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The Printer's Miscellany.

VOL. I.

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA, MAY, 1877.

No. 11.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
PRACTICAL ARTICLES.—How an Apprentice may become a Rapid and Correct Compositor: Speed in Composition; "Printer Wanted,"	179, 180
EDITORIALS,.....	181—183
Newspapers, Editors, and Printers,.....	184
Poetry—Going to Press,.....	185
"Hoofing It"—Contributed,.....	185, 186
Poetry—The Printer-Fiend,.....	187
The Editor that went to the Barber's—Contributed,.....	187
The Editor of the "Exterminator,".....	188
CORRESPONDENCE.—Letter from Philadelphia, Pa.; Notes from Norwich, Conn.; Notes by the Way; News from Wentworth Co., Ont.:	
Presswork,.....	189—191
Poetry—A Printer's Kiss,.....	192
NEWS OF THE CRAFT.—Local; Canadian Printers Abroad; Dominion; United States,.....	192—195
The Editor's Table, etc.,.....	195
Poetry—After Aldrich,.....	196
Births, Marriages, Deaths, Advts., etc.,.....	196
Boston Type Foundry and miscellaneous advts.,.....	197
Practical Paragraphs—Selected,.....	198
Advertisements—M. McLeod and others,.....	199
"Sorts,".....	200
Advertisements,.....	201, 202

[From the Typo.]

How the Apprentice may Become a Rapid and Correct Compositor.

E. BURNS CAROL.

Do we wonder that only about one in every six printers (?) turned loose from the composing-rooms are even fair, not to say good compositors? Here is the reason: A boy is put into the composing room to learn the business; or, it is expected by his parents and friends that he will, at least, learn how to set type well. For some weeks or months he does little but errands and "chores." If he is enterprising he in the meantime occasionally gets at a case and learns it. Finally he is given by the busy foreman some dead matter and a "take" of reprint miscellany. The poor boy goes at it, and at last, with little counsel and less direct aid, he gets it together and takes a proof. There is, here and there, a boy or a young man, who, under such circumstances, will make a good report of himself, and will so continue to do, until he is a thoroughly good compositor, but nature did more than half towards making a printer of such a boy; and where there exists one such, there will be found scattered about the printing offices ninety and nine who will fail. If the boy's first proof, or his second proof, and mayhap his third proof, look bad about the margins after being read, he hears something like this from the foreman or his assistant:—"Here, you can't divide 'again,' nor any other word on a syllable of one letter; and you mustn't put spaces in at the end of your lines; and we don't capitalize 'city' and 'county,' but we *do* capitalize 'State';

and 'steamboat' is one word, but 'canal boat' is two words;" and so on. Of course the boy's brain soon begins to buzz. Out of twenty different items of advice, he perhaps recollects permanently three or four; and so his next proof is bad—and bad in many ways precisely where his first one failed. The rules are again rehearsed, with a seasoning of forcible but unwholesome adjectives. This is bad enough; but who often sees the busy foreman standing beside the raw apprentice, watching his every motion, holding him in check when he sees a tendency to run into "false motions," and crowding him to nervous, rapid movements when the right method is once struck? I believe such a spectacle is rare indeed, and, as a consequence, the trade is loaded with type-setters who find it impossible to do a fair day's work. I say as a consequence, and I think I am right. I believe that eight out of every ten intelligent boys who attempt to make of themselves compositors may go forth competent to be classed with the present few rapid workmen, and this almost entirely through their own efforts. This is how it must be done:—

The music teacher, who wishes to make players of pupils, says to them: "Play this scale correctly first, and rapidly afterwards." The boy must set type by the same rule. He may constantly strive for speed, but the instant that catches his hand trembling with a letter on the way to the stick, or hesitating while burrowing in a box, or failing to secure a letter at the very moment the fingers touch it, that instant he should for a moment or two utterly cease work. The nerves will calm down, he may review his ground of failure, and armed with a resolve to avoid the pitfall, renew his efforts. *No better practice*, with a view of attaining speed in type-setting, and ease in style, can be followed than that of, line by line, making each time a renewed effort to set a line in a minute (or other space of time requisite for rapid work at the compositor's present status of experience), and to do it without one "false motion," or once missing the first grasp of a letter. Follow this up for weeks, if necessary, never once trying to gain a further second in speed, until at that rate you are able to put up line after line with the simple, easy, graceful motion so rarely seen and more rarely acquired. When this is done reduce the time for each "straight" line by a few seconds, and again for a time *closely* adhere to the above, and all will go well.

Another element of speed is the ability to read copy without stopping the regular motion of the hand. Practice of the right kind will soon accomplish this, and nothing else. A "guide" to the trained eye is a nuisance. Practice the briefest, lightning-like glances at the copy, with the effort to catch as many words as possible; and do this only on two different kinds of occasions—at the instant of starting for a "space" (the nicks of which do not have to be noted), and while putting down the last space in a line and changing over the rule. Diligent practice in *close adherence* to this counsel will enable the intelligent workman to labor all day on fair copy without *once* stopping work to read.

Practice picking each letter from the highest few in each box, and with as little disturbance as possible to the others. In a word, be "light-fingered." Keep the nails short, so that the *first contact* of a letter with the fingers will be felt. Train the eye to leave one box for the next the instant the fingers have closed on each letter. *The eye* has as much to do with rapid composition as the hand.

One more simple aid, and I have done. Push down all spaces (except the last, which must of course go tight) with the thumb of the left hand. This may seem to many like unnecessary advice; but I know the majority of compositors do not practice it, and I know its habitual practice is a great help to speed.

Any apprentice, who has sufficient life in him to *ever* make a type-setter, and who will, during his term of service, follow up these simple instructions, *day after day* (and it is just as easy as to not do it), will as certainly become a rapid compositor, as he lives. And all the time he will have an end and an aim in view, other than a selfish desire to kill his three years time, which will sweeten all his labor.

Speed in Composition.

Almost every compositor would like to become an expert, but how few take the trouble or pains to become such. They all would like to become adepts in the art of picking up type, but how few have the backbone to come down to dry, hard, practical training—the only pathway to success. There is no medium or half-way halting-place. Old habits and eccentricities in setting must be stopped at once. Start right; no matter if a little time and money are apparently lost in the start. It will be just like removing the earthy covering of a gold mine—the gold cannot be reached without some little trouble and seemingly loss and waste of time and labor. So the gold mine at the bottom of your case cannot be reached without divesting yourself of all bad habits and false motions in composing. It is easily done; all it needs is firmness, perseverance, and patience to master details.

At intervals, during the past fifteen or twenty years, compositors, noted for extra quickness in type-setting, have had several trials of speed to ascertain who could set up the greatest number of "ems" in a day of ten hours. These trials have demonstrated the fact that some compositors are born with an unusual supply of that famous lubricant, "elbow grease," whereby they are enabled to put type in line at more than twice the speed of ordinary compositors. For instance, a journeyman (of the New York *Times* office, we believe), in competition with a rival belonging to another office, set up about seventeen thousand ems of minion type in ten hours. What number his competitor tucked together, or what size of type was in his case, we do not recollect. Now, the average day's work of ordinary compositors is about eight thousand ems—hardly that number—including distribution.

Fast compositors, we believe, are seemingly slow in their movements; whereas, those who are in reality much slower are *apparently* models of activity. The movements of some compositors while at the case are very *outré* and comical. A "howling Dervish" could hardly avoid looking at them with some degree of interest. Some compositors will enter the composing room an hour or so later in the morning than the rest of their brethren,

will hang their hats and coats on their accustomed stands with a good deal of deliberation, and then proceed leisurely around at their cases and copy, they take "sticks" in hand and commence work. But they make no feints—they waste no "tissue" unnecessarily. Every reciprocating movement of their arms means one more type or space in their sticks. It is pleasant to listen to the steady, precise "click" of each type as it "touches bottom" in the stick, as though it were in unison with the beat of a pendulum. When Saturday afternoon comes round, compositors of this style have as large bills present as any others, albeit they have worked at least a day less in the week than their compeers, who make a greater show of activity—superfluous activity, however, as it adds nothing to the sum total of their work. Most compositors, after picking up a letter, give their wrist and forearm two or three twirls before they deposit the type in the stick. These "extra flourishes," of course, waste time. When this manual eccentricity is combined with a semi-wriggling and teetering movement of the whole body, we have a picture not very graceful, to be sure, although it is sometimes provocative of a harmless smile. It was Mr. Clowes, the celebrated London printer, entering his composing room one day, that noticed among the rows of men at work in front of the stands one compositor whose movements seemed to him comparatively slow. Turning to the foreman of the room, he inquired whether it would not be well to discharge that man, pointing him out; but the foreman, with a smile, informed the proprietor that that identical man was "the fastest compositor in the whole room."

"Printer Wanted."

There is unfortunately "more truth than poetry" in the following, which we take from our scrap book. We trust none of the boys who are readers of the *Miscellany* will allow themselves to be classed with the "runaways." Rather let them resolve to qualify themselves to "take charge of an office" after their apprenticeship expires. "This heading meets our eye every few days, in both city and country exchanges. 'One competent to take charge of an office' is the usual specification in the country newspaper. There are few such printers to be found. They are not 'on the tramp.' They seldom answer such advertisements, because they have no difficulty in finding work where they are known. A 'good printer,' and one that can be depended on, is a rare animal. A boy of fifteen goes into an office, learns the boxes, and is taught the mysteries of 'following copy.' He acquires a little speed, gets the big head, has a fuss with his employer, quits the office and starts on a 'tramp' as a full-fledged journeyman printer. The country is overrun with such fellows. They meet with rebuffs, become discouraged, reckless and dissipated, and thus bring odium not only on themselves, but the art which they falsely claim to represent—for one of those roving botches comes in contact with hundreds of people, while the stay-at-home, competent workman is known to but few—and the public have made up their verdict that printers, as a class, are a graceless set of scamps. The fault is as much with the employers as the employees. When publishers resolve to employ no runaway apprentices, boys will not run away after a few months at the case and none will start on a tramp until they are competent to take charge of an office."

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 names and addresses of subscribers should be written plainly, that mistakes may not occur. All letters should be addressed to

HUGH FINLAY,
Editor and Proprietor,
St. John, N. B., Canada.

P. O. Box No. 1127.

ADVERTISING RATES.

One page, one insertion,	\$10.00
Half page, "	6.00
Quarter page, "	3.50
One inch, "	1.00
One line, "10
Notices in reading matter, per line,25

Inserts of unobjectionable matter, furnished by the advertiser and printed uniformly in size with the *Miscellany*, will be taken at the following rates:—Single leaf, \$15; two leaves (four pages) \$25; four leaves, \$40; over four leaves to be subject to special agreement.

All orders for advertising must be accompanied by a remittance to cover the same.

The Printer's Miscellany.

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA, MAY, 1877.

An Invitation—Open to All.

Having shown pretty conclusively in our previous issues that no great benefit could possibly be derived by the practical workman from an editorial criticism of specimens of job printing, it has been suggested that specimens be published as supplements to the *Miscellany*. To that end a sample was given last month, from the office of Mr. Chas. Lawson, Fredericton, N. B. We think all of our readers will readily admit that it was much more gratifying to examine and criticize the work for themselves, than if we had exhausted ourselves and filled ten or fifteen pages of the *Miscellany* with an elaborate description and criticism. There are some permanent benefits to be derived from this mode of handling the subject: there is matter submitted for the careful study and critical eye of the skilled craftsman, and food for the thoughts of the apprentice—our future workman.

In view of the above considerations, we offer to place any approved specimen (English, American, or Canadian) in the *Miscellany* as a supplement, free of expense to the contributor. All we ask in return is a compliance with the spirit and letter of the following conditions:—The job must be submitted for our approval, be a *bona fide* specimen, and the subject-matter must not partake of the nature of an advertise-

ment. A sufficient number of copies must be furnished to go through our entire edition, and they must be delivered in this city free of charge to the *Miscellany*.

There are very few offices but could furnish at least one specimen a year, and there are always, during every year, slack seasons when a specimen could be produced at a trifling cost to the office beyond material. This is one of those things where the outlay is small, but the benefits to be derived are incalculable. If any of our readers can offer any suggestions for the improvement of the above plan, we are open to receive and give them due consideration. What we aim to do is to bring out and show plainly all the latent talent and skill of the practical printer. This is the principal object we have in view, and we ask the hearty co-operation of our fellow-workmen to that end. Who will be the next to submit his handiwork for the impartial criticism of the craft?

As predicted last month, a slight change for the better has taken place in the printing trade in this city. The improvement is only slight, however, and, so far as the idle printers are concerned, is almost counterbalanced by the fact that the great rush of advertisements in the newspapers have necessarily cut down the "matter," consequently they are not able to carry quite so many "subs" as formerly. The new ventures in the newspaper line, mooted some months ago, have not as yet taken any tangible shape; but it is to be hoped they have not fallen through altogether. We must acknowledge to considerable anxiety in the matter, as we very much desire that all the surplus printers in the city should have a chance once more to go to work, and give up this business of "carrying the banner"—it's not profitable. It is difficult to say with any degree of certainty how trade will continue; but from the fact that business generally is better and money slightly easier to collect, we incline to the opinion that orders must increase, and would not be much surprised if the printers of this city did, before long, find themselves with all the work they can possibly put through. We trust it will be so, and that all the offices will be found prepared when it does come, and to that end would counsel that the material be kept well "sorted up" and the office thoroughly cleared, that there may be no unnecessary delay in turning out the work with due promptitude and the greatest economy in labor.

The Printing Exhibition in England.

