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THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY



THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY

VOL. VI.

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA, OCT. & NOV., 1881.

Nos. 4 & 5.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY is issued monthly at \$1.00 per annum, *in advance*, or ten cents per number. Price to apprentices—50 cents per annum, *in advance*.

The name and address of subscribers should be written plainly, that mistakes may not occur. All letters should be addressed to

HUGH FINLAY,
St. John, N. B., Canada.

The Printer's Miscellany.

ST. JOHN, N. B., OCT. & NOV., 1881.

Important Notice.

Representatives, who will be most liberally dealt with, are wanted in every town and city wherever the English language is spoken, to obtain subscribers to THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY. The proprietary will be found *most liberal* in its dealings. There are plenty of young men who can, with ease, earn a good round sum, as pocket money. Compositors, travellers, etc., willing to canvass their friends or fellow employés, are invited to apply for terms at once. Although THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY has a big circulation, there must be many thousands indirectly connected with Paper and Printing, who would be glad to subscribe if they were asked, but are difficult to get at, unless friends in the trade with a little leisure will do it as a matter of business.

Our Phonographic Department.

With this number the "Phonographic Department" of the *Miscellany* will be discontinued as a department. Many reasons have impelled us to this conclusion, among which may be enumerated the failing health of the editor—Mr. T. Wm. Bell—and the lack of interest

evinced by printers generally. We may, at some future time, resume this department, but we feel that printers generally, at the present day, regard the study of shorthand as being a little premature. In parting with Mr. Bell we feel that we are not only losing a sincere and staunch friend ourselves, but that the *Miscellany* is also losing one of its strongest and ablest supporters. After over four years of intimate personal and business association with him, we wish to add our feeble testimony to his kind and gentlemanly manner and earnest friendship. May his lines fall in easy places, is the sincere wish of his friend—the editor of *The Printer's Miscellany*.

Newspaper Patronage.

There appears to be many different ways of understanding the true meaning of newspaper patronage, as it is called, and as an interested party, we give place to a disquisition on the subject by one who knows whereof he speaks. It will, perhaps, serve as a mirror wherein certain persons can see themselves as others see them.

Many long and weary years have forced the conviction upon us that newspaper patronage is a word of many definitions, and that the great majority of mankind are either ignorant of the correct definition or are dishonest in the strict biblical sense of the word. Newspaper patronage is composed of as many colors as the rainbow, and is as changeable as a chameleon.

One man comes in and subscribes for a paper and pays for it in advance, and goes home and reads it with the proud satisfaction that it is his. He hands in an advertisement, asks the price, pays for it, and goes to his place of business and reaps the advantage thereof. Another man says you may put it on your books, and goes off

without saying a word about pay. Time passes on, you want money, and want him to pay you what is honestly due you. He flies into a passion, perhaps pays, perhaps not, and orders his paper stopped. This is called newspaper patronage.

Another man lives near you, he does not take the paper—he don't like the editor—the paper is too small for him—yet he goes regularly to his neighbor's and reads it, and quarrels with the opinions of the editor. Occasionally he sees an article he likes and he begs or gives a few cents for the number. This is called newspaper patronage.

Another man takes two or three papers and cannot afford to take a home paper, but he likes it and comes into the office and begs one whenever he comes to town. This is called newspaper patronage.

Another man likes the paper and takes a copy for his family, and pays for it, and does all he can to get new subscribers; he never grumbles, but always has a cheerful word for the editor. If any little item of interest occurs in the neighborhood he informs the editor. This is newspaper patronage.

Another man has a patent and wants a two dollar notice inserted every week, it will be of interest to your readers, he says; but, although knowing it will benefit himself most of all, he does not offer to pay for it. This is called newspaper patronage.

Another man has taken the paper for several years, but has not paid for it, and comes in with a four or five dollar advertisement and asks you to insert it for nothing, because he is an old patron of yours. This is called newspaper patronage.

Another man—"a young man about town," no use taking a paper, he knows all that's going on. By and by he gets married, and hands in a notice with "just give me a dozen copies." He gets them, and when you mention pay he looks surprised—"you surely don't charge for such a thing!" And this is called newspaper patronage.

Now, isn't newspaper patronage a very curious thing? And in that day when the gentleman in black gets his dues, as he surely will, how many of the patrons enumerated above will fall to his share? Now it will be seen that while certain kinds of patronage are the very life and existence of a newspaper, there are other kinds of patronage that are more destructive than the deadly night-shade.

Prince Edward Island Journalists.

A correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*, of this city, who recently visited Prince Edward Island, came away very favorably impressed with the social qualities as well as journalistic abilities of the Island newspaper men, as witness:

"While at Summerside, your correspondent visited the office and book-binding establishment of W. A. Brennan, Esq., editor and proprietor of the Summerside *Journal*. This paper is one of the handsomest weekly sheets in the Maritime Provinces. We found the senior editor [J. F. Brennan] a practical printer and journalist of 50 years experience and his sons "chips off the old block." The junior editor [W. A. Brennan] has just returned from a tour of the most pleasant description, and we found him trying to roll up the felicitous experience of four or five weeks in the more practical necessities of the hour. But the numerous handshakes sadly interfered, and the editor had to "give it up" and complacently resign himself to the congratulations that were pouring in from all points of the compass. A brother of the editor, Mr. Alfred L. Brennan, is an artist on the staff of *Scribner's Monthly* and has illustrated the scenes at Elberon, where the last days of Garfield were spent and where the rest at last came. Mr. W. A. Brennan and lady were at Elberon since the death of the President and had the opportunity of visiting all the rooms and places of interest that are now of so much historical value. I cannot close this letter without referring to the hard work that is evidently performed by P. E. Island journalists. Getting acquainted with at least three of them, the writer can bear testimony to their many genial qualities and a disposition to develop the best interests of their country. It is not too much to say that the *Patriot*, *Examiner*, *Journal* and other Island papers are creditable to their proprietors, and while the differences of political opinion are ably exhibited, their friendship for each other is none the less apparent."

WANTED—Back numbers of the *Miscellany*, as follows:

Volume I, No. 2.

" II, Nos. 6 and 7.

" IV, Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12.

We are willing to give two current numbers for every one of the above sent to this office.

A Fire Among the Printing Offices of New York.

The 31st of January was a disastrous day for the occupants of the old *World* building in New York, which many of our readers will remember fronts on Park Row and runs along Beekman to Nassau street. The *World* establishment having removed only a short time before, a few doors to the southward on Park Row, escaped injury. The most prominent concerns burned out were Willy Wallach, stationer, on the first floor; S. M. Pettingill & Co., advertising agents on the second floor, and the offices of the *Scientific American*, and the New York *Observer* still farther up. Messrs. Munn & Co., of the *Scientific American* and the New York *Observer* suffer an indirect loss of uncalculable value in books, manuscripts, mailing lists, etc. In addition to those the *Press* newspaper had an office on the first floor of Nassau street. On the second floor were Nathan Tibbals & Son, booksellers, Anna S. Clark, dealer in school-books, and Joseph Y. Johnston, stationer. On the fourth floor were Bruce, Busby & Bruce, publishers *Turf, Field and Farm*; A. M. Stewart, publisher *Scottish-American Journal*; the *Manufacturer and Builder*; *Retailer Publishing Company*; B. F. Brady, engrosser; *Thompson's Bank Note Reporter*; the *Takagrafer* office, and the office of the *Printing World* and *Paper Stock Journal*. The fifth and top floor contained the composing-rooms of the *Observer* on the Park Row side, and the composing-rooms of Payne Brothers on the Nassau street side. The *Times* building adjoining was slightly damaged. Nos. 1 and 3 Beekman street, occupied by the *Evening Mail*, was also damaged. In the basement of the Morse building, were Slot & Jones, stationers, and adjoining was the office of *Truth*, both suffering slightly. Among those who are known to have lost their lives are Jos. Cunningham, foreman of the mechanical department of the *Observer*; Richard S. Davy, an Englishman, a printer, employed at the office of the *Scottish-American Journal*; Alfred W. Harris, assistant foreman of the *Observer*, and R. T. Treadway, of Brooklyn, a compositor on the *Observer*. Among the injured were Charles White of San Francisco, proprietor of the Pacific Newspaper Publishing Company; Walter Norris, employed by J. W. Johnston, law stationer and publisher; Edward Moore, foreman, George Milne and Robert Bowie, compositors on the

Scottish-American Journal; John Johnson, Lithographer; Charles F. Harris, compositor in the *Observer* office; Leslie Coombs Bruce and his father, Colonel Sanders Bruce, editor of the *Turf, Field and Farm*. Among the missing are Mary Smith, compositor, employed on the fourth floor; John Payne, compositor; an office boy in the employ of J. W. Dennison, publisher; Henry P. Johnson, compositor, and a Mr. Hayman, agent of the St Louis Publishing Company; Rev. E. D. G. Prime and Dr. Stoddart, editors of the *Observer*, saved themselves by climbing out of the windows and clambering along the signs till they reached a window in the *Times* office. O. B. Potter, owner of the building, was insured for \$150,000; N. Tibbals & Sons, about \$50,000; S. M. Pettengill, \$2,500; *Scientific American*, \$15,000; *Turf, Field and Farm*, \$7,000, and the *Observer*, \$3,000.

The English Newspaper Libel Act.

The following is a brief summary of the new English Newspaper Libel Act:

Any report of the proceedings of a public meeting shall be privileged if such meeting was lawfully convened for a right and lawful purpose and open to the public, and if such report was fair and accurate, and without malice, and if the matter complained of was for the public benefit. No criminal prosecution shall be commenced without the fiat of the Director of Public Prosecutions in England or of the Attorney-General for Ireland in Ireland. A court of summary jurisdiction is to hear any evidence as to the publication being for the public benefit, or any evidence such as might be adduced on the trial; and the court, if of opinion that there is a strong or probable presumption that the jury would acquit the person charged, may dismiss the case. The court of summary jurisdiction, should it deem the libel trivial, may deal with the case summarily by fine not exceeding £50. The Board of Trade may allow the registration of one or more responsible representative proprietors instead of all proprietors.

