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# THE PRINTERS' MISCELLANY

AN EXPONENT OF PRINTING AND ALL THE KINDS OF BOOKS

VOL. VI.

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA, AUG. & SEPT., 1881.

Nos. 2 & 3.

## 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., AUG. & SEPT., 1881.

### Apologetic.

Owing to a very serious and protracted illness we are forced to ask the kind indulgence of our readers once more. Most of our friends know by this time that we are the lock-stock-and-barrel of this establishment, and, consequently, when we are unable to work after hours, the whole thing stops. We have taken the advice of numerous friends, subscribers, correspondents, etc., and have added eight pages of reading matter to this number, and named it for two months—August and September. We may possibly do the same with the next number, in order to catch up to time, but it will be our care that our subscribers and advertisers shall lose nothing by this arrangement. We will give the former the usual amount of reading matter, at least, and the latter shall have extra insertions of their favors.

### To Our Readers.

We return thanks to various subscribers for their kindness in sending us remittances for renewals and new subscribers, interesting items of news, etc. We shall be glad if all the friends of the *Miscellany* will renew their sub-

scriptions and continue their efforts in its behalf. They are sufficiently aware that our object is to improve the paper from year to year, as far as we possibly can, and we confidently expect their kind co-operation.

There are a few of our subscribers to whom, it seems, we will have to give a fullface hint as to their delinquencies in regard to paying their subscriptions for the *Miscellany*. We do not wish to resort to bold, black type in jogging their memories, and sincerely trust they will, one and all, render it unnecessary.

### Typographical Matters in St. John.

At the September meeting of the St. John Typographical Union resolutions were passed looking to an increase in the rate of wages, both for week and piece work, and committees were appointed to carry out some details and report to a special meeting to be called by requisition. Through some misunderstanding, all of the committees failed to act in unison, and, consequently, when the special meeting took place, no definite action was taken. In the meantime, on Friday, the 16th September, the hands employed by the piece on the *Daily Sun* asked for and received an advance from 25 cents to 28 cents per thousand ems, which advance was paid under protest. The contention of the hands in the above office was that, owing to the use of large type and solid matter, they could not make a decent living, even at their usual long hours of nightly labor. Matters went along smoothly in the *Sun* office until Saturday, the 24th September, when one of the hands (the one who had been acting as chairman of the office and spokesman for the compositors) was discharged by the foreman, and his fellow workmen, thinking he had been discharged on account of his having acted as spokesman, etc.,

for them, struck work and refused to return unless he was reinstated and the foreman discharged. The employers and foreman asserted that the discharge was not on account of any official action of the compositor in behalf of his fellow-workmen, but was solely owing to a personal misunderstanding between him and the foreman. However, it resulted in the hands staying out, to the great inconvenience of their late employers. Messrs. McKillop & Johnston, being both practical printers, and being enabled to secure some outside help, had the paper out looking as usual on Monday morning. Since then they have secured additional help and at the present writing the office is thoroughly re-organized.

Of the hands that struck work, Geo. Thomas, Wm. Clark, J. Ryan, and Geo. Maxwell went to New York; Thos. Millar went to Fredericton, and Francis Murphy left for New York later, while Duncan Brown, James Foster, Chas. Hazel and — Doherty went back to work a week or so later. Geo. E. Day, we believe, has secured work in Halifax, N. S. Thus ended a very disagreeable episode in the printing trade in St. John.

In justice to all it may be added that the men felt and acted conscientiously when they struck work when they thought one of their number was singled out for discharge merely because he had acted as spokesman for them. The person discharged did not (so it has been represented to us) express any wish or desire that the men should strike on his behalf. The employers felt they had a grievance when the hands struck work after they (the employers) asserted that the discharge was not on account of any official action, as spokesman for the men.

For many years there has been a deep feeling among compositors here that their wages were insufficient for their proper support and sustenance, and for the quantity and quality of the work done. Some years before the fire of June '77, the feeling began to crop out, especially since the advent of daily newspapers in the city. The feeling since has almost universally been that 25 cents per thousand ems is inadequate remuneration for the exhausting and debilitating labor of a daily morning newspaper compositor. We defy contradiction when we state that there is not another occupation which so taxes a man's physical and mental powers of endurance, and there are few, if any, that requires more prepara-

tion and greater skill. There is a great deal to be said in favor of the compositor who has to delve into his case all night and a good part of the day for a livelihood, and we feel it to be our duty to commend his case to the kind consideration of his employer.

On the other hand, there is also much to be said in favor of the employer. For many years business has been dull, and for a part of the time exceedingly flat. Then, the fire of 1877 nearly swept them out of existence, and left them without any means except their former good credit and business ability. This is true of nearly all business houses in this city, but we think the printing fraternity's sufferings were more severe and protracted than almost any other. They have struggled through thus far manfully, but they contend (and we believe them) that they have not fully recovered from its disastrous results, and are not yet in a position to advance the scale now paid for work. We believe, and we are in a position to know, that the majority of the printers in the city at the present time have taken this view of the matter, and have, consequently, refrained from doing anything which might add to the burdens of their employers.

There is a point upon which we wish to touch before closing. If more leaded matter was set on newspapers employing piece compositors, things would move along more smoothly and agreeably among the men, while the employers would not only not be out of pocket one cent more but actually gainers; it would cost them less, the compositor would be able to make good wages in less time than now, and the readers (the public) would be better satisfied, notwithstanding they got a little less reading matter.

#### Typography vs. Lithography.

It seems to be a foregone conclusion with some of those interested in the production of work in which these two branches of art may be said to be rivals, that in the finer classes of jobs the latter process is by far preferable to the former, especially in work requiring the use of color; and the lack of enterprize, or a true appreciation of the undeveloped possibilities of the former on the part of many printers, has done much to foster this idea. That it is erroneous in many respects is being daily made manifest by those printers in the old and the

new world—particularly in parts of Germany and the United States—who have the courage of their convictions to a degree sufficient to enter the lists as competitors in all the finer grades of printing, specimens of whose work at times come under our notice, the artistic beauty of design and faultless execution displayed in which have prompted these few lines, in the hope that it may incite our brethren of the craft in Canada to greater efforts toward perfection in their art, and to a fuller appreciation of the resources it places at their command, as well from a commercial as from an artistic standpoint.

As evidence that the question is not by any means a one-sided one, we quote the following from a late issue of the *American Model Printer*:

“There can be but little doubt that the believers in this possibility (that lithographing may supplant printing) are numerous, for we encounter them among intelligent persons connected with both the branches; and the experience of some of these believers has doubtless impressed them with this view. Nor can we, from our standpoint, undertake to dispute the apparent weight of argument that lies on their side, for lithography has certainly made amazing strides and developments of late.

“For many years the followers of Senefelder have labored as zealously as did the followers of Gutenberg from the time of the discovery of printing. They have hopefully toiled on with their scraping hand-presses,—contending against the elements one day, and working with them more favorably on the day following—doubtful inking rollers, and rollers that had to be coaxed, doctored and nursed. Yet, with all these vexations and trials, lithography has progressed like a giant of genius—scattering the products of her art far and wide—until now she rides on the rapidly revolving cylinders of steam presses. Here she has shown wonderful facility, with still undeveloped possibilities; and where her power will culminate is far from being determined at present.

“With this honest tribute to our fair sister, let us candidly scan the field so long occupied by typography, together with her likelihood of holding the same; for there are but few bold enough to dispute the fact that she has been the greatest means of civilization, advancement, and learning that the world has yet enjoyed.

“The typographic art has not receded since its discovery—nor has it stood still, notwithstanding its disciples have, at times, been put to death, and all manner of persecution been brought to throttle its usefulness. In spite of this, it has been championed and practiced by many of the wisest and greatest men who have trod this terrestrial ball. It has benefited and enlightened millions of our race, with every prospect that it will continue to do so. Notwithstanding all that can be said for lithography, as a means to foster education and intelligence, she must never assume to take the honor of leading in these from typography.

“Lithography has its peculiar advantages and usefulness, but these lie mainly in its capacity for delineating natural fancies and ornamentation. That it can define with accurate and mathematical outline to the degree illustrated in typography is not yet accomplished, and whether it ever can do so, is an open question. Even with the easy and apparent natural touch given to the products of lithography, it is contended by not a few masters of typography, that, with the aid of wood-engraving and the more modern discovery of photo-engraving, they are able to hold their own against all the arts possessed by lithography.

“From many examples of combined engraving and colored letter-press—both of which we consider as belonging to typography, in that they are the offspring of her progress—we have no hesitation in saying that lithography has yet to effect greater perfection in her art in order to eclipse the merit here so positively demonstrated.

“In point of emphatic outline, whether delicate or otherwise, no art, except that of the steel or copper-plate artist, can equal that of typography. And any one of our readers can satisfy themselves on this point by comparing any of the best lithographic products, having these pretenses, with similar typographic ones.

“In the matter of speed, and in the facility afforded for duplicating portions of work, by means of electrotyping, printing reaches far in advance of any of the graphic arts. In connection with typography, type-founders and their artists continue to pour out their homage at her shrine. With her many achievements, she has steadily received the willing help of all the supplementary branches; these increasing

and strengthening day by day, leaving little undone that can possibly extend the sway of her sceptre for very many years to come."

As relevant to the subject, we should like to refer to some of the late productions of the American type-founders—in every particular, marvels of skill and taste—and to the incongruous effects produced by their use in much of the job-work of this city.