The Caxton commemoration is the all-absorbing topic of the printing trade in England. It will open in London on the 11th June, and will remain open two weeks, closing on the 25th. It can hardly be expected that there will be much, if any, representation present from Canada, owing to the short notice given and the meagre information furnished to the Canadian printers. Indeed, it looks as if they were not thought of at all, or that, perhaps, our English brethren feared the competition from "this side of the water." However, it is to be hoped that some few of our Canadian houses will be prepared to take part in this celebration, which is in honor of one of England's humblest, and yet one of her greatest, sons. Our printers should be up and doing, for the time is very short. But something can be done yet, and they should let the English craftsmen see that Canadians are not to be forgotten or ignored on such a grand and commemorative occasion. We have no information to impart on the subject excepting what we glean from our exchanges, and it must be admitted that they have been, with very rare exceptions, seemingly no better served than ourselves. We are indebted to one of them for the following list of departments:—

CLASS A. *Printed Books.* Sec. 1. Books from the press of William Caxton. Sec. 2. Books from the press of Colard Mansion, of Bruges, from whom Caxton acquired the art. Sec. 3. Books printed in the 15th century by Caxton's contemporaries and successors. Sec. 4. Books illustrating special developments of the art.

CLASS B.—*Specimens of Printing.* Sec. 1. Specimens of printing the holy Scriptures, both early and modern. Sec. 2. Early specimens of printing from stereotype plates, also of printing by steam (1814). Sec. 3. Printing in colors from raised blocks. Sec. 4. Specimens noticeable for beauty, and excellency of typography (selected). Sec. 5. Printed music. Sec. 6. Commercial printing. Sec. 7. Newspaper printing.

CLASS C.—*Book Illustrations.*

CLASS D.—*Type and other Printing Materials.*

CLASS E.—*Stereotyping and Electrotyping.*

CLASS F.—*Lithography and Photography.*

CLASS G.—*Paper.*

CLASS H.—*Portraits and Autographs.*

CLASS I.—*Curiosities and Miscellaneous.*

By communicating with, or forwarding articles to, the Secretary, Mr. J. S. Hodson, Secretary of the Printers' Pension Corporation, London, we have no doubt but that satisfactory arrangements could be made in due time for the opening. We also learn that Mr. Garret Bergen, Union Printing Office, Brooklyn, N. Y., has

undertaken to forward parcels of specimens etc., too large or too heavy to go by post. The specimens of printing will be exhibited in books especially prepared for the purpose, and the name and address of the party sending specimens will appear prominently in connection therewith. We again venture the hope that the names of some of our enterprising and energetic printing houses will be found there in honorable positions. It remains merely to add that we fully intend to have a little specimen there ourselves, providing it is not too late and that we can have it entered at the tenth hour.

"Thank You."

It would be very ungraceful on our part were we to omit thanking the *Advertiser*, L'Original, Ont., for its very complimentary notice of our humble efforts at publishing a paper suitable for printers and all connected therewith. We are doing the best we can with what material we have at our disposal, and it is quite limited, we assure you. Let the printers but lightly share the burden, let them send along the subscribers, and we promise that "the end is not yet," nor have you seen half what is in our mind to do, for we are "full of it." Again we say, "Thank you," and that all may see wherefore the notice is reproduced. It is as follows:—

PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.—The tenth number of this superb publication is before us. To what a state of excellence this journal will yet attain we cannot conjecture, as each number is a positive improvement on its predecessor, and we would venture a small wager that "the end is not yet." An important and interesting feature of the *Miscellany*, and one which will bring it into closer friendship with every provincial printer throughout the length and breadth of the continent, is the department, "News of the Craft." That one feature alone would ensure its permanent acquaintance with nine-tenths of the journeymen printers of the Dominion. It is replete with other reading matter of interest to the craft everywhere, and printers, who are not slow to perceive and appreciate genuine merit, will, we have not the least doubt, extend that cordial support of which it is so deserving.

WE regret to learn, by private letter from Boston, of the sudden death, from brain fever, of Mr. David Dillee. Mr. Dillee was a native of Halifax, N. S., but for the past twelve or fourteen years he occupied the responsible position of foreman in the book and job office of Messrs. Farwell & Co., of Boston. Deceased was very popular among the craft, being kind and affable to all. He was also a rare vocalist, and filled some very flattering engagements in the various Episcopal churches in Boston.

Keeping Abreast of the Times.

The Montreal *Witness* is having a new building erected on Bonaventure street, especially adapted to the printing business. The building is three stories high and 50 x 150 feet. The press room is 14 feet high and 75 feet long. A new press—a rotary, eight cylinders—is also being put in, the four cylinder press being found too small and slow for the purpose. The speed of the new press is estimated at sixteen thousand an hour. The management promises an eight-page paper, similar to the New York dailies, but varying in size, for one cent. In making the announcement of the change about to take place, the management says:—

“A daily paper depends largely on its power to annihilate the time consumed in printing its editions, and should never be limited as to its size, as it is almost a necessity to have it larger on some days than on others. Variation of size is accomplished in New York by giving extra pages in the form of what is called a triple sheet, in Toronto by a double paper, and in Britain and elsewhere by an enlarged page. This last is the plan we have adopted. . . . We have constantly examined all the presses and printing machines that have been manufactured; we look forward to the day when printing will be as perfectly done by web-feeding machines as by hand-fed ones, but no two opinions can be held with regard to the assertion that, up to the present time, rotary presses do better work than any web-feeding press yet made.”

This is a step in the right direction, although we are not prepared to give the palm to the rotary principle for printing presses. There can be no two opinions as to the expediency of introducing fast printing machinery into our daily paper offices, for it must be conceded that the financial success of a daily paper is very largely dependent upon the power of putting the various editions rapidly before the public. A great many newspaper proprietors scarcely appreciate the importance of introducing the latest and most improved machinery into their offices, and to this apathy, no doubt, is to be traced many failures to reach the goal of success. It is needless to say that we wish the proprietary of the *Witness* the realization of every hope, for if it balances all the other departments of the paper with that of the press, it must achieve a handsome recompense.

Corner quads should be in use in every printing office. They are a great saving in time making ready forms with rules around them. By their use there is no trouble experienced in getting the mitres to join.

EXACTIONS OF JOURNALISM.—Every editor knows the truth of the following from the New York *Journal*:—“It is one of the hardships of the profession that its working wheels—brains and hearts—are not allowed to lag for sickness, or stop for calamity or sorrow. The judge may adjourn his court; the school and the workshop may close shutters; the mourner may veil features, and turn friend and stranger from the door; but the journalist must forget before the to-morrow of to-day—must write gaily and freshly as a newsmonger on the trifle of the hour, whatever burden has been laid on that same hour, by Providence, for his heart and brain as a man. It sometimes tries and mocks—as the world that reads what is thus written would never dream of.”

THE first book printed in English was “The Recuyell of the Historyes of Troye,” which was translated by Caxton in 1471, but was issued without any date of printing. This was followed by “The Game and Playe of the Chesse,” “Fynsshid the last day of march the yer of our lord god. a. thousand four hondered and lxxiii.” These two books were printed at Bruges, the first book printed in England being, it is believed, the “Dictes and Sayings of the Philosophres,” bearing date November 18, 1477, “emprynted by me, William Caxton, at Westmestre.”

THE war correspondent is rather a rarity in newspaperdom. He is born, not made. He must be possessed of tact and activity, be able to ride barebacked and write with a fish-bone, be a good linguist and a light sleeper, have a knowledge of soldiering, and be content on occasion to make a meal off the soles of his boots. Who would not like to be a war correspondent?

CHARLOTTE GUILLARD was the first notable female printer. She was in business for fifty years in Paris—from 1506 to 1556—and was celebrated for the correctness of her books. Women were employed and commended as compositors in Italy as early as the latter part of the fifteenth century.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—“Gilted,” by C. J. L., received, but is too lengthy for present use.

Apprentice, Sarnia, Ont.,—Thanks for kind wishes and marked paper, but fail to find the name on subscription list. The “ads” are very fairly set and the dress is becoming.

Newspapers, Editors and Printers.

We give below the names of a few of our newspapers and their producers, for which we are indebted to the industry of one of our indefatigable correspondents at present in Ontario. No doubt some of our readers will find old friends and acquaintances among the large number of names given. We are obliged, for want of room, to hold over a large number:—

Palmerston Telegraph:—John Thos. Lacey, editor; Joseph Kee, compositor.

The *Paisley Advocate* is conducted by M. A. Clark, editor, proprietor and publisher; George King, foreman; John Chisholm, journeyman; Julius Lang, apprentice.

The *Reformer*, Galt, Ont., was started in 1848. The following are the principals on its staff: James Gordon Mowat, editor; Wm. M. Butler, reporter; John Collie, foreman.

The *Listowel Banner* has the following staff: R. Ferguson, editor; R. Elliott, manager; Jas. Duncan, foreman; W. A. Keys, W. Irwin, journeymen; A. E. Richmond, apprentice.

The *Bruce Herald*, Walkerton, is officered as follows: Wm. Brown, editor and proprietor; J. N. Huetin, foreman; A. Jamieson, journeyman; Jas. White, A. Couch and A. Lindsay, apprentices.

The *Free Press*, Acton, Ont., has the following staff: J. H. Hacking, editor, proprietor and publisher; Robt. Simpson, foreman; Harry Hetherington, journeyman; Frederick Smith and Albert Moore, apprentices.

Telescope (English), *Glocke* (German), Walkerton:—Dr. Eby, editor; J. A. Ritinger, manager; C. I. Burger, sub-editor; O. Goumond, F. Morrison, journeymen; E. Evers, G. Dellinger, L. Guenther and J. Morrison, apprentices.

The following is the *personnel* of the Clinton *New Era* office, Huron Co., Ont.: Edmund Holmes, Sr., proprietor; Robert Holmes (son of proprietor), local editor; Neil Fox, Lorne Wilkie, Anna Holmes (daughter of proprietor), compositors.

The *New Era* (independent), Drayton, Wellington Co., Ont., was first issued by Proctor Bros., May 27, 1875, and continued by them up to the present time. It is conducted by—Frederick Proctor, editor; Thomas Proctor, manager; James Aston, apprentice.

The *Fergus News Record* (reform) has been published ten years by the present proprietors. It is conducted by John Craig, Robert Craig, proprietors and publishers; James Robertson, Charles Hynds, William Temple, journeymen; Samuel Hynds, apprentice.

The *Reporter*, Galt, Ont., has the following staff:—Richard Jaffray, Henry Jaffray, George Jaffray, proprietors; John Bittman, foreman of job room; Christopher Heised, foreman of news room; James Havill, David Benn, Wm. Fraser, journeymen; James Byrne and George Kelley, apprentices; James Jaffray (uncle), bookbinder.

The *Free Press*, Port Elgin, was started February 8, 1870, by W. J. Benner, in the reform interest, and has continued so since. It has been threatened with opposition several times, but finding the town did but just keep one, and barely that, they always fell through. It is conducted by—H. J. Benner, editor and proprietor; Robert Muir and Allen Bock, apprentices.

The *Elora Observer* (reform) was bought in January last from Mr. John Smith, who is now assignee of Guelph, by Mr. D. W. Ross, previously county attorney for Bruce at Walkerton. The staff is composed of the following:—D. W. Ross, B. A., editor and proprietor; Harry Somers, foreman; Ed. Nicholson, Wm. Graham, Wm. Gay and Geo. Graham, apprentices.

The *Tribune*, Harriston, Ont., was started January, 1872, by Jas. Young, a native of Scotland, and formerly a writer in Sheffield, England. It was double demy size, and was published by him for one year. John Robertson, the present publisher, bought it out four years ago, and has since enlarged it to double royal, and contemplates very shortly increasing the size again, as well as adding new presses and steam. On its staff will be found: John Robertson, editor and publisher; Henry Dewire, foreman; Jas. Taylor, Jas. McNeve, journeymen; Frank McPherson, apprentice.

The *Mercury* office, Guelph, Ont., is controlled and worked by the following:—Jones & Davidson, proprietors and publishers; James Jones, editor; J. A. Davidson and James Fordyce, counting room; Walter Dack, reporter. *News room*:—Charles Taylor, foreman, John Mortimer, advertisement hand; Thos. Gordon, Thos. Barrie, Frank Trebilcock, Robert Smith, and Wm. Dollen, journeymen; Frederick Cummer, James Hoban, Edward Dack, and George McBride, apprentices. *Job room*:—George Copp, foreman; G. S. Clime, Wm. Mill and Walter Widdicombe, journeymen; S. W. Galbraith, apprentice. *Press room*:—Wm. Kennedy, foreman, and John Golds, apprentice.

The *Lightning Express* is a live local paper, published by J. M. Shaw, in the village of Elora, county of Wellington, reform in politics, and is in the eighth year of its existence. The *Express* is published every Friday morning and despatched by first mails. The staff is composed of fast type-setters, three of whom can, it is said, set 1,000 every sixty minutes for twenty-four consecutive hours, and two others are very nearly as fast. The office has a good stock of news and jobbing type, a Hoe No. 5 hand and a Gordon quarter-medium treader press. The following comprise its staff:—J. M. Shaw, editor and proprietor; W. C. Shaw, foreman; Henry C. Kaye, journeyman; George Stafford and Lewis Shaw, apprentices.

A change is about to be made in the proprietorship of the *Guelph Daily and Weekly Herald*, of which Messrs. Marsh & Co. are present proprietors. It is understood that the present editor, Mr. C. Acton Burrows, will become part proprietor, Mr. Marsh retiring on the 1st July. The staff is expected to be as follows: Managing editor, C. Acton Burrows; associate editor, A. W. Wright; city editor, W. John Watson; office superintendent, J. Robson Cameron. A new building, consisting of a basement and four stories, is now being built for the paper, and will be completed early in August. In the job department are, George Heimbach, George Lamond, James C. Carolan, R. M. Jaffray. In the news department—John Houston, Peter Craib, M. Garvey, D. Hurley, John Hay, E. Armstrong, Louis Edwin Mitchell; pressman, F. Armstrong.

What a "soft thing" the telegraph editors and proof-readers on our daily papers would have if all the Turkish and Russian generals were named Smith and Jones, respectively; the names would sound just as well, say, how.

GOING TO PRESS.*

BY REV. I. N. CARMAN.

Fellow-man, a moment linger
 On the dying printer's speech.
 For it bears a weighty lesson,
 Our unheeded hearts to teach.

Day by day thou art composing
 What a universe shall read;
 Type to type art ceaseless setting,
 As thou addest deed to deed.

Ah! how surely life's full columns,
 When the hand that set them lies
 Fixed in an unbroken stillness,
 Their composer advertise.

