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The Printer's Miscellany.

AN EXPONENT OF PRINTING AND ALL THE KINDRED ARTS.

VOL. IV.

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

No. 9.

PRACTICAL MATTERS.

The Unnecessary Movements Practised by Compositors.

An old-time writer on this subject once said that "the movements practised by many compositors were ridiculous, purposeless, and time-wasting," and he was right. Let us pass through the composing-rooms of any of our city or country printing offices, and we guarantee that we shall not fail to find—anywhere and everywhere—specimens of the kind referred to.

Look at one compositor, who accompanies the necessary movement of his right arm with a continuous shuffling of his right foot; at another, who clicks and knocks each type he picks up over and over again—2, 3, 4, 5 and more times against his composing-stick; or at a third, who makes a deep reverential bow towards his cases whenever he lifts a type from them:—in fact, these purposeless movements are of so great a variety, and mostly so ridiculous, that we will not waste time in enumerating them, lest, by so doing, we should give to a few words, which we desire to render impressive and earnest, a stamp of frivolity.

To expect the same speed in his work, and the same cleverness, from every compositor, is an utopian and never-to-be-realized hope; yet what can be—and ought to be—expected, is the same quiet and thoughtful way of doing the work. And here it is not the ability,—it is the will of the man we have to deal with. Some may say: "But what if a compositor has been spoiled during his apprenticeship?"—to which we reply: If he will—earnestly WILL reform bad and pernicious habits acquired when an apprentice, or through the bad example he had, in journey-men, before his eyes, *he can do so!*—nay, *he must do so!* Of course, what an earnest and sensible remonstrance would have prevented in the beginning, will, in later years, require more or less time to amend, always supposing that the good and earnest will to do so exists.

Then, besides the ridicule and the loss of valuable time, these purposeless movements will—some of them, certainly—affect the compositor's

health, his chest, his legs, his feet; they will, indeed, greatly fatigue him before he has done half a day's work.

Before proceeding further, let us see *how a compositor ought to do his work*. This may be said in a few words:—standing perfectly upright before his frame, soldier-like, heels and knee-joints together; the upper part of the body erect, not curved; looking at a type before his right-hand thumb and finger grasp it, and then bringing it into the composing-stick with a simple, short movement—no curves, no clicking, no turning it up and down; not following with the whole body the advancing right hand towards an *f* or a *g*, an *s* or a *k*, but mere inclining just as much as is absolutely necessary towards that point of the case or cases where a type is to be taken up. The more quietly and with the less affectation or haste all these movements are practised, the better for his exchequer will be the result ultimately; for his work will be all the more regular and "measured," and he will soon gain, in ems, in lines, in galleys or sheets, what he formerly spent in bows, in clicking, and in shuffling. He will be considerably less fatigued at the end of his day's work; and will thank us, rather than laugh at us, for this—he may call it "sermon" if he likes.

There are compositors who set 6—8—10—12,000 ems in a day—from the same quality of copy or MS. One will do a day's work of 6000, another of 8, or 10, or 12,000 ems. Very well! Where are, mostly, the reasons to be sought for that will account for this striking difference in productive power? In nothing, believe us, but in the style of working, *i. e.*, in the manner (so different) of picking up type. One who causes a type to make two, three and more curves through the air before he places it in the stick; or one who knocks it repeatedly (or even once only) against the stick, before he finally puts it down into the line, etc., is an evident loser in time, against one who, having grasped the type, places it quickly, in the shortest way, and without any further ceremony or reverential inclination, where it ought to be, looking out at

the same time for the nick of its follower. It is perfectly evident and natural that the latter will compose 12,000 ems in even less time, and with greater ease, than the former will be able to compose half that number.

We can, therefore, only say to compositors, who are guilty of these irregular and nonsensical habits, "Reform!" for if you only realize a saving of 10 per cent., *i. e.*, if you, who formerly composed, in a given time, 10 types, can, by good and firm will, bring it to 11 in the same space of time, you will gain a hundred types in every thousand, say 7 or 800 daily, 4 to 5000 in a week, 16 to 20,000 in a month—*more than a month's pay in a year's time!*

Now, is this worth consideration and reflection or not?

May all those who feel that the above lines touch them and their bad habits, bring to bear all the firmness, all the resolution they can command; it is their own interest we advocate. Combine the look-out for, the grasping and the composing of, the type into one quick and secure movement; stand quiet and upright, as a man should always stand, before your frame; have the needed reform continually before your mind's eye—and be sure, the good effect will soon show itself: a fortnight, a month, will witness a wonderful, an unexpected improvement.

There is another (and a *very sore*) point about which we would say a few words—*bad distribution*; and another still—*want of scrupulous order*, and also the principle, "Oh! that I will do to-morrow!" but we will close for to-day; reserving, however, to a future paper those sore points and bad principles, which, in their consequences, predispose the compositor to asthma and consumption (through being more bent over the stone than standing before his frame); or which make him lose his time by setting up pi, which would never have been made if the above quoted bad principle were not, alas, so universally held in honor.

A correspondent of an English paper gives the following mode of making ink for the new copying process. He says: "Take a small quantity of aniline dye—violet is the best,—mix with a pennyworth of acetic acid, and then add a small quantity of boiling water. Mix it well and let it cool, and it will then be found to be very bronze when written with. I have found this to be far superior to any ink which I have bought."

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.

The Printer's Miscellany.

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

The Newspaper Business in Halifax.

The newspapers of Halifax, as they are at present managed, are at a low ebb. A gentleman who has had a large experience in this line, both in the old country and in most of the principal cities of the Dominion, and who has recently made special enquiries into the state of the newspaper business in Halifax, assures us that he was astounded at the result of his investigations.

Advertisements are accepted regardless of any consideration of the value of space, or any calculation as to their actual cost. Some of the publishers have made a complete and thorough surrender to the advertisers, and will scarcely refuse an ad., no matter how ridiculously low the price offered. The result is just what might be expected; business men, finding that there is no fixed standard of value for space or position, have learned to doubt whether there is really any value, and many who would have been valuable customers to the papers, had they been conducted on common sense, business principles, absolutely decline to advertise. Those who do advertise, do so with an air and a belief that they are conferring a personal favor and an obligation on the proprietors of the papers for which they doubt whether they receive an equivalent.