A fashion correspondent says that during the coming season ladies will wear nothing but longitudinally striped hose. I wish you would find out if this is really so, or whether it is only a campaign slander. It means a good deal to we girls.—*Gail Hamilton*.

School Books.

The *Printer's Miscellany* brings up for discussion a question which has often puzzled the press of New Brunswick, and, no doubt, the public. It is in regard to the printing of the school books. All, or nearly all, of the books used in the schools of this Province are printed in Edinburgh. The sum paid by the people for school books is a very large one, many of the books seeming to be very costly, and for all of them a good price is charged. One would suppose that the Board of Education would think it worth while to make an effort to get these books printed in our own Province; but on the contrary they seem disposed not to allow this. They cannot, as a Board, have any pecuniary interest in the matter, for it never appears in their accounts that anything is added to the revenue of the Province from such a source. It is reported that prominent publishers in St. John have offered to print these books at quite as low a figure as, if not a lower figure than, they are printed and imported. If any such offer has been made directly to the Board of Education it does not appear to have had a successful result. There is no reason to believe that the printers could not print books quite as well as they are printed in Edinburgh, and we certainly think that they could bind them better than the flimsily bound works which are to be found in the hands of most of our school children. At a banquet given to Sir John Macdonald by the Conservatives at Ottawa, the leader of the Government in New Brunswick, and one of the prominent members of the Board of Education, heartily applauded Sir John's sentiment that his Government preferred Englishmen to Americans and Canadians to Englishmen. If Mr. Fraser concurs in Sir John's view he should make a practical application of it, by giving to our own people either the right to print their school books, or at least he should open the door sufficiently wide to enable our people to compete on their own soil with the imported article. Practically, they are not allowed to do this, as the works are either copyrighted, or, if not, they are not authorised by the Board of Education. We cannot and do not understand why this course is adopted. We do not know of any reason, why the people who have to support an expensive system of education are not allowed to print their books. If the Board of Education has any reason to offer on

the prohibition we would like to know what it is; and we shall be happy to state it to the public.—*Globe*.

Low Prices.

Whatever may be the truth with regard to the cost of government printing, there never was a time when those whom the University preachers designate "the commons of the realm" were able to make such good terms for their typographic necessities. This is, of course, no small advantage to the said commons, but to the professors of the printer's art it is anything but an unmixed blessing, even allowing the force of the maxim that competition is the soul of business. Those who are not conversant with the trade would be astonished to hear of the vast amount of printing which is done at utterly unremunerative prices. Whose fault is it that this is so? It must be confessed that by far the greater part of the responsibility for it rests with the printers themselves, and, indeed, that part which is shared by the public is to a great extent due also to the action of the members of the trade. The increasing readiness of printers to estimate for even paltry jobs begets a disposition on the part of the public to seek for tenders for the very pettiest contracts, and one printer is now pitted against another in cases where a very few years ago no one would have dreamed of taking or giving estimates.

Estimate-giving is the very bane of the modern printer's existence. Instead of being able to devote his energy and attention to the development of the art as an art, and producing the very best typographical results, he is in too many cases concerned chiefly in determining how he may work passably at the very lowest cost; how long he may use his type before renewing it, how cheap an ink he may employ, and what is the very lowest quality of paper that can be purchased for the purpose required.

We do not blame the employer of the printer for getting the best value for his money, nor do we censure the printer for undertaking work at a lower price than his neighbor when he can make a reasonable profit by doing so. But what we complain of, on behalf of the trade generally, is the reckless manner in which some members of it give estimates for work. Some of these take contracts at wholly unremunerative rates from sheer ignorance. They have not studied the art of estimating with any diligence,

nor do they proceed on any system. They often ignore such items as wear and tear of plant, rent, rates, taxes, gas, counting-house staff, and even warehouse expenses. Frequently, indeed, they do not go into the matter at all. They learn that so-and-so is doing the work for so much, and they immediately announce their willingness to do it for so much less, wholly irrespective of prime cost. These persons in the end find out their mistake. Sooner or later their career leads through the bankruptcy court, and then those who have been foolish or unfortunate enough to trust them have to make up the deficiencies which ought to have come from the pockets of their customers. But there is another class of men who cut up the trade and who are presumed to know their business. There are one or two large houses who at the present time are taking work at prices which must result in loss, assuming that ordinary journeymen's wages are paid. These gentlemen, we say, must be presumed to know what they are doing, and yet whatever advantage their policy may be to themselves, there is no doubt about its being disastrous so far as the general trade is concerned. Precedents are created and analogies are freely drawn from them. Customers argue that if certain work can be done for such a price, certain other work must be done at rates equally low, and so there results a general abatement of prices, and a corresponding loss to the printers.

We have been induced to write on this subject because certain glaring instances have lately come to our notice. We have heard of pamphlet work being undertaken at prices twenty-five per cent. below the journeymen's cast-up, and even work in a foreign language estimated for at a sum far less than the bare remuneration that would be required by the society compositors. In the latter case, indeed, the customer was afraid of the lowness of the tender referred to, and deemed it safer to accept an estimate which appeared on the face of it to be a fair one for the class of work required. So, too, we have heard of a double-demy sheet almanac, comprising many cuts and workings in three colors, being executed at 13s. 6d. a thousand, the printer finding the composition, stereotypes and press-work; and we have also seen the wrapper to an 8vo advertising pamphlet, printed in four colors on the outside and in one on the inside, which is supplied at the extraordinary sum of

2s. 8d. per thousand, paper included, twopence of this being for expedition and night-work!

* * * * *

With great firms who deliberately determine to keep their machinery running and their full staff employed even at a considerable weekly loss, in hope that they may in time obtain better prices, we fear no remonstrance on our part will avail. It is of little use for us to point out the injury they are doing to the trade, and to themselves with it, by the course they are adopting. They have made their calculations, and have with open eyes adopted an unwholesome system. We can only hope that they will be the greatest losers by it. But upon those who have hitherto acted ignorantly we strongly urge a constant remembrance when estimating of the standing charges of a printing office, such as those referred to above. These have all to be met out of the profits of work done, and if they are only borne in mind the number of unremunerative contracts now undertaken by members of our craft will be materially lessened.—*Printer's Register.*

"Making Up."

As a rule the correct method of "making up" matter to be printed is not generally understood, or else most shamefully neglected. This is especially observable in newspapers, and hundreds of columns can be produced that look like an inverted and badly-demoralized haystack. In all matters of erection, we take it there should be a foundation—the heaviest, broadest and firmest stones at the bottom, and that the superstructure should be the lightest and most airy.

Just imagine (if your sense of the ludicrous can possibly carry you so far) how Eddystone lighthouse would appear with the lantern turned down, and how long it would withstand the buffets of the fierce waves? Or how would Bunker Hill monument appear with the apex resting on the earth and its base heavenwards? Or how the Capitol at Washington poised on the head of the Goddess of Liberty, and the huge building spread out in the air like an overgrown Chinese umbrella?

Conception of the grotesque and out of proportion could not go farther, and yet this is the identical fashion in which many papers are "made up"—the largest items being placed at the top, the smallest at the bottom, and all sizes, from

two lines to two sticksful, sandwiched in any-how, without regard to taste or fitness.

The same rules that governed the builders of the Egyptian pyramids, and made the statue of Diana of Ephesus, or, at a later date, the Greek Slave of Power's, world-famous, hold good in "making up" all things of this business sphere, and are essential to the arrangement of printed matter. A column should be balanced just as much as a church, and not upon the point of the steeple either. It should never be "top-heavy" or have the appearance of the leaning tower of Pisa, and no tangible reason can be produced why it should be so.

A very little trouble in selection will remedy this evil; a swift glance over galley, and, if necessary, copy, shows the material you have on hand to work with, and how it can best be arranged, and a trifle of practice enables you to arrive at the inevitable best. We know that in the "paragraph" system of to-day this causes more trouble than when articles were greater in length and much less in number; that it requires more care and a trifle more of labor. Well, for that matter so does everything connected with printing; for the few fonts of type have become many, and all the other accessories increased almost beyond belief. But this, in itself, is a manifest reason why one should be upon the alert and not afraid of energy. It is absolutely necessary to keep up with progress, or you will be distanced in the race, and if you shrink from a little extra care and labor you had better throw your stick and rule out of the fourth story window—and follow them.

"Making up" isn't so much of an art as to require long study or neglecting other things. It comes "sorter nateral" to the great majority who have the least taste, a mathematical eye, and the slightest conception of proportion. Consequently, it is a shame that its most common requirements should be disregarded and outraged as they are, and that the columns of newspapers should present such a jumbled and heterogeneous appearance. Don't try to excuse yourself. They go for nothing against facts, and every one you make proves that you know better and are ashamed of your carelessness. It won't answer. You who "make up" are responsible, in a great measure, for the slovenly and ill-balanced look of the paper, and will have to stand the first trouncing the public gives.

"Make up" your mind then to "make up" the paper as it should be, in accordance with fitness and taste, and for the sake of decency and order, don't favor us with any more specimens of conglomeration of type that look like the ruins of a building after a fire.—*Round's Printers' Cabinet.*

Why He Quit Journalism.

The editor of the *Warren (R. I.) Gazette*, who lately retired from the ranks of journalism, says in his valedictory address:

"Our reasons for quitting the business may seem odd to some people, but to us they are sufficient. We can earn our living with less irritation and discomfort. If we want a dollar why should we stretch a hawser around the whole State of Rhode Island to get it? Why not earn it quietly, in our own time and in our own way? Alone in the world, and feeling myself to be one who, like Goldsmith's Hermit, 'wants but little here below, nor wants that little long,' we can see no good reasons for torturing ourself by courting unnecessary annoyances. For the last three years our position has been such as would be exemplified by that of a crow, which, though requiring for its sustenance only a few kernels of grain, and for its rest but a perch in a juniper, should be foolish enough to rent an entire cornfield and about twenty acres of woodland, with all its consequent cares. Surely the mind is worth something. We have felt out of harmony with our situation, and gladly return to the ownership of ourself."

Blessed is the Paying Subscriber.