Soon the forms are locked forever,
 Changeless shall th' impression be;
 Scan the proofs in time, O printer;
 Thou are near eternity.

Are the "ada" all right, composer?
 Art thou standing justified?
 Ready now for death and judgment,
 Their unfoldings to abide?

So shalt thou, as night advances,
 Greet th' unstaying Pressman's call.
 Then await the morn eternal
 Publishing thy life to all.

*A PRINTER'S DEATH.—Wm. A. Jones, with whom the editor of this paper was personally acquainted, and who had served in the New Orleans Times composing room for some time as foreman of that department, died on Sunday morning after a sudden chill, beginning on Friday evening with a congestive headache, prostrated him to unconsciousness. Just before his death he became conscious for a moment, and in that gleam, dwelling upon the business habits of his life, he suddenly exclaimed: "The ads are all right, Sherman; lock up the forms, and let 'em go to press."—Printer's Miscellany, December, 76.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

"Hoofing It."

There is poetry in everything—the gentle sighing of the zephyrs through the trees; the singing of the birds ("Nature's own musicians"); the fragrant wild flowers, nestling meekly by the road side; the green meadows, with their cattle roaming over them and their little brooks meandering through them. Poetry in everything, in fact, with two exceptions—to wit: thirty-five miles of railway sleepers one day, and an empty stomach the next.

I once had the misfortune, or rather good fortune, to be under the necessity of doing what is technically termed "carrying the banner;" not as Sergeant Bates performed that feat, however, but in an entirely different manner, inasmuch as Mr. Bates received recompense in one shape or another, whereas my work was done gratuitously.

Starting for one of the railway depots of the city in which we were located (there were two of us), we secured tickets to the farthest point to which our small fortune of three dollars would take us, with seventy-six cents over, and arrived there shortly after three p. m., never feeling higher-spirited than we then did, the

novelty of the idea of being "on the road" creating, as it were, a desire to "go it blind," but only for the time being; and that "time being" was of very short duration. After our three and a half hours' ride, we endeavored to persuade ourselves that we were hungry, and succeeded. Entering a gents' furnishing house, in the shape of a lager beer saloon, we were provided with everything that twenty cents could cover, with the privilege of watching a game of "bowls" thrown in. The investment proved profitable, "stomachally," if I may be allowed such an unusual expression—and whether or not. Hunger was appeased, thirst slaked, and entire happiness resulted therefrom. The usual tossing up of a cent, to discover who should enter the first office, was gone through, and I was declared elected. Pulling down my shirt collar, coughing twice and spitting once, with a topple to the hat so as to rest gently on the right ear, I "made a break" for the *Eagle* office, the first in our line of march. On entering, I enquired of a young lady comp. if the foreman was "round," and was carried to that individual, a burly-bodied man, with a wealth of hair on his face and color in his nose, caused by the sun, no doubt. He was extremely pleasant when asked "how things were," notwithstanding his unprepossessing appearance, and intimated that if I were a female he would give me a "sit" right away; but not having the habiliments necessary for the construction of that sex of the species about me, my path lay in another direction. Tom, my companion, shared the same fate in the *Herald* office—in short, it was a feminine town, and we gave it up for a bad job.

The chancellor of the exchequer deemed it expedient to invest the remaining fifty-six cents in as frugal a manner as possible, and detailed them out as follows on the white-painted fence of a railway crossing, which was pretty well "chalked up" before we added our quota:—

No supper,.....	Cts. 0
Two glasses beer (lager).....	10
Two plugs tobacco (black jack).....	10
One bed (for two).....	30
Peanuts (next morning).....	6
Total,.....	56

But we were rather premature in our estimate. Sauntering along Common street, we presently entered a beer saloon to partake of said beer, when we beheld behind the counter a "typo," with whom we had previously been acquainted, and such a kindly greeting was never more heartily bestowed, or more welcome,—and never

will be, for all I know. He was a Scotchman—McG—, of that ilk—and had married two houses, a saloon, and a widow with three children since we had last seen him. The whole house was offered us, lock, stock, and barrel; but we declined such munificence, and accepted a portion of it—a bed, for the night, to which we retired, after recalling many agreeable meetings we had had in years past, with a determination to “hoof it” on the morrow. The morrow came, and with it a strong desire to prolong our visit, to which, however, we did not give expression, but took our departure, after bidding an affectionate adieu to our benefactor and his kind lady—such an adieu as printers know well how to perform. After all, the fifty-six cents remained untouched, thus proving the truthfulness of Sam Patch's assertion that “some things can be done as well as others.”

Nothing noteworthy occurred during the march to the “next town,” excepting, perhaps, the fact that we picked up one cent and a great many raspberries—the cent on the road and the raspberries on the roadside. It occupied between five and six hours time to reach the town, quite a populous place, where we found four morning papers, two evening's, and a number of book and job offices; but business was at a standstill, as were many of the hands “hanging 'round” most of these “ranches.” We were informed in one office that they had not received a penny for their work for three weeks, else they would assist us, which information was very encouraging, particularly when the state of our finances was considered. Poor as we were, they could not have induced us to work at that much per 1000 ems. A feather bed and a pork-and-beans breakfast emptied the wallet of everything but a three-cent postage stamp, which stuck very tenaciously to the sheepskin lining, or it might have gone too.

No alternative remained; we must keep moving on, and doing so, always with the same bad luck we had hitherto experienced, so far as obtaining employment was concerned; sometimes sleeping, or trying to, in the cold, damp fields, with nothing but the broad canopy of heaven for a covering; rising in the morning stiff, wet with the dew, weak, and footsore, the same prospects ahead, or may be worse, if possible; again seeking the shelter of some police station, which would be grudgingly granted; where the kind superintendents of those great and noble institutions would be pleased, if the

recipient was good-looking enough, to provide him with a little biscuit, dryer than tinder, and a jug-full of water—the biscuit at night and the water in the morning—with the intention, I presume, of giving it a better relish when partaken of; nor is that all, for in the summer season these palaces of protection are infested with vermin of every description, bed-bugs predominating; and in one of which we made the singular discovery that Nature had not provided us with hands and fingers enough to meet the emergency. Only a tramp, a poor, broken-down tramp, under whose rags—made more ragged-looking by want and care and waste of body—there is neither heart nor soul; whose only thought is murder, and rape, and larceny; jeered by children, shamed by all; who has no right to live, and cares not to die; pointed at with the finger of scorn; detested as a monster crawling upon the face of the earth, whom the very dogs of the barn-yard are taught to snarl and snap at as he dips in the farm well for water to slake his parched lips and quench his thirst, which a broiling sun has enhanced. Poor, miserable, God-forgotten, unshaven, shoeless, footsore and heartsore tramp! No wonder we turn our faces citywards, with its bustle and turmoil; its filth and dirt and rags; its dearth of good and its wealth of evil. No wonder that the free air of the country has lost its fragrance, the flowers their beauty, and the singing birds their music, under such circumstances. Such is the history of a few days' walk in New England, and it is not overdrawn. But I freely admit that it was brought on by our own foolishness—and I aint a temperance lecturer, either.

DELTA.

SEVERAL correspondents were late with their contributions last month, and, in consequence, we are obliged to hold their matter over for the next number. Among those too late may be mentioned some answers to “Hair-Space,” on the “art preservative,” etc. Besides, several have intimated their intention to have a say in that matter in next month's issue.

THE first Printers' Union organized in St. John, in 1856, is the subject of an article in preparation. Any person having any knowledge of the old minute book, or of any other document or fact in connection with this Union, will confer a favor by communicating with the editor of the *Miscellany* at as early a date as possible.

THE PRINTER-FIEND.

The night was dark, and not a star
Peep'd through the gathering gloom;
And silence brooded o'er the type
In the composing room.

The printers had to supper gone,
And vacant were their places,
When through the door a villain crept,
And stole Bill Norman's spaces!

Oh, foulest wrong beneath the sun!
Oh, deepest of disgraces!
The darkest crime that can be done
Is that of stealing spaces!

Bill went to "lunch," and left his case
Filled—running o'er—with letter.
And thought he would return again
When copy should get fatter.

When he came back he took his place
Again before his cases—
You should have seen his attitude
When he beheld his spaces!

It was no time for charity,
Or other Christian graces;
He wildly cried—"I'll dot the eyes
Of him who stole my spaces!"

The fiend still lives and walks the earth,
And so must walk forever;
He cannot die—a wretch like him—
For rest awaits him never!

And printers for long years to come
Will tremble at their cases,
Well knowing that his spirit still
Is fond of stealing spaces!

[Written for the Miscellany.]

The Editor that Went to the Barber's.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Mr. McQuabbie was a little old man who had been proprietor of the daily and tri-weekly *Fence Viewer* ever since it had assumed that title, a period of some forty years. The *Fence Viewer* was an old established paper whose origin was lost in the mists of antiquity, which the rising generation of the great commercial centre of this Dominion never cared to pierce. It had probably been founded by some old printer, in a gloomy old stone French building with iron shutters, in some narrow by-street; but its founder had long since departed, and his name, even, lived only in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. However this may be, the *Fence Viewer*, under its many editors and proprietors, had had varying fortunes, and, in Mr. McQuabbie's earlier days, had achieved the reputation of a sound family paper, although, as to politics, its title had perhaps exercised an unconscious influence.

The reputation of a paper is hard to build up, but having been accomplished, in the old days at least, it would run a considerable time on it, even though the enterprise which created it had long since died out. This was the case with the *Fence Viewer*; there were steady old inhabitants who had taken it all their lives, and who had the greatest respect for its proprietor, and still looked upon it as a good family paper, in which entertaining literature, science and agriculture were skilfully combined, with such decorous mention of passing events as could offend no one; and yet, with all this, Mr. McQuab-

bie, though the most inoffensive little man in existence, had his difficulties. In politics, probably from an eye to futurity, but mostly from an accommodating nature, he was anxious to support both the Government and the Opposition, and how the Government patronage was to be retained, with a prudent eye to the Opposition stepping into their shoes, was a problem over which Mr. McQuabbie eternally pondered—one of those things which no man could find out, not even the unfortunate sub-editor who ran the machine. But most of Mr. McQuabbie's troubles arose from a most innocent cause, a necessity from which the lower animals are happily free—that of being shaved. For forty years, on Saturday night, at the same hour, Mr. McQuabbie had mounted the same stairs, to the same upper chamber, had sat in the same chair, and had been lathered and shaved by the same antiquated barber, who had taken the *Fence Viewer* regularly for that length of time and still believed in its Christian and liberal spirit, which he had no doubt found peculiarly applicable to a man who had to shave both the Government and the Opposition, and whose profession demanded that he speak no evil of dignitaries. All Wattie's customers belonged to the last generation, for the young men frequented the new and flashy establishments with mirrors, patent shaving chairs, and china cups, which were now coming into vogue, and which Wattie regarded as superfluities intended to disguise the want of real skill and experience in the profession.

By the time Mr. McQuabbie was fairly established under Wattie's hands, had got well lathered up, and could only open his mouth on pain of swallowing a certain quantity of soap, his old friends (they had mutually expected each other) began to drop in.

"Well, Mr. McQuabbie," one of these worthies would say, "and how's your paper getting on these times? I think you're not so careful, man, as ye ought to be about your local notices, and ye sometimes puff exhibitions which are not worthy of it—likely for the sake of the advertisement; but ye ought to be a little careful and not deceive folk. An editor has responsible duties, and when he's writing out his puffs he should think of those with large families, who may defer to his judgment. I took the whole of my bairns to that conjuring show, and paid fifty cents apiece, and it was a mighty poor business."

Mr. McQuabbie, whom Wattie had now got by the nose, was speechless and heaved a heavy sigh, indicative of his intense mental agony, for he remembered how he had puffed the conjurer, on the strength of that half column "ad," and it came home to him how many poor men with families like his friend he must have unwittingly deceived. But others of his friends had dropped in by this time, and had saluted him, unacknowledged. While he was still writhing under this last infliction, another—a strong Government man—broke out with an allusion to politics, observing:

"It's forty years since I first took the *Fence Viewer*, Mr. McQuabbie, and I have always considered it a sound political and family paper, but I must say that the way in which you support the Government is very doubtful; and some of your articles seem to be almost as favorable to the Opposition. Your paper reminds me of the ass between the two bundles of hay. You'll never keep the Government patronage by such a course, and what will the Opposition give you? I heard a man, whose brother knows one of the ministry, saying that these things were talked of at Ottawa: and this at a time when the ministry want all the support they can get. It's no use, Mr.

McQuabbie, trying to run with the hare and hunt with the hounds."

This was a thrust on Mr. McQuabbie's tenderest spot; this brought before him the standing conundrum which no man could find out, but the barber had the razor at his throat, and another heavy sigh almost vocalized itself into a groan. Still another of Job's comforters broke in—an Irishman this time.

"Faith the *Fence Viewer's* a foine paper, barrin' the steadiness of the coorse it pursues, and I've a great respect for it; but it reminds me of Barney McFlannigan's pig, that made a straight coorse by funning round every stump, and Barney said if you held on by the tail it was a mighty straight coorse when you got there, but a divil of a way round. Divil take the Government and the Opposition, so that we get Irish representation in the cabinet. That article on the ministerial vacancy was a disgrace to your paper, Mr. McQuabbie, which always professed to advocate the cause of Irishmen, who have no organ of their own, because they can never agree about the tune it is to play, bad luck to them. But I tell you, sir, articles like that will ruin your Irish support; if Father McFadden says the word, you'll not have a subscriber from one end of Blarneytown to the other, and you know where your circulation will be then."

This was another terrific shot, but Wattie's razor was on Mr. McQuabbie's upper lip, and even a sigh had to be suppressed, though the question of retaining his Irish support was only second in importance to sustaining the Government and the Opposition.

So his friends, one after another, tendered their views on the conduct of the paper, and brought home its shortcomings and sins of omission and commission on every possible point, until Mr. McQuabbie was worked into a slow fever, and at last slid to his feet off the fatal chair, the fascination of which he was unable to resist, with a strong tendency to an apoplectic fit.