The causes that have brought the business to this lamentably low state are several, among the principal of which may be mentioned that persons, destitute of an understanding of even the primary principles of the publishing, or indeed of any, business, have obtained the opportunity to waste the money of other people in competing unfairly with those who have endeavored to maintain prices at a paying standard, and to run the business legitimately.

There is but one paper that at all pretends to

base its prices on any scientific data, and even that one is compelled at times to submit to large reductions rather than lose an advertisement. On several occasions newspaper proprietors in Halifax have attempted to combine for the protection of their mutual interests in these respects, but these combinations have been half-hearted and weak, and have soon fallen through.

The oldest daily in that city—the paper that has always been looked up to by its contemporaries of all shades of politics as a pattern to follow in business matters—is to-day suffering heavily from the cut-throat style of competition alluded to above. An instance of how this unfair, illegitimate competition, together with incompetent management, works, may be cited in the case of a paper which recently expired in Halifax. Two short years after its founder transferred its management to others, sufficed to melt away the entire affair—business, plant, building, good will, etc., were completely wiped out of existence. The demise of this paper was followed by the appearance of a spirited and well-conducted cent daily, but ruinous competition killed it within four months.

Another very serious detriment to the legitimate prosecution of the business has been a looking for and dependence on Government "pap." Not a paper there to-day would be in existence had it not been largely subsidized by Government at different times in the past. It is true that this evil has, to a great extent, become a thing of the past; but its effects remain, and are plainly discernible at the present day. Papers that were long nourished with Government pap became careless how they conducted their business with the public, and felt too big to enter into a combination with their less favored brethren to keep prices up to a fair standard.

The most sensible course for the Halifax press to adopt is to cease their present foolish and ruinous competition. Form a basis for prices of advertising, calculated from cost and value, and refuse to deviate from it in any case. In this way, and only in this way, can the lost position be recovered, and their managers be enabled to pay decent prices for the literary and other work necessary for the production of their papers.

A Toronto paper states that "a public meeting will endeavor to set the *Evening Post*, of Montreal, on its feet." That's kind.

The Publishers and Booksellers of Toronto Dissatisfied.

The publishers and booksellers of Toronto held a meeting on February 24th, at which it was resolved that the Government be asked to substitute an *ad valorem* duty of 15 per cent., as an equivalent instead of the present specific duty of six cents per pound; also, that the attention of the Government be called to the fact, that at present magazines and books coming from without the limits of Canada, by post to booksellers, are subject to duty, while the same goods coming to private individuals, direct from the office of publication, or from any foreign bookseller or newsdealer, are admitted free of duty; also, that as binders' cloth, mill and straw board (for binding purposes), and bookbinders' machinery are not at present manufactured in the Dominion, and that the duty as at present imposed discriminates in favor of the foreign manufacturer, the Government be requested to place the above-named articles on the free list. Messrs. W. C. Campbell, W. J. Gage, A. S. Irving, G. M. Rose, and S. R. Hart were named a committee to prepare a memorial embodying the above resolutions to be laid before the Government.

A STRIKE AMONG PUBLISHERS.—The practice of selling books at less than their published price, having originated in England, has taken root in almost every European country; and that, too, to such an extent as to play sad havoc with the trade. To remedy this state of things, some 600 of the principal publishing houses in Germany and Austria have entered into a combination. From the first day of January, in the present year, they refuse to have any dealings with booksellers who give any reductions from the published prices.

"THE WORST MAN IN AMERICA."—John Crozier, the absconding treasurer of Toronto Typographical Union, of whom mention was made in the last number of the *Miscellany*, recently returned to that city and made overtures to the Union, through an outside friend, to be taken into the society again, and the \$115 which he had taken would be returned. The members of the Union would not entertain the proposition, and Crozier immediately took his departure for the United States.

The "Owen Sound Tribune Printing Company" offer their establishment for sale.

NOTES AND NEWS.

The Montreal *Gazette* pays 30 cents per 1000 ems.

The Ottawa Typographical Union has decided that the employers can have as many apprentices as they please.

Many letters arrived after the forms were all ready for press. We are sorry they could not appear in this month's issue.

Mr. John Bateman, formerly of the *Times* office, Moncton, has been working on the *N. E. Grocer*, Boston, since August last.

The paper makers of the Western States, it is said, will make an effort to prevent Congress advancing the tariff on articles used in the manufacture of paper.

The members of the Toronto Typographical Union dined at the Windsor Hotel on the night of the 28th of February. A very good time was enjoyed by all present.

The firm of Willis & Mott, publishers of the *Daily News*, has been attached and they have gone into insolvency, offering 20 cents on the dollar. The partnership has been dissolved, Mr. Mott retiring.

Miss Isabella Miller, forewoman for over eight years with Wm. Warwick & Son, publishers and bookbinders, Toronto, was presented with a handsome silver tea service and salver with inscription, as well as a time-piece, on the occasion of her leaving the establishment to get married.

Mr. Daniel Logan, who for the past few years has been publishing the *Eastern Chronicle*, New Glasgow, N. S., has left the management of that paper and taken a position on the staff of the Montreal *Witness*. Mr. Logan, we believe, was first apprentice, then printer in the *Chronicle* office, and when Mr. McConnell removed to Halifax, he assumed the management. May every success attend him.

The press of Canada, notwithstanding all the bluster at the time, have apparently accepted the censorship of Rideau Hall. Well, we suppose that not much else could be expected of the "small fry," when the two leading papers of the Dominion—the Toronto *Globe* and *Mail*—refused to publish the resolutions moved and seconded by their representatives in the Press Gallery at Ottawa. Perhaps it is just as well

that the matter has been dropped, and the sooner the members of the press put themselves in the proper position to become "Dewintonized" the better for them. That is, they will live longer and die happier.