All the printing offices, with one or two exceptions, were completely annihilated four years ago; and in replacing their outfits the proprietors had open to them all the productions of the English and American foundries. The work now turned out in not a few of these offices justifies the opinion, we think, that they lacked the requisite enterprise or knowledge to embrace this opportunity; and hundreds of dollars were invested in *type*—as we have read of thousands being invested in *books*,—the privilege of selection being altogether unappreciated, or, if appreciated, evincing a most lamentable want of judgment; and, in some cases, where a selection has been made with some regard to the fitness of things, those to whom the execution of the work has been entrusted have produced a ghastly array of typographic abortions. The demand for *cheap* work will doubtless be pleaded in extenuation; but that plea is no justification, and time will demonstrate other evil effects. To stock an office with such material as now constitutes a first-class establishment, place it in charge of men who are not only deficient in mechanical ability, but who have neither pride or faith in their art, and then allow the prices to be fixed by unappreciative customers *may* be legitimate business; but it does not commend itself to us as such, and we believe has had—and is having—a most depressing effect on the craft and its interests in St. John.

We believe the subject deserves earnest consideration at the hands of both employer and employed, and, in closing, would ask: How is it that so much of our fine work at present goes to the lithographer, when the lithographer himself will admit that it could be done cheaper and better on the printing press?

At a meeting of the "Colored Press Association," held in Chicago August 23d, there were eighteen papers represented, the delegates coming from Kentucky, Mississippi, Washington, Indiana, Illinois, Minnesota, Kansas and Texas.

#### Christmas Card Competition—Four Thousand Dollars Offered in Prizes.

L. Prang & Co.'s Christmas Card Prize Competition, which takes place in the American Art Gallery, in New York, in November, will be an attractive occasion for artists. In order that such of our readers as may be in a position to compete may know the rules guiding this competition we give the following summary:

There are two sets of four prizes each offered this time, amounting in all to \$4,000. The \$2,000 of each set is divided as follows:—First prize, \$1,000; second prize, \$500; third prize, \$300, and fourth prize, \$200. The first set known as the "Artists' Prizes," will be awarded by the votes of artists and art critics. The second set, known as the "Popular Prizes," will be voted for by the lay visitors to the exhibition. One design can take both an artist's and a popular prize, and the amount received would thus in the case of the first prize amount to \$2,000. The circular says that "it is hoped to secure not only the best artistic judgment, but also the true expression of public opinion."

The competition is limited to "artists residing in America (Canada included) or American artists residing abroad."

The designs, which must be carefully worked out in every detail, must be original and appropriate to the Christmas season. They may be made on paper, cardboard or canvas, of a shape to suit the designer, "but within the limit of 7x9 inches as the largest and 5x7 as the smallest size, or if below this size, two, three or four designs will be accepted as belonging to one set, and such a set will be treated in the competition as one design." The cards of a set should be of equal size, relate to each other in conception, and be in keeping as to execution. Each design or set of designs must be mounted on cardboard 11x14 inches in size. No design must bear an artist's name. The device of the ornamented letter and motto and sealed envelope will be adopted. If an artist contributes more than one design or set of designs each must bear a separate letter and motto, and be accompanied by a separate envelope. Names of competitors will not be made public if such a wish is expressed. The firm offering the prizes reserves the right to purchase, prior to other parties, any of the unsuccessful designs at the price stated in the envelope containing the competitor's name and address. The management also reserve.

the right to withhold from exhibition any design, on account of want of space or unfitness in subject or execution. The prize designs shall become the property of L. Prang & Co.

#### The Toronto Paper Company's New Mill.

Ground has been broken at Cornwall, Ont., and a large force of men are now at work on the Toronto Paper Company's new mill. The company is a strong one, being composed of paper makers and leading stationers, who will consume a large proportion of the product of the mills. The quality of papers to be made are engine-sized writings and super-calendered book of such grades as are now entirely imported. The market for these is still very limited in Canada, and the company has made a wise move in making their market here before erecting their mill. The plans are drawn with a view to extending the premises and making a tub-sized mill of the same capacity at an early date, or as soon as the proprietors see an opening in that direction. The present mill will contain one 72-inch machine, with seven 800-pound engines, and should run off about four tons of paper per day. The premises are capacious, as the following dimensions will show:—engine room, 178x40; machine room, 106x46; stock house, 137x36; bleach house, 50x36; steam boiler house, 37x47; tower to elevator and stairs, 17x22. The frontage on the canal will be 305 feet, with a depth of 187 feet. The head and tail raceways will be made of sufficient capacity to float large barges carrying coal, chemicals, and rag stock, to their different buildings. About 75 hands will be employed. No bonus was asked from the Municipality of Cornwall, as the company were prepared to accept no conditions in regard to the carrying on of their business. The plans were drawn by Messrs. D. H. & A. B. Tower, of Holyoke, Mass., who also have charge of the construction. The permanent officers have not yet been elected, but they will probably be John R. Barber, Esq., of Wm. Barber & Bros., Georgetown, President and Manager; John Riordon, Esq., of Merritton, Vice-President; and E. Trout, Esq., of the *Monetary Times*, Toronto, Treasurer.

The Boston Comedy Company, which Humphrey Price Webber, a well-known compositor in this city, controls, has been playing through Maine and part of this province.

#### Responsibility of Employers.

While a boy of sixteen was at work upon a printing press in the press-room of a New York paper the press was unexpectedly started. The boy sprang back from his dangerous position, and in doing so tipped over the bench he was standing on, causing him to fall against another press, which caught his arm and injured it so as to make it forever useless. He sued the proprietor in the Superior Court and obtained a verdict for \$3000 damages. The defence was that the accident was caused either by the negligence of the plaintiff or of a fellow workman, for which the proprietor was not responsible. In charging the jury Judge Speir said that if the plaintiff or a skilled fellow-workman were negligent the plaintiff could not recover damages; but that if the agent of the defendant employed persons not skilled in their work and the accident occurred through the negligence of one of such persons, the defendant was responsible. An appeal was taken from the judgment on the ground that Judge Speir erred in thus charging, and in permitting the plaintiff to exhibit his mutilated arm to the view of the jury, thus arousing their sympathy. The general term has affirmed the judgment in a long opinion written by Judge Freedman and concurred in by Chief Justice Sedgwick.

#### A Lovesick Printer's Mistake.

One of the most extraordinary sensations known in Detroit for a long time was the talk of the town recently, and was caused by the arrest of a young printer named Lane on a charge of poisoning George Allen, a fellow boarder. Lane became enamored of Allen's wife some time ago and was convinced that Allen did not treat her well. In order to put the husband out of the way Lane invited him to take a boat ride, during which Lane gave a drink of lemonade from a bottle in which had been placed a dose of morphine. His plan was to put Allen to sleep with morphine and then overturn the boat, thus drowning Allen and having it appear accidental. The morphine, however, failed to have any effect, but when Allen reached home he was taken violently sick. Physicians learned the cause of his illness, and Lane, on being arrested, confessed the whole thing. As no trouble exists between Allen and his wife it is generally believed that Lane is crazy. All the parties are quite well known.

## Fast Type-Setters.

From time to time we hear of what are called "whips," says the *Australasian Typographical Journal*, doing an extraordinary and marvelous amount of "comping" in a given time. Many of their achievements are undoubtedly mythical or apochryphal, but phenomenal cases, of course, occur wherein such dexterity is acquired as enables its possessor to do 50 or 100 per cent. more in the way of picking up stamps than the average run of workmen. America is, however, the land of "big things" of this kind, as of many others, and the accounts of "type-slinging," as it is usually termed, that come from the other side of the Atlantic are not unusually extraordinary as they are incredible. On the other hand, there are many well-authenticated cases of really remarkable feats of setting, to some of which it may be interesting to refer. A man named Jack Fasey was for a long time considered the fastest comp. in Philadelphia, probably in the United States. In his prime, he could pick up 3400 ens per hour, easily. In some of the California newspaper offices there was formerly a great demand for rapid compositors, and the *Sacramento Union* office contained, in proportion to the number of men employed, more rapid compositors, probably, than other office in the country. In 1864 the paper was all set in solid type, and the average earnings of each compositor amounted to one dollar for each working hour, the rate of payment being 75 cents per 1000 ems, or 2000 ens. Many of the hands could set a good deal more than this; yet this would necessitate the setting of 5666 ens per hour. In fact, it has been shown on indubitable authority that there is a long list of men in the States who have set up 4000 ens an hour. On the other hand, such rapid compositors do not always possess endurance. It is one thing to do this for a single hour, and quite another thing to keep it up for half a day. Yet there are not wanting instances of extraordinary endurance combined with great speed. For instance, in 1845, Mr. J. J. Hand, deputy foreman of the *American Republican*, of New York, undertook for a wager to set up 64,000 ens of solid minion in twenty-four hours. He failed by 64 ens only. Mr. Robert Bonner, now the proprietor of the *New York Ledger*, was employed on the *American Republican* also, and is said to have set up 51,000 ens in twenty

hours and twenty-eight minutes, without a moment's rest. Mr. George Dawson, one of the proprietors of the *Albany Evening Journal*, when he was an apprentice, is said to have set up 54,000 ens of solid brevier in ten hours; but, on the statement being verified, the exact figures were 44,044 ens in thirteen hours, a very wonderful achievement. Mr. Keeling, of Utica, N. Y., set up, distributed, and corrected, in six days, of ten hours each, 201,900 ens. Mr. Mink, of the *Eagle*, Pittsfield, Mass., in 1858, set 20,092 in four hours and forty-five minutes, solid minion. A race between two compositors at Iowa City and Council Bluffs resulted in each of them setting 8000 ens, solid bourgeois, in two hours. In a type-setting match at Toledo, Ohio, one compositor set 8576 ens in two hours and forty minutes, while the other set 8108. In short, it has been demonstrated that more than 4000 ens can be set up in an hour, and that in a considerable proportion of the important newspaper offices in the States compositors are to be found who can set up at least 3000 per hour. The following are all fast compositors: George Arensburg set 2064 ems, solid minion, twenty-three ems to the line—one break line to each stickful—in one hour, at New York, Feb. 19, 1870. S. N. Benerman, at Washington, D. C., Dec. 5, 1877, set 5070 ems nonpareil, in three hours. Same time and place, R. A. McLean, set 4998 ems, nonpareil. Thomas Alty, at Montreal, Can., Sept. 1876, set 3530 ems, nonpareil, in two hours.