We clip the following from an exchange, changing it, however, so as to be applicable to all newspapers:

Blessed is the man who doth subscribe for a newspaper and payeth in advance therefor. His feet shall not be forsaken by his friends nor persecuted by his enemies, nor shall his seed go begging.

Blessed is he that walketh into the office of a newspaper, yea, even entereth the sanctum, and payeth in advance a year's subscription therefor. Selah.

He shall learn wisdom day by day and be exalted above his fellows.

He shall not contract bad debts nor lose good bargains.

He shall talk knowingly upon all subjects, and his neighbors shall be astonished at the muchness of his learning.

He shall not pay an additional per cent. on taxes for he shall behold the notice of the collector, and he will take warning thereby.

Verily, he shall bring his products to market when the prices are exceedingly good, and withhold them when the price descendeth.

He shall not lay hold of red-hot poker, for a knowledge of metallurgy will teach him that hot iron burns!

His children shall not vex him, nor his wife wear the breeches.

He shall live to a good old age, and when his dying hour is at hand his soul shall not be troubled as to his future state.

But it were better for him that doth refuse to pay for a newspaper, that he be bound hand and foot and cast upon a feather bed. He shall not rest even by night or by day, for visions of creditors shall dance upon his stomach by night, and their actual presence torment him by day.

If, perchance, he hath a moment's peace, it is only that he may have a moment's rest ere the memory of an evil life lacerates his mind as the goad pricks the hide of a strong ox, so that the punishment may be longer drawn out.

His children shall grow up in wickedness: they shall put their hands to their noses to vex him to wrath, and his wife shall kick him out of bad.

"The Press" Lock-Out in Philadelphia.

A lock-out took place in *The Press* office, Philadelphia, Pa., on Monday morning, Nov. 7th. On October 29th information was received in *The Press* composing-room, by letter and special messenger, that Wm. L. McLean, superintendent of *The Press*, was in New York city the day previous engaging men to "rat" the office, having already twenty-six booked for the job. "Bill" Stoddard was to take charge of the composing-room and was to be assisted by "Tom" Welsh. Among those engaged were Claude Stoddard, Peter Kinney, Thos. O'Neill and Wm. Shannon, all to be under the orders of W. P. Thompson, foreman of the *New York Tribune*, as a sort of generalissimo-in-chief of the movement. Chas. Emory Smith, editor-in-chief and part proprietor of *The Press*, was immediately communicated with, when he informed his employes that there was no truth in the

report whatever, and, on further conversation, he reiterated his statement, saying: "This thing will positively not take place," and, after a moment's hesitation, added: "Gentlemen, I assure you this thing is not and has not been in contemplation. I will go further and say that, if at any time, for any reason, the management of this paper find it necessary to review the status of the composing-room, the hands employed there shall be consulted." This was on October 29th and while the "gang" were already engaged and awaiting orders to leave New York city for the field of action. Just a week later—on November 7th—the lock-out took place, which, all will admit, was a most remarkable occurrence in the face of the above statement. Thus was a large number of men—men who had worked in the office upwards of thirty-five years—not only deprived of the means of earning their livelihood, but they were treated as if they were naught but slaves of the worst kind. The printers of Philadelphia will certainly have very good reason to remember the names of Charles Emory Smith and William L. McLean, to say nothing of the poor deluded tools whom they found so willing to do their dirty work.

The Printer and His Types.

The following beautiful extract is from the pen of Benjamin F. Taylor, the printer-poet:

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise whose details are less understood, by intelligent people, than the "art preservative," the achievement of the types.

Every day, their life long, people are accustomed to read the newspaper, and to find fault with its statements, its arrangements, its looks; to plume themselves on the discovery of some roguish acrobatic type that gets into a frolic and stands upon its head; or of some waste letter or two in it; but of the process by which the newspaper is made, or the myriads of mills and the thousands of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little and generally think less.

They imagine they discourse of a wonder indeed, when they speak of the fair white carpet, woven for thought to walk on out of the rags that fluttered on the back of the beggar yesterday.

But there is something more wonderful still. When take we look at the hundred and fifty little boxes, somewhat shaded with the touch of inky fingers, that compose the printer's "case,"

noiseless, except the click of the types, as one by one they take their place in the growing line—we think we have found the marvel of art.

We think how many fancies in fragments there are in the boxes ; how many atoms of poetry and eloquence the printer can make here and there, if he had only a little chart to work by ; how many facts in a small "handful ;" how much truth in chaos.

Now he picks up the scattered elements, until he holds in his hand a stanza of "Gray's Elegy," or a monody upon Grimes' "All But-toned up Before." Now he sets "Puppy Missing," and now "Paradise Lost ;" he arrays a bride in "small caps" and a sonnet in nonpareil ; he announces the languishing "live," in one sentence—transposes the word and deplors the days that are few and "evil" in the next.

A poor jest ticks its way slowly into the printer's stick, like the clock just running down, and a strain of eloquence marches into line letter by letter. We fancy we can tell the difference by hearing by the ear, but perhaps not.

The types that told of a wedding yesterday announce a burial to-morrow—perhaps the same letters.

They are the elements to make a world of. Those types are a world with something in it as beautiful as spring, as rich as summer and as imperishable as autumn flowers frost cannot wilt—fruit that shall ripen for all time.

Bad Manuscript.

Mr. John Morley, the editor of the *Fortnightly Review*, thus writes of bad manuscript :

"There is one single tribulation dire enough to poison life—even if there were no other—and this is disorderly manuscript. Empson, Mr. Napier's well known contributor, was one of the worst offenders ; he would never even take the trouble to mark his paragraphs. I have the misfortune to have a manuscript before me at this moment that would fill thirty of these pages, and yet, from beginning to end, there is no indication that it is not to be read at a single breath. The paragraph ought to be, and in all good writers it is, as real and as sensible a division as the sentence. It is an organic member in prose composition with a beginning, a middle, and an end, just as a stanza is an organic and definite member in the composition of an ode. "I fear my manuscript is rather disorderly,"

says another, "but I will correct carefully in print." Just so. Because he is too heedless to do his work in a workmanlike way, he, first, inflicts fatigue and vexation on the editor who he expects to read his paper ; second, he inflicts considerable and quite needless expense on the publisher ; and, thirdly, he inflicts a great deal of tedious and thankless labor on the printers, who are for the most part far more meritorious persons than fifth-rate authors. It is true that Burke returned such disordered proofs that the printer usually found it least troublesome to set the whole afresh ; and Miss Martineau tells a story of a old Scotch compositor who fled from Edinburgh to avoid a great living author's manuscript, and to his horror was presently confronted with a piece of copy which made him cry, "Lord have mercy ! Have you got that man to print for !" But most editors will cheerfully forgive such transgressions to all contributors who will guarantee that they write as well as Burke or Carlyle. Alas ! it is usually the case that those who have least excuse are the worst offenders. The slovenliest manuscripts come from persons to whom the difference between an hour and a minute is of the very smallest importance. This, however, is a digression, only to be excused partly by the natural desire to say a word against one's persecutors, and partly by a hope that some persons of sensitive conscience may be led to ponder whether there may not be, after all, some moral obligations even towards editors and printers."

To Young Beginners.

After a few years of journeymanship many young men feel a desire to become M.P.'s or small Master Printers. Some take a right step, and some a wrong one. The right step to take is to wait until you can pay for everything in the way of plant and material ; then, with a small capital in hand, and a good customer, a young man may commence with safety. By industry, practical knowledge, and constant vigilance over everything which concerns his interests, he will find his business increase. As soon as a printer shows that he can do his work well—that is, punctually and with accuracy—he need not fear getting business. That will come to him as fast as he can well do it. He must be careful, however, never to take more than he can safely execute, or the results are sure to be unsatisfactory. Many young men, when com-

mencing business, are too eager to pick up all which comes within their reach. A job — say a weekly publication — is taken ; but owing to the pressure of other work it gets delayed, and then overtime, with all its attendant expenses and inconveniences, has to be resorted to in order to get the paper out in time. If the cost of this identical job is taken into consideration, it will be found that the overtime has taken away a good deal of the profit, and thus has rendered it no gain at all. On no account should a young beginner be induced to supply the paper for a weekly periodical. Many a young man has been hopelessly involved owing to this false step, in having to pay other people for supplying goods for work for which he has never been paid himself.

It is a very wrong step to make a start upon empty prospects only — that is, by fitting up your office on credit, and hoping by fortunate circumstances to be able to pay for all in time. This is a futile idea at best, for after paying wages, rent, and other incidental expenses, and living out of the business yourself, you will be a very fortunate person indeed if you can do anything in the way of paying off arrears for plant and material. Perhaps at your start you have given bills for all such matters, at, say, six and twelve months' date. As these bills come due, and money is scarce, you may have to get them renewed at interest. This runs into profits, and does not help your reputation. Finding money difficult to get in for the work when it is finished, you either pay your wages by installments as you can spare the cash, or you borrow of a friend in order to enable you to pay them in full. Both of these plans are bad, but the first is the worst, because as soon as your workmen find that each Saturday does not bring them their full amount of wages, they will begin to be careless as to how they do your work, considering that you cannot well discharge them, because of your inability to pay up. As to overtime, however much that emergency may be necessary, they will only laugh at you if you ask them to perform it, telling you that it is no use working overtime when they cannot get paid for their regular time. They will most likely in this case transfer their overtime services to some other printer in the neighborhood, and will favor you with their sleepy assistance the next day, by way of recovering from their fatigue. There is an old proverb which says that he who is always

a-borrowing is always a-sorrowing. This is very true, for a man no sooner becomes a regular borrower, than his friends begin to get tired of him. Friends may not object to occasionally help a man, on a push, but when these pushes come regularly once a month, or once a quarter, they begin to button up their pockets when they see him, well knowing what he wants. A man placed in this position will never get on. It will take him all his time to keep his head above water, seeing that he is sinking deeper and deeper into the mire of debt every day of his life.