A number of pedestrian contests recently took place in Boston among the typos. The events were decided as follows:

One-mile run—Biggs vs. Brennan, both of the *Globe*; won by Biggs.

Three-mile run—Elson vs. Cummin, of the *Herald*; won by Elson.

Five-mile walk—Muir vs. Clark of the *Herald* composing-room; won by Muir by one-half mile in 52m.

The marriage of Mr. B. S. Barnard, business manager of the Toronto *Evening Telegram*, to Mrs. O. C. Fisher, took place at Grace Church, Toronto, on Wednesday, March 3. The bridesmaid was Miss Lottie Gates—her sister, and the groomsmen were Mr. Henry Parkhurst. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Barnard entertained their numerous guests at a wedding breakfast. We desire to join Mr. Barnard's friends, who are legion, in congratulating the happy pair, and we hope to be pardoned for mentioning in this connection that Mr. Barnard is considered a model business manager by those who are well qualified to judge. His many friends in the Dominion—among whom may be mentioned Mr. William Walker, formerly of the *Telegram*—speak of him in the very highest of terms. May health, wealth and prosperity attend them.

A destructive fire occurred in Boston, Mass., on the 24th ult., by which the Wright & Potter Printing Co.—which is composed of Messrs. John H. O'Donnell, Frederick Conihe, Albert J. Wright, jr., and a Mr. Blair, who are the successors of Messrs. Wright & Potter, formerly state printers, but now deceased—were badly damaged. Their loss is said to exceed \$40,000, on which they have \$30,000 insurance. The building was also occupied by W. J. Wilson, bookbinder, and C. F. Jewett & Co., book publishers. Both firms had large quantities of valuable works in hand in process of binding and printing, all of which was rendered almost useless. It was with great difficulty that the fire was prevented from entering the adjoining granite structure, which is occupied by Cutter, Torrey & Co., stationers; George A. Prescott, printer; Kidder Printing Press Company, and Miller, Knight & Co., steam printers.

The School-Book Question---Justice Demanded---A Word to our M. P. P.'s.

To the Editor of the Miscellany:

Sir: The people of New Brunswick are under a debt of gratitude to you for ventilating the grievance regarding the printing of the books now in use in our public schools by outside publishers. The injustice of such an arrangement, not only to our printers, bookbinders, etc., but to the general public, is now apparent to all. This is a highly important matter—one affecting every man, woman and child in the land,—and the wonder is that it has been lost sight of so long. Since it has been shown, however, as you have already done, that the books can be printed in our own province 25 to 30 per cent. cheaper than outside of it, it seems to me, unless people are altogether blind to their own interests, that it is time they took up this question in earnest. The injustice lies not, perhaps, so much in the fact of the Board of Education having, some years ago, made such an arrangement as that to which you refer with T. Nelson & Sons and a Halifax publishing firm, but in their continuing it now, when it is well known they are inflicting loss on the province, and when the time seems to have arrived that another and more favorable arrangement could be made. There is no doubt that the Board, on the inauguration of the present School Law, encountered grave difficulties in getting a series of books adapted to the requirements of our schools, and probably made the best bargain possible under the circumstances. At that time it would have been a labor of some years to compile such books in New Brunswick; and, indeed, it is questionable whether it could have been done at all: at least, it is not likely they could have been produced cheaper. Times were good then, and wages and the cost of production much higher than of late years. Now, however, circumstances are changed, prices rule lower, wages in all departments have been reduced, retrenchment and economy seem to be the watchwords all round, and as these books can be printed here at greatly reduced rates, I see no reason why it should not be done at once, thus affording employment to a number of our own workmen, and bringing down the prices to correspond with the times.

A few questions will naturally be suggested to those whose attention may be drawn to this matter. First it may be asked, what are the

terms of the contract between our Board of Education and the foreign publishers? How long does it continue? Have the Board the power of terminating this contract at pleasure, or, are they bound hand and foot to these publishers and at their mercy, as some are inclined to think? Have they retained the copyright of such of the books as were got up specially for our schools under their own sanction and authority? Can you, Mr. Editor, or any one else, give us some information on these points? Unless I am greatly mistaken, the Board of Education, or which is the same thing, the Local Government, have been singularly reticent regarding this publishing job. Why have the great body of the supporters of our Free School system, whose money is sent out of the country in thousands of dollars annually for these books, been kept in the dark and treated in this way? Surely it cannot be that they are so very indifferent about a matter vitally affecting their own interests? If a contract exists from which the Government cannot withdraw for a number of years, let the public be informed of it without delay. We want no underhand arrangement, but everything open and above board. If the Government have the power of annulling the contract at any time, the sooner it is done the better, and the work given to our own printers, or at least an opportunity given them to compete with the outside publishers. The expense of our school books under the present arrangement, during these hard times, is a burdensome one.

In some of the States, I believe, it is the custom for their Boards of Education, when a series of school books is required, to receive tenders from publishers for the supply of books, previous to entering into a contract with them,—samples of such books having been first examined and reported on by the County and State Institutes. When a series is adopted, a certain price is agreed on, at which they are invariably to be sold by the booksellers. Competition in this way keeps down the price, while at the same time publishers, in view of having all the schools of a State for a market during a term of years, generally make a profitable contract. Was any such arrangement as this made by our Board?

Let our taxpayers require their representatives in the Assembly at the present session to investigate this matter, and see if a more equitable bargain cannot be made, both for our printers and for the public. It would seem as if we had

now reached that stage when this as well as some other questions pertaining to the operation of our School Law might be managed in another way besides by a sort of secret High Commissioner at headquarters.

I have hitherto spoken only of the price of our school books, but something might be said concerning their compilation; their suitability to the class-room, and more particularly about the binding of a few of them. In this last respect several books in the series are, to say the least, certainly open to serious objection, among which might be mentioned Sangster's Arithmetic, Calkin's larger Geography, and others.