That night, on returning from the barber's, he went to bed early and enjoyed troubled sleep and uneasy dreams, in which the Government and the Opposition stood menacing before him; but Barney Flannigan's pig obtruding himself among the ranks of the latter, he was induced in a desperate moment to seize him by the tail, and was immediately whirled over miles of uncleared land, around myriads of stumps, until he gained an eminence from which he could see straight from where the pig started. While pondering this conundrum, he was suddenly surrounded by indignant Irishmen with shillelaghs, each armed with great bundles of old *Fence Viewers*, with which they pelted him unmercifully, until he fled and escaped back again into the barber's chair, and under the protection of Wattie's razor was again surrounded by his tormentors, and received deputations of indignant subscribers, petitions from men with large families, and remonstrances from the clergy, and a departmental letter stopping the Government advertisements, until a friendly slip of Wattie's razor seemed to terminate his earthly career, and he sank into sound sleep.

In the morning he rose feverish and unrefreshed, doubtful whether he was most perplexed by his dreams or his realities, and between church hours he wandered from his office to his sitting room, pondering with heavy sighs over the conduct of his paper, which was so anxious to please every one and pleased no body, until night again relieved him with scarce less easy slumbers.

Monday morning he entered the sub-editor's sanctum, who of course expected him, as he had made the same

Monday morning visit for the last five years. The editor appeared to be scratching away with the most concentrated indifference, though he knew what was coming; and was in reality suffering from an affliction of humanity which only allowed him to occupy one half of the editorial chair at once. The customary salutation having been made, Mr. McQuabbie, with a heavy sigh, commenced to pour into the sub-editor's ear the sum of what he had heard at the barber's; going over every department of the paper until he came to the celebrated article on the vacancy in the cabinet, pointing out the dreadful consequences of such productions.

"Cannot you write without hurting any body's feelings," Mr. McQuabbie would say, and this was his great idea of editorial composition, but the trouble was, how to carry it out. The editor gave an uneasy shift to the other side of his chair, and commenced to defend his article, presenting such additional perplexities to Mr. McQuabbie as at last silenced him, and he was fain to take his departure with another heavy sigh, so that the last state of that little man was worse than the first.

When he had got clear of the room, the editor would lean back, momentarily exclaiming "D—n him, he's been to the barber's again," and fall to with the remorseless intention of writing an article which would make the next night at the barber's a perfect pandemonium and kill McQuabbie off with a fit of apoplexy.

An editor may shave himself, but he should never go to the barber's.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

The Editor of the "Exterminator."

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

We have known many editors, but only one with a level head. He was not a pleasant man; he had only two friends, a revolver in a drawer and the public; his sub-editor, who sat in the same room, always kept the heaviest inkstand on his table, together with a large mineralogical specimen under pretence of an interest in science.

It was anticipated there would be homicide in that office, for the sub-editor had been heard to mutter, "If he goes for me, I'll kill him." The feud arose out of the question as to whose duty it was to say "good morning," and the sub-editor being a nervous man, gradually worked himself up into the idea that his superior meditated his assassination.

Axe-grinders and local notice men looked wistfully in at that office door, but whenever an unwary innocent ventured into the presence, the pressure of a spring beneath the editorial table opened a trap beneath his feet, and transmitted him, via the main sewer, to the coroner, who was always very polite to that office. There was, in fact, more truth than poetry in a standing joke which the city press had against the coroner: that whenever times were dull, he had a certain wharf, beneath which bodies could always be found; but they little thought they came from the *Exterminator* office.

In justice to the editor of the *Exterminator*, it must be said, he was not naturally a blood-thirsty man except as regarded the tribe of newspaper parasites; but he had once been taken at a disadvantage by a vicious character with a flexible piece of whalebone, and had to retract an article, which retraction was against his principles—hence the deadly weapon.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Letter from Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor of the *Miscellany* :

PHILADELPHIA, April 23d, 1877.

SIR,—The bump of hope undoubtedly predominates quite largely in some people—especially among printers on particular occasions. Just think, no less than seventeen hopeful aspirants were found, at the stated meeting of Philadelphia Typographical Union, No. 2, held March 17th, ready and anxious to accept the nomination for delegates to the next International Typographical Convention, which convenes in Louisville, Ky., in the month of June next. Of course, each and every one of the seventeen hopeful aspirants who were placed in nomination, and who cheerfully and with alacrity accepted the proffered honors, must have had that wonderful bump sufficiently developed to incline to the belief that he would be the lucky individual over his competitors. Three out of the seventeen were to be chosen, consequently fourteen had to be laid aside. How sad and forlorn those fourteen hopeful aspirants must have felt on learning their fate after the election had been held, which took place at America Hall, 615 Jayne street, on Saturday, April 21. No doubt their ardor was greatly cooled off, and their retiracy at this juncture may forever prevent their hopeful aspirations rising again to seek the honors they so ardently coveted. Doubtless, their slumbers that night, on learning of their defeat, were greatly disturbed, and their rest much impaired. If the delegates had to pay their expenses to these yearly gatherings—where little or nothing is ever done—I wonder if there could be found so many hopeful aspirants in the ranks of one union? Echo chides and says: "O, don't propound a query so touching." Really, it must be nice to know that you have been chosen a delegate, and doubtless it inspires many with profound gratitude when they learn they can have a week of pleasure without even a penny's expense to themselves. But when they know that they are even paid for accepting such honors, it becomes doubly pleasurable to them. (These are surmises of mine, for I never had the glory thrust upon me, and, as I am of a retiring disposition, never expect to.) Yet, in the main, I think I am right. No blame, of course, can be attached to any hopeful aspirant on such occasions, especially if he has the organ of hope so large, inclining him to think and believe that defeat in his case is impossible. Well, the contestants met, each marshalling their forces to the fray, and fourteen of the hopeful aspirants were placed *hors de combat*, while three came out of the ordeal victorious. The names of the lucky ones in the race are as follows: Louis H. Saunders, C. M. Wilson, and W. E. Sexton. The following officers of the Union were elected at the same time, for the ensuing year:—President, James J. Dailey; first vice-president, John N. Hallowell; second vice-president, Chas. P. Lamb; rec. sec., James Welsh; fin. sec., Wm. Floyd; treasurer, Charles Gelwicks; door-keeper, Wm. Hodgson; trustees, Jas. Beatty, Eugene Valette, and L. M. Meyer.

The employing printers having sent a series of resolutions, adopted by that body at a meeting held on the 5th inst., to the President of Philadelphia Typographical Union, saying "that a reduction in the price of book composition is necessary," a special meeting of the Union was called by that officer, which took place on Saturday evening, April 14. The matter was brought before them

for consideration, and, after considerable discussion, the request was laid on the table. What the upshot will be on account of the injudicious action of the Union, time alone will bring to light. A further reduction in the price of composition will undoubtedly bring the printers down on a level with the laboring man, in a financial point of view. The present price of composition on book work is 38c. and 40c.; the wished-for reduction is 32c. and 30c.; the latter is lower than the anti-war scale.

It is with deep regret that I announce the fact that the Co-operative Printing Company, located in the *Evening Star* building, No. 33 South Seventh street, has recently gone out of existence as a company. This is the last of three that were once in existence in the United States. One was started in Chicago some years ago, but had a very brief life. Another was started in New York, some twelve years or more, under the most favorable auspices, and was, at one period of its life, destined to become one of the largest printing establishments in that city, having in its employ, at one time, some forty or fifty hands. Unfortunately, dissensions and bickerings broke out among stockholders—some twenty-five in number, all working printers—and gradually, but surely, it fell to decay. It was finally, after swamping the stockholders who remained in it, sold under the sheriff's hammer, if my memory serves me right. The one in this city, which was started over eight years ago, with a capital of fifteen thousand dollars, and stockholders to the number of fifty, all practical printers, was the last of the three to succumb, and sad is it to say, that the present stockholders will probably lose all the money they put in it—three hundred dollars each. This is discouraging, and it is not at all likely that another experiment of the kind will ever be undertaken by a body of journeymen printers. There is not the slightest doubt that if the company had been properly managed, from all I can learn, it would have been a perfect success, and made money for its members. Incompetency and mismanagement has been its bane from its inception to its exit, so says one of the unfortunates. Some of the stockholders will deeply feel their loss, for it was money saved from their hard earnings that was put in it, with the hope and trust that a business could be built up that would, in a measure, compensate them for the sacrifices they had made. Alas, for human expectations. Their bright hopes have all faded, and no doubt they have the sympathy of all good printers in the city. Why men should take responsible positions they are wholly incompetent to fill, and ruin themselves and others, is something strange; yet so it is. Doubtless if the stockholders of this company had secured a good business man outside of the organization, a different tale might have been told to-day. But the recently looked for calamity has come, and destruction to their hopes and capital have engulfed them in one common ruin.

On Monday forenoon, April 16th, Nat. McKay, naval contractor, who last year brought no less than seventeen libel-suits against the editors and proprietors of the *Daily Times*, this city, attempted to horsewhip the editor, Col. A. K. McClure, on Chestnut, between Sixth and Seventh streets. As soon as the Colonel was attacked, being unarmed, he seized his assailant by the throat, held him with a firm grip, and doubtless would have then and there castigated him right soundly, had he not been attacked from behind by two dastardly confederates of McKay's, when he was compelled to lose his hold. The affair caused quite a commotion in that fashionable thorough-

fare. McKay and one of his *confreres* were arrested and placed under one thousand dollars bail. The press universally condemn the attack, and many who thought McKay guiltless of the charges made against him, now believe him to be all that the *Times* said he was—a thiefing and plundering naval contractor.

HAIR SPACE.

Notes from Norwich.

NORWICH, CONN., April, 1877.

The papers of the State are now publishing the laws passed at the late session of the legislature, for which they receive the sum of one hundred dollars each.

Thos. L. Horan, formerly of this city, has "crossed the wide ocean" and is now struggling on the London *Chronicle* at fifteen dollars a week.

There are several amateur printing offices in the city—one employing two colored apprentices.

The *Enterprise* is the name of a paper recently started at Williamantic.

A new German paper has made its appearance at Hartford.

In company with "Mitre," of the *Reporter*, we made a visit to the scene of the late dam disaster—Stafford Springs—and under the guidance of the warm-hearted village physician, Dr. Sprague, were shown all the points of interest. A large amount of property was destroyed. The *Press* office, being situated nearer the skies, escaped injury.

As previously announced, the *Bulletin* donned its new dress about the first of April. It is the only morning paper in Eastern Connecticut, therefore its proprietors spare no expense to make it a first-class daily. The *Bulletin* job office is also a first-class establishment, supplied with all the latest designs in type and the most skillful workmen. The work issued from this office cannot be equalled in this section of the State for neatness, taste and despatch.

No. 100 was organized in March, 1867; has lost only one member by death since that date, and has been represented at the I. T. U. every year since its charter was obtained. *Juncta jvant.*—In the past ten years one non-union man and two apprentices have died. Three printers have lost their wives—one, a wife and two children. Another has lost a daughter—a very talented young lady. In the same time nine have been married—one of the number twice. As for births, they are too numerous to mention! But one typo can claim the title of grandfather.

C. Alvin Bentley, formerly of Norwich, and now of Bricksburg, N. J., well known among the craft throughout New England, recently paid a visit to his friends in this city. "Al." is a kind-hearted, jovial fellow, and will find plenty of friends wherever he goes. Jersey agrees with him and he likes it. In reply to his letter of March 23rd, we can only say that the "old man" has seen his best days. "Let the broad mantle of charity," etc.

An author in looking up information frequently meets with some funny incidents. A gentleman of this city recently wrote to another in Vermont, asking the names of his (the Vermont gent's) father and family. The answer received stated that his father's name was Elisha. The author replied that he must be mistaken—that his father's name was Joseph. Vermont wrote back: "I shouldn't wonder if you were right; I guess you are. I haven't kept the run—don't know anything about it."

A little "mill" between "five dollars and costs," *pro*

tem., and "fifty cents a year and no postage," resulted in the upsetting of the latter's "spice-box." The striking of the old man was a heroic deed. Now, "young honor," try a hand with your grandmother.

No doubt you will have heard, ere this reaches you, of the death of Mr. David Dilley, foreman of J. E. Farwell's job office, Boston, who died in that city on the 13th inst. "Dave," we believe, was a native of Halifax, a good workman, and a kind-hearted fellow. He was well known by many of your St. John printers, some of whom will regret to hear of his death.

Norwich boys, wishing to know what is transpiring at home, will do well to subscribe for the *Miscellany* at once.

STICK AND RULE.

Notes by the Way.

(From our Rambling Correspondent.)

ONTARIO, April, 1877.

To the Editor of the *Miscellany*:

SIR.—Wherever I go the *Miscellany* is very highly spoken of, and only requires time to make it as great a success, financially, as it is already in every other respect. It should soon begin to repay you for the pluck, outlay and loss. The Ontario and Quebec printers are loud in its praise, while the bookbinders and paperrulers feel that they should not have been left "out in the cold." [We would state here that our pages are open to printing and the kindred arts, and we regard bookbinding and paperruling as near of kin to printing. It is to be hoped they will see it in the same light and step in and take possession.—ED. P. M.] Please arrange my rambling notes as best you can.

Mr. P. E. W. Moyer, late proprietor of the St. Catharines *Evening Times*, is expected to take an interest in the London evening and weekly *Herald*, with M. D. Dawson & Co., the present proprietors and publishers.

J. C. Cameron & Co., publishers and proprietors of the evening and weekly *Advertiser*, London, Ont., in addition to these two papers, print the patent outside for thirteen weekly newspapers. Twelve are for the province of Ontario, and one for the eastern townships, province of Quebec.

Thirteen patent outside newspapers are printed in London, Ont., eleven in Hamilton, Ont., and thirty-four in Toronto, Ont. One for the eastern townships in the province of Quebec, and 57 for the province of Ontario.

Hugh McLean, compositor on the *Week's Doing*, London, Ont., late pitcher for the London and Toronto base ball clubs, has decided to give up the game. He was pitcher for the Toronto club last season, 1876.