In response to our call to the "rushers," says the editor of *Woodcock's Newspaper Reporter*, after detailing the exploit of Mr. Robert Bonner, of the *New York Ledger*, who, in 1846, upon a wager that he could set 33,000 ems of solid minion from reprint copy, in twenty-four hours, and who only failed by three ems of accomplishing the task, the *Sentinel and Witness*, of Middletown, Ct., in the issue of July 9th, says:

"In June, 1875, Ernest King, jr., of this paper, set 12,700 ems of solid brevier in nine hours and thirty minutes, or 238 ems more than Mr. Bonner's average. The measure was seventeen picas wide, reprint copy, and was performed, without any wager, in the office of Messrs. Pelton & King, when they were located at 130 Court street. What say the rushers?"

The *Sentinel and Witness* must bear in mind that while Mr. King's average for the nine hours and thirty minutes leads Mr. Bonner's by

228 ems, it is not probable that Mr. King could have shown that lead at the end of twenty-four hours.

The same paper adds: We find this "floater" going around; "A printer working at the case in the office of the Evansville, Ind., *News* one day last week set 18,000 ems of bourgeois type, ordinary matter, in nine hours, an average of 2000 ems per hour." This, on lean bourgeois, he claims, is the best speed on record. Can any of our correspondents vouch for the truth of this? We should like to know as a matter of record.

#### Who Does He Think for?

"I know who he works for, but I want to know who he thinks for?" was the remark of a shrewd business man, a large employer, and generally a liberal one. The remark furnishes a clue to much of the difficulty between the class of employers and the class of wage-workers, which may be profitably used by both. The proprietor employs men, that he may profit by their skill and industry; he can afford to pay them in proportion to their usefulness. The workman sells his skilled services, the strength of his muscle, or the products of his brain to the highest bidder; the better he is paid for such services, the more care, thought and energy he is likely to devote to the interests of his employer. If poorly paid he will be apt to adjust his work to his wages, and either divide his efforts or neglect his duties. His necessities or aspirations will render him discontented, and his thoughts will be roaming outside of his work. The employer who does not interest the people he employs, not only by a fair rate of compensation, but by showing that he feels an interest in their welfare, makes a great mistake, that may frequently account for the difference between success and failure. The employé who fails to take a lively interest in the proprietor's business, so far as he can, or to give his best thoughts to the duties required of him, will find himself a dismal failure among the world's workers. One who simply moves mechanically, without giving evidence of any more thought than the machine he operates or the tool he uses, will never advance a step. A man is important in and to the community in the ratio of his uses, and the exercise of his thinking powers only will enable him to utilize his valuable resources. There are also to be considered methods of thinking and limitations to thought as business considerations, which require distinct treatment.

#### THE PRESS.

BY J. A. PHILLIPS, OF THE "QUEBEC  
CHRISTIAN."

*On the Occasion of Press Dinner Given in  
Ottawa, 1881.*

When tired nature sinks to rest,  
And, gently pillow'd on her breast,  
Humanity lies down to sleep,  
While watchful stars their vigils keep—  
What, through the long and silent hours,  
With patient care and tireless powers  
Collects the little scraps of news,  
Tinted with all life's varying hues,  
What deeds are done, what thoughts are  
thought,

What noble works are nobly wrought,  
What dastard acts are meanly done,  
What good is lost, what good is won,  
And sends it forth at morn's first ray  
The perfect history of a day?

The Press.

When wrong and force oppress the weak,  
And false advantage strongly seek;  
When craft and cunning both combined,  
Strive to pervert the human mind  
From the plain path of truth and right,  
And hold it by the power of might—  
What mightier power its agis throws  
Before down-trodden human woes,  
Exposes fraud, and shame, and sin,  
And lets the light of truth shine in?

The Press.

God save the freedom of the press,  
And may its power ne'er grow less,  
But burn as some strong steady light,  
Fed by the powers of truth and right.  
Ever the first in Freedom's cause,  
Ever the first to give applause  
When right against oppression fights,  
Ever defending human rights,  
May it forever hold its place  
She bulwark of the English race—  
A Free, untrammelled Press.

According to our English exchanges the Masonic world is all astir with emotion at the wonderful advancement of the mystic craft in England. The Prince of Wales has just issued, under his sign manual, his warrant for the formation of a new lodge of Freemasons, to be called "The Gallery Lodge." This lodge is to be confined exclusively to journalists and gallery reporters, and His Royal Highness has sanctioned the appointment of Mr. H. Massey as first Master, Mr. F. Bussey as first Senior Warden and Mr. Thos. Nushell as first Junior Warden. The want of such a privilege has been long felt.



The London, Ont., "Free Press" Printing Co.

Among the many extensive improvements that have taken place during the past few months, the *Free Press* Printing and Lithographing Co.'s establishment will, perhaps, figure as one of the most prominent. The building heretofore occupied by them proving altogether inadequate for the large business which they are at present enjoying, as a consequence necessitated the enlarging of their premises. This they have done by purchasing the building adjoining their present place of business, increasing the accommodation one-half. The buildings have been renovated and fitted up with all the latest improvements required by a rapidly growing business.

The building is a three-story brick, and about 100 feet in length, divided into six apartments. The front of the first flat is fitted up into a fine large business office, while the remaining portion is converted into news, press, mailing and engine rooms.

The second story is divided into two departments—the jobbing and book room and press room, each running the entire length of the building. The job and book room has been fitted up with all the necessary furniture, which constitutes a first-class printing office, while large additions have been made to the material. There are over fifteen hands constantly employed in this room.

The job press room has just been fortified by the addition of two new fast presses of the most approved and latest construction. The presses, which number seven, are kept constantly running, turning out all kinds of work. There are about six hands employed. The front part of this room is fitted up and occupied by the manager and chief editor.

The third story, in which there are two departments, is used by the compositors engaged on the newspaper and by the lithographic printers. The front of the news room is used by the local editors, which number four. About fifteen or twenty hands are employed in preparing the morning *Free Press*.

Lithographic printing is a department which the *Free Press* Co. have lately added to their establishment. It is now in full operation, one of the extensive flats of the third story being devoted to this artistic branch of the business. Until recently it was impossible to obtain any

printing of this nature nearer than Hamilton. This want has now been overcome. The number of hands employed in this room is about ten.

The *Free Press* Co.'s building and plant will compare favorably with any in the Dominion, and they are in a position to execute all kinds of printing and compete with any of its rivals. The work turned out during the past year has been of a high class of typography, and as a result large orders have been received from many of the leading manufacturing establishments in the West.

The *Farmers' Advocate*, *Entomologist*, *Commercial Traveller* (monthlies), the *World* and the *G. W. R. Bulletin* (weeklies) are all issued from this office.

These few notes will give the general public an idea of what the London *Free Press* Co.'s business has attained to.

Paint as an "Overlay."

A Russian photographer, who also practices zincography and heliography with success, has been printing the zincographic reproductions of his camera on a letter-press, and publishes the result of his experience in the Russian *Review of the Graphic Arts*. He found in the process of making ready that the finest and thinnest of tissue paper often proved too strong, especially in bringing up middle tints; in looking about for a means of obviating the difficulty, the thought struck him that where paper was too thick a thin coat of paint would be suitable, and he forthwith proceeded to "paint" his "overlays." The making-ready, hard-packing only being used, is proceeded with in the usual manner up to the finer touches, when the painting commences. The special ink or color used for this purpose consists of English red (*caput mortuum*) dissolved in water and well ground on the grinding stone, to which a little glue is added—too much glue makes the color too stiff, while too little does not give a good stroke of the brush. The proper state for use is when it does not shine when painted out and dry; it must flow easily from the brush, and be of such a consistency that the layer when dry does not exceed in thickness a fine film. After proceeding as far as possible with the paper overlays, the paint is placed on the last impression in the same way, beginning with the dark and heavy parts that want more deepening, one layer of color on another as soon as the first is sufficiently

dry, the light parts being then treated in the same manner. For very fine work or shallow "process" plates this method has distinct advantages, as the slightest amount of overlay can be put on with the brush, and the paint when dry does not cause the fine lines of an engraving to look broken and thick, as paper overlays too frequently do. The overlay ink when once mixed may be kept dry in a saucer, simply wetting the brush before using.

N. Y. Cor. Philadelphia Times.

### Three Journalists.

I saw Carl Schurz, John Hay and Charles A. Dana, to-day. Schurz was striding past Delmonico's with two young ladies, one a very pretty and *distingue* damsel. Carl is very tall, very thin, and very red. So is his nose, and his stomach seems concave, instead of round and full. He has undertaken a hefty job on the *Post*. Old Tweed—poor old man—used to say he could buy Bryant easier than any editor in New York. "All I have to do is to give Boggs a printing job. That fixes Bryant." But Tweed was an awful liar—was he or wasn't he? The job department of the *Post* has always been profitable. Mr. Schurz is an able, competent man on the stump, but he isn't worth his pretzel as a journalist. He doesn't age a bit. He is just as long, angular, carrotty and courtly as when I first met him in the wilds of St. Louis, years and years ago.

John Hay is a brief, dapper little man, with restless eyes and a bifurcated beard. I was sitting on a keg in front of Koster & Bial's when he came trotting by like a collector with a bill. He is a well-bred fellow, and he butters his bread thick. I always like him. His "Little Breeches" was quite the fashion once, but that ended him as a poet. The *Tribune* fellows find him bland but severe.