It is at this critical point of a young man's business career that he should seriously ask himself if he ought to go on, and thus get more and more involved, or if he should stop. If he is wise and conscientiously honest, he will stop, rather than incur debts which he has no reasonable prospect of paying. If he is heedless and reckless, and not over conscientious or honest, he will go on, as many harebrained, unprincipled adventurers do. He will perhaps first pledge his credit to the utmost, and fill his premises with goods, and then pledge them afterwards, when there is no more credit left. By such dishonest means as these he will try to make a purse for himself out of the crash, and then the first creditor who may sue him will find a bill of sale covering everything moveable, which is soon cleared away, and nothing is left in the way of assets to the people who have been trusting him all along with the idea that he was an honest and struggling tradesman. This is almost the inevitable result when young men begin with nothing. Such an empty start makes them careless and heedless from the first. They know they have nothing to lose by failure, and hope that they may gain something for themselves even from that. But when they have laid out their own hard earnings on plant and material, and know that the only way to realize the value of it is by well working it, they take a very different view of a failure to the mere adventurer. In misfortune they perceive their own loss, and they will thus make every effort to avert such a calamity. It is this exertion which induces industry and energy, and these two most desirable qualities are almost certain to lead to success in all reasonable efforts. So, whether a young man succeeds or fails, it may be truly said that it all depends upon how he takes the first step.—*London Press News.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

"Typographical Matters in St. John."

SIR: The article in your last issue under that heading, while most fair and impartial in the main, contained some misstatements which I feel called upon to rectify, as far as in me lies.

The first thing to which I, as one who bore the brunt of the affray and still feel keenly about it, take objection is when you state that the raise was paid "under protest," when the words used by the manager of the *Sun* establishment, in the interview I had with him on behalf of the hands, were, "We'll give the 28 cents, but it is under compulsion." Whether the different words have or had a different meaning with Messrs. McKillop & Johnston I do not pretend to say, but I know what "compulsion" meant to the hands and what definition would have been attached to "protest."

So far as I am aware, not one of the hands had a word to say against the use of large type, for they clearly and distinctly said in the document laid before the directors of the company, on the 17th of September, that their wages had been so reduced, not in the price of composition, but in the systematic introduction of solid matter, etc., etc., they were unable to make living wages.

The hands would never have struck work had I been given a reason for my too summary dismissal, and this reason I asked for, in the manner I then thought best befitting the occasion. For my trouble the only answer I got from the foreman, after some little effort, was, "Oh, there are personal and other reasons." I requested to have the personal matter defined—some definite reason for discharging a workman on a moment's notice, but no answer at all was vouchsafed me. These facts proved as unsatisfactory to the others as they did to me. Owing to good counsel another attempt was made to set matters straight between the hands and the foreman, but the reception given by the latter to the deputation that waited upon him with this object was such as to preclude all possibilities of a friendly settlement. So the hands, not knowing who the next victim would be who would be called upon to subject himself to the same treatment as I had received, struck, and what they struck for was, any satisfactory reason for my discharge other than being instrumental in getting an increase of wages for the

hands; the foreman, nor no one else, not being able to give a reason, it was agreed that I should be reinstated before they would go to work; this failing, it was resolved by each and every one that no one would go back to work unless the foreman of the *Sun* composing-room was discharged, and this resolution was come to not because of any act, word, or deed of his since a week before the strike, but because of his treatment of the hands before that time.

The employers and foreman's assertions, that my "discharge was solely owing to a personal misunderstanding" between me and the foreman, falls to the ground in view of the fact that neither then nor since has the foreman or employers been able to state a "personal misunderstanding," or "reason," at all sufficient to justify in the smallest degree the wanton attack they made on a workman's integrity and independence, and I defy either the foreman or McKillop & Johnston, to state such a reason, other than that connected with the advance in the price of composition. Further, to discredit the "personal misunderstanding" between me and the foreman idea, I have it on very good authority that when Mr. McKillop heard of the whole affair, and before he had seen his foreman (he had been to the country for two or three days), he said he had authorized the act, and then went on to assign a reason for it, such reason being wholly different from the foreman's and having no relation either to him or his feelings. (By the way, just let me say that even Mr. McKillop's reason was basely falsified, if he said what was told me.) What right had the employers to feel aggrieved when they knew that the hands would not have struck had a reason for my discharge been given them or me?

As an individual I must say that I was much pleased with the article, but, as "one of the gang," I could not refrain from trying to rectify a wrong, believing that, in the few things I have pointed out, a great wrong was being done to those concerned in that "very disagreeable episode" by the impressions that your article would give if allowed to go as it appeared.

With many thanks for the privilege you have given me, believe me to be, dear sir,

Truly yours,

January, 1882.

GEO. E. DAY.

[We give the above communication space in order that Mr. Day may put himself right where he thinks we wronged him. We cannot help

but think, however, that he, in some instances, makes a distinction where there is but little difference. Of course, he is entitled to his own opinion, nor shall we say one word that might weaken his position.—ED. P. M.]

A Salutation from Sackville.

SACKVILLE, Dec., 1881.

Although your valuable publication has been amongst us ever since the start, you will have to "vote me one" waking up from the lethargy so common to the craft, for you know how we hate the pen. But then, we, up here, in this "dod-blasted" section of the country, have undergone (it would be more correct for me to say are undergoing, for I do not know where it is going to stop) such a "complete metamorphosis" (just wait till I look at the dictionary), in both offices, that it is no wonder that I woke up to tell you of the "goings on," and pray, "Oh, Hugh, tell them to stop." But that is not all news, and it's news you want.

Let's see? The first item is about J. D. Gaudet. Somewhere about the middle of November he left the *Chignecto Post* office to take a situation on the I. C. R. off and on, and the last "on" was a good long spell; he has been with Mr. Milner for eight or nine years. The *Post* is well known to a number of your readers as being most complete in its equipment and the neatest country office in New Brunswick, a fact wholly due to Mr. Gaudet, "which is greatly to his credit." I lately saw a letter from Mr. G., in which he states that his rail-roading expectations have not been realized and he is desirous of leaving the delusive charms of mechanism to return once more and revel in the blissful allurements of the art.

Mr. M. J. Keating, late first foreman of the *Halifax Herald*, is now the foreman of the *Post*. Rumor has it that owing to Mr. Milner's withdrawal from literary life, on account of the Government providing him with a snug sinecure in the shape of the Customs Collectorship, the *Post* will be published by a company, of which Mr. Keating is to be manager. Although a financial sacrifice, Mike says that after a two months' trial he is quite content, nay happy, in looking back at the quasi-serfdom which all morning papers entail for the poor printers. If he wasn't already "locked up" I would be inclined to say that a good deal of this contentedness is owing to the attractions in his office of a hand-

some, rosy-cheeked brunette who "composits" on the *Post*. I beg Xylo's pardon for plagiarizing, but I wanted an opening to tell, at least, the New Brunswick "single-track compositors who have any idea of switching-off on to the double track broad gauge life," that they need not go south, but they can perambulate up this way where a big leaded take awaits the first caller on the hook. "What's your number?" In this office you would find two apprentices who for bodily proportions would put to shame nine-tenths of the liliputians which the city offices have, and for the time they have been at the business would do the same in the composing-room. The press, an old "Guernsey," is run by French power. The literary department of the *Post* is now under the able conductorship of Mr. Scott, a graduate of the Methodist educational institutions here. Perhaps you noticed a change in the make-up of the *Post* lately. Good, isn't it? and only a cynic or something of that sort could say that such a thing can be carried to such an extent as to be out of place in the country.

About the very beginning of the revolution in the *Post*, Mr. Geo. E. Day made his advent in the *Transcript* office. The *Transcript* is smaller than the *Post*. I don't know whether it is owing to its not getting Government paper or not, which papulism, they say, the *Post* has got big and fat on. Owing to the advent spoken of, a slight change for the better began to be perceptible in the appearance of the *Transcript*. This, too, in spite of the fact that it had all along been looking remarkable well for a country paper, and also considering that the same material is not to be found in this office as in its rival's. George did not stay long with us, leaving for home after Xmas. Frank M. Shaw has charge of this office, and he is assisted by a younger brother and an apprentice. Mr. F. W. Bowes is proprietor and Thomas Pickard, Esq., is C. E. (chief editor). Mr. Bowes is also proprietor of a well furnished bookstore in the same building as his printing office. A very neat "half-shell" was issued from the *Transcript* office as a Christmas extra.

P. E. Island Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Dec. 5.

John Fisher, who has been foreman of the *Summerside Journal* for the past five years, and who went to Portland, Me., in July, returned

after working there about three months, the climate not agreeing with his health. John is now foreman of the *Daily Patriot*, vice Hedley Brehant, resigned, who prefers to work at the case, and holds a frame on the *Patriot*.

The *Enterprise*, which was to have appeared in November, did not come forth, and the probabilities are that it will not.

The *King's County Advertiser*, after a suspension of a few months, resumed publication Dec. 1st.

An inquisitive old gent poked his head in a printing office door and asked, "Who is dead?" The man at the wheel answered, "Nobody that I have heard of." The old gent asked, "What is this crape on the door for?" The boss then went out and found that the "devil" had hung the job office towel on the door knob while he chased a lame pigeon up the alley.—COPY DRAWER.

December 20.

The *Mercantile Advertiser* has, as we predicted, died young.

Frank Dalton, lately at work in the *New Era* office, now holds cases on the *Examiner*.

Wm. Meikle, for some years past employed in the *New Era* office, has left for Fredericton, N. B., in search of better employment.

Jas. C. MacMahon, a compositor on the *Examiner*, has been appointed to a clerkship in the City Post Office. Jim was one of the "shining lights" of that establishment and his loss is much regretted by the "boys."

Two dailies and four weeklies is the extent of Charlottetown's newspaper enterprise. An addition is promised, but its coming is, like that of the end of the world, very uncertain.

Business is brisk here at present and will likely continue so until after the holidays. The newspapers are having an extraordinary "run" of advertisements and the job offices are well supplied with work.—FRANKLIN.

January 10.

"Gus." Rotchford, publisher of the late *Rotchford's Daily*, went to New York last fall. I have not heard where he is working in that city.

A printer of this city recently found a roll of bank bills on the street. He advertised the money. The owner appeared at the office next day and claimed the lucre, and after proving

property she was about to depart without paying for the "ad.," but was politely informed that she must pay the costs. She did so and departed without even rewarding or thanking the finder. The genial comp. says when he has another find he will give the boys a time. The boys are anxious that he should again, in the near future, pick up another roll of greasy bills.