Mr. S. Frank Wilson, late of Hamilton, Ont., publisher and proprietor of the *New Dominion*, office of the Auxiliary Publishing Company, Toronto, Ont., in addition to the *New Dominion*, prints thirty-four patent in and outside papers for the province of Ontario. He is the son of Mr. Geo. Wilson, publisher of the *Port Hope Guide*. Since the removal of the Auxiliary Publishing Company's office to Toronto, the business has increased three-fold, owing to being situated at the railway centre for all parts of Ontario.

I. F. Van Allen, Paragon roller composition manufacturer and job printer, Chatham, Ont., has removed from King to Fifth street, near the post office.

B. L. Chipman, job printer and paper bag manufacturer, Market Square, Chatham, Ont., and late publisher

of the *Thamesville Express*, is about to give up the paper bag part of his business. He is thinking of returning to Thamesville or going into some other business. Mr. Pursell, his late partner in Chatham, has withdrawn his interest recently.

Augustus Drumm left the office of the *Clinton New Era*, Huron Co., Ont., on the 7th inst., to be school teacher. He was four years as compositor, etc., on the above paper.

The weekly *Review*, Blyth, Huron Co., Ont., has ceased to exist, having had but six issues. The conservative party are expected to start it again. It was half sheet double royal.

Opposition weekly newspapers are shortly to be started in the towns of Mitchell, Clinton, and Seaforth, Ontario. Stock has already been subscribed for some of them. There is only one weekly paper published in each of these prosperous towns.

Mr. Grange, proprietor of the Newburgh Paper Mills, is conservative M. P. P., at Napanee, for Ontario.

William Wallace, publisher and proprietor of the *British Canadian*, Simcoe, is M. P. for that town.

Rufus Stephenson, publisher and proprietor of the tri-weekly and weekly *Planet*, Chatham, Ont., is M. P. for Kent.

The London, Ont., *Advertiser*, of Wednesday, April 4th, states that the stock book will be open in a few days for a proposed new paper mill.

W. A. Davis, jr., brother of Davis Bros., publishers and proprietors of the *Mitchell, Ont., Advocate* (conservative), is mayor of that town.

The sale of printing paper is very dull in western Canada, thus showing the slackness of work in the printing offices in the province of Ontario.

Gustav Meyer, compositor on the *Canadischer Bauernfreund*, Waterloo, Ont., (German paper) left that office 24th ult. to superintend the business of his father, who is a brick maker at Berlin, Ont. He intends following the printing business again next winter.

MacGillivray, Molle & Co., wholesale stationers and publishers, Yonge street, Toronto, have dissolved partnership.

G. S. Climie, job hand in the *Mercury* office, Guelph, Ont., has gone to Oshawa for a change of air; he is suffering from consumption, and will visit his sister at Oshawa. He is a good workman and shows good taste in job work, particularly in colored work, although almost a mute.

Mr. Grange, proprietor of the Newburgh Paper Mill, has been offered a \$10,000 bonus by the town council of Peterborough, Ont., if he will move his manufactory to that enterprising town.

Messrs. Jaffray & Craib, the former of the job department, and the latter of the news department, of the Guelph, Ont., *Herald*, have purchased the plant of a printing office at Norwich, Ont., and will begin the publication of the *Norwich Gazette*. It will be issued about the 1st of May, and will be double demy in size. Success to them. W.

News from Wentworth County, Ontario.

DUNDAS, April 18, 1877.

To the Editor of the *Miscellany*:

SIR,—Having received a cordial invitation through the columns of your valuable magazine, in common with the rest of the "type-slingers" at home and abroad, to forward you items of interest regarding the "art preservative

of all arts," I herewith enclose the following, which I hope you will find space for, and that it will be of interest to your numerous readers:—

Business in this county is nothing to boast of, although job work is a great deal better than it has been for some time. Advertising middling.

Tramps are few and far between. They manage to steer clear of this place, as it is a bad haven for "ye weary print." During last month we had but three, claiming as their birthplaces, respectively, Texas, Sweden, and Madagascar.

The *Hamilton Spectator* is now flourishing under its new management.

The following is the staff of the *Dundas Standard*:—Hugh T. Magill, editor; Geo. E. Seace, foreman; Robt. Ogg, compositor and reporter; Jim Russell, "devil."

Wm. Marsh, Jacob Parker, and W. J. McMicking, three Wentworth typos, are working on the *Petrolia Advertiser*, Woodstock *Sentinel*, and *Mitchell Advocate*, respectively; and all appear to be doing well.

The *Dundas Banner* office is on Main street, and the *Standard* office in the Elgin House block, and the employees of these two offices will be glad to meet with any of their brother printers at any time, and will give them a cordial welcome.

Robert Ogg, who corresponded for the *American Newspaper Reporter* under the *nom de plume* of "Will Montgomery," and who has held, for the past two years, "cases" on the *Dundas Standard*, is about to throw up the "quill" and the "stick," and intends to take a season on Ontario's blue waters for his physical benefit; and would here remark if ever called on by his fellow workmen or newspaper men he shall dish up to them, in the best style, all the delicacies of the season. The position he is about to fill will enable him to do so; not by any means forgetting the representatives of the fair sex.

Geo. E. Seace, printer, lately married to Miss Mary Russell, now resides on Melville street, Dundas, where he will be glad to meet any members of the craft who may call upon him.

James Glover, a Dundas typo, reports say, is about to start a sheet at the Black Hills, to be distributed gratis among the Flat-foots and Spotted-tails, and to be called the *Dead-Head Gazette*. We wish Jim every success in his bold adventure.

Yours fraternally,

"WILL MONTGOMERY."

Presswork.

"NEW ERA" OFFICE, CLINTON, Ont., }
March 27, 1877. }

To the Editor of the *Miscellany*:

SIR,—On Monday, an employe in the *New Era* office worked off 500 sixteen-sheet hand bills, on a No. 2 Gordon treadle power, in a little less than twenty-five minutes, which included straightening the lot, putting on ink by hand, and several stoppages. The last 250 were worked in nine minutes. They were well worked, and not half a dozen were spoiled. Is this good work, or not? An answer in *Miscellany* will oblige.

GORDON PRESS.

We would say that this was very good work, although it must be admitted that our hand is not sufficiently in at present on this kind of work to pass a very decided opinion. Perhaps some of our pressmen will respond.

A Printer's Kiss.

Print on my lips another kiss,
 The picture of your glowing passion —
 Nay, this won't do—nor this—nor this—
 But now—ay, that is a *proof* impression.
 And yet methinks it might be mended :
 Oh, yes ; I see it in those eyes ;
 Our lips again together blended
 Will make the *impression a revise*.

NEWS OF THE CRAFT.

LOCAL.

PERSONAL.—Mr. I-jams was recently registered at a New York hotel. His brother Jim is well known in this city.

Why is a certain printing office in this city like the Promised Land? Because there is a Kane in (Canaan) there.

William Lawson has returned from his visit to Frederickton, and is once more "standing up to the rack" in Chubb's.

Mr. C. H. Flewelling, of the *Daily Telegraph*, entered the benedictine circle on Monday, the 30th ult. We tender him and his bride our heartiest congratulations.

Messrs. Willis & Mott, of the *Daily News*, have received their new Wharfedale press, ordered some time ago; but owing to the contemplated remodelling of the building at present occupied by them, the press has not been put up yet.

The following is the *personnel* of the *Freeman's* office:—T. W. Anglin, M. P., Speaker of the House of Commons, editor and proprietor; P. Tole, city editor; Frank Murphy, Jeremiah Sullivan, Charles Hazel, and James McLaughlin, compositors; James Sullivan, John Murphy, Dennis McCarthy, and John Fagan, apprentices; Thomas McGowan, pressman.

A desperate proof-reader of our acquaintance who lately contemplated suicide luckily became a convert to blue glass. He has now got a blue glass lamp-shade, wears blue spectacles, has a blue glass pen holder with blue ink, and drinks blue glass cocktails. He is astonished that the compositors have become more profane than ever. Our boy "Jimmy" suggests that it's the cocktails that makes the compositors swear.

Christopher Armstrong, of the *Globe*, left on the 30th ult. for a trip to England, accompanied by his wife and family. Mr. Armstrong has for the last eight or ten years applied himself very closely to his duties as editor of the *Globe*, and stood very much in need of a little respite from the wearing routine of daily newspaper life. We trust he will return refreshed and invigorated both in mind and body. Mr. Armstrong, being a military man and holding Her Majesty's commission, should avail himself of this opportunity to visit the seat of war in Europe, and metamorphose himself into a full-fledged war correspondent. Mr. Armstrong and family are accompanied by the best wishes of a host of friends.

HE KNEW BY THE MS. — A short time ago, while the compositors, in the composing room of one of our city dailies, were waiting for "time" to be called, a number of the "sports" were discussing the merits and demerits of the greatest jumpers, when a dispute arose as to the greatest distance Ed. Searles (deceased) ever jumped.

One of the disputants started for proof to back his assertion, but could find none. The matter having been referred to Payne, night editor of the *Telegraph*, and being absent, the wicked compositors sat down and wrote out his own convictions on the subject and signed Payne's name to it, (Payne is considered pretty good authority on almost any subject). Returning to the composing room, he presented the document to genial James, who immediately said it was correct, for he could swear to Payne's MS. anywhere. It resembled it very much—so much as a shoe brush resembles a "shooting stick," but, of course, James knew.

CANADIAN PRINTERS ABROAD.

Thomas O'Neil, of Toronto, Ont., is Vice-President-elect of the Detroit Typographical Union.

William J. Rea, of Kingston, Ont., who left there some fifteen years ago, is in Detroit, Michigan.

James Dennis, of Simcoe, Ont., is a member of the Relief Committee of Detroit Typographical Union.

James McElroy, of Brantford, Ont., is a member of the Board of Directors of Detroit Typographical Union.

James P. Murtagh, of St. Thomas, Ont., is chairman of the Board of Directors of Detroit Typographical Union.

Rowland Hill, the President-elect of the Detroit Typographical Union, who comes into office May 1st, is from Sandwich, Ont.

Robert Timmins, Recording Secretary of the Detroit Typographical Union, is a Canadian, but we did not learn from whence he hails.

Timothy J. Finn, who hails from Montreal, and who has a cousin of the same name now in the *Gazette* office of that city, is working in Detroit, Michigan.

Daniel P. McMullen, printer, formerly of Chatham, Ont., is the junior partner of the firm of Snyder & McMullen, publishers of the *Journal*, Jefferson, Texas.

Frederick Kelley, son of a former publisher of the *Brockville, Ont., Recorder*, who died a few years ago, is foreman of the *Daily Tribune* office, Detroit, Michigan.

John Armstrong, who served his apprenticeship in the office of Mr. G. W. Day, in this city, is at present working on the *Daily Tribune*, Detroit, Michigan. John dabbles to a considerable extent in theatricals yet.

We learn from a recent number of the *Port Hope, Ont., Times* that Mr. Frederick D. Dalton, a Canadian by birth, and a practical printer, under whose guidance the editor of the *Times* first learned the case, twenty-three years ago, has started two papers in Canton, Illinois—*The Commonwealth* and *The Illinois Master Workman*.

Augustus Rathman, a printer, who served his apprenticeship in the Berlin, Ont., *Telegraph* office, and who left there in 1858 for the United States, was killed in an encounter with Indians under Crazy Horse, on the 21st of January. He was eighteen years in the American army, and had served all through the late civil war in the United States.

William Graham, of Kingston, Ont., who served his time with Dr. Barker, of the *Wig*, but who left Kingston some twenty-seven years ago, is now doing a nice jobbing business in Detroit, Michigan. He employs quite a large number of hands, and his office is run strictly Union principles. Mr. Graham was for many years Treasurer of Detroit Typographical Union before going into business for himself.

DOMINION.

James Fahey is said to be the coming star of the Stratford *Weekly Herald*.

A new temperance paper, to be called *The Welland Beacon*, is shortly to be started in Welland, Ont.

The *Maritime Sentinel*, published at Amherst, N. S., is said, has been purchased by a private company.

It is said that a movement is on foot to establish a new independent conservative journal in Hamilton, Ont.

A compositor, having a knowledge of book work, is advertised for by the *Western Chronicle*, Kentville, N. S.

It is said that a religious weekly paper is shortly to be started in Montreal. The editorship has been offered to the Rev. Alfred Bray.

Alexander Begg, of Winnipeg, Manitoba, has been appointed Queen's Printer, vice John A. Kenny, whose appointment is cancelled.

The Toronto *Globe* put on a new dress on the 16th ult., and has introduced stereotyping. This, no doubt, will be a great improvement.

The compositors of the Toronto *Globe* office had a misunderstanding with the foreman, recently, regarding a re-arrangement of the price.

Here's a chance for somebody: "A reform newspaper—well established—wanted to purchase. Address, with full particulars, etc., box 103, Peterboro, Ont.

The Barrie, Ont., *Weekly Gazette*, appears quite indignant at the Ottawa correspondent, and suggests that if he would lie "less, his letters would be more relied on."

Mr. Chas. K. Graham, of the Toronto *Mail* office, was recently entertained at a dinner by his friends of the press, on the occasion of his departure for British Columbia.

Stanley Day, under whose execution the Stratford *Weekly Herald* has attained its present handsome appearance, is said to have been offered the business management of an Ontario daily.

The death of Mr. T. L. McIntosh, in Chicago, is announced. He was a member of the firm of Hand, Nicholson & McIntosh, publishers of the Hamilton, Ont., *Banner*, and subsequently manager of the *Times*.

A daily paper is talked of for St. Johns, Newfoundland. Messrs. Rahal & Hay are to be the publishers, with Mr. Rochfort as editor. It is time Newfoundland had one daily at least. We wish the enterprise every success.

The *North Hastings Review*, No. 2, published by James A. Orr & Brother, formerly of Orillia, at Madoc, Ont., has come to hand. It is a neatly and clearly printed 8-page sheet, and in all its departments bears the impress of a practical hand.

Mr. C. S. Lugin, the founder of the *Farmer*, Fredericton, N. B., the only agricultural newspaper published in New Brunswick, and also for the past two years Secretary of the Board of School Trustees of that city, died at his residence, Fredericton, on the 30th ult.