Brother Dana mellows as he ripens. He bowls along the street as an ocean wave sweeps up the beach. He hasn't changed a whit in ten years. When I was a school-boy I heard him make Republican speeches in Brooklyn in German and English. I worked for him awhile in later years and never saw him out of temper once. Dana is a good friend, a bitter hater, and one of the few editors who read exchanges.

Standing on the steps of the *Sun* building was Isaac Wilberforce England, one of the chief proprietors and publishers of the *Sun*. England

started in as roller boy on the *Tribune*, worked up to city editor, joined Dana in Chicago, went into the *Sun* with him, and after a few months as city editor gave way to Amos Cummins and took hold of the publishing. England was made assignee of Frank Leslie's property, and has brought it up from worse than bankruptcy to a net profit of \$250,000 a year. He has gone into mining, but the figures he talks are so tremendously large that I hate to quote them.

### Automatic Wire Stitching Machine.

This machine will bind pamphlets of from one to one hundred pages. The wire on a spool costing one dollar will make 3,500 staples. The lifting up of the hand lever draws in the wire right from the spool and cuts it off. The downward stroke of the hand lever forms the staple, inserts and clinches it; while one staple is being clinched, another is being formed, and a piece of wire is cut off for a third. A boy or girl can bind from three to five thousand pamphlets in a day, inserting two staples in each. The machine costs twenty-five dollars. All the working parts are made of hardened steel and the machines are guaranteed. Counting a fair amount for interest on the investment, wear and tear, wire and labor, the cost of pamphlet binding will be so much lower than by any other method heretofore generally used as to revolutionize the business.

### Under the Weather.

It was a tramp. He called on the city editor of the *Herald* this afternoon and wanted to be a reporter. He came from Scotland, and wished to write up some good local paragraph to get himself acquainted in the city. But there is no vacancy in the force. He could speak seven languages, but still there was no vacancy. Despairingly, he requested a copy of the paper, but there was none on hand. As a last resort, he asked for tobacco to fill his pipe, but even that request was refused, "But you're smoking!" he said to the city editor. "Yes, but this is hayseed; no tobacco is used in this office." Then, grinding his teeth, and wriggling his dirty ears, he departed, leaving behind a bad smell, and a warning that he would reappear in September.—*Boston Herald*.

The *Boston Transcript* properly calls Bob Ingersoll the sham Paine of freethinkers.

## A Mean Trick.

Probably the meanest trick that was ever played on a white man was played last week in this city, and the fact that there is no vigilance committee here is the only reason the perpetrators of the trick are alive. A business man had just purchased a new stiff hat, and went into a saloon with half a dozen friends to fit the hat to his head. They all took beer, and passed the hat around so all could see it. One of the meanest men that ever held a county office went to the bar-tender and had a thin slice of Limberg cheese cut off, and when the party were looking at the frescoed ceiling through beer glasses, this wicked person slipped the cheese under the sweat leather of the hat, and the man put it on his head and walked out. The man who owned the hat is one of your nervous people, who is always complaining of being sick, and who feels as though some dreadful disease was going to take possession of him and carry him off. He went back to his place of business, took off his hat and laid it on the table and proceeded to answer some letters. He thought he detected a smell, and when his partner asked him if he didn't feel sick, he said he believed he did. A clerk said it was evident that somebody's feet needed washing. The man turned pale, and said he guessed he would go home.

He met a man on the sidewalk who said the air was full of miasma, and in the street car a man who sat next to him moved away to the other end of the car, and asked him if he had just come from Chicago. The man with the new hat said he had not, when the stranger said they were having a great deal of small-pox there, and he guessed he would get out and walk, and he pulled the bell and jumped off. The cold perspiration broke out on the forehead of the man with the new hat, and he took it off to wipe his forehead, when the whole piece of cheese seemed to roll over and breathe, and the man got the full benefit of it, and he came near fainting away. He got home, and his wife met him and asked him what was the matter. He said he believed mortification had set in, and she took one whiff, as he took off his hat, and said she should think it had. "Where did you get into it?" said she. "Get into it?" said the man, "I have not got into anything, but some deadly disease has got hold of me, and I shall not live." She told him if any disease that

smelled like that had got hold of him, and was going to be chronic, she felt as though he would be a burden to himself if he lived very long. She got his clothes off, soaked his feet in mustard water, and he slept. The hat was laying on the centre table, and the children would come in and get a smell of it, and look at each other with reproachful glances, and go out and play. The man slept and dreamed that a small-pox flag was hung in front of his house, and that he was riding in a butcher wagon to the pest house. The wife sent for a doctor, and when the man of pills arrived she told him all about the case. The doctor picked up the patient's new hat, tried it on, and got a sniff. He said the hat was picked before it was ripe. Then the doctor and the wife held a post-mortem examination on the hat, and found the slice of Limberg. "Few and short were the prayers they said." They woke the patient, and to prepare his mind for the revelation that was about to be made, the doctor asked him if his worldly affairs were in a satisfactory condition. He gasped and said they were. The doctor asked him if he had made his will. He said that he had not, but that he wanted a lawyer sent for at once. The doctor asked him if he felt as though he was prepared to shuffle off. The man said he had always tried to lead a different life, and had tried to be done by the same as he would do it himself, but that he might have made a misdeal some way, and he would like to have a minister sent for to take an account of stock.

Then the doctor brought to the bedside the hat, opened up the sweat leather and showed the dying man what it was that smelled so, and told him that he was as well as any man in the city. The patient pinched himself to see if he was alive, and jumped out of bed and called for his revolver, and the doctor couldn't keep up with him on his way down town. The last we saw of the odoriferous citizen he was trying to bribe the bar-tender to tell him which one of those pelicans it was that put that slice of cheese in his hat lining.—*Milwaukee Sun.*

Biddy O'Flannigan — "Shure, now, Mrs. Driscoll, lave your washin' an' come out. Mr. Maguire, the landlord, has passed, rinnin' away, bedad; Pat, his tinant, has passed, rinnin' after him, goin' to cut his dirty throat; the bailiffs have passed, rinnin' after Pat for the rint, wid revolvers in their hands; the 'skull threshers' have passed, rinnin' after the bailiffs, to corpse 'em, an' all the darlint boys an' girls are rinnin' after the lot, jist to see the fun, be jabers."

## CORRESPONDENCE.

## P. E. Island Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Sept. 20.

Messrs. H. T. Stevens of the *Moncton Times* and W. S. Stirling of the *Halifax Herald* paid the Island a visit last month.

W. L. Cotton, of the *Examiner*, has returned from his trip to the country, looking and feeling much improved in health.

Patrick McQuaid, who served his apprenticeship in the job office of Messrs. Bremner Bros., and who has lately been at work in Shedd & Moore's lobster factory, Belfast, printing lobster labels, is now employed in the *New Era* office.

John Snelgrove, who was foreman of the *Herald* at the time of its suspension, is subbing on the *Examiner*.

Joseph E. Bourke, who served about a year at the printing business in the *Examiner* office, has left for Boston, where he says he will get a better "chance" than he was getting here.

Daniel Shea, who served part of his apprenticeship in the *Herald* office, and who has lately been at work on the *New Era*, left for Boston last month.

Richard Young, of Bremner Bros.' job office, has been appointed to a position on the Island Railway.

Weldon L. Crosman, late of Summerside, is now at work in the *Patriot* office.

Jno. J. O'Reilly, late accountant in the *New Era* office, publishes the prospectus of a weekly newspaper called the *Enterprise*, the first number of which will appear about the middle of November.

George W. Gardner, of Coombs & Worth's job office, left on Monday, the 12th inst., on a pleasure trip to Boston.

A large number of people assembled in St. Mary's Church, Summerside, on Tuesday morning, the 13th inst., to witness the marriage of Mr. W. A. Brennan, of the *Journal*, to Miss Rosara, eldest daughter of the Hon. John LeFurgey, M. P. P. The happy couple are now on a wedding trip embracing the principal cities of Canada and the United States. That their journey through life may be a happy and prosperous one is the earnest wish of their many friends.

C. S. Fletcher, late part proprietor of the *Island Argus*, has become a Benedict—the happy woman being Maud Leah, eldest daugh-

ter of Henry Douse, Esq. The ceremony took place at the residence of the bride's parents on the 16th inst. The bride was the recipient of a handsome present from the members of the Methodist choir, of which Mr. Fletcher is leader. Shortly after the ceremony the happy couple left on a wedding trip through some of the principal cities of Canada and the United States. We join with their many friends in wishing them long life and prosperity.

Business is very good here at present, there being only one or two printers idle.

FRANKLIN.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Sept. 30.

The *Daily Patriot* appeared in full mourning on the occasion of President Garfield's death. It was the only paper in the Province that showed this mark of respect.

Henry Lawson, editor of the *Patriot*, and W. L. Cotton, of the *Examiner*, have "done" the Dominion Exhibition at Halifax.

Smith Quigley, who almost completed his apprenticeship at the *Progress* office, Summerside, previous to coming to Charlottetown early in October, is working in Coombs & Worth's job office.

COPY DRAWER.

CHARLOTTETOWN, Nov. 2.

The *Mercantile Advertiser* is the name of a new eight-page semi-weekly paper just issued here. It shows unmistakable signs of a premature death.

Messrs. Coombs & Worth, job printers, have dissolved partnership. The business will in future be carried on by Mr. Coombs. The retiring partner, Mr. Worth, has left for the United States on a prospecting trip.

Wm. Edmonds, who served part of his apprenticeship in the *Argus* office, and who has lately been at work on the *New Era*, has gone to Boston.

Mr. John Murdoch, editor of the Inverness (Scotland) *Highlander*, was on the Island last month. While in the city he delivered his lecture, "The Land Question in Scotland," and, in response to a requisition, another one on "The Irish Land Question." Both are described as very able efforts.