I notice that the Westmorland County Teacher's Institute took up the question of the suitability of some of our school books at their last meeting. This is a step in the right direction. Were it not that I am afraid of trespassing too much on your space in the discussion of matters perhaps not germane to your journal, I would like to make a few remarks regarding the position of the teachers of our public schools. I think the time has arrived when they ought to take a more independent stand. As educated professional men and women they ought to have a voice in all matters pertaining to the schools. At their periodical conventions, or Institutes, they should consult together as to the best books to be used, the course of instruction best to be adopted, the changes deemed necessary from time to time in the practical working of the law and regulations, etc., and having decided on what is best they should see that it is adopted. It is they who have to bear the heat and burden of the day. Many of them have had the experience of years in the school-room, and their views on methods of teaching, on books, on school discipline, and many other questions, are entitled to every consideration. Have they been consulted as they should on these things? I think not. Hitherto, rules and regulations were made, books adopted, a course of study prescribed, and a host of details and minutiae pertaining to school work formulated, all of which is forced upon the schools, without ever asking the advice or opinion of the teachers about it. They are treated as mere machines in the system.

There are other points on which I would like to offer a few remarks, did time and space permit; but I have already exceeded the proper limits of this communication and must close.

With your permission I may at some future time point out some of the anomalies or excrescences which seem to be gathering around our Free School Law.

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Norwich Notes.

NORWICH, CONN., Feb. 20.

The firm of Wentworth & Moore has been dissolved.

Wm. Fitch has been admitted to the New London County bar.

Wm. F. Beebe, formerly of this city, died at Providence, R. I., on the 26th of January, at the age of thirty-two years and two months. He leaves a wife and several children.

The *Weekly Courier* has reduced its subscription price to fifty cents a year. It is sent to all parts of the United States and Canada at this figure, and is destined to have a very large circulation.

And now they *do* say "The Printer" is fast "going to seed."

The *Aurora* establishment has again changed hands, Mr. Wm. Faulkner, recently of California, having become the purchaser. The business is now conducted by Faulkner & Moore.

"Al." Coffee, when last heard from, was holding an extra on the *Kansas City Mail*.

Wilcox is about to seek a new location, the room at present occupied by him being advertised "to let."

Louisiana's "wheel" turned out a birthday present for one of the boys.

Rumor says that the *Morning Moon* (whether a full or a half is not known), a 4x6 evening paper, to be made up principally of quack ads. and clippings from the local daily—a cheap, second-handed affair, designed by its projector to lay out printers generally, and send them to the farm on the west side of the Yantic river—is to make its appearance, sometime. It was to have thrown its rays on our streets on the 1st of January, and in anticipation of the calamitous event the printers of Norwich, as well as those of all the small cities and towns of the State, had packed up their shirts and stood ready to make the final move; but, while awaiting the crushing blow—which was to tear in pieces the printing business of this section, if not of the entire Commonwealth—somehow an eclipse struck on, and smoked glass failed to bring to the eye of the sharpest observer a single ray of the *Morning Moon*. Then there was a thank-

giving service by the craft in general, after which the "O D Ones" gave a grand masquerade and charity ball in aid of the children's home. Next came the rumor that the 1st of February was put down as the day when the typographical world should tumble to its knees and do homage to the great "What is it?" of the "Rose of New England." But again, just as the glass had been smoked, and all stood ready to tumble or depart, something worse than an eclipse struck the terrible projector of the *Morning Moon*, and its rays were barreled up till after April 1st—considerably after, it is probable. Its "skeleton" no longer haunts the merchant, and its "2,000 subscribers at \$4 a year" (1,990 of them in his eye) are doubtless now thumping their heads against a kiln at the unexpected set back of the *Morning Moon*. On the whole, it was a narrow escape for journalism in Eastern Connecticut.

The recent snow and cold snap will enable "The Printer" to get out his logs.

Charles A. Burdick holds a seat in the Connecticut Legislature as a representative of the Preston democracy. STICK AND RULE.

From the "Hub."

BOSTON, MASS., Feb. 12.

Business, which has been rather dull since the holidays, is now showing signs of a revival. The annual reports from the adjacent towns, and the usual spring work, are now coming in, and there will doubtless be very few idle types for several weeks. Job compositors and pressmen are in the greatest demand. The winter, as a whole, however, has not been a very prosperous one for the average book and newspaper compositor in this city, and a great many contemplate moving westward in the spring in search of more lucrative fields of labor. But, as Boston is the New England rallying place for newly fledged printers—many of whom have not even served a regular apprenticeship and are not worthy the name—there is little danger but the rank and file of the great typographical army here will be kept full to overflow.

The continual changes of the transient ones renders it as impossible as it would be unimportant to record their whereabouts.

Edgar Warren, a compositor employed in the book-room of Rand, Avery & Co., until the month of July, left on that date to fill the position of local editor on the *Daily Kennebec Journal*,

Augusta, Me. The spicy and able manner in which that department of the *Journal* has since been conducted predict a successful journalistic career for Mr. Warren.

The libel suit brought against the Boston *Liberator* by Rev. J. W. Cole, formerly pastor of the Methodist Episcopal Church of Charlemont, Mass., for \$20,000, came before the Superior Civil Court on the 11th inst. When the case was called for the counsel for the defence stated that by agreement of counsel on both sides, the plaintiff would accept a verdict of \$1 without costs.

A homeless and destitute printer, Thomas Liddle by name, 58 years of age, an Englishman by birth, who has been in this country for three years, was found dead at 125 Haverhill street on the morning of the 11th. The proprietor of the building had given him the use of a vacant loft, and here he had slept, without a fire, and no furniture, except a hammock. He had worked at different offices in the city, and recently has done odd jobs for storekeepers, and thus earned enough money for food and probably drink. He leaves four children in England, one of his sons being mate of a ship.

The *Liberator* Pressmen's Mutual Benefit Association held a ball at Amory Hall on Thursday evening, January 29th.