The *Review* office, Arnprior, Ont., was totally destroyed by fire on the 3d ult. It was insured for \$2,000. Mr. Templeman, of the Almonte *Gazette*, kindly placed his office at the disposal of the proprietor of the *Review*, and the paper was issued as usual. A fact which speaks highly for Mr. Templeman.

One of our compositors pied a stickful the other day at the sight of a young lady passing by who looked admirable in his eyes.—*Beaverton Bee*, Ont.

'Well, what of it? We'd pi a whole galley of type if we could only get a certain young lady to look in our eyes. That's a comp. after our own heart.

It is said that application is to be made for letters patent to incorporate the *National Printing and Publishing Company*, in Montreal, the object being to publish a daily French newspaper, and carry on a general job printing and publishing business. The capital stock is put at \$30,000, in \$100 shares.

The London, Ont., printers are steadily branching out for themselves, the latest change being made by Mr. W. Southam, the mechanical superintendent of, and a partner in the London *Free Press* Printing Co., and who has been connected with the *Free Press* for over eighteen years. Mr. Southam and a Mr. Carey, formerly of Taylor & Carey, stationers, have purchased the Hamilton *Spectator*. London is now well represented in Ontario in the newspaper line—the *Oxford Tribune*, St. Mary's *Argus*, *Woodstock Times*, and *Welland Telegraph*, weeklies, are all published by Londoners, while the Ottawa daily *Free Press* is published by an old London boy, Mr. Chas. W. Mitchell, and the Ottawa *Citizen* manager and editor is a Londoner.—*Ex*.

The Montreal Typographical Union, No. 97, have elected the following officers for the ensuing year:—President, F. B. Egan; vice-president, A. Mondou; cor. sec., R. Kane, P. O. box 1134; rec. sec., A. Clement; fin. sec., Fred. Stanley; treasurer, James Connolly; sergeant-at-arms, W. Hickey; directors, Joseph McCann, chairman, J. T. Wardley, T. Morgan, D. Taylor and J. J. Fenton. The annual circular, under date of Feb. '77, shows that there are 116 members in good standing, three honorary members, twenty-nine in arrears, eleven suspended for non-payment of dues, four expelled for "ratting" and two deceased. The number of withdrawals by card are given at twenty-nine, and "honorable withdrawals" six.

The Cobourg, Ont., *Sentinel* notices the marriage of Mr. Richard Niles, formerly a compositor in that office, but now on the staff of the Ottawa *Free Press*, which paper makes the following happy announcement of the event:—

MATRIMONIAL.—Last evening, Mr. Richard Niles, who holds a case in this office, was united in wedlock to Miss Lizzie Huckell, second daughter of Mr. B. Huckell, of this city. The Rev. Mr. Collisson tied the nuptial knot, firm and fast. "Slug 10" has this time lifted "a take" that will last him a life-time, unless grim death should interpose his spectre shadow and waft away the "copy" now before him. His fellow comps. and numerous friends extend congratulations on the happy event, wishing the young couple a long, enjoyable and prosperous life—in their older days may little Niles drift around them and make their home a garden of Eden.

[From our Hamilton, Ont., Correspondent.]

Roberts & Griffin, job printers, Hamilton, have removed their office from James street to King William street.

Mr. Taylor, an old apprentice of the Hamilton *Times*, has returned from Chicago to Hamilton, after a long absence. Mr. Taylor reports printing dull in the far west.

Mr. Joseph Kenny, an old time printer, died in Hamilton on the 10th ultimo. Mr. Kenny was a native of Ireland, and came to this country some twenty years ago. Ever since that time he has been connected at different

times with the *Hamilton Times* and *Spectator*, *Dundas Warden*, and *Toronto Globe*. At the time of his death he was employed on the *Hamilton Spectator* as proof-reader, having joined the *Spectator* staff only a few days before his demise.

Mr. Lawson, of the late firm of Lawson, McCulloch & Co., printers and publishers of the *Hamilton Spectator*, is now associated with Mr. Thos. Lawles, printer, Hamilton.

Mr. Geo. Henderson, who has lately been starring through the Dominion in company with Miss Jeannie Watson and Mr. Hardy, the Scottish vocalist, is again plying the "stick and rule" on the *Hamilton Spectator*.

[From our Lucknow, Ont., Correspondent.]

The *Kincardine Reporter* has reduced its subscription price from \$1.50 to \$1.25 per annum.

The *Huron Signal*, Goderich, Ont., has changed hands, and is now conducted by a company, with Mr. J. F. Dickson as manager.

The *Walkerton Telescope* appeared recently in a new dress from the Dominion Type Foundry. Its appearance is much improved.

Mr. Tilt, one of the founders of the *Listowell Banner*, and an old typo, has taken charge of the editorial management of the *Lucknow Sentinel*.

Master James McPherson, an apprentice in the *Sentinel* office, Lucknow, recently set up, in one hour, thirteen hundred ems solid long primer.

Messrs. McGillicuddy Bros., proprietors of the *Brussels Post*, have let the contract for the erection of a building to serve as a printing office.

A paper called the *Chesley Enterprise* has been started in the village of Chesley, Co. Bruce. It is published every Friday morning by Mr. R. H. Speedding. Independent in politics.

[From our Guelph, Ont., Correspondent.]

Messrs. Smallpiece & Pirie, of the *Toronto National and Observer*, contemplate establishing a new independent evening paper in that city.

Messrs. Richardson, Bradley, and Lumsden, the official reporters of the House of Commons, have entered into partnership, for the purpose of doing general short-hand work on an extensive scale.

In a recent issue of the *Mercury* there is an account of the council proceedings, concerning the fiftieth anniversary of Guelph, in which it states—On motion it was decided that the merchants be requested to dress their *viduus* and display them without shutters. Try again.

While the editor of the *Guelph Herald* was trying to get the particulars of a fire, by going up a staircase to where the fire was, he was met at the top by the chief of the fire brigade, who introduced his toe to the butt end of said editor and hustled him down again without ceremony. And yet people say that editors have a nice time of it.

The typos employed in the *Mercury* and *Herald* offices in Guelph, had a base-ball match on Saturday, April 21. At the end of the fourth inning the score stood—*Mercury* 1; *Herald* 26! when the former became disgusted and left the field. In order to spare the feelings of all concerned, we will suppress the names of the players. Doubtless the *Herald* nine will enter for the championship of the Dominion before long.

UNITED STATES.

A new and improved proof press has been invented by Mr. Palmeto, of the *Advertiser*, Waterford, N. Y.

Both of the Kansas senators are printers. They followed Greeley's advice, "Young man, go West," and learned to set type.

The accomplished daughter of George Jones does the scissors work and household department for the *New York Sunday Times*.

Three hundred employes of the bureau of Engraving and Printing, at Washington, D. C., were discharged on the 18th ult. It is said the end is not yet.

As a compliment to St. Patrick, the wearing of the green was adopted for the day by the *Columbia Phoenix* on the 17th March. The paper was wholly printed in green ink.

Col. Moore, Cincinnati's new mayor, is popular with the newsboys. He has done a good deal for them, and they celebrated his election by a torch-light procession and serenade.

James E. Goode, a job printer at Richmond, Va., doing State work, has been sentenced to jail for nine months and fined \$500 for shooting W. E. Jones, a rival bidder for public printing.

Business in St. Louis, Mo., is reported as very depressed. There being only one Union newspaper office in that city, the book and job offices fail to furnish employment to more than one-half the Union printers.

Printing in New York city is reported slightly improved, although idle printers are very plentiful there yet. The managers of the *World* have asked for a reduction in the price of composition, and it is said that the Union will submit gracefully.

It must be very interesting to hear the Japanese newsboy of the period crying through the streets the names of those journals as quoted in the *Yokohama Gazette*. "Here's you *Nichi-Nichi Shinbun*! all the news in the *Osaka Nippo*! The *Choya Sai-Kai Shinbun*, six cents." San Francisco *Mail*.

Macon, Ga., Typographical Union, No. 84, has elected the following officers:—President, James H. Smith; vice-president, J. E. Christian; sec. and treas., Robt. McKay; sergeant-at-arms, D. D. Holomon; committee, T. J. Anderson and J. G. Harrison. The membership in good standing is fifteen, exclusive of eleven honorary members. Business is reported fair, with a number of printers still unemployed.

Raleigh, N. C., Typographical Union, No. 54, has elected the following officers:—Z. T. Broughton, president; J. S. Harward, vice-president; W. S. Royster, rec. sec.; L. O. Lougee, fin. sec.; J. S. Birdsong, com. sec.; E. M. Uzzell, treas.; J. C. King, sergeant-at-arms. The Union has a membership of thirty. Business is reported dull and the prices paid are 37½ cents per thousand ems, and \$16.00 a week.

There is a newsboy in San Francisco, James Handley by name, who is rapidly acquiring a fortune by the sale of newspapers. He is but fourteen years old, yet owns two houses and several building lots on Telegraph Hill. He recently built a third house there for \$1,800 and sold it to his brother for \$2,200. The brother, also a newsboy, sold it again for \$3,100. Jimmy aspires to a profession, and attends the Lincoln school, where he stands high in his class.

Providence, R. I., Typographical Union, No. 33, has many members, with an average attendance of twenty-five. The following is the scale of prices:—Composition on morning papers, per 1000 ems, 40 cents; evening papers, 36 cents. Compositors on weekly papers receive the same compensation as on evening papers. All men employed on book and job work by the week, receive \$14 per week, ten hours per day. Price of composition on book work, 33 cents per 1000 ems.

The Chicago *Post* stole 50 many telegraphic despatches from the *Evening News* that the latter became provoked, and set a trap in the form of a sensational despatch, purporting to come from Turkey, in which this foreign quotation was used: "Er us siht la Etsll iws nel lum cmeht—(the municipality cannot aid.)" The despatch was promptly "gobbled," and the "sell" becomes apparent when the quotation is read backward. The "McMullens" are publishers of the *Post*.

Peoria, Ill., Typographical Union, No. 29, has elected the following officers:—A. A. Griest, president; H. F. Beardsley, vice-president; Wm. H. Freeman, rec. sec.; F. M. Barrett, fin. and cor. sec.; O. E. Schupp, treas.; D. Hull, sergeant-at-arms; executive committee, H. F. Beardsley, chairman, R. P. Scranton and William McEwing. The membership numbers thirty-seven exclusive of six "suspended indefinitely." Business is reported fair and the supply of printers exceeds the demand.

The printing business in Boston, Mass., is reported as quite dull, and we take the following particulars in reference to prices, etc., from a private letter:—"In the newspaper department the prices paid are as follows. Morning papers—*Herald*, 50 cents; *Journal*, 45 cents; *Globe*, *Advertiser*, and *Post*, 40 cents. Evening papers—*Traveller* and *Transcript*, 36 and 38 cents respectively. Weekly wages are \$15.00 per week in book offices, although there are many who receive a great deal more. The average price of composition is about 40 cents. There are plenty of idle printers and but little prospect of work being any better."

Boston Typographical Union, No. 13, has chosen the following officers for 1877:—President, Percy B. S. Thayer; vice-president, F. M. Larimer; rec. and cor. sec., William H. Traves; fin. sec., Samuel K. Head; treasurer, Erving Walker; sergeant-at-arms, E. F. Britton. There are three hundred and eighty-four members in good standing on the list, and seven honorary members. There is but one death reported for the last quarter, that of Mr. H. T. Robinson on the 16th March. Unfortunately, they already have another for this quarter, in the person of Mr. David Dilley. This Union meets on the fourth Saturday of each month, at Wadman Hall, No. 176 Tremont street.

Charleston, S. C., Typographical Union, No. 43, has elected the following officers:—President, Thomas J. Webb; vice-president, James Ronan; treasurer, Howard P. Cooke; cor. and rec. sec., J. C. R. Taylor; executive committee, P. E. Parmelee, W. H. Cox, B. J. Legare, J. B. Comar, and C. Adams. The membership is fifty-nine. Two members, M. J. Dunnier and S. H. Gilbert, are reported deceased. The semi-annual circular says: "Business in all departments, especially in our line, is exceedingly dull, with a large surplus of printers. During the past year we have suffered two reductions in our scale, from 50 to 45, thence to 40 cents per thousand ems, the latter (40 cents) being the present rate paid. Prospects are anything but encouraging."

Harry C. Shales, a compositor, who was in ill health for some time, shot himself in New York, on the 15th ult. He had been out of work for some time, and is supposed to have committed the act in a fit of depression. Shales was twenty-six years of age and a native of Wisconsin. In one of his pockets was found the following letter, addressed to two of his friends, inmates of the house:—

MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Please try to judge me leniently. You do not know—no one will ever know—all the circumstances that drove me to the step I now take. You have been good friends to me, far better than I deserved.
HARRY C. SHALES.

New York, April 15, 1877.
To John F. Gale and Thomas Blakely.

Another scrap of paper was found in his pocket, requesting his room-mate, Gale, to conceal, if possible, the manner of his death.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

We have received a pamphlet entitled MANITOBA AND THE NORTH-WEST OF THE DOMINION, from the pen of Thos. Spence, Clerk of the Legislative Council of Manitoba. This work treats of the climate, soil, agriculture, and manufacturing facilities of that part of the Dominion; it also contains a map, showing the route of the proposed railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean. Mr. Spence says, "each head of a family, or any person not the head of a family, who has attained the age of 21 years, may, on payment of only ten dollars, or two pounds stg., secure a quarter section, or 160 acres of rich land, ready for the plough." The population, at the last official census taken, for the province of Manitoba only, was, in 1870, 11,961, of which there were 6,247 Roman Catholics, and 5,716 Protestants. We will not say, in the language of the late Horace Greeley, "Go West, young man, go West," but we would intimate to industrious persons intending to leave the Maritime Provinces that they might go to worse places than Manitoba.

SPECIMENS RECEIVED.—North Sydney, C. B.—Programme of a concert in black with ribbon border.

Ingersoll, Ont.—Admission tickets to an Odd Fellows' musical concert, in gold and colors.