Messrs. J. Lavers and Wm. Denis, the former representing the *St. John Telegraph* and the latter the *Halifax Evening Mail*, were on the Island during the Exhibition. They speak in

the highest terms of the beauty of the Island and the courtesy and hospitality of its inhabitants.

John Snelgrove, who has lately been subbing on the *Examiner*, is now at work in Coombs' job office.

The *Kings County Advertiser*, which was suspended some four months ago, is to be issued again in December next. It will be four columns larger and otherwise improved. Mr. McCourt is a plucky man and deserves to succeed.

FRANKLIN.

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Jottings from Attleboro.

ATTLEBORO, MASS., September 1881.

Owing to the fact that your humble correspondent has for the last year or two been "on the wing," any attempt at correspondence has hardly been feasible; and, even at this late day, an unavoidable point of business compels me to attempt quill-driving in a strange place, and with none of the accessories ordinarily in vogue with newspaper correspondents. I have just opened a bottle of ink (nothing stronger can be obtained here) and extend the invitation to your readers to partake with me. A pointed stick with which to write, and a small rickety table as crazy as Guiteau, are my literary paraphernalia, and do great credit to the place.

Two newspapers are published here (both weekly), the *Advocate* and the *Chronicle*. The *Advocate* is the leading paper in the place, and is a large, handsome and well edited sheet, devoted to the local interests of the town and county, and appears to be well supported by the reading portion of the community, as witness the doubling of its circulation since the present enterprising proprietors purchased the concern. A good run of job work is one of the adjuncts of this establishment, and is manipulated by the junior proprietor (Mr. N. J. Sweet) and Mr. Frank A. Bean, late of the Nashua, N. H., *Telegraph* office, while the senior partner, Mr. E. H. Sweet, attends to the out-of-door business, stock-purchasing, soliciting and delivering orders, etc., etc.

One of the attractions of this office is a handsome rosy-checked brunette who "composites" on the *Advocate*. We cannot say positively, but it is our solemn opinion she hasn't got any "feller," and all of our single-track compositors who have any idea of switching off on to the

double-track-broad-gauge life would do well to amble this way. Fat take, sure.

The *Chronicle* is a newsy and readable sheet, published in the North Village, at the head of sloop navigation, and has until lately iterated the legend "the only paper printed in Attleboro." It has not been our good or ill fortune to visit this establishment, and so we can give the craft little or no information concerning it, except, perhaps, that it is a poor place for subs.

Johnny Cory, of Mansfield, and Bert Goodrich, of Chelsea, Mass., whilom printers, are now laboring in the jewelry factories here. Cameos.

It is rumored that the *Chronicle* office is soon to be removed to new and more commodious quarters in Kendall's block, now rapidly approaching completion, when many improvements will be introduced in the mechanical department of the concern, which is expected to keep pace with the enterprising editorial management of brother Perry.

David L. Lowe, former proprietor of the *Advocate*, is now jobbing in the office of the *Mansfield News*. He was very generally liked here, and carries with him to his new field of labor the best wishes of the craft. Lo here, lo there. P. S.—He is not an Indian.

XVLO.

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Notes from Lachute Mills.

LACHUTE MILLS, P. Q., Sept. 5.

The Lachute *Watchman* commenced its 5th volume September 2nd. It came out in all the glory of a patent outside. The paper has been carried on by D. Kerr & Co. up to the present. Dawson Kerr (an old newspaper man, having published papers continuously for some forty years,) has sold his interest in the paper to Mr. Wm. Simpson, of this place.

I think it would be very interesting if some of the employes in country printing offices were to send in condensed items of news of interest to the craft.

Joseph Taylor, our late pressman, has a good "sit" as foreman of the press-room in the *Free Press* office, Ottawa.

Two "type-stickers," pressman and "devil," find enough to do in this office at present.

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Rev. J. R. Lawson has resigned the editorship of the *Monthly Advocate*, published by R. A. H. Morrow.

## NOTES AND NEWS.

The Halifax *Evening Chronicle* and *Evening Mail* are being issued as one-cent papers.

Two London firms have offered £2,000 in prizes for original designs for Christmas cards.

The *Bulletin* is a neat little paper published at Edmonton, in the North West Territories, by Messrs. Taylor & Oliver.

John F. Hennigar, reporter, formerly of this city, is now in St. Louis, Mo., where he is engaged as a law stenographer.

Robert Armstrong of the *Globe* staff is at present absent on a trip to the old country and George Perley is filling his place.

The Boston *Globe* sold 125,000 copies on the day of President Garfield's death, and about the same number on the day of the funeral.

Two Chicago ministers, Messrs. Swing and Thomas, copyright their sermons to keep the papers from printing full reports of them.

Joseph Hatton, the novelist, is establishing in New York city a bureau for the transmission of American news to the London *Standard*.

London Typographical Union No. 133 have elected for their president John Dalton; vice-president, A. Davidson, jr.; secretaries, H. Seymour and J. W. Thorpe.

James Holden, who died recently at Dominion City, Man., was the first publisher of the *North Ontario Observer*, which started some twenty years ago at Pt. Perry.

The publishers of papers along the line of the Canada Central Railway are going to form a sort of trades union, by which a standard price will be fixed for municipal and general printing.

Messrs. Bengough, Moore & Bengough have been appointed sole agents for Canada for Sir Charles Reed & Sons' type foundry, of London, England, and expect to do considerable trade.

John W. Lovell, book publisher, Toronto, has obtained an extension of time until Jan. 1st. The creditors will conduct the business in the meantime. The liabilities amount to \$225,000; assets, \$300,000.

Albert Horton, who has acted in several capacities on the principal Canadian papers, and who is now a member of the *Hausard* staff of official reporters of the House of Commons, has recently retired from the *World*, and has joined the *Mail* reporting staff.

George B. Bradley, son of the English shorthand author, and chief of the *Hausard* reporting staff, is now editor of the *Evening News* of Toronto, Mr. James Fahey having retired from that position.

The publishing house of Harper is quite a family affair, and in the establishment there are fathers, sons and grandsons. None of the family can be admitted to the firm unless they have become practical printers, and each one has his specialty in the office work.

Newspapers reflect pretty accurately the enterprize and prosperity of a community. Canadian journalism has within the last year taken an unexampled bound forward. The cause, of course, is the general improvement in business and the excellent outlook for the future.

A Toronto paper says that Miss Mary Green of Portland won a prize in a competition for a design for Christmas cards to be got out for next Christmas by Rolph, Smith & Co., of Toronto. Good! We don't see why more of our local talent do not enter into these competitions.

There was a rumor that Edward Jenkins, ex-M. P., author of "Ginx's Baby," "The Battle of Dorking," and other political satires, was going to Canada to edit a paper. When asked what truth there was in the story, Mr. Jenkins exclaimed that he would rather go to Botany Bay than edit a Canadian newspaper.

Edward Horton, one of the official reporters of the High Court of Justice of Ontario, and who was for years city editor of the *Globe*, has invented a new type-writing machine which bids fair to excel all its predecessors. It is being patented in Canada, the United States and Great Britain, and will in due course be put upon the market.

There was a disagreement between the compositors on the New York *Tribune* and their foreman which reached a climax on the evening of August 25th, when forty-three of the men quit work altogether and refused any longer to work under the foreman. Another story says that the men were discharged for acting in a disorderly manner.

The model daily newspaper of the future is to have no advertisements. The New York *Sun*, which is almost fanatical in its economy of space, looks forward to the time when it shall be able to devote all its columns to news

and editorial, but the reading public will require to display a good deal more liberality in purchasing papers than they have hitherto shown before this dream can be realized. Moreover, the advertising columns are often very interesting to considerable numbers of people.

The *British American Workman* is a new monthly publication designed to occupy the same field as that so ably filled in England by the *British Workman*. The number before us prevents a neat appearance. The matter is of an elevating character, and the illustrations first class. It is published by Messrs. Bengough, Moore & Bengough, Toronto.

Samuel J. Watson, an experienced journalist of the olden time, who had been for several years librarian of the Legislative Assembly of Ontario, died quite suddenly the other day. Archibald Blue, formerly of the *Toronto World* and *Globe*, and *St. Thomas Journal*, is spoken of as Mr. Watson's successor. No more suitable person could be selected.

James G. Patterson paid us a friendly call on the 27th August, while passing through this city en route for home. Mr. Patterson is brother to Robert L. Patterson, of Miller & Richard's agency, Toronto, and is at present engaged as bookkeeper to that firm. We trust he enjoyed himself and has found renewed health and strength from the breezes from "off the sea."

The Bookbinders' Benevolent Association of Toronto is offered as follows: President, R. Glockling; vice-president, Neil Shaw; treasurer, John Fawcett, re-elected; secretary, J. A. Ridley, re-elected; auditors, R. Macdonald, J. R. Scott; trustees, I. Jutson, N. Shaw; standing committee, R. Macdonald, R. Staples, E. Byron, H. Metcalfe, R. Snowden, J. Howe, C. Nicholson.

An Authors' Co-operative and Mutual Publishing Company, limited, has been incorporated in England, with a capital of \$50,000 in shares of \$5 each, its purpose being to carry on the publishing business on strictly co-operative principles. Thirty per cent. is promised to shareholders. The prospectus says that the large fortunes made by many of the publishing firms point to the profitable nature of the business.

David is at the head of the Paris bookbinders. He charges his own prices and works only for a certain set of rich men who put nothing

in their libraries that is not perfect. Lortic is another Frenchman who does exquisite work. Two volumes of Lafontain's Tales were bound by him at a cost of one thousand dollars for each volume, and they were octavos at that. If the covers had been solid gold they would not have cost so much. But each volume represented more than a year's labor by a first class workman who used more than ten thousand different tools in the work.

