a full dinner for 10c. Because he was the dirtiest, filthiest ill-bred cur he was taken up. His headquarters were in The Herald reportorial rooms, but he was equally at home in the other offices. Editors he despised, or they him. They were too high-toned for his blood, but this fact made the boys doubly sure that he was the commonest mongrel they could find. He has been written up time and again by the papers. His weekly doings have been recorded and he became as well-known and popular as Ex-Mayor McShane. He has privileges. He is the only dog admitted to the sacred precincts in the Board of Trade, and he has occupied a prominent place on the platform at several important gatherings. When he walks down St. James street the police make way for him, and crowds have lined up to see him pass. He is also known in secret society circles, but he seems to have no principles. On the 17th of March he came out in a coat of green paint and spent most of the day in the Irish quarter, but by the 12th of July this had worn off, and he was about most of the day in orange, looking for a procession. At another time he went about with a square and compass painted in gold on his side, but the Masons would have nothing to do with him, and he rubbed that off. In an evil moment he wandered into a trade journal publisher's office with the dead game sporting editor of a morning paper. The trade journal man thinks he can tell a dog when he sees it, and for the first time a breath of suspicion was cast on Broderick—for that is his name. He hinted that his ancestors were not what they should have been. In short, he said that genuine blue blood coursed in Broderick's veins; that his parents must have been respectable thoroughbred fox terriers, and that Broderick could easily have won a prize if he had been at the Show. No one believes that he knows anything about dogs, but still his remarks have been repeated, in confidence, of course, and somehow the feeling has gone abroad that Broderick is not a mongrel. Reporters are looking at him doubtfully, but the editors are trying to make up.

VALUE OF OLD PROOF-SHEETS.

IN a list of relics advertised by a British firm are the proof-sheets of Sir Walter Scott's "The Pirate," with the author's ms. corrections and alterations. The value now placed on these proof-sheets is £105, or say \$500. There are some manuscripts and proof-sheets of which it would pay printers to retain possession. Most of them are burned as soon as they are of no further practical use. Bernard Quaritch, who has these sheets, says:

"Not merely interesting as a Scott relic, but extremely valuable and important as furnishing a striking example of his

literary methods, and of his practice in regard to style. It is curious to note how the text gains in strength and clearness by slight touches of the pen. We frequently observe the words 'Please read this,' evidently in Ballantyne's hand after his own first reading; and they generally appear in places where the ideas are obscurely expressed. In some places Ballantyne's memoranda amount to objections and desires for large alterations; and they are answered by Scott in subsidiary notes. There is one instance in which the author humorously writes, 'Your first objection is all my eye; your second is in my eye.'

"It is believed that Scott's corrections never reached the printer directly; that they were copied by Ballantyne upon second proofs and forwarded for press in his handwriting. Consequently the proof-sheets read by the author were intended to be destroyed; and the preservation of those of 'The Pirate' is a singular circumstance due to the action of Robert Cadell."

A case nearer home may also be cited. Mr. Joseph Pope's recent book, "Confederation Documents," was partly based on proofs of the British North America Bill used by the Canadian delegates in framing that measure in their conferences at the Westminster Palace Hotel, London, in 1867. The various changes agreed upon were indicated in the margins of the various proofs. Sir John Macdonald must have bundled them into his trunk with other documents. Now, after 28 years, they turn up to throw light on the Constitutional Act, and the intentions and meaning of its framers.

PETE DIDN'T KNOW CHRYSLER.

A very disappointed man is Mr. Peter Murphy, who sells papers at the corner of St. Lawrence hall. He asked a guileless visitor yesterday: "Who owns Chrysler's farm, anyhow? Everybody wants The Utica Globe to read about it;" and because the stranger looked at Peter as if he was a confidence man, Peter is offended and tells everybody that he knows as much about farming as most people, but he never heard of a man by the name of Chrysler.—Montreal Gazette.

THE THOROLD POST.

The Thorold Post has bought itself a new home, and has removed to the corner of Albert and Ormond streets, where the office will be on the ground floor. The old office on Front street was The Post's home for over twenty years, from the first issue, May 24, 1875. May the paper prosper well in its new habitation.

"Mornin' papers!" yelled one of the newsboys yesterday. "All 'bout three men overcome with the heat an' one froze to death!"—Chicago Record.