Charles H. Fernald, chairman of the Workingmen's City Committee, the socialistic political agitator, who was wont to wake the echoes of our usually quiet common, in his harangues against those whom he considered the oppressors of the workingmen, is a compositor in the employ of E. M. Chamberlain, job printer, on Washington street.

A literary curiosity may be seen at the public library. It is a copy of "Dante," which is, perhaps, considering its contents, the smallest book ever made and printed from the smallest type ever cast. This microscopic edition, which measures 2x1 4-10 inches, contains, in 500 pages, the entire 12,233 verses of the *Divina Commedia*. The type, which is so small as to be read with difficulty under a magnifying glass, was cast, it was said, in 1850, and an effort was made at that time to complete the printing, but the compositors and proof-readers were obliged to give up the attempt from its destructive effect upon the eyes, and work upon it was not resumed until 1873, when, on account of the difficulties of the proof-reading, four years were needed for its completion. TURN-FOR-IT.

Napanee District Items.

NAPANEE, ONT., Feb. 9.

The Tamworth *Echo* has been enlarged, and presents a very creditable appearance in its new form.

A liliputian paper, the *Star*, has recently been started at Madoc. It is a four-page journal, printed on a 32d sheet, double-demy, and devotes its columns to local and foreign news, politics, etc. It is decidedly the smallest newspaper in Canada, to our knowledge. May it ever twinkle in the cause of right.

The *Canada Casket*, the official organ of the Independent Order of Good Templars, is printed at the *Standard* office, and edited by T. W. Casey, G. W. Sec. Apart from its intrinsic value as a temperance journal, it is a literary gem of great merit, and is very ably conducted.

The Newburgh *Reporter* and Tamworth *Echo* are just now growing eloquent over each other's typographical errors. Foolish waste of ink and paper. Who ever saw a newspaper free of mistakes?

The Town and County Councils are of the opinion that the printing offices are clubbed together for the purpose of keeping up rates, and defrauding the corporations by big prices. To think for an instant that the fourth estate would be guilty of such an act, is a slander on the honesty of the profession, and we are glad to be in a position to be able to repudiate it *in toto*.

Napanee will not furnish her accustomed quota of typos for the Government Printing Office at Ottawa this winter, as the usual staff have obtained situations elsewhere or gone west. But among those likely to go down are the following: Messrs. Thomas Shirley (a periodical visitor), Charlie Mills (of the *Standard*), and W. W. Spafford (of the *Express*). We wish the boys success.

Another editor in embryo on Piety Hill. Look out for squalls.

PERSONAL.—Mr. G. M. Elliott, editor of the *Standard*, has been appointed Secretary-Treasurer of the Napanee Brush Company.

Messrs. Higley and Fralick, two typos of this town, who recently went to Virginia City, Nevada, have secured employment in the mines. The work is hard, but the pay very remunerative.

Mayor Henry, proprietor of the *Standard*, was recently presented with a bouncing baby

boy by his faithful spouse. Some claim that this is a result of the hum of the N. P. However this may be, Mr. Henry says he can vouch for the genuineness of the "hum" around his mansion since the event took place.

W. Blair, the perambulating compositor, has secured a steady sit on the *Beaver*.

W. R. Seldon, a former typo, is learning the drug business.

Frank Huffman, a compositor turned out under *Standard* auspices, has been seriously ill for the past year, and slight hopes are entertained of his recovery.

"Reddy" Burch, formerly of the *Express*, is running a dramatic and gymnastic company, the members of which hail from Detroit. They gave several exhibitions in the county recently, and were well received. More anon.

CRAFTSMAN.

Quebec News.

QUEBEC, Feb. 16.

Mr. Geo. Gale, a comp. in the *Telegraph* office, while paying his respects, on the 1st inst., had his house burglarized of some \$50.

The mortal remains of the late Mr. J. B. Bureau, at one time proprietor of the leading job office in this city, were deposited in their last resting place on the 12th inst. The funeral cortege was attended by the city police and fire brigade (of which the deceased was chief for a number of years), printers, members of the city council, and other friends to the number of over 1,000. Deceased leaves a large family to mourn his loss, amongst whom are Mr. N. Bureau, proprietor of the *Journal Pour Tous*, Ottawa, Ont., and another son (Mr. Emile Bureau) is Assistant License Inspector for this District.

The comps. on the *Chronicle* had quite a lively time on New Year's Eve—a little spread, interspersed with songs, etc.,—wishing a Happy New Year to the craft the world-wide round. Mr. F. Grenier catered for the occasion.

The proprietors of the *Canadien* (Conservative organ) newspaper went into insolvency on the 16th inst. This is the description of "hum" that Sir S. L. Tilley has given two of our printing offices since the N. P. came into effect.

A minister of the local cabinet is accused of sending all the English printing to a purely French office, which is owned by a very near relative (in fact, it is an open secret that he is himself proprietor), to the great detriment and loss of the contractor. It is expected there will

be a lively time over this matter when the House re-assembles for the dispatch of business. Out of some thirty hands only one English comp. is employed in the aforesaid establishment. "No Irish need apply." STADACONA.

Oxford Notes.

TILSONBURG, ONT., Feb. 9.

Business flourishing in Woodstock.

Mr. Wm. McGuire, of the late firm of Dresser & McGuire, publishers and proprietors of the *Toronto Liberal*, has accepted a "fat sit" in Toronto, in the job department of the *Canada Presbyterian*.

The *Embro Express* man now prints his own "outside."

Mr. N. Phelps has started a job office in Springford. His work is done neatly.

The *Magnet* is the name of a new weekly published at Otterville. The proprietors have adopted the "patent outside" system which so prevails in this part of Ontario. Otterville is not incorporated, but it is to be hoped the magnetic influence of the *Magnet* may magnify the magnitude to readers of the *Magnet*, for it is magnific. The *redacteurs* and proprietors are Messrs. Weaver & Co. LUGO VIX.

Printers and their Peculiarities.

From our Scrap Book.