Thomas Rossignol, formerly pressman in the *Daily Telegraph* office, this city, stabbed (probably fatally) a man named Dobbins, in New York. Rossignol was arrested and brought for identification before the wounded man, who had been taken to the Chambers street Hospital. The surgeons having stated that Dobbins must die, his ante-mortem statement was taken, when Rossignol was brought before the coroner, who committed him to the Tombs.

Henry Armitage, who, in June last, purchased the Whitby (Ont.) *Defender* printing plant, has sold out to Mr. Sarney of the *Gazette*. The latter has removed the *Gazette* plant to the old Post Office building, which has been purchased by Mr. Sarney, who recently had a "windfall" from England. Mr. Armitage takes his old position as foreman of the *Gazette*. Mr. McLean, who has held the position for the past few months, returns to Forest.

The officers of Toronto Typographical Union No. 91 are as follows: Thos. Wilson, president; Robert McLaughlin, vice-president; Charles Reddy, treasurer; W. H. Parr, financial secretary; Samuel Treloar, recording secretary; E. Donovan, De Vere Hunt and James McMullin, standing committee; E. Meehan, W. Scott and W. J. Wilson, investigating committee; James Gedd, sergeant-at-arms; G. Coleman, J. Armstrong and John Lumsden, guardian committee.

The *Citizen*, a weekly paper of temperance, morality, and social progress, is now owned by gentlemen who have infused new capital and energy in the publication, and the editor, Mr. William Burgess, formerly of Liverpool, is making the paper a success. It is unique in respect of being the organ of the Toronto Women's Literary Club, a society whose object it is to advocate the rights and privileges of women. This department is edited by Mrs. S. A. Curzon, a talented writer.

The point nearest the South Pole at which newspapers are published is Invercargill, New Zealand, situated at 46° 25' South latitude. The publications farthest South upon the Continent of Africa are at Cape Town, 34° 56', South; and those farthest from the equator in South America are at San Carlos, Chile, at 41° 52'. None of these points are as far South of the equator as Central France is North.—*Hubbard's Newspaper and Bank Directory.*

William Furby, who died at Port Hope, at the ripe age of 81 years, was one of Canada's earliest journalists. The *Guide* says of him;—"His journalistic career dates from 1832, when he commenced the publication of the *Telegraph*, and afterwards (about 1842) the *Port Hope Gazette*, the latter of which only lived for a few years. The *Guide* was established in 1850. The old press which he imported more than forty years ago is still in this office."

The firm of Bengough Bros. has been dissolved, George Bengough retiring, and the remaining partner, J. W. Bengough, the cartoonist of *Grip*, has formed a partnership with his brother, Thoma Bengough, and Samuel Moore. The business will be carried on at 57 Adelaide street, East, in the building erected for the old firm. All the partners are practical printers and newspaper men, and they are developing in several original branches.

A meeting of journalists, for the purpose of establishing a club for social and mutually beneficial purposes, was held recently in Toronto, all the dailies and some of the weeklies being fairly represented. A committee appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws reported, and an organization was effected under the title of the "Quill Club." The following officers were elected: president, Patrick Boyle; vice-president, Phillips Thompson; secretary, George B. Brooks; treasurer, Alex. F. Pirie.

The Boycotting method has been adopted by the workingmen of Detroit. The *Free Press* of that city refuses to employ union printers, and it is alleged, pays less than union wages. The cause of the printers has been taken up by the trades union men, and at a mass-meeting resolutions were unanimously adopted condemning the *Free Press* and recommending workingmen neither to buy the paper nor patronize those who use it as an advertising medium, "until such time as its proprietors recog-

nize the rights of its employés to enjoy personal liberty." A Boycotting circular was distributed to the audience with a black list of all merchants and others who advertised in the *Free Press*, and calling on all workingmen to withhold their patronage from the firms named until it is announced that their advertising is withdrawn. This feature of Boycotting is something of a novelty, and if adopted as part of the workingmen's tactics it would no doubt speedily put capital on its good behavior.—*Ex.*

*Bengough's Cosmopolitan Shorthand Writer* is now published by the new firm of Bengough, Moore & Bengough, its title having been changed from the *Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer*. It is conducted by Thos. Bengough, a member of the firm, who is official reporter of the York County Courts. The idea of the journal was originated by him, but for the best part of a year the magazine has been run in other hands. The prospects for the publication under the new management are very bright.

Our old friend, John A. Macdonald (not the Premier), perhaps better known among the craft as "Kivas Pyke," has turned up in Arnprior Ont., where he is "billed" as one of the "editors and proprietors"—John Munn being the other—of *The Arnprior Chronicle and South Renfrew Gazette*. We should judge, by the look of the paper, that Mac. took a leading part. The number before us—No. 44, Vol. II.—contains an idyll entitled "Bill Clark, the Frapper," from the ready pen of our friend, and also an account of a sociable given by the brethren of the "Three Links," at which we were pleased to notice Bro. Macdonald took quite a prominent part.

A new weekly sporting paper of considerable pretensions has recently been started in Toronto. The publisher, proprietor, and editor is the indefatigable E. King Dodds, the founder, and for several years the owner, of the *Canadian Sporting Times*. Mr. Dodds has not resuscitated his old journal, but has started an entirely new paper, under the title of *Canadian Sportsman and Live Stock Journal*. The *Canadian Sportsman* is a credit to its promoter, and deserves the support of every man interested in the development of his own or any other race. There should be plenty of room in Canada for such a paper, forming as it will in a handy form a complete and faithful record of all sporting events at home and abroad.



Too many printers sell their work too cheap. "I am actually ashamed to quote figures on this job," said the manager of a large printing house, "but if I don't make them away down to nothing, I know of a house that will." In our opinion this is not right. What good does it do to work for nothing? It's a conundrum we have never been able to solve. It does not require any great business skill to work for nothing.

Our attention has been drawn to a curious mistake in a very large number of the calendars for 1881. In a majority of those noticed by us (both Canadian and American) September is credited with thirty-one days, while almost everybody, even to the small school-boy, has heard and knows the old rhyme commencing with "Thirty days hath September," etc. In those calendars in which the mistake occurs, October commences all right with Saturday. We hardly know how to account for such a silly blunder on the part of the printers, and must put it down to gross carelessness.

A German has succeeded in compounding a cement for attaching metal to metal or to wood. The new cement is in every respect well adapted for securing stereotype plates to their wooden base. He hopes to be able to apply the composition in question to the surface of linen or canvas, so that in mounting a plate it shall only be necessary to cut a piece of the fabric or plaster to the size of the block and insert it between the wood and the metal. After the surface has been weighted for a short time with a piece of warm iron, the adhesion of the two substances, the one to the other, will be complete.

Dr. Mackie is making some fresh experiments with his composing machine. Among other improvements is an entirely novel arrangement which practically supersedes spelling, the operator acting in a manner much like hand-setting upon syllables, words, and phrases, by one motion, which will admit of no "literals," as they themselves are of permanent matrices. Dr. Mackie's composers are also to be made larger, in order that they may hold 750 different divisions, enabling combinations in every variety to be secured by one movement, and a ceaseless flow of some 30,000 types an hour from one machine. Dr. Mackie also thinks that he will, by the aid of type-casting machinery, eventually do away with distribution.

A correspondent of the *Typologie Tucker* recommends a plan which is in use in some printing offices, of cleansing forms by a jet of steam, instead of with ley, to which he considers it preferable. Steam, he says, has the advantage of rapidly boiling the oil of the ink, which condenses it, gets rid of all dirt, and leaves the type perfectly clean. Types cleansed by this means always look new, and the oxidation produced by potash, which is so injurious to the skin, is avoided. Let the form be subject to the jet of steam for two minutes. The heat will dry the types almost instantaneously, and much facilitate distribution. As no brushes and potash are required, the expense of fixing up the piping is very soon saved.

One of the most famous printing establishments in France—that of the Lahures—has eighty tons of type, and the following working plant: Three of Marinoni's rotary presses; two presses of two colors; twenty reiteration machines; five white paper machines; seventeen hand-presses; four Minerva presses; four steam engines; one gas motor; twelve Muniman damping machines; three rolling mills for wetting and glazing; in the folding room, five *massicauts*, one hydraulic press, three percussion presses; stereotype rooms, a carpenter's shop, six thousand punches, fifteen thousand matrices, ten thousand wood-cuts. Five hundred workmen are employed, and many of the grandest works in French literature are manufactured.

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Lugin were very much surprised on Saturday evening, October 1st, when a large party of ladies and gentlemen marched into their house and took possession. On enquiry, they were informed that the company had come to assist them to celebrate their "crystal" wedding, the anniversary of which, they had been credibly informed, was October 2nd. There was no help for it, but Mrs. L. had to put away her ironing, while Fred. did "his level best" to dispose of the company to the best advantage. A very pleasant evening was spent, conversation, vocal and instrumental music, recitations, games, etc., forming the principal amusements indulged in. The party broke up at a seasonable hour, and the host and hostess found themselves the possessors of a large number of valuable presents in crystal. We wish Mr. and Mrs. Lugin many happy returns of the anniversary.

There is a vacancy in the "devil" department in this office. This is the way it happened. We were writing about St. Petersburg, and had forgotten the name of the river that flows by it. "The Neva," replied the foreman, to whom we had propounded the question. "What! Neva?" said the printer's devil, which were the last words he spoke. The office closed early that day to allow the compositors an opportunity to attend the funeral.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A glue ready for use is made by adding to any quantity of glue, common whiskey, instead of water. Put both together in a bottle, cork it tight and set it for three or four days, when it will be fit for use without the application of heat. Glue thus prepared will keep for years, and is at all times fit for use, except in very cold weather, when it should be set in warm water before using. To obviate the difficulty of the stopper getting tight by the glue drying in the mouth of the vessel, use a tin vessel with the cover fitting tight on the outside to prevent the escape of the spirit by evaporation. A strong solution of isinglass, made in the same manner, is an excellent cement for leather.