Rufus Sharpe, a Summerside printer of five years' experience, left that town the last of October for Willmar, Minn., and is working on the *Republican Gazette* of that town.

On Christmas eve the employés of the *Patriot* office, twelve in number, presented Miss Maria Lawson, "local" and proof-reader of the *Daily Patriot*, with a handsome brooch as a testimonial of the high regard in which she is held by them.

The Charlottetown *Patriot* and Summerside *Journal* issued a Christmas Supplement each.

The *Royal Gazette* is now issued from the job office of John Coombs.—COPY DRAWER.

Attleboro Etchings.

ATTLEBORO, Mass., Jan. 1882.

A Sweet little lady has just arrived in town from fairy land and taken rooms with one of our young and enterprising publishers. We have not learned her name, but her weight was seven and a half pounds.

It becomes our painful duty to state that there is no truth whatever in the report that Messrs. Adams & Houghton are about to start a Sunday paper here called "The Law and the Gospel." It is known, moreover, that the partnership has been dissolved and that the property of the late concern is now in the toils of a fourth-proof litigation. The course of true love never did run smooth.

Our acknowledgments are due neighbor Perry of the *Chronicle* for numerous courtesies received a few days since while visiting that well conducted office. May the pleasures of imagination never "go back" on him, and his copy hook never be empty.

Mr. W. J. Bryant, a graduate of the Boston *Traveller* office, sojourned here a few days during the sickness of one of the regulars in town. He left here with the intention of proceeding to New York.

Our last visitor was not a tramp — at least he

was not strapped. He was a long, lank, lantern-jawed, bilious looking specimen, just in from Bushville. After looking in vain for some place where lurked native benevolence sufficient to feed the hungry poor without hope of reward this side the celestial sphere, he entered our only hotel where he was told a first-class dinner would cost him fifty cents. After planking down the specie he sailed into the dining-room, and the exercises commenced with a regular tattoo on a full-grown plate of roast beef which soon disappeared with all its accessories; two pork steaks and a mutton stew followed suit; roast turkey with oyster sauce and cranberry "side" were next in the procession, followed by a liberal slice of cold boiled ham with a sweet potato in uniform; to hold these down a quarter of a mince pie was next introduced; nuts, figs, and raisins innumerable found their way into the great unfathomable who, after stretching himself once or twice, "caught-on" to a two-story apple pie, a generous slice of French-roofed cottage pudding, two plates of waffles, a slice of head-cheese, a tripe sandwich, a dish of macaroni, and a floating island. Just then the belt ran off and the machine stopped. He passed out the front door, sat down on the steps, and doubled up like an old-fashioned jack-knife. He was sick abed for three days' afterwards,—and yet he thinks he didn't really get his money's worth.

Squib is a misanthrope; he says he never thoroughly enjoyed the consolations of religion until his wife's relatives came to work in the printing office with him and he learned to believe in the existence of a literal hell.

Enter literary crank in haste: "Who can explain to me the elliptication of the concatenating fyanquas connected with our symplectical hyperbolicon?" Bystander: "I can, sir; I can tell you all about it; I reside in Boston."

P. S.—I had almost forgotten to state that a young fellow "up north" has made a fool of himself by insisting upon it that all editors come from Boston.

XYLO.

Norwich Notes.

NORWICH, Conn., Dec. 16.

Somewhere about the first of the present month the *Bulletin* published the following item of news: "We are sorry to learn that Mr. Gordon Wilcox has entirely lost the sight of his

left eye from purulent ophthalmia, from which he has been suffering several weeks. Mr. Wilcox had an ulcerated tooth break through his cheek, some time ago, and it is thought that he accidentally transferred a particle of the virulent matter from the cheek to the eye, causing the inflammation and ulceration of the cornea. His right eye is very much inflamed, but it is believed that the sight will be preserved." As far as can be learned Mr. Wilcox has not yet recovered from his illness, which is said to have been even more alarming than stated above.

New Haven now supplies Norwich with two Sunday papers.

New London has its *Penny Press*.

The Norwich correspondence of the *New Haven Sunday Register* is not attributable to "a compositor on the *Bulletin*," as stated by a Norwich man while visiting the Elm city.

Frank Utley has taken a room on Main street, laid in a paper cutter and some printing material, and proposes running a small office of his own.

The *News* has been enlarged to its original size—an indication that its circulation is steadily increasing and that fortune is smiling upon its proprietors.

Hereafter the subscription price of the *Courier* will be one dollar a year. *Cooley's Weekly* will continue along at fifty cents.

Mr. Leahy, having severed his connection with the *News*, is now said to be at work in New York.

Mr. MacDonough, of the *Philadelphia Press*, made a short stop here, the past season, while returning from a visit to St. John. He anticipates repeating his visit next summer.

STICK AND RULE.

A New Year's Greeting.

NEW YORK, Dec. 24, 1881.

DEAR MISCELLANY: The "New Year" is upon us, and few words we have to say; but from our hearts they call an echo forth responsive to the wish: That New Year's Day may initiate a period of happiness—a year to leave not sorrow, want or suffering on its departure—

"But joy and bliss for all without omission,
To leave the land and its inhabitants
In prosperous condition!"

Yes, 1882 is at hand, and oh! what a host of smiling faces there are in our midst; what a

satisfaction of mind there is predominating. I allude to our brethren of the "stick and rule." In every expression is visible those joyful tidings, brought on, of course, by the rare good times in the printing trade; and we must admit that it's been one long, continuous cry for comps. since October; and they're in abundance, too — "thick as fiddlers in h—!"

To say that this is a brilliant season for the trade would be speaking rather disparagingly; it exceeds in activity all anticipation. Not alone do the bosses win their deserved reward, but it comes as a just recompense to the poor typo, who so bravely endured the trying spell of the past, and who can now rest content, his mind free from that uncertainty as to "where he works to-morrow." And who is it that wishes the *Miscellany* a Prosperous New Year?

I Do.

Preserving Printing Specimens.

Some typographers term it a difficult and discouraging matter to keep specimens of job printing in such manner as to be accessible for use, either to duplicate or exhibit to a presumably prospective customer. The practice of pasting specimens into a book has its disadvantages. It is a tedious and troublesome task to attach them smoothly, and impossible to remove any without detriment to the appearance of the book. It is almost impossible to maintain the different classes of work in separate departments where new specimens are constantly being added. Without naming the defects, or specifying the annoyances of other methods, I ask leave to submit a description of a method which has by some printers been satisfactorily employed.

A	B	C
Wedding Stationery.	Ball Invitations.	
Bill Heads.	Letter Heads.	
D	E	F
Dodgers.		
Large Cards.		
Handbills.		
Designs.		
Miscellaneous.		

The above is a design for a cabinet, 18 inches

long, 16 inches high and 12 inches wide, set on brackets against the wall. Paper boxes without covers to fit the shelves, projecting in front sufficiently to be readily grasped, contain the specimens, and, if properly labelled in front, will be assorted and accessible. A curtain could be arranged to drop over the front of the cabinet to exclude dust and meddlers. The miscellaneous box could be used to retain specimens until they are assorted, and the box above to keep ideas, either original or selected. Box A could be partitioned off and contain small work, labels, tickets, address cards, etc., properly labelled of course, the diagram not allowing room for the label. Box B, business cards; C, postal cards; D, order of dances; E, envelopes; F, note headings and statements. The other labels show plainly what the compartments contain.

In this connection it may be added that if offices would print specimen sheets of their type, cuts, etc., with specimens of border, labels, and the like, and bin in a manner that additions could be made, it would add much to the facility for acquiring a knowledge of the availability of the outfit, and frequently save much time and trouble, and in case of a "rush" a new hand could be given composition which would otherwise puzzle him to properly complete. Customers could sometimes make selections from the book and give an idea of what their taste called for — if they had any. REX.

Vick's Floral Guide is before us, and those who send 10 cents to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y., for it, will be disappointed. Instead of getting a cheap thing, as the price would seem to indicate, they will receive a very handsome work of 130 pages, and perhaps 1000 illustrations — not cheap but elegant illustrations, on the very best of calendered paper, and as a set off to the whole, two very beautiful colored plates that are worth twice the price of the book.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of a newspaper office for sale on page 57.

They tell us of a very cultured divine in Boston, who, instead of saying the "collection will now be taken up," impressively remarks, "the accumulation of moneys will now ensue."

Those in want of Cabinets should write to "J. M.," care of this office. See page 57.

NEWS OF THE CRAFT.

Henry T. Green, a Halifax (N. S.) printer, is president of the Cambridgeport, Mass., Temperance Reform Club.

David McCulloch, editor of the *Hamilton Spectator*, has been appointed collector of customs at Hamilton, Ont.

The proprietors of the *Globe*, of this city, presented each of their employés with a splendid turkey on Christmas Eve.

George Eyvil, of the Sarnia, Ont., *Observer*, has sold out to his partner, Gorman. Eyvil is on the Hansard parliamentary staff.

T. H. Preston, formerly of the *Ottawa Free Press*, and late of the *Walkerton Telescope*, has been engaged on the *Toronto Globe's* parliamentary staff.

John McLean, who was secretary to the Board of Customs appraisers, Ottawa, has resigned and gone to Toronto. He has assumed the editorial management of the *Industrial World*, which will hereafter be published there.

W. C. Milner, editor and proprietor of the *Chignecto Post*, Sackville, has been appointed to the collectorship of that port. We heartily congratulate Mr. Milner on his appointment, not that we think it is any promotion, but because there's more money in it.

David Mason, a compositor in the *Sun* office, this city, died on the night of December 22nd, of congestion of the lungs. He was 34 years of age, and leaves a sorrowing wife and two children. His kind disposition, quiet manner and steady habits made him much respected by his fellow-workmen. His funeral was very largely attended by members of the craft.

Messrs. Palmer & Ray, of San Francisco, Cal., have purchased from Miller & Richard, Scotch type-founders, their entire stock of type and printing materials, together with the goodwill of their business. Many of the printers of Canada will recollect Mr. John J. Palmer, who, at one time, ably represented the Messrs. Miller & Richard in the Dominion. We wish the new firm every success.