The printer, like the poet, is born, not made. I have never been able to discover that he resembles the poet in many other things. He has a cynical quality which is utterly lacking in, and would be quite incompatible with, the poetic temperament. The enthusiasms which, as a boy, he may have felt, have mainly been crushed out by that superficial yet general acquaintance with the world which the "printer" gains while standing at his "case" and setting up "copy." The judgments of old compositors are sometimes wonderfully shrewd, but are always tempered with cynicism. General Grant and the Emperor of Russia are handled without gloves by the clever and faithful mechanics who daily put their sayings and doings into print. Sometimes the comments savor decidedly of disrespect, and they are never wanting in humor. To hear a bevy of compositors discussing the events of the day, while they are waiting at the "copy hook," during a few dull moments, one might fancy them a race of superior beings, specially designed for the purpose of criticising the comings and

goings of weaker mortals. An elderly printer frequently has an idea that he is in some mysterious manner responsible for the policy of the paper on which he works, and woe be unto the new editor who dares to offend his prejudices. If that new editor could steal into the composing-room and hear himself talked about, he would quietly return to his sanctum and take prussic acid. The sub-editors are usually regarded by the compositors with a species of lofty scorn, tempered with an occasional affectionate mildness when one of them has done anything to distinguish himself. They allude to him as being not such a fool "after all." They appear to fancy that editors are persons of lower caste than themselves, who must not be encouraged in familiarities, nor allowed to indulge in any undue valuations of their own importance. Each editor's manuscript is nicknamed, and no flattery is bestowed upon it. "Chow-chow," "hog-wash," "clinch," are some of the choice names given the effusions of which their authors are no doubt extremely proud. Boanerges Brown, in the silence of his editorial den, with his pastepot and scissors lying confidently near, and with the sympathetic cockroach looking on, fulminates an editorial with which he is completely satisfied. It arraigns the opposition and does good work for "the party." He re-reads it, places it lovingly in the copy-box, after having carefully, as he thinks, dotted every i and crossed every t; then he rings the bell and sends it up to the foreman. Five minutes afterward, the unfortunate editorial, divided into a dozen small pieces, is impaled on the copy-hook, and as a compositor catches sight of it he says, "No chance to make any money to-night, boys; here's some more of old Boanerge's slush." The nicknames usually refer to the quality of the handwriting. Most editors and professional writers, especially those accustomed to compose while printers are waiting for copy, fall into bad habits of chirography, and are at once marked by the printers for their peculiarities. A wail goes up, a satiric wail, from the composing-room, when a long article from a man whose script is decidedly unpopular comes in. There are some remarks about lynching him, and some even venture to suggest that a subscription be raised to send him to an evening writing school. Others speculate on his personal appearance, and hint that his shaky manuscript is probably due to a protracted and generous use of "gin."

Some editors appear to be seized with a ferocious desire for economy, and write so closely, and so far down upon the corners of a scrap of paper, that they can scarcely read it themselves, then they coolly send it up to the perspiring printer, toiling under the flickering gaslight. He solaces his soul—does the printer—with vigorous objur-gations, for I am bound to confess that the com-positor is fond of strong language. In order to prevent injustices and inequalities, each printer is compelled to take the slip of manuscript which he finds outside of all the others on the copy-hook. When a bad piece of manuscript falls to a slow and blundering compositor, and he is weak enough to tell of it, ironical applause greets him from every corner of the room. This applause is in itself one of the peculiarities of a printing office. Each compositor knocks loudly on his case with his “composing-stick,” and then, by drawing the said stick heavily across the wooden edges of the case, produces a melan- choly squeak which has a more depressing effect than a volley of hisses on the unfortunate wight at whom it is directed.

The printers not only give the manuscripts by which they make their living all kinds of *sobri- quets*, but they bestow the most complicated and ingenious nicknames upon each other. These names become historic and never quit the com-positor, no matter through how many newspaper offices he journeys. In one office, with the in-terior of which the writer was familiar, a quiet, even gentle compositor rejoiced in the appella- tion of “Swid;” a second, who came from California, was known as “Lo,” because the compositors had been wont, as he entered the room, to hurst forth into a satirical chorus of “Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind!” A third man, from some fancied resemblance to Dickens's great creation, was always known as “Micawber;” a fourth, somewhat diminutive, rejoiced in the appellation of “Shorty.” If a man looked like a physician, a statesman, or a prize-fighter, he speedily received a name in unison with his appearance. Printers number in their class a great many professional rovers, men who would not, even if they could secure superb positions, remain quietly in one spot; and these wanderers are always known by mirth- provoking names suggested by their adventures, or their peculiarities or infirmities.

In the afternoon, when the proviso of distrib-uting the type which has been “set up” on the

previous evening is going on, the newspaper compositor is in his glory. Despite the fatigues of his long session of the previous day, which in some newspaper offices lasts until three or four o'clock in the morning, the printer is as fit betimes, and after a light breakfast and a liberal attention to his toilet, for your compositor is fond of fine linen and good clothes, he hastens back to the composing-room. He usually be- gins by exchanging various compliments—more or less spiced with irony with the “day fore- man,” whom he regards as a person less serious in character than himself. Lighting his pipe or cigar, he then rolls up his immaculate writ- bands, and as he dexterously and swiftly throws letter after letter into the cases in which they belong, he indulges in a running fire of com-mentary upon men and things. There is some-thing in the very act of dissecting a beautiful poem, a brilliant speech, or the long report of a political convention, which prompts him to a free use of the critical faculty. “Country's going to—,” some warm climate, carelessly re- marks a grave-faced man with a gray mou-stache, as he sends a Finance Minister's speech with miraculous adroitness into the chaos whence it sprang. Immediately the whole subject of finance is opened, discussed and set aside with gentle playfulness. “More rot,” remarks an- other, as he disintegrates a poem which has thud- dled two hemispheres. Now and then a sally pro- vokes a roar of laughter which prompts the day foreman to indulge in a fit of coughing, and the remark that the office was going where some one said the country was. Order is restored for a short time, and nothing is heard but the steps of the foreman and the weary voice of the proof- reader, who is going over the miscellany, and wearing his eyes out over a mass of confused print, interspersed with hieroglyphics from the literary editor's erratic pencil. Presently, how- ever, conversation breaks out again, and can be checked only by repeated and vigorous admo- nitions. The Indian war, the foreign matter, the last Parliamentary debate, the local ses- sion, receive caustic discussion and dismissal. The man who arrives late is saluted with a chor- us of squeaking on the cases.