Says the editor of the Cartersville (Ga.) *Express*: "There is a little brown-eyed, enthusiastic, high-spirited lady, who, after she has cooked breakfast and cleared away the things, set the house to rights, attended the call of the bread wagon and milked the cow, dons her hat and cloak, comes into this office, yanks us out of the editorial easy chair, pounces on the exchanges, amputates every item of interest, stacks them on the copy hook, grabs up a Faber, travels it over a quire of editor's manuscript paper, removes her snowy-white apron, shoves up her sleeves, grabs a stick and rule and sets it all into type, reads the proofs and corrects every error. That's our wife, and she will get her reward in Heaven."

**FLOUR PASTE.**—A thoroughly competent gentleman sends us the following recipe for making flour paste. We shouldn't be surprised if it proved first-class in its way:

Take  $\frac{1}{2}$  pint of water,  $\frac{1}{2}$  oz. clear alum; put in a skillet or tin dipper and set where it will quickly boil. While this is heating, take 2 oz. good flour, 1 gill water (warm); mix to a smooth cream, and when the first mixture boils briskly pour the flour and water into it and stir up well. Continue the heat until the starch in

the flour is dissolved, with frequent or continuous stirring, so as to prevent the flour from sticking to the bottom and becoming scorched. Remove from the fire and when nearly cold add to drops creosote and 20 drops oil of cloves. Mix well by stirring and transfer to your paste dish. A bottle with a wide mouth, which can be closed with a cork, is found by the writer to be the best for his own use. In open vessels it may dry up soon, but will bear frequent additions of water.

A deaf and dumb printer entered a newspaper office in St. Louis, and the editor, thinking him an impostor, asked him to take a drink, but the printer remained silent as a saw-log, and the editor was satisfied. If there is anything in this world that will make a dumb printer talk, it is an invitation to take a drink, and when he does not hear it, he is so deaf that he has to hunt for himself with a lantern. So they say.

#### MARRIED.

At Charlottetown, P. E. I., on the 15th September, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. H. P. Cowperthwaite, Mr. C. P. Fletcher, late of the *Island Argus*, to Leah Maud, eldest daughter of Henry Douse, Esq.

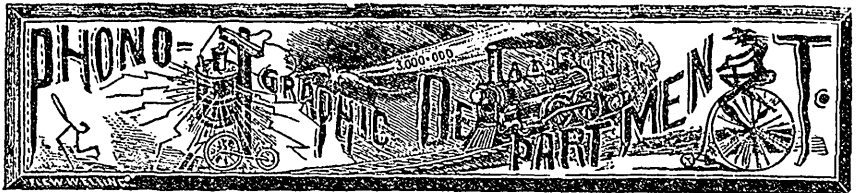
On Tuesday, 13th September, at St. Mary's Protestant Episcopal Church, Summerside, P. E. I., by the Rev. T. S. Richey, Mr. William A. Brennan, proprietor and publisher of the *Summerside Journal*, to Rosara M., eldest daughter of the Hon. John Lefurgey, M. P. P.

#### Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

"**Brown's Household Remedy**" 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 Remedy, "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.



CONDUCTED BY - - - T. WILLIAM BELL.

Rather Mixed.

The longer we learn the more we live, and don't you forget it. We sat down and rested our weary limbs on the soft side of the tenth or inverted edition of this old truism the other day about the time we arrived at the jumping off place in an editorial from the pen of a Scovillifer of Standard Phonography who had taken occasion to place upon record the following little piece of intelligence:—"Andrew J. Graham, the author of the briefest phonetic system, does not use his own contractions, as was told the writer in that gentleman's office a few months ago."

Three or four thousand years and a half ago, the work of making known to fourteen fellow creatures, living all the way between Ohio and Bunker Hill, the fact that Cleveland wa. the headquarters of the tallest lyrist on record, would have cost about as much as a whole winter's tailoring bill for a family of forty-four boys, two girls and four infants; but in these days of Cayenne competition, when the very best flour travels in a Pullman palace car from Chicago to Jericho for sixteen cents a barrel, we have little reason to wonder when we run up against the discovery that Cleveland can spread the same news even as far as St. John, New Brunswick all the year around to fourteen regular subscribers for one dollar a head, with a liberal discount to "exchanges."

No doubt some of our friends and acquaintances for two pins would tell us that we ought to drop this misleading publication from our list of exchanges; but if these friends and acquaintances could only enjoy some of the fun that we get out of such outlandish statements, they would rather discontinue the Burlington *Hawkeye*, and send Bobbie Burdette over the hill to the poorhouse.

In order that our readers may be enabled to form a rounder idea as to the area of erudition

that some phonographic editors have a clear title to, we clip from the same article the following:—"Take, for instance, the Murphy Brothers, the famous Congressional reporters, who write Benn Pitman's shorthand as embodied in his seventh edition."

Who, in the name of phonography, ever heard, dreamt or imagined that Benn Pitman was the author of a seventh edition, or that the Murphy Brothers were Benn Pitmanites? We are not a sporting character, so we won't bet any money, but we'll award a first prize to the first man that comes first to the front with documents which will convince us that Benn has published a seventh edition, and that the Murphy boys are followers thereof. The prize we offer is to be nothing less than our best go-to meetin' double-barrelled shooting jacket, complete in seventy-three parts, with breech-loading elbows. Here's a bonanza for some one!

All joking aside, it is certainly unfortunate that our Cleveland contemporary should not receive better editorial treatment than it does. If the editors find it difficult to reach at facts, let them say so, and we'll ship them a whole wastebasket full of matter, post-paid, that will benefit the readers of the *Shorthand Review* more than anything they have read in its columns since the day of its creation. Or, here's another proposition: If the editors of the *Shorthand Review* have a first-class bank account, and should they feel troubled with a particular desire to elevate the standing of their little publication, we'll furnish them with red-hot-right-from-the-oven original matter at Western Union rates—twenty-five cents for ten words and one cent for each and every additional word.

It is well known that we take a lively interest in anybody and everybody whose looks, actions or pretensions indicate that they belong to the little band of phonographic journalists, and if we were to allow our pen to follow our inclinations we would right here give our Cleveland

friends the benefit of special and very much reduced rates, viz.: two and a half cents per yard, double width; but we are afraid lest these low figures for such an excellent quality of goods should arouse the suspicion of the shorthand world and lead our best friends to regard us as a propagator of literary larceny.

#### A Story of the Period.

In some parts of the United States of New Brunswick opinion is pretty much divided as to the advantage to be gained over the cross period by the use of the long right-inclined stroke, but we are very happy, indeed, to be able to say that no such unsatisfactory state of affairs exists in the immediate vicinity of our editorial stump, for there may be found perfect unanimity so far as the question as to the most desirable form to be employed to represent, phonographically, a full stop is concerned. Yes, be it not forgotten that the bald-headed old chap who makes his pen perform tricks for the monthly amusement of the readers of our phonographic department is always to be found unanimously unanimous in declaring that the promiscuous use of cross periods is a dangerously dangerous piece of business. Ah! well do we remember that unhappy afternoon, just forty-seven years ago to-day, when we met Susan's papa and a cowhide on or about the corner of Black-and-Tan and Old Jerusalem streets. We did not have any inclination or opportunity to take the old man's speech down *verbatim*, but his words left about as deep an impression on our mind as the cowhide left on our — well, never mind; and, of course, we have never forgotten any of the unhappy hits that the old snoozer made. A pen and ink sketch of the full particulars connected with the sad affair would cover both sides of all the cream-laid fool's-cap that now covers the spinal column of our mahogany quadruped, and as serving out copy on more than one side of the paper is an unpardonable breach of penny-a-liner etiquette, which, in our establishment, means sure death with hard labor to the offender, our readers will have to content themselves with a sort of a tuckered up or Knickerbocker account that some may consider as being a little too short. However, as the girls say, we hope it won't be so short as to reveal any of the underskirt.

This is how it happened: We met Sue for the first time at old Pickwick's tooth-picking picnic,

and we didn't take many minutes to make up our mind that she was a Superior girl, and of course we proceeded without any delay to make her one of our dearly beloved friends. There was nobody on the picnic grounds whose acquaintance Sue and myself could both claim, consequently, to perform the operation of making ourselves known to each other was, or, rather, would have been, a piece of up-hill work had we been anything else than a newspaper man. We spent a most enjoyable afternoon, and time skipped by as it never skipped before. When the steamer whistled "all aboard," Sue's papa didn't happen to turn up and she smilingly accepted our kind offer to accompany her home. We don't profess to know much about the geography of a steamboat, so our readers will kindly pass over, as pleasantly as possible, any misplaced nautical terms. Anyhow, to continue in our own way of telling a story, Sue and her paper man, or, we should say, with all due respect to ourself, her newspaper man, found comfortable quarters in that part of the ferry boat which, had it been a family carriage, would have been called the back seat, and "Eros reigned supreme." Our conversation hopped about from one subject to another, until it had touched upon everything to be found between the North Pole and picnic lemonade, which, of course, included the winged art, a fair knowledge of which, we were fairly delighted to learn, our fair one was in possession of. Sue was a divine conversationalist, and we could just live on anything that flowed from her sweet lips. Our *lete a tele*, which we kept up until the steamer touched the landing place, was too awfully utter for anything; or, rather, it might so have been, had some miserably mean wretch not created a disturbance by crying out "Man overboard!" which alarm was, as a matter of course, followed by a grand stampede of all hands in the direction of our back seat, from which quarter the scoundrel declared he was positively certain that a noise as of some person tumbling overboard and suffering from a hopeless case of whirlpool suction had proceeded. Upon receiving from us the assurance that nothing unusual had occurred at our end of the boat, the intruding ones retired to their respective places. We observed, however, that one of the crowd exhibited something of a tendency to hang around and lend us his company, but we didn't suspect that this individual was our prospective

father-in-law, a fact which we subsequently came in possession of. Evidently the fears excited in the old gentleman by the alarm that was raised were much easier subsided than were the doubts that yet lingered in his mind as to the correctness of the statement that nothing unusual had taken place in our vicinity.