McFarlane, Austin & Robertson, is the name and style of a new firm of wholesale stationers and paper dealers recently organized at Montreal. In Mr. Samuel T. Austin, one of the firm, the craft generally will recognize an old friend—he having represented Messrs. Alex.

Buntin & Co. for over sixteen years. Mr. A. has many warm friends in the lower provinces who will be glad to hear of his success.

At the regular semi-annual meeting of St. John Typographical Union, No. 85, which was held on the 14th January, 1882, in their room, Market Building, the following officers were elected: William Ferguson, president; John McMullin, vice-president; William H. Coates, rec. sec.; Samuel Reid, fin. sec.; Robt. Simpson, cor. sec.; John S. Mitchell, treas.; Thos. Rodgers, sergt.-at-arms. The finances of the Union were shown to be in a satisfactory condition. Two deaths have occurred since the formation of the Union, viz.: John Bellingham and David Mason.

C. O. Perrault, an old and distinguished member of the craft and an honorary member of the Montreal Typographical Union, has recently had a high honor—the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honor—conferred upon him by the French Government. He has been Vice-Consul of France in Montreal since 1870, and it is in recognition of his able services in that capacity that he has been rewarded. The title conferred on Mr. Perrault, a British subject in a British Colony, is particularly well deserved, and we hope he will live long to wear the Cross, which to the French is the symbol of honor and love of country.

Fletcher U. Harper, whose death was recently announced, was the son of Jos. W. Harper, a brother of J. Henry Harper—one of the members of the present firm of Harper & Brothers. He was a native of New York city. His early education was obtained at Nazareth, Pa., followed by four years of study at Frankfort-on-the-Main, and then by three years in Fay's Institute at Newport, R. I. Another year was then passed in Europe for the completion of his education. In 1870 he entered the establishment of Harper & Brothers, where for a year and a half he served as a compositor, according to the rule of the firm that all connected with it should have a practical knowledge of every detail of the business. Next he entered the counting-room as a clerk, and he passed from one grade to another until 1877, when he was taken ill with diphtheria. His health became broken, and his time has since been occupied in the effort to regain it.

Now that there is a big surplus the Government might take the postage off newspapers.

Notes on Publications.

The *Herald* is a new liberal paper published in Fredericton by Mr. C. H. Lugin. George St. J. Perley, of this city, occupies the city editor's chair.

The *York Gleaner* is the name of a weekly paper published at Fredericton by James H. Crockett, the first number of which has just come under our notice, although it is in its second volume.

The *World* is the name of a new semi-weekly and weekly paper that has made its appearance in Chatham. It is edited by Mr. J. L. Stewart, formerly of this city, a gentleman of large experience and ability. It is very conservative in politics.

The *Universal Penman* is a monthly magazine devoted to penmanship, phonography and drawing, conducted by Daniel Sawyer, Stenographer and Bookkeeping and Writing Master Normal and Model Schools, Ottawa. Volume 1, No. 10, has just reached us. It is a valuable paper, and one that is deserving of every encouragement. Its lessons on drawing would be invaluable to printers.

The *English Stationer*, a monthly journal for stationers and printers, is the name of a new publication which is issued on the 15th of each month from its offices, 5 Ludgate Circus Buildings, London, E. C. It appears to be smartly edited and well patronized with advertisements. The workmanship displayed in its "get-up" is certainly very creditable to Messrs. Page & Pratt, the printers. We wish it abundant success and long life.

The *Fremason* comes to us from Toronto, Ont., Cowan & Co., publishers. It is a live, independent paper, and, as such, it deals some pretty hefty blows at some of the abuses and irregularities that have crept into the order. We copy from its pages the following anent two gentlemen well known to the printing trade of Canada. The article is headed "An Outrageous Outrage," and is as follows: "There has been much excitement here during the past few days occasioned by the action of the W. M. of Rehoboam lodge [F. Gallow], who, prior to the ballot, ordered two of the brethren to retire. The brethren, naturally enough, asked wherein they had offended, and were informed that some brother had told the W. M. it was their intention to black the candidates. A scene followed,

but the brethren—R. L. Patterson and Sydney Palmer—withdrew, after appealing to the D. D. G. M. [J. B. Nixon], who was present, and who declared that the W. M. had pursued a legitimate course. It is impossible to get at the true inwardness of the occurrence, but from the many rumors afloat we believe the above is the gist of the affair." The *Fremason* handles the W. M. and D. D. G. M. without gloves, as they very richly deserve. We would advise such of our readers as are interested in the mystic brotherhood to forward 50 cents and have the paper sent to them for one year.

The first number of the *Industrial World and National Economist* was published at Ottawa on June 24, 1880, and its publication was continued there until the close of the year 1881. Recently the enterprise has passed into the hands of the Canadian Manufacturer Publishing Company, with Toronto for headquarters and place of publication and with Frederic Nicholls as the managing editor. The name and style of the paper have been changed and it is now called *The Canadian Manufacturer and Industrial World*. A change has also been made in the form of the paper, which it is believed will be a great improvement for purposes of preservation and reference; and, instead of taking a range covering other branches of business as well as manufactures, it will devote itself to the latter exclusively. The new series of this journal, made its appearance January 6th, 1882.

Fred. J. Prouting, 9 Curzon st., Murray st., London, N., England, has issued a little volume entitled "The Stationers' Guide, and Practical Handbook to the Art of Window Dressing." To give an idea of the practical worth of this little work we cannot do better than make a small extract from the author's preface, which is as follows: "It will be granted—indeed, it must be apparent to every one possessed of an atom of artistic judgment—that our Stationers' windows, with but few exceptions, are by no means so attractive as they might be, were the proprietors to have them properly dressed with good stock. There are, I have reason to believe, many stationers who fully recognize the existence of this deficiency, but are unable to make any alteration, owing to the non-existence of what printers call "An Eye to Display," and it is to these well-meaning but unfortunate tradesmen that I would direct the hints herein conveyed." The whole matter is put in a nutshell in this little work and it should have a large sale. Price 14 cents.

"I occasionally drop into poetry," as the man said when he fell into the editorial waste basket.

When a man tells a story he thinks is funny and the crowd does not catch on, his face falls naturally. It is affected by the force of gravity.

When the devil wishes to give the doors of of his hottest furnace a new coat of paint, he calls together all the worst scandal-mongers of Hades, and makes them lick the iron with their tongues.

A man found a covered basket on his steps the other day; but he had family enough and would not touch it, and went and got an officer to come and remove it, and the officer found it contained a watermelon.

When a girl at a picnic wants to get acquainted with a good looking fellow, the chances are seven to one that she'll imagine she sees a snake in the grass and get upon a rock and scream when he's the nearest man to come to the rescue.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

"**Brown's Household Panacea**" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago, and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it, there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.

About 125 lbs. of this Old Style Brevier (very little used), contained in three pairs of cases, for sale at 30 cents per lb.

Address "Dealer," care Printer's Miscellany.

A BARGAIN.

A ROYAL WHARFEDALE PRESS, bed 25x27, in perfect order, cost \$675, will be sold at a bargain if applied for immediately. Can be run at a speed of 1800 an hour. Address "Press," care of editor *Miscellany*.

Second-Hand Cabinets.

FOR SALE LOW.

THREE CABINETS OF 20 TWO-THIRD CASES each, all in perfect order, will be sold low.

Also—One "Hoe" LEAD-CUTTER.

Address "J. M." *Miscellany* office.

FOR SALE.

BEST BARGAIN FOR SMALL NEWSPAPER OFFICE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

Address "HERALD,"

Situate-on-the-Sea,

Massachusetts.

VICK'S

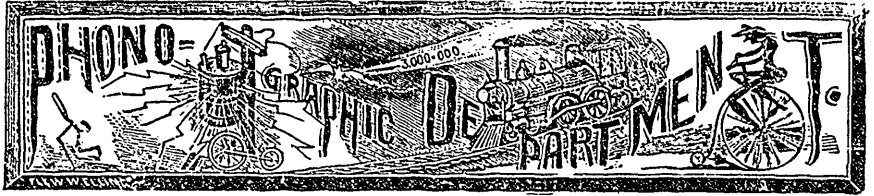
Illustrated Floral Guide

For 1882 is an elegant book of 130 pages, two Colored Plates of Flowers, and more than 1000 Illustrations of the choicest Flowers, Plants and Vegetables, and Directions for growing. It is handsome enough for the Center Table or a Holiday Present. Send on your name and Post Office address, with 10 cents, and I will send you a copy, postage paid. This is not a quarter of its cost. It is printed in both English and German. If you afterwards order seeds deduct the 10 cts. Vick's Seeds are the best in the world. The Floral Guide will tell how to get and grow them. Vick's Flower and Vegetable Garden, 175 Pages, 6 Colored Plates, 500 Engravings. For 50 cents in paper covers; \$1.00 in elegant cloth. In German or English. Vick's Illustrated Monthly Magazine—32 Pages, a Colored Plate in every number and many fine Engravings. Price \$1.25 a year; Five Copies for \$5.00. Specimen Numbers sent for 10 cts: 3 trial copies for 25 cents.

Address, JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

PATENTS.

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had thirty-five years experience. Patents obtained through us are noticed in the *Scientific American*. This large splendid illustrated weekly paper, \$3.20 a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting and has an enormous circulation. Address Munn & Co., Patent Solicitors, Publishers of *Scientific American*, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents sent free.



CONDUCTED BY - - - T. WILLIAM BELL.

Our Shorthand Bureau.

Recognizing the many advantages that are offered by the Shorthand Bureau, an institution with an existence that dates back perhaps more than a decade, but which has been brought into prominence during the present year, and feeling confident that any one of the valuable features possessed by the Bureau ought to be sufficient to commend it to the favor of phonographers of all complexions and dimensions, we have entered into and perfected arrangements which place us in a position to be able to make the announcement that we are going to be considerably more serviceable to the shorthand world in the coming future than we are told we have been in the departed past.

Although the *Miscellany* is associating itself with the Shorthand Bureau, the phonographic editor doesn't propose engaging in the work of more than one of the several branches which belong to the institution.