Around such offices there is a little army of “substitutes,” or men who work in the place of the regulars whenever the latter see fit to give them a chance. The prosperous printer, espe- cially if he be a bachelor, does not work every day. Indeed, his nervous system could not long stand the overpowering strain, and when he learns that the fish are biting well in a certain stream, or is informed that a yachting excursion will occur on a certain day, he se- lects a “substitute,” and takes a small vacation. Many printers remain “subs” all their lives, and make honorable and pleasant livelihoods.



CONDUCTED BY T. WILLIAM BELL.

The Adventures of an "Official" in the Wilds of Phonography.

Once upon a time, the position of official stenographer of the circuit court in the county of _____ was filled by a young man whose general knowledge of law matters, and natural qualifications for the stenographic profession, enabled him to perform his duties in a highly satisfactory manner, and to gain for himself the reputation of being at the top of the phonographic tree. But, notwithstanding the extended practice which this young doctor of the dot and dash enjoyed up to the time that dated the occurrence of the incident which we are about to relate to our readers, he had never been afforded the opportunity of performing an operation upon what we might with some degree of fitness term a female Irishman. The case that occupied his services on this occasion was one of assault and battery, and the patient who was placed under his treatment was a Miss Bridget O'Shaughannassey, beloved daughter of the complainant, and one of the principal witnesses. As her majestic form moved in the direction of the witness-box, the stenographer's face assumed a very graveyard-like expression, for he was one of those keen observers who at a glance could penetrate characters and determine the style of customers so accurately as to foretell almost to a degree the amount of shorthand pressure likely to be in demand. Among some of the usual preliminary questions which were put to the witness, was that of enquiring her age. This she answered very hesitatingly. But how could it reasonably have been otherwise expected, when it is known that Miss Bridget was a young lady who, notwithstanding a personal acquaintance with her ma of 38 long years, had not as yet afforded any of the nobler sex the delightful privilege of changing her dear little name. So much time did she absorb in considering the ad-

visability of enlightening the court on this delicate subject, that Mr. Stenographer began to entertain very encouraging thoughts concerning the chances of his being equal to the task of chalking down in chicken-tracks her chin music as quickly as chucked out, and the expression of uneasiness which his countenance indicated gradually crept away to give room to an air of self-confidence. But Miss Bridget O'Shaughannassey did not propose to exercise so much deliberation in disposing of interrogations which showed no inclination to unveil anything that would detrimentally reflect upon her person from a matrimonial standpoint. A very short procession of moments had passed by when she was requested to acquaint the court with all she knew about the rough and tumble that had been so ably conducted by the defendant and her poor pa, whose net profits out of the enterprise amounted to something in the neighborhood of a badly banged snout (produced in court as complainant's exhibit A. 1.) This question had scarcely been administered to the witness when an avalanche of hemi-demi-semi-quavers was liberated, which came down upon the unfortunate reporter like an army of freebooters. Finding all the avenues of escape blockaded, he felt that his only plan would be to surrender unconditionally; but, after a moment's consideration, he perceived the folly of such an operation, and resolved not to obey the suggestions of his first impulse, but determined to hold the fort a little longer.

To be continued.

Mixing the Authors.

An ignoramus connected with the Boston *Herald* mounted the editorial stool a few days ago and displayed his *erudition* in attempting to handle a subject which happened to hang a little beyond his reach. Whether he had been encompassing any mixed liquids or not we are unprepared to say, but, evidently selecting Little Buttercup for his prototype, "he mixed the authors up," and pictured Andrew J. Graham as the inventor of an antiquated shorthand, while he held up a phonographic author of "ye olden time" as being the inventor of a newfangled system. The wide awake editor of the Boston *Journal of Commerce* lets the poor felleh down gently in the subjoined article:

"If we were to write down that the Corliss Engine was a relic of antiquity, and its inventor was a fossil, its projector a mummy from ancient

Egypt, it is quite possible our readers would consider us as biased or ignorant, but it would be on a par with the *Herald's* opinion in regard to Graham. We regret to find such an opinion given, only, however, for the trouble it may give those who follow its lead. The writer of this has been unfortunate in learning the Pitman systems, both of them, then Munson's, and finding the whole three of them unavailable for actual use, was finally driven to this man Andrew J. Graham, whose system is the only one extant by which a reporter who follows it closely can turn his notes over to another and have them readily and accurately transcribed; and it is the only system that is a system in completeness, or by which rapid speakers can be actually reported, and, unlike the Isaac Pitman, it has not been through sixteen editions in fourteen years and completely mystified its learners. In many States, court reporters *must use* Graham's system and no other. In many of the city schools of the United States, Graham's books are used by the thousand copies as standard, and we know by sad experience that all others should be severely let alone if you wish to be accurate and speedy."

Phonographers who would like to have a "trade cut" for postal cards and envelopes should send their orders to the *Miscellany*. We herewith present a specimen of what can be supplied :



The initiated will readily recognize the trio as being two of the leading imitators and that rattlesnake "Pullus." It is evident that the flood of light issuing from the rising orb is making it rather uncomfortable for them, as they appear to be engaged in an attempt to unscrew the luminary, with the expectation of being able to take it down. Benn has been working on the job so long that he has apparently fagged himself out, and finds it necessary to use a seat. Pullus and the author of the "Complete Apographer" are seemingly fresh enough still to do the thing perpendicularly.

Easy Lessons in Phonography.

LESSON XI.

LARGE HOOK FOR SHON AND TIV.

The syllables *shon* and *tiv* may be added to any straight line (with or without an initial hook, loop, or circle,) by a large hook; written for *shon* on the right side, and on the left side for *tiv*; thus,



Passion.
Combative.
Operation.
Operations.
Operative.
Prosecutive.