OUR travelling correspondent complains of one of his letters addressed to this office being returned to his given address at Stratford. He adds that it was properly and sufficiently stamped. Very bad mucilage is the common and given cause. It is time for the Postmaster General to attend to this little but very important matter.

Nelson Fenstmaker, a New York printer, has mysteriously disappeared. Perhaps his "form" has been "locked-up" by some "minion" of the law.—*Norristown Herald*. In such a "case" he would be "justified" in pur-"chase"-ing his freedom with "quoins."—*Danbury News*. Gentlemen, this is no joking "matter." If there is no "proof" against him, and the "impressions" left by his "brilliant" career as "foreman" was of a "type" approaching "nonpareil," a "canon" of the "English" laws would have "ruled" him out. If not, he might have "drawn" on the "bank" and they would be sure to let him "slide."

AFTER ALDRICH.

Up to her chamber window
A slight wire trellis goes,
And up this Romeo's ladder
Clambers a bold wild rose.

To her scarlet lips she held him,
And kissed him nunny a time—
Ah, me! it was he who won her,
Because he dared to climb.

—T. B. Aldrich.

And you waited a moment longer,
You sentimental lout,
You'd seen the lady's feet slip,
And the lover falling out.

—Courier Journal.

No slight wire trellis for us,
No rose with its maddening prick,
No fall from a lady's window,
No delicate maiden sick.

—St. Louis Journal.

But a softly-cushioned divan,
Just big enough for two,
And a girl that's sweet and tender—
That is the way to woo!

—Rochester Express.

A girl that's "sweet and tender"
Reminds one of a bill of fare;
And like a good piece of beefsteak
They're better because they're rare.

—Oil City Derrick.

'Tis true they're rare; but, mind you,
By searching they may be found—
For, like the steak you mention,
They're pretty apt to be 'round.

—Worcester Press.

'Tis true they may be round,
And likewise very fair,
But the longer that you know them
You'll find they're never "square."

—Albany Argus.

Pray cease your senseless gushing
About the girl so fair;
And don't go hanging round her,
But court her on the square.

—Boston Globe.

How every hungry Journalist
At rhyme his turn doth take;
They all so sweetly talk of love—
Their love is good beefsteak.

—Detroit Free Press.

Ah, yes! they love their beefsteak,
And with it onions frying;
They'd sooner live on sirloin,
Than from sentiment be dying.

—London Advertiser.

Yum! yum! 'tis our opinion,
Of all the dishes rare—
Rolled, piced, or fried with onion,
Beefsteak, indeed, is fair.

Take, thou, the girls and spinsters,—
And all the glory take;
Be aldermen! be ministers!
But give us our beefsteak!

—Ottawa Citizen.

No climbing "a slight wire trellis,"
No "bold white rose" with its thorns,
But for us red lips and an ardent kiss,
In a parlor cosy and warm.

TYPE SETTING.—George Arensburg set 2,064 ems, solid minion, 23 ems in the line, one break-line to each stick-full, in one hour, at New York, Feb. 19, 1870.

S. M. Berner set 5,070 ems nonpareil, in three hours, Washington, D. C., Dec. 5, 1874.

R. A. McLean set 4,998 ems nonpareil, same time, place and date.

THOUGHT HE WAS IN HEAVEN.—The tramp printer is usually a dry cuss, as well in speech as for want of liquid refreshments. The composing room of the Boston *Globe* is reached by short flights of stairs, seemingly without end. One day a strange tramp started for this room, and after a minute's climbing, inquired at one of the offices on the way up where the types were. The answer was, "up several flights." On he travelled, and inquired at another room. "Up several flights," the reply came. Again he climbed, and again and again he asked for the coveted information. "Up several flights." Finally, completely exhausted, he reached the goal—the jail, the boys think—and, probably having in his mind Jacob's ladder, suggested by the stairs, he cautiously opened the composing room door, and, stretching his long neck out like an interrogation point, asked, in the most solemn manner, "Is God in?"—*Ex.*

BIRTHS.

In Ottawa, on the 13th ult., the wife of D. Thoburn, printer, of a daughter.

In Watford, Ont., on the 7th ult., the wife of Mr. J. C. Tye, proprietor of the *Guide*, of a son.

MARRIED.

On Monday evening, April 30th, at Union Cottage, Portland, by Rev. C. B. Woodcock, C. H. Flewelling to Charlotte E., youngest daughter of Whitcomb Furbanks, Esq. No cards.

On the 27th March, at the residence of the bride, by the Rev. H. M. Collisson, Mr. Richard Niles, composer, late of Coburg, to Elizabeth, second daughter of Mr. Benjamin Huckell, of Ottawa.

DIED.

At Fredericton, N. B., on the 30th ult., C. S. Lugin, Esq., formerly editor and proprietor of the *Canadian Farmer*, aged 58 years.

In purchasing articles advertised in the *Miscellany*, please mention the name of the paper. Advertisers always wish to know which paper is the most effective in bringing their goods to notice.

WANTED.—A situation as foreman or job hand in country office. Can furnish first-class references as to character and ability.

Address CHRONICLE OFFICE, Waterloo, Ont.

PRINTERS—Foreman for weekly newspaper must understand management of apprentices, presses, etc.—married man preferred—good job hand. Box 75 GLOBE Office, Toronto, Ont.

CHALLENGE.

I CHALLENGE John Jones (who defeated me last year) to a friendly foot race of one hundred and fifty yards, for from fifteen to twenty dollars a side, said race to take place on the 24th of May, on a dead level up-grade course. Can be seen on May 5th at the *Telegraph* press-room.

Respectfully,

WILL. CUMMIN.

Hard Metal, Accurate Bodies, Perfect Faces.

OLDEST TYPE FOUNDRY IN NEW ENGLAND.

BOSTON TYPE FOUNDRY,

104 MILK STREET,

BOSTON:

JOHN K. ROGERS, AGENT.

Send for copies of our new specimen book, and give us opportunities to estimate for job offices and newspaper presses. We are anxious to increase the trade we have had for so many years with the British Provinces, and hope to compete successfully with the inducements offered in other quarters.

CLIMO'S SPECIALTIES!

PHOTOGRAPHY

in faithful portraiture, with the finest re-touched effects.

Picture and Motto Framing

in artistic settings and fine mouldings, at lowest prices.

Stereoscopic Views of New Brunswick,

as fine as produced in any country, only \$1.50 per dozen, and a very large assortment to select from. Trade supplied low. Cheapest house for Stereoscopes, Brackets, Engravings, Chromos, etc.:

J. S. CLIMO,

Germain Street, St. John, N. B., Canada.

A BARGAIN.

FOR SALE, A DOUBLE MEDIUM

HAND PRESS

in good order. Price \$175. Address *Printer's Miscel-*
lany, P. O. Box 1127, St. John, N. B.



LITTLE GIANT Rule and Lead Cutter.

PRICE 50c.

No Printing Office should be without it. It is compact, powerful and durable. Cuts Nonpareil Brass Rule easily. Has a back and front gauge. For sale by all dealers in Printing Materials. GOLDING & CO., Makers of Printing Presses and Tools, Fort-Hill Sq. Boston



PEARL PRINTING PRESS.

Rotary Foot or Steam Power.

From new and improved patterns. For printing cards, billheads, labels, statements, circulars, etc., it has no superior. Medal awarded at the Centennial Exhibition, and recommended by the Judges over all others for "SIMPLICITY, COMPACTNESS, RAPIDITY OF OPERATION, and EASE OF RUNNING." With Automatic Card Dropper and Ink Fountain prints 3000 cards an hour. No. 1. prints 6x1 in. \$77. No. 3. 7x11 \$125. Send 3 cent stamp for Catalogue. Presses \$4 to \$400. Prints 2 1/2 to 12 1/8 in. Tools, Type, etc. GOLDING & CO., Manufacturers. 40 Fort-Hill Square, Boston.

PAGING MACHINE.

A PARISH PAGING MACHINE,
SECOND-HAND.

FOR SALE LOW.

H. CHUBB & CO.

Godsoe's Improved Galley Rack.

We have received from the hands of the inventor, who is a St. John boy, a description of one of the above named galley racks. The description is taken from the California *Farmer*, San Francisco.

This Rack fills a void that has long been felt in the printing office, and need only be seen to be appreciated. It takes up but a small space in the office, and it is not only useful, but is at the same time ornamental. One that will hold four hundred thousand ems brevier, taking up a space of about four feet long, by two feet wide, and three-and-a-half feet high. There is also a place on the top for galleys, on which to empty matter; also a place to hold copy, side-sticks and quoins. This Rack is so arranged that there is no danger of pi, while there is no necessity for side-sticks or quoins to hold the composition in place. Proprietors of printing offices, and the craft generally, are respectfully invited to call at the *Farmer* office and see the one now in use; this being the first rack made of the kind and placed in a printing office on this coast. These galleys can be made to any required size, and any information respecting the same will be given with pleasure, on application at this office. Mr. G. informs us that he has added several important improvements to the one we have in use, and on which he is working. He will in a few days exhibit the same on Clay street. The cost of this galley is but a trifle more than the old styled ones now in use, while holding many times more the amount of composition, and at the same time being compact and convenient—the cost is so reasonable that no printing office in our State should be without one. The inventor is an old practical printer, a first-class mechanic, and a very industrious man, well worthy of all encouragement in his excellent invention.

English papier-mache articles are manufactured by first pressing a sheet of very porous but strong paper, manufactured expressly for the purpose, upon a metal form greased with tallow. This is then coated with good flour-paste, and a second sheet is laid on, and pressed and rubbed until it takes the form of the model and adheres firmly. The whole is then placed in a drying-chamber heated to about one hundred and four degrees; and the operations of laying on and drying are repeated until the desired thickness is produced, from twenty to forty sheets being required often for the purpose.

The form is then removed, all the sides are carefully adjusted, and the article is hardened by immersing it in linseed oil and purified wood-tar, and coating it six or eight times with varnish, allowing it to dry thoroughly after each coat. It is finally ground down with pumice stone and ornamented with bronze, gold or mother-of-pearl. Cheaper articles are manufactured from a mixture of paper pulp with certain proportions of white lead, rosin, linseed oil, and sugar of lead, carefully kneaded and rolled by the aid of steam. This is pressed into moulds and dried. The most common articles are made of pulp and earth colors, with the addition of some hardening cement.

ALMOST "INDISPENSABLE."—In answer to a correspondent we give the following from our scrap book, as good preparations for improving the working and appearance of inks: No. 1—For fine job work.—Dumar Varnish, six oz.; bergamot, two drachms; balsam copaiba, two drachms; balsam of fir, three oz.; creosote, one drachm; copal varnish, one drachm. To enough ink for one thousand ordinary business cards, add from eight to twelve drops of the "indispensable," and to larger quantities in proportion. When used for bronze, dry colors, diamond printing, velvet, etc., take twice the quantity; and where an extra quick dryer is desired, add a few drops of dissolved gum arabic to the ink after it has been mixed with No. 1. In all cases mix well with the ink before applying to the rollers. No. 2—For news and poster ink.—Spirits of turpentine, one quart; balsam copaiba, six ounces. Add a sufficient quantity to the ink to thin it to a proper consistency for working.

Elastic plates of type may be made by the following process: Melt fifty parts of best glue in forty parts of water, add forty parts of glycerine, and one part of olive oil. It is then well mixed and cast in thin sheets. After drying for a few days it is remelted and cast in the matrix made from the type or wood cut to be reproduced, when an elastic block equal to stereotypes, with the exception that it is soft, is made.

Printer's ink is far ahead of rosin as a cure for driving bands that slip off their pulleys. Lay a little ink on the under surface of the belt as it is running; the ink is soon carried over the whole surface, and a cling is got which will last at least for six or eight weeks.

CHEWING TOBACCOS.

Little Corporal,
Golden Apple,
Di Vernon Pancakes,
McDonald's Crown.

SMOKING TOBACCOS.

Caswell's Twist,
Myrtle Navy,
Gold Bar,
No. 1 Mahogany,
Little Queen,
King of All.

VIRGINIA AND CANADIAN.

The finest assortment of PIPES, MOUTH PIECES, AM-
BERS, and Tobacconists' Goods generally.

M. McLEOD,

65 Charlotte Street, St. John, N. B.

J. RIORDON, MERRITTON PAPER MILLS, MERRITTON, ONT.

The largest Paper Mills in the Dominion of
Canada. Capacity 8 tons per day.

GEORGE H. MORRILL,

MANUFACTURER OF

PRINTING INKS,

30 HAWLEY ST., BOSTON.

INKS manufactured expressly to suit this
climate.

The St. John *Telegraph* and many other newspapers
in the provinces are printed with this ink.



DAILY TELEGRAPH OFFICE, St. John, N. B.

ST. P. O. Box 137, W.B.

NEW BRUNSWICK

PAPER COMPANY,

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

Wrapping, Manilla Bag, and Dry Goods

PAPER,

NEWS PRINTING PAPER,

LEATHER BOARD.

16 GERMAIN STREET, ST. JOHN, N. B.

MILLS—PENOBSCUIS, New Brunswick.

RULING MACHINE.

A Second-Hand Ruling Machine, by KIRK,
in good order. Has been doing our work until
a short time ago. Will be sold—to make room
for a larger machine—for \$80.

H. CHUBB & CO.

PRINTER WANTED. Must be a good job hand,
and accustomed to country offices, and sober. Ad-
dress, stating salary required and giving references, to
"Telegraph" Office, Welland, Ontario.

WANTED. A good man to take hold of a local
office and run a local paper. For further infor-
mation address Box 193, Toronto *Mail* office.

**SITUATION WANTED AS A SHORTHAND
WRITER.** Capable of writing 100 words per
minute; has had some experience as a corresponding
clerk. Address SHORTHAND, Winterbourne, Ontario.

SITUATION WANTED AS PRINTER.—Gen-
eral, good job hand, writes locals, &c.; good refer-
ences; steady employment main object; immediately,
stating wages, R. W., Box 62, Bowmanville, Ont.

Printed at the Daily Telegraph Steam Job Rooms.

"SORTS."

The man "overbored" was an editor.