Unlike those of our New York and Toronto co-laborers, the *Miscellany's* is not an "Employment Bureau." Neither does it bear the slightest resemblance to the Bureau wherein are deposited our leaky socks and other too-numerous-to-mentionables. Our Bureau, ladies and gentlemen, is no piece of junk shop furniture, but is constructed upon a new and original plan, so that it differs altogether from any of those which have hitherto been in operation. Our invention is to be patented in the interests of ourself, our heirs and assigns, our sisters and our cousins and our aunts, by a patent which we have already applied for, and any person or persons found walking on the grass will be crushed, granulated and pulverized by a copper-toed constable whom we have just sworn in.

Purpose: Our Bureau has been organized with the design of affording relief to all shorthand writers who occasionally or continually experience difficulty in deciphering their hieroglyphics.

Plan: Phonographers who in the transcribing of their reporting notes encounter any unsurmountable difficulties or cantmakehimouts will prepare a transcript to the best of their ability, leaving space for such words, sentences, paragraphs or pages, as they may find hanging beyond their reach. Having done this, they will forward the incomplete transcription, together with the illegible shorthand notes, to our address, and we'll supply the missing links with neatness and despatch, at prices to suit the times. (Times are not too bad around here at present, remember.)

Owing to our very intimate acquaintance with all the shorthand systems of Europe, Asia, Africa, and North and South America, and New Brunswick, we do not find it at all necessary to confine our services to any one stenographic tribe, but are prepared to work for shorthand writers of all denominations.

References: The following gentlemen of distinction, who have honored, and are every day honoring, us with their patronage, can and will cheerfully testify to the accuracy with which we perform our work:

T. A. Read, Tom Bengough, Murphy Bros., Ned Underhill, Jimmie Munson, Doc. Everett, Eli Longley, Prof. Leland, Signor Max Scovil, Legible Pocknell.

Please enclose one dollar for circular and business card.

First Appearance of the Phonographic Plagiaristic Bug in Canada.

As it has always been extremely gratifying to us to know that phonographic authors were, in the matter of honesty, quite on a par with three thousand dollar boat races, best-and-best boats, over a five mile course, with a turn, it makes us very unhappy, indeed, yes, very unhappy, to find ourselves now called upon to record in these pages the fact that of late shorthand stock has been declining more than slightly.

It will require little or no effort on the part of our constituents to recall to mind a highly flattering notice which we gave, but a few months ago, to a very neatly gotten up work compiled by Mr. Frank Yeigh, of the town of Toronto, Ontario (a remote province somewhere in Upper Canada). This work, the price of which was only twenty cents, sold like corned beef and cabbage on a Saturday night, and the demand continued to increase until several editions were put through the press. The immense sale this little book commanded was unquestionably due to our highly perfumed testimonial,—which, by the way, we have not yet been paid for,—but at the time of endorsing the work we hadn't the slightest reason to suspect that Master Frank, like his predecessors in shorthand book-making, was going to turn out to be a full-fledged phonographic plagiarist of the foremost order. Yet such, we are sorry to say, proves to be the case, and if the three cents worth of ink that we bought on tick this morning holds out for about five minutes longer we will show young Yeigh up in good shape. We'll warn him as he never was warmed since the day he retired from the old slipper and cedar shingle business.

With a view of protecting the interests of the shorthand profession, Chas. A. Sumner, Dan. Brown, and about ten other spider-leg leaders, put their craniums together and hit upon the idea of getting up a National Organization of the shorthand writers of the United States. They decided that a convention should be held at Chicago on September 1st, suggesting as an appropriate meeting place that upper-crust hotel, the Palmer House, where a champagne supper would be in order at 10 o'clock, p. m., followed by sore heads and plain soda next morning at 7 sharp. The programme of these knights of the pothook and hanger had scarcely been in print long enough to dry, when wicked Frank steps forward and plagiarizes what took twelve great men fourteen years to originate, by appearing before the fraternity through the columns of the *Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer* and asking in a very innocent way if it would not be well for the professional shorthand writers of Canada to protect themselves by establishing a national association, suggesting that a conference be held at some central point in the Dominion, annually or semi-annually. Now, Frank, we are ready to admit that the idea of a national

organization is a capital one, but, if you will allow us to express our honest convictions, we would say it is certainly a very unfair proceeding on your part to freeze on to what all must acknowledge to be a purely American invention, and make it your own before the originators had time to get their patent for Canada registered at Ottawa, which undoubtedly they would have done had you not stepped in ahead of them.

However, as the saying goes, "a rose by any name would smell the same." So we have made up our mind that a National Shorthand Writers' Association being a much desired thing, we shall vote for it with both hands, whether the credit for the movement is to be bestowed upon the twelve phonographic apostles of the United States or given to our brilliant young countryman, Sir Francis Yeigh, M. P. P. (Mammoth Phonographic Plagiarist.)

A Price-List of Some Standard-Phonographic Works.

A young Standard Phonographic student who occupies a high position (on the top of a tall stool) in the office of the St. John Fog Company, and who dines at a restaurant where business is conducted on the go-as-you-please, or European plan, has made the discovery that the ground which the minute fist of an eight-day clock travels over while a waiter is attending to one's order for a three-cent sirloin or a pair of sausages, may be profitably made use of by the young spider-legologist in the way of committing to memory some of the word-signs of the corresponding or reporting style, and he accordingly makes it a point to fill his coat-pocket up with some hand-book every time he starts for the lunch room. Well, the other day, as he sat at the table with both sides of his mind covered over with two or three word-signs that he found to be unusually unmanageable, and which he was straining every nerve to pile up in a corner of his noddle for future use, there escaped, unnoticed by him, from between the leaves of his text book, a copy of Andrew J. Graham's price list of Standard Phonographic works. The young student arrived at the other end of his mid-day meal, paid the damages and departed.

The next customer that walked into the restaurant to take possession of the vacant chair was a little man who wore an imperial and a straw hat. He was from sunny France, and had nothing more than a passing acquaintance

with the English language. Getting himself comfortably seated he proceeded to look over the programme, and, taking up what he supposed to be the bill of fare, but which, in reality, was the Standard Phonographic price list, he was not a little amazed when his eyes fell upon an item that read: "Dictionary, \$5.00." Before looking at any of the other dishes on the paper, he took a glance at some of the dishes on the table, and, observing that his *vis-a-vis*, a man of very ordinary appearance, was engaged in the task of getting on the exterior of a plate of "fine-cut" hash, a sigh of relief ascended from the empty stomach of the Frenchman, and he mustered up courage enough to attack the bill of fare once more. This time he caught sight of "Hand Book \$2.25," and an expression of uneasiness crawled up his back and spread itself all over his face. He certainly regarded *deux piastres et un quart* as rather *trop cher* for a dish of what he took to be halibut. Yet, \$2.25 was a decided improvement upon \$5.00, and this gave him encouragement to proceed a little further in quest of something at a lower figure. After another short perusal, Frenchy halted opposite what struck him forcibly as an exceedingly appropriate term for hash, which was entered on the bill of fare "Odds and Ends, 75 cts." The American name for this refreshment suited him a little better than the price, which he thought might, could, would or should be better adapted to his means. Bestowing one more glance upon the programme, he was delighted to find a fifty cent dish, but as its name "Synopsis" was tetotally foreign to him, he deemed it prudent not to run any risk and decided in favor of the "Odds and Ends." He was just in the act of summoning one of the waiters to his side that he might give his order, when his eye captured something that he imagined himself to be quite familiar with. It was evidently some kind of a Yankee stew called "The Student's Journal," but the figures on the same line, \$2.00, frightened Frenchy back to the Odds and Ends. Beckoning one of the employés of the establishment over to his place at the table, he made known his order by pointing out the item with his index finger.

The man with the pinnie wasn't much of a Standard Phonographer, but he was well enough up in the art to be able to strike a distinction between one of Uncle Andy's price lists and a catalogue of eatables. He at once recog-

nized the document as the property of his studious young customer, and in a very polite manner explained matters to the tawny complexioned stranger, handing him at the same moment a genuine copy of the proceedings.

The Frenchman was in the act of making up his mind to lay low during the following twenty-four hours for something answering the description of the shorthand student, when he observed that the overture on the programme just presented to him read "Pea Soup 5 cts.," the discovery of which so overfilled him with delight that his appetite for revenge soon departed to make room for five cents worth of something more substantial.

Blunders.

A good deal has been said and written by Fred. Morgan and others regarding the errors and omissions which are not always excepted in phonographic reports, but it has never been our good luck to come across anything that could get within the shot of a pea-shooter of the remarkable instance of blundering which we are now about to relate to our readers.

Of course, we are all familiar with the means which Guiteau never forgot to employ when desiring to give emphasis to his statements and interruptions. He didn't adopt the same method of italicizing his utterances as we are accustomed to, for, instead of under-scoring his emphatic passages, he would invariably terminate them with a forty-seven hundred horse-power, "Don't you forget it." Now, Judge Cox is not by any manner of means the very slowest speaker on the face of the earth, or on as much of its face as the United States Government has a clear title to, and when the old gentleman gets his tongue before a fair wind a pursuing stenographer has no time to stick on his hat and run out for a clove or a coffee bean between words, a practice which is not altogether foreign to Saint Jack, New Brunswick, makers of Carter's blue-black streaks of lightning.

When the judge found that the hour for labeling the assassin for the gallows was at hand, he made an effort to get through the ceremony as hurriedly as possibly, hoping thereby to escape any Guiteaucic interruptions that might have a tendency to knock him off the handle, but the prisoner at the bar was not to be bamboozled out of his little speeches in this way, and every now and again there would rise above the judge's

solemn utterances a short procession of put-in-edge-wise words terminating with, "And don't you forget it, either."

These gratuitous contributions from the prisoner didn't seem to affect His Honor so much as they affected the stenographic reporter, who, not having any particular claim to ambidexterity, found it on more than one occasion necessary to ignore the attempts at interruptions from the dock altogether, but it sometimes happened that it was only with the greatest degree of difficulty that the wheat and the chaff could be separated, and, in spite of every effort, the reporter would find Guitteau's bars of chin-music creeping into his hieroglyphics. What this resulted in nobody knew until the following day, when on reading the sentence in the morning papers the good people of the United States of America were a little astonished at the forcible language in which it was given. The concluding part of the sentence ran as follows: You shall be taken from this court and lodged in the jail until the 30th day of June next; thence to be taken to the gallows and hanged by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead, and don't you forget it, either.