Shon may be added to curve-consonants by a large final hook on the concave side; thus,

motion.  allusion.
fashions.

The *shon* and *tiv* hooks are sometimes used in the middle of a word; thus,



visionary. auctioneer. activity.

THE SMALL HOOK FOR SHON.

The syllable *shon* may be added by a small hook to a circle or loop, also to an E-hook; thus,



Possession.
Administration.
Division.
Physicians.
Lamp.

P OR B ADDED TO EM.

Em may be widened to indicate the addition of the sound of *p* or *b*; thus,



Lamp.
Impose.
Impostor.
Ambition.
Hunching.

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2-4-17

"SORTS."

Does your umbrella keep Lent?

A printer's row—A quad-rangle.

An impressive man.—The pressman.

It doesn't hurt business to dispatch it.

Job was a patient man even when out of a job.

Miss Cellaneous is closely related to Hettie Rogeneous.

Lydia Thompson having left the stage is living an attired life.

The rise in straw paper has affected the price of Havana cigars.

A pen may be driven, but the pencil does best when it is lead.

Jameson says "the bread of life is love." But it should not be inn bread.

Kite tails will feel lost when telegraph wires have been put under ground.

Now is the season to drive cattle on the ice, if you want cowslips in the water.

Adam and Eve had a hard time on their bridal tour. They never got home again.

Tin weddings are not half so expensive since the five-cent stores have been opened.

The expression, "It goes without anything," must have referred to that unloaded gun.

The Galveston *News* man says "Adam opened the Ark-an-saw." Did he saw his boat?

"There's music in the heir," says one of our cops. He has a bran-new baby at his house.

A Western journalist says he always gets one article without pay.—he gets bored for nothing.

Seven dollars a week with solitude will pan out further than ten dollars a week with twins.

A Colorada girl, Eunice Stone, always kisses the editor she visits. Oh, Eu-nice Stone; come East.

Soft-solder mends many a hole in a hard pan, and taffy heals many a wounded spirit, if judiciously applied.

"Fore-sail or torrent," is the style of a placard tacked to the mainmast of a schooner lying in one of our slips.

Eve was the first and only woman who did not gather up her dress in both hands and yell at the sight of a snake.

It is to be hoped that base ball clubs, when organizing for the coming season, will secure pitchers that will hold water—only.

A New York girl has started a novel scheme for the relief fund of the Irish. She sells kisses at fifty cents apiece. They are assister's kisses.

The editor of the New York *Truth* has been asked to whack up \$1500 bail. A judicial diagnosis of his case shows he is too much married.

A friend suggests that the rise in paper is only an attempt to strangle rag-babyism, and by high prices discourage the circulation of hard money newspapers.

Somebody discovers that it takes \$30,000,000 a day to run the world. If that's so, we'll take the contract for one day, and forfeit ten per cent. of the money if we fail.

"Give me your hand," said the schoolmaster, sternly. "And my heart, too," she replied, meekly. Being pretty, her soft answer effectually turned away his wrath.

"Indiana editors," says the New Haven *Register*, "are looking up." "Is this a mean insinuation," asks the Elmira *Free Press*, "that they have got to the bottom of the glass?"

"Look at that little girl over there. What do you think of her dress?" "She couldn't very well have less on." "That's the postal card toilet." "How so?" "No envelope."

Schoolboy with a big apple. Another boy without any: "Oh, Bill! give us a bite, won't ye?" "No, I wont." "Well, then give me the core." "H'm! h'm! I tell you there aint going to be any core."

A rural editor has lost faith in horse shoes. He nailed one over his door recently, and that morning there came by mail three duns and seven stops, and a man called with a revolver to ask "Who wrote that article?"

Care drives the nails in our coffin, but what man can feel jolly when his wife daily hands him a list of neighbors who have got twice as many bonnets as she has, and their husbands not earning half the salary.

A bridal couple from Washoe Valley, at breakfast this morning, conversed as follows: He—"Shall I skin you a pertater, honey?" She—"No, thank you, dearie, I have one already skun."—*Virginia Chronicle*.

The latest thing in India shawls is an embroidered spine up the middle of the shawl, so that it looks as though the wearer's backbone was showing clear through. We don't need to wear a shawl to show up our backbone.

Our devil is a jumpist—
The devil thought the ditch he would jump,
But headlong into the ditch tell he;
As he scraped the mud from his inky face,
He said "that was a devil of a jump for me!"

A clergyman recently left Liverpool in a large ocean steamer, and beginning to feel uncomfortable after leaving the mouth of the river, sought the captain to learn if there was any danger. The captain, in response, led the clergyman to the fore-castle, and told him to listen to what was going on. The clergyman was shocked to hear the sailors swearing vigorously, and expressed his horror to the captain. The captain merely remarked: "Do you think these men would swear in such a manner if there was any real danger?" whereupon the parson seemed satisfied and retired. A day or two after, during a severe storm, the captain saw the clergyman proceeding with difficulty to the fore-castle, and on his return overheard him exclaim: "Thank heaven, they're swearing yet!"

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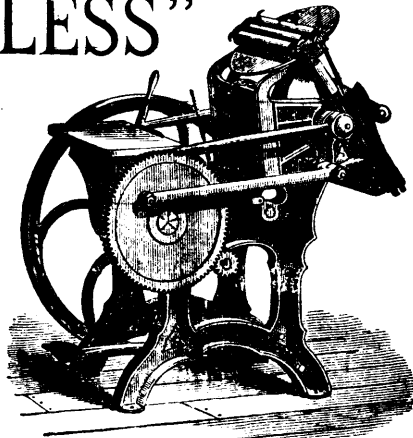
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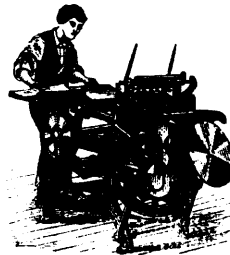
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