A printer, who did not trust his memory, wrote in his pocket-book, "I must be married when I get to town."

It is a remarkable fact, and one, too, that printers cannot deny, that the letters w-r-o-n-g, are always pronounced wrong.

Our printer's devil wishes to change his title, and be known henceforth as a "typographical spirit of evil." Nothing more.

An inspector on a Pennsylvania railroad has been arrested for stealing brass journals. Next time he had better subscribe.

Mark Twain has a brother named Orion. He lives near Keokuk, Ia., and is a hunter. He hunts after potatoes with a hoe.

Monograms on garters are going out of style, and it's just as well. The country is being flooded with too much light literature anyhow.

An American paper says that the girls in some parts of Pennsylvania are so hard up for husbands, that they sometimes take up with printers and lawyers.

A Nova Scotia editor apologizes for the deficiency of the first edition of his paper by saying that he was detained at home by a second edition in his family.

A compositor, setting up a report of a horse race, said the "fool-sellers were busy," instead of "pool-sellers." But it didn't alter the sense of the paragraph much.

Philander says that it makes him shudder to read the advertisement of a printer for a boy of "good moral character," when it is well known that he means to make a "devil" of him.

The editor of an Ohio river paper, on a puff of a hotel added a postscript, saying: "We don't know the custom up the Big Sandy, but along the Ohio we always have two sheets to a bed."

Next to that repose, which is the blessed privilege of the man who lives six feet under ground in a country graveyard, is the repose enjoyed by a gilt-edged Bible in a newspaper office.

There are ten printers in the United States Senate. This alarming state of things should have a tendency to keep boys from learning the printing trade, but we fear they will not heed the warning.—*Norristown Herald*.

A printer named Baker, noted as the "Brigham Young of Rochester," recently convicted at Auburn, N. Y., of bigamy, had at one time, it is alleged, no less than five living wives. Naughty Baker; your "pi" is cooked, dough not before it was kneaded.

A number of our exchanges have started a department of "original humor;" and when the foreman, in making up the paper, erroneously places the comic paragraphs in the scientific column, and the scientific items under the head of humorous, the readers never discover the mistake.

A Lebanon country editor has constructed a printing machine which "will set type, feed papers, and fold them ready for the carriers." He is now contriving an attachment to write editorials, collect subscriptions, and pay all bills presented; but it is feared he will not succeed.—*Norristown Herald*.

The newsboys of Washington are uniformed. This is a departure from the ancient and accepted uniform of the newsboys, which usually consists of a man's coat, one suspender and a cigar stump. Sometimes, under stress of very trying and destitute circumstances, the suspender and coat may be omitted.

We have received a poem of forty-six verses, entitled "Blasted hopes." There is something original in the title, but we don't want to blast the reader's happiness by publishing it, nor blast the author's hopes by rejecting it, so we have laid the blasted thing on the table for future consideration.—*Norristown Herald*.

Why will scores of able-bodied young men stand on the street corners, with their hands in their pockets, say the *Norristown Herald*, when a Baltimore man advertises "complete printing offices" for three dollars and a half? There is no excuse now for an idle laborer not to fill a long-felt want in the newspaper field—and suspend publication at the end of two months, five hundred and fifty dollars in debt."

A printer's devil who aspired to be a local editor expressed his wishes in poetry in this wise:

If I was a toke editur,
Wouldn't I have a time;
I wouldn't print a cussed word,
For less'n a \$ a line.
I'd get my grub and liker free,
& tickets to the shows,
I wouldn't spy for buggy lier,
& wouldn't I ware good close!

The following request was no doubt made by an editor under great stress of mind on looking in his copy-book and finding it empty:

Scratch, & vatch, scratch with care,
Something thit will please the editair.
Something startin' that will raise the hair
Of the readers of my newspaper.

Whereupon he received the following conundrum:

Suppose the readers of my newspaper
Are all bald, and have no hair.
What, then, shall I write, Mr. Editair,
That can be perused with profit and care.

The local editor of a Lynchburg paper, while in the act of taking his valise from the baggage car at a station, let it fall on the track and the whole train passed over it, smashing it up horribly and scattering shirts, paper collars and the like in every direction. As soon as the train passed, a crowd gathered around the wreck, and expressed their sympathy for the owner of it. But just then he thrust his hand into one end of the crushed valise, and drawing forth an unbroken bottle of whiskey, held it up triumphantly and exclaimed: "Never mind, gentlemen, I have saved the most important part of my baggage!"

'Twas in the heat of the day and the boys were fanning and puffing in the Sobriety *Eagle* office when an old darkey came in scratching his wool and grinning from ear to ear. Said he, "Ise got a little riggle for yer paper." "Riddle be d——d," shouted the editor, seizing the water pitcher. "It's—it's a mitey good un," said Slim, "if it's short." "All right, yeah it comes. Why is a pumpkin vine like an old umbrella?" "Well, I expect us to guess at it!" shrieked the editor. The old nig edged toward the door, and shot out as he yelled "Kase neither of 'em can turn a grindstone."

IMPORTANT TO PRINTERS. PRINTERS' INKING ROLLERS!

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMPOSITION, 45 cts. per lb.

NO BETTER IN THE MARKET!
SHRINKS LESS THAN ANY OTHER. WARRANTED TO RE-CAST.
CAN BE KEPT IN STOCK LIKE PAPER.

NEVER GETS SO OLD THAT IT CANNOT BE RE-CAST.

ROLLERS NEVER "SKIN OVER."

This Composition is so far ahead of any other kind that many leading offices have adopted it altogether, after having tried all kinds. It is the cheapest material for rollers that can be manufactured. The special advantages claimed for it, which claims are borne out by its use, are that it **shrinks less and is far more durable than any other**, retains its suction and elasticity always and never "skins over." Can be re-cast when the roller gets old, thus replacing it with a new one as good as the original.

WHAT OTHERS SAY OF THE ANGLO-AMERICAN:

To H. FINLAY,
St. John, N. B., Feb. 23, 1876.
SIR,—I have used your Composition (Anglo-American) for job-press rollers for the last six months, and am perfectly satisfied with the results. They last longer and ever better every way than any other Composition I have ever had to deal with. I think the Composition is by far the best which has yet come into printers' hands.
Yours, etc.,
ROBT. McALLISTER,
"Globe" Job Office.

To H. FINLAY,
St. John, N. B., Feb. 23, 1876.
SIR,—Your Composition (Anglo-American) for Printers' Inking Rollers is, without exception, the best I have ever used, and I must say that for the last thirty-five years I have tried many. Yours, etc.,
ANTOINI LAPOINTE,
Pressman "Daily Evening Globe" Office.

To H. FINLAY,
St. John, N. B., March 13, 1876.
SIR,—I have used your Anglo-American Composition for form and distributing rollers for a fast double-cylinder press, and I have found them to retain their suction and do good work, with constant running, for six and seven months. It is the best I have ever used in my long experience in the printing business, and would recommend all printers to give it a trial. They will find that it will do good work and give good satisfaction.
Yours truly,
T. ROSSIGNOLL,
Pressman "Daily Telegraph" Office.

To H. FINLAY,
St. John, N. B., March 2, 1876.
SIR,—Having used rollers made from the Anglo-American Composition in the Saint John *Daily News* establishment for the past six months to my entire satisfaction, I have no hesitation in recommending it to the trade. All that is required is for the pressman to follow the directions which accompany the Composition and give it a fair trial. Yours, etc.,
JOSEPH WILSON,
Foreman "Daily News" Office.

To H. FINLAY,
St. John, N. B., July 24, 1876.
SIR,—The Anglo-American Composition obtained from you last October, and since, has given excellent satisfaction. The rollers then cast are in good order now, and to all appearance will remain so for some time. No trouble has been found re-casting the composition.
Yours, &c.,
McKILLOP & JOHNSTON.

AND WE REFER WITH CONFIDENCE TO ALL PRINTERS WHO HAVE USED IT.
Directions for casting, re-casting, and for keeping rollers made from this Composition, accompany each package, and any further information will be cheerfully given.
H. FINLAY, P. O. Box 1187, St. John, N. B., Canada.

THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY

as a vehicle of information for printers and publishers, and as a medium through which type founders, press, paper and ink manufacturers, etc., could, with advantage to themselves, bring their productions to the notice of printers. It circulates very largely in Canada and the United States, and as an advertising medium for any articles used in connection with printing and the kindred arts, has no superior.

Subscription \$1.00 per annum—50 cents to apprentices. Advertising rates on page 181.

The Printer's Miscellany came to hand last week enlarged. This journal is fast becoming popular with the printers throughout the Dominion, hence its prosperity. It should be in the hands of every printer. *Post*, Leamington, Ont.

The Printer's Miscellany. The March number of this welcome visitor is on our table. It is full of valuable information to printers. It is really the best enterprise of this kind yet attempted in Canada. *Herald*, Georgetown, P. E. I.

The Printer's Miscellany is enlarged by the addition of four pages—now making twenty-four in all. We are glad to observe this evidence of prosperity. The *Miscellany* is well printed and contains much matter of great interest to the craft. *Standard*, Napanee, Ont.

The Printer's Miscellany. This neat little publication commends itself to the notice of all practical printers. It contains news of interest to the craft from all parts, and will be a welcome visitor in many offices. We wish it abundant success. *Observer*, Bowmanville, Ont.

The Printer's Miscellany comes to us in an enlarged form, having twenty-four pages. The *Miscellany* is well printed and well edited, containing many articles of interest, and we think it much surpasses *Knoxell's Newspaper Reporter* in its best days. *Expositor*, Perth, Ont.

We are in receipt of that indispensable monthly necessity, *The Printer's Miscellany*. The importance of this complete without it. This number, especially, should be in the hands of every printer in the Dominion. *Sun*, Simcoe, Ont.

The Printer's Miscellany comes to us much enlarged and improved. The *Miscellany* is the best serial published in the interest of the craft in the Dominion, and every printer should help to support it by becoming a subscriber to it. Its general arrangement and handsome artistic appearance make it a worthy representative journal of the "art preservative." *Guardian*, Uxbridge, Ont.

The Printer's Miscellany is to hand in an enlarged form, four pages having recently been added to the usual number. We are pleased to notice that friend Finlay is prospering. The *Miscellany* is a credit to the craft, and is worthy of the support of all printers and others who wish to secure an interesting and instructive journal. *News*, Lakefield, Ont.

The Printer's Miscellany.—This is the title of a perfect gem, published at St. John, N. B., in the interest of the printers of Canada. In "get-up" it displays a talent, and is destined to prove of great benefit to the younger members of the craft. We are happy to see the encouragement extended to the publisher has young type should subscribe for the *Miscellany*. *Review*, Blythe, Ont.

The Printer's Miscellany has reached us, and it contains a large amount of information with reference to the typographic art, of interest to all connected with printing establishments. Mr. Finlay, the publisher, spares no pains to collect such articles as are of service to the craft, and also gives some capital hints of his own. The magazine is published monthly at St. John—price one dollar a year, or ten cents each number. No "typo" in the Provinces should be without it, as the practical information given by its editor (Mr. Finlay), who is an old "typo" and good at that—is worth ten times the subscription. *Standard*, St. Andrews, N. B.

The Printer's Miscellany comes to us in an enlarged form, and brimful of interesting live matter. It is always greeted with a hearty welcome to our office, and occupies a place in the front rank of our exchanges. It can not fail of becoming an indispensable necessity to every lover of the "art preservative." We bespeak it a long and brilliant career of usefulness, and heartily wish its progenitor abundant success financially. *Algoma Pioneer*, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

The Printer's Miscellany is a journal deserving of patronage, from every member of the "art preservative of all arts." It is very nicely gotten up, and the articles are not only instructive, but of much interest also. We notice a great improvement in the publication the last month or two, and it has been considerably enlarged. It contains much that would prove of interest to the average reader, who in any way feel interested in "the fourth estate." *Argenteuil Advertiser*, Lachute, P. Q.

The Printer's Miscellany comes to us this month enlarged to twenty-four pages, and filled with unusually good matter. This periodical is fast taking the place of the American serial, which has so long done duty as both a Canadian and United States Printers' Journal, and we hope to see it soon occupy a position behind none of the journals of the "art preservative" on the continent. We think it the duty of every Canadian printer to subscribe for it. *Herald*, Stratford, Ont.

The Printer's Miscellany for April is an admirable issue. Elegantly printed, and all its parts well adjusted to each other, it is a credit to the craft in this country. All the articles and paragraphs are interesting, and they deal with a great variety of topics. A beautiful programme title page, printed in colors, by Charles Lawson, Queen street, Fredericton, is given as a supplement to this number, and is a highly tasteful specimen of such work. The *Miscellany* is furnished at only one dollar a year, and is an excellent advertising medium. Published by H. Finlay, P. O. Box 1127. *New Dominion*, St. John.

The Printer's Miscellany comes to hand this month fuller than ever of matter interesting to printers and entertaining to the general reader. There is no printer's journal that we have seen which is so purely what the *Miscellany* professes to be—a paper devoted to the interests of the press—and if it is only as great a success financially, as it is in other respects, Brother Finlay ought to soon become a wealthy man. If there are any printers who have not yet subscribed to the *Miscellany* we advise them to at once do their duty in the matter. It is only one dollar a year. *Miramichi Advertiser*, Chatham, N. B.

The Printer's Miscellany has been received. Although it has not reached its ninth number, its appearance and contents reflect the greatest credit upon those interested in its publication, and is a magazine of which the printers of the Dominion may feel justly proud. It contains twenty-four pages of finely printed matter, and its contents embrace a variety of subjects which cannot but prove a rich treat to its typographical readers. Until the publication of this monthly, Canada was without a journal devoted to the interests of the craft; now, however, the monthly visits of this popular magazine must prove a boon to the thousands of printers in the Dominion and United States, who have so long been without such an exponent. It is sent to any address on receipt of one dollar, and we feel sure that no Canadian printer, who has once perused its contents, would be without it for five times the amount. Printers' apprentices will receive the *Miscellany* for one year by sending fifty cents, and our word for it, they will never regret the investment. *The Advertiser*, L'Original, Ont.