Phonography is fast becoming a popular study among the females in the post office department—not that the curious critters have any earthly use for the art, but they *do* want to keep abreast with the news of the day that travels on postal cards. *Warning*: Fellow phonographers, whose "Truly Trulics," like ours, dwell 'neath other skies, will henceforth and forever more spend, as we are now spending, three cents less per week on black jack, or Tom and Jerry, that they may be able to correspond with their loved ones in a way that will insure something approximating privacy in a more desirable degree than can reasonably be hoped for among postal cards and female officials.

Great feats in phonographic reporting seem to be all the rage. The Shorthand magazines are filled with them. Yesterday the great feat was Tom Pray's 14,300 words in seventy-three minutes. To-day the great feat is Charley Sumner's 20,000 words in less than twelve hours. To-morrow we expect that the phonographic world will be told of the *Miscellany* man's great feat—the greatest feat on record. He wears number fourteen's you know.

The *Phonographic Meteor* is a neatly lithographed shorthand magazine, gotten up in a style that reflects the highest degree of credit upon the editor, Mr. S. C. J. Woodward, who gets his attractive little journal out each month with a promptness that ought to shame all other shorthand monthlies and quarterlies out of existence (excepting, of course, the *Miscellany*, a magazine that is not so easily shamed out of existence or anything else).

A quart bottle full of Shorthand characters, in the liquid state, may be obtained at any stationers for fifty cents; but the same quart of chicken tracks, when taken into a court-house and spread out by a stenographic reporter on triple-lined foolscap, is worth about five thousand dollars! Moral: never pay thirty cents per folio for a phonographically reported speech in an ink-pot.

We did about two hours' worth of shorthand business the other day for a very naughty newspaper man, and when we presented our bill for ninety dollars and two cents he said we were an old hog. We wonder if this remark was brought forth by the fact that we have for a number of years been closely connected with the pen.

We are indebted to our good friend ex-President Rodgers for the Proceedings of the N. Y. S. Stenographers' Association, for 1881. Every live phonographer should have a copy. Bengough, Moore & Bengough, of Toronto, supply the Canadian boys with the proceedings at fifty cents per copy.

We know of a hash-house in St. John where a good square meal may be had for fifteen cents. These meals are not dealt out on the European plan, but on the American or Standard Phonographic system, and, of course, are shorter than any other by one-third.

Ordinary persons have common names. Example: Brown. When they rise to *distinction* their names become compounded. Example: Skunk—Beelzebub.

Carelessly written stenographic notes, like pea soap in the month of February, ought to be read hot.

The difference between Shorthand reporting and boat-racing is about 150 strokes to the minute.

"SORTS."

Woman's rights—Husbands.

A night-gown is nothing but a nap-sack.

We wonder if grass widows ever have hay fever.

Some men swear off, others off and on, and others, again, pretty much everywhere.

Some niggers' honesty is reggerlated mos'ly by de spunk of de yard dog.—*Uncle Toby*.

"Let us have a nude eel," said the fisherman as he denuded his wriggling prey of its skin.

The young lady who could not make her bangs stay bung said she was having a tuft time of it.

A printer may be a bachelor and not care for the girls much, but he generally likes the "ems."

A scientific editor exclaims, "What shall we drink?" He might wait until somebody asks him up.

"Why men drink is what staggers us," says a woman's journal. What men drink is what staggers them.

Annie Muller committed suicide, in Detroit, because her sweetheart gave his trousers to another girl to mend.

Law suits are not always expensive. About the cheapest a man can get into is the striped one worn in the penitentiary.

"Honesty is the best policy." But you have to pay the premiums in this world and realize on your insurance in the next.

Squattles thinks if the soul is all there is of a man after death, there will be no trouble for a rich man to get through the eye of a needle.

"An' that's the pillar of Hercules?" she said, adjusting her silver spectacles. "Gracious, what's the rest of his bed-clothes like, I wonder?"

A fashionable writer says:—"Little boys and girls are considered a necessary part of a bridal procession nowadays." This appears to be a little too previous.

"Will Love Win?" is the title of a new novel. I feel authorized to say that love, properly backed with a bank account, will call the turn every time.

Sitting Bull has named one of his twins "The-War-is-Over." His daughter, "She-Who-Glances-at-You-as-She-Walks," is 14 years old and a very nice girl!

A brother arose in a weekly prayer meeting in New Jersey and said: "Brethren, when I consider the shortness of life, I feel as if I might be taken away suddenly, like a thief in the night."

The chopping knife is used a good deal at a neighboring boarding house, and the landlady is getting rich—in point of fact, as a Cockney guest observes, she is rising, like the phoenix, from her ashes.

A celebrated writer informs the world that "debt is a great stimulant," but Jinks says he prefers brandy. He has tried both and ought to be a competent judge.

"Are you the chief engineer of this concern?" asked an excited individual of the news editor. "No, sir; I'm not the engineer; I'm the boiler," and he proceeded to 'boil down,' six sheets of manifold into briefs.

A farmer once hitched to his plough

A jaded old ass and a cough;

This team, strange to say,

Refused to obey,

And ran at the sight of a sough.

The nearer a man is to being a fool, the more absolutely certain he is that he is nothing of the kind. Wise men know that they are foolish sometimes, but your genuine fool believes that he and folly are divided by eternal barriers.

"Father, did you ever have another wife beside mother?" No, my boy; what possessed you to ask such a question?" "Because I saw in the old family Bible where you married Anno Domino, in 1835, and that isn't mother, for her name was Sally Smith."

Said the teacher:—"And it came to pass, when King Hezekiah heard it, that he rent his clothes. Now, what does that mean, children, 'he rent his clothes?'" Up went a little hand. "Well, if you know, tell us," "Please, ma'am," said the child, timidly, "I s'pose he hired 'em out."

Olive Logan began one of her lectures recently with the remark, "Whenever I see a pretty girl I want to clasp her in my arms." "So do we," shouted the boys in the gallery. "For a moment Olive was nonplussed, but, recovering her self-possession, she replied, "Well, boys, I don't blame you."

Lay off your overcoat or you won't feel it when you go out," said the landlord of a Western inn to a guest who was sitting by the fire. "That's what I'm afraid of," returned the man. "The last time I was here I laid off my overcoat. I didn't feel it when I went out, and I haven't felt it since."

An old gentleman, finding a couple of his nieces fencing with broomsticks, said: "Come, come, my dears, that kind of an accomplishment will not help you in getting husbands." "I know it, uncle," responded one of the girls, as she gave a lunge, "but it will help us to keep our husbands in order when we have got 'em."

'Behold the printer. He is hunting for a pick up of half a line. He has been hunting for two hours. He could have set the half line in twenty seconds, but it is a matter of principle with him never to set what he can pick up. The printer has a hard time. He has to set type all night and play *pedro* for the beer all day. We would like to be a printer were it not for the night work.

TO PRINTERS.—MILLER & RICHARD are now selling their own Celebrated Extra Hard Metal Scotch Type, as well as American Job and Fancy Type, of any make, at latest list prices, free of Duty. HOE, COTTRELL, CAMPBELL, and other Power Presses can be purchased from them more advantageously than from the manufacturers. Special Agents for the celebrated "PEERLESS" Job Presses and Paper Cutters. Lithographers and Bookbinders' Tools and materials supplied promptly. Second-hand Job, Hand and Power Presses always in stock, and taken in exchange for new. Agents for MATHERS and SMITHS' Printing and Lithographic Inks. Send for Estimates.

PRINTING TRADES' DIRECTORY

RATES.—Inserting Name and Address under one heading 25 cents per month, or \$3 per year. Extra matter after Name and Address, giving details of business, 15 cents per line per month additional. New Readings will be inserted if desired.

Envelope Manufacturers.

BARBER & ELLIS, Corner of Jordan and Melinda sts., Toronto, and 370 St. Paul st., Montreal. See advt.

Gauge Rules and Feed Guides.

E. L. MEGILL, Nos. 78 and 80 Fulton street, New York.

Paper Manufacturers.

BARBER & ELLIS, Corner of Jordan and Melinda sts., Toronto, and 370 St. Paul st., Montreal. See advt.

"Peerless" Presses and Paper Cutters.

GLOBE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Henry Johnson, Vice-President,
44 Beekman street, New York.

Printers' Steel Composing Rules.

THOS. R. WELLS, Green Island, Albany County, N. Y.

Printing Inks.

GEO. H. MOKKILL, 34 Hawley street, Boston, Mass. See advt.

Press Manufacturers.

CAMPBELL PRINTING PRESS & MANUFACTURING CO. Office, 51 Beekman street, New York. Factory, Wythe Ave. & Hewes st., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

Printers' Machinist.

E. BANFILL & CO., 9 Waterloo street, St. John, N. B. See advt.

Type Founders, etc.

FARMER, LITTLE & CO., Type Founders and Dealers in Printing Materials, 63 and 65 Beekman street, New York.

Wood Engravers.

C. H. FLEWELLING, corner of King and Germain sts., St. John, N. B. See advt.

TYPOGRAPHICAL UNIONS.

International Typographical Union-- 1881-2.

Geo. Clark, President, St. Louis, Mo.
Thos. Wilson, 1st Vice Pres., Toronto, Ont.
Wm. H. Hovey, 2nd Vice-Pres., Norwich, Conn.
Wm. H. Traves, Sec.-Treas., Boston, Mass.
Jno. Schley, Cor. Sec., Indianapolis, Ind.
Annual meeting, 1st Monday in June. Next place of meeting, St. Louis, Mo.

St. John Typographical Union, No. 55.

Regular meeting, second Saturday of each month.

Employers needing workmen could advantageously address the Corresponding Secretary, who keeps an "Out-of-Work" Book.

WILLIAM FERGUSON, President.
R. H. SIMPSON, Cor.-Sec., P. O. Box 265.
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