As we were gaily tripping down the gangway leading from the steamer to the landing, our gaze was met by about ninety-five feet of four hundred and forty-seven line pica on a neighboring coal yard fence. It was an announcement that the Punch and Judy Minstrels were coming. At this moment a recollection came to us which saturated our entire being with a feeling of gladness, to be compared only with that which seizes a schoolboy when, having dismantled the wax works, he unseals and opens his sleepy eyes to find that Saturday morning has come once more. It was the recollection that a few days previously we had been presented with a pair of complimentaries by the Punch and Judy advance agent, which donation was going to enable us to take our Susie darling to the show without running more than the usual risk of having to ask at the end of the week anything in the way of an extension of time from our unaccommodating old landlady. With a smile that was both becoming and bewitching, Sue thanked us for our very kind invitation, stating at the same time that she had something of an aversion to shows of the lower order, but would gladly favor this one with her attendance for the sake of existing an hour or two in the company of a distinguished personage, the influence of whose mind of minds could not be otherwise than highly beneficial to those smaller ones over which it should happen to be exercised.

When the last echoes of Sue's little piece of eloquence had died away we made the discovery that our defective memory in the matter of dates had once more betrayed us, for we could not with any degree of satisfaction discern through the medium of our recollecting apparatus whether Punch and Judy were billed to commence operations that night, the following night, or the night following the following night. At all events, we presumed the Punch and Judy season would, in all likelihood, extend itself over something more than a single evening, and that, after having selected the one most suitable to our convenience, it would be a very easy matter to make an engagement with our fair friend

for that evening. Accordingly, we proposed that we should inquire into the state of affairs, and perfect arrangements through the agency of the letter-carrier. Sue stamped our proposition with her approval, and as we were now at the garden gate, the hour being somewhat late, we bid our darling Sue an affectionate adieu and vamoosed.

Kidnapping the earliest opportunity that we could lay our hands on to acquaint ourselves with the night, hour and exhibition grounds that were going to bring forth the Punch and Judy family, we invested a small amount of Canadian currency in a Bessemer steel pen and a platform postal card, upon which we consigned to our "truly truly" a full cargo of phonographic spider legs. Our open air epistle did not number a mighty multitude of words, but the sentences were short, sweet and plentiful, each of which were partitioned off by a very neatly executed cross period. The total number of these little crosses summed up something in the neighborhood of forty-two, and dishealed what fetched all de trouble on de ole man's brow.

For a whole day after the picnic excursion had taken place, the old man showed signs of being very much exercised over the suspicion awakened in his bosom—a suspicion that his darling Susana was in the habit of participating in those awfully naughty kissing games. He had never been an eye-witness to any such "demoralizing performances," but the music of the whirlpool still lingered in his ears. He had made up his mind to lay low and wait for the development of something stronger than anything that bordered upon mere circumstantial evidence before introducing a civil war into his family circle, and it was when he responded on the morning of the second day to the postman's knock at the hall door and relieved him of a bundle of letters and papers that he came into possession of what he considered convicting material of the black and white order. It was our postal card of many sentences and miniature crosses, and the crosses were what old Monsieur Paterfamilias took for labial imprints of the post office species.

What this case of mistaken identity brought forth within the walls of the venerable snoozer's clapboard castle we are not prepared to say, but we do know all about what it brought forth within the walls of our navy blue English walk-

ing suit. It seems almost needless to make any mention of the fact that in our interview with the knight of the cowhide we acquired sufficient food for thought to last us all the way through the following fourteen days and fourteen nights. In fact, the old wretch gave us so much to think about that we never thought about calling around for his sweet Susana when show night came along.

In concloooshending, we would say that if any of our phonographic brethren should ever be overtaken with a desire to explore our premises with the view of discovering the shortest and most expeditious way of travelling from our sanctum sanctorum to the asphalt sidewalk on the other side of the street, let them consider this a cordial and official invitation to call around when the front window is open and offer us about two seconds' worth of argument in favor of the use of the phonographic cross period.

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#### Glad Tidings.

We are unspeakably delighted to observe that Mr. D. L. Scott-Browne, the proprietor and managing editor of the *Phonographic Monthly*, has at last turned over a new leaf. His paper, which for a long time looked more like a phonographic mud cart than anything else, is now a magazine without a fault. Whether this desirable change is the result of our persistent efforts to whitewash the now spotless publication it does not become us to say. If all the credit of converting Mr. Brown does not belong to us we presume the revisers of the New Testament are entitled to that portion which we may not be accorded with, that being the only other influence which, at the present time, could possibly work successfully upon the mind of one who was so antagonistic to everything Standard-Phonographic as the editor of the *Monthly*.

The July and August numbers of the new *Monthly* which are now before us contain practical articles and items of interest. Once upon a time the pages filled with these were crowded with the vilest fabrications concerning Mr. Graham and his Standard system that a bitter enemy could invent.

Now that Mr. Browne has been delivered of the evil spirits, we will be happy to place his magazine once more on our list of exchanges, which will afford us more pleasure than consigning to our waste basket "sample copies" of the *Monthly*, as it was in the past.

#### A Dunner.

Jimmie Munson, a short time ago, issued a circular in which he substantially says: "I kinder spect this here *Nooze* of mine will be up an' gettin' afore a great spell. Howsomever, if she don't 'come to' mighty sudden, I'll jest haul out my wallet and squar off the boys whose subscrip'ts hadn't zackly 'spired when we busicated."

If Jim will only be a little more definite regarding the date he intends returning subscriptions, we might call around and present for payment a little bill we have against the late *Munson's Phonographic News* for preparing and publishing an obituary notice. We hope Jimmie will bear in mind that the man who kicks against settling funeral expenses is universally regarded as one who is lost to all sense of common decency, and will have a great deal to answer for when the day arrives for unfolding of that great volume in which are recorded the doings and sayings of siningraphers of all systems. If Jim refuses to favor us with a settlement the only reason to be assigned for his conduct is that he labors under the impression that the big book is kept by a staff of "Practical" and "Complete" phonographic Munsonites, which, of course, means a most imperfect record, wherein nine-tenths of the most serious offences have failed to find even standing room.

Perhaps the author of "Complete Phonography" will discover when it is too late that his system was not so widely known as he was so fond of proclaiming. Perhaps, too, he will discover, when it is too late, that the charge, "Ignoring the *Miscellany* man's just claim," didn't happen, through the inability of any fifteen-word-a-minute Munsonite to "get it all down," to fall in with serious offences which failed to find even standing room.

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The *Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer* for August is an excellent number. The cartoons are the best that Bengough has yet given to the world. We had never been able to make up our mind as to who should take the cake, Bengough or Nast, but such a doubt no longer exists with us. Canada forever!

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The *Student's Journal* is always a welcome visitor, and we want it to come often and stay long. This true-blue monthly has never any wicked things to say about Standard Phonography, and that's the reason why we like it.

## "SORTS."

Will playing ten pins make a man bowl egged?  
A woman hates a question, but loves to ask one.

The livery man's motto—"Sleigh and spare not."

A yacht can stand on a tack without swearing. A man can't.

The machinery of a steamboat is often a mere screw driver.

The dog with the longest tail is the biggest wag of the pack.

A great curiosity—A plate of butter from the cream of a joke.

Next to a clear conscience, for solid comfort, give us an easy boot.

Was there ever an individual unlucky enough to be kissed by the mouth of a river?

Hoop skirts are to be revived and there is a great deal of bustle in the feminine world.

The wise editor should sail lightly down the stream of life, because he is a good clipper.

No lady with any refinement will use her husband's meerschaum pipe to drive nails in the wall.

The lilies of the field "toil not, neither do they spin," but they have their blowout just the same.

The fatted calf was killed that a forgiving father might re-veal his feelings towards a prodigal son.

Woman tempted man to eat, but he took to drinking of his own accord. "Got me there," said an old toper.

Getting up in the morning is like getting up in the world. You cannot do either without more or less self-denial.

Eighteen hundred and eighty one does not resemble a pair of lovers on a sofa, because there is one at each end.

Some editors are born lucky, some acquire luck in after life, and others have libel suits thrust upon them. There are many bright sides to the profession.

"Hades" looks very nice in print, but it lacks the ring of true wickedness when an editor is looking for an expletive to spit in the face of a delinquent subscriber.

A fashionable paper says "gathered waists are very much worn." If the men would gather the waists carefully, and not squeeze so hard, they would not be worn so much.

Sunday-school teacher (reprovingly): "Boys, do you know what day this is?" Street boy: "Hi, fellers! here's a feller that don't know what day this is! I guess he's been out all night."

When a Kansas editor takes his affidavit that he saw a grasshopper light down on the back of a robin and lift him two feet high in an effort

to carry him off, it is simply one solitary instance of the wonderful richness of the soil of that state. Next year they are going to tame the grasshopper and use him to hunt rats.

The way to get real well acquainted with people is not to sit on their front door steps but to loaf around their back yards. The man who is the same in his back yard as he is on his front doorstep is the party you want to tie to.

Dr. Franklin's mother-in-law objected to her daughter marrying a printer, because there were already two printing offices in the United States, and she didn't think the country could support three. Her prophetic vision was limited.

A Rhode Island man called a neighbor a "lantern-jawed cockroach." A suit for slander resulted, and the jury returned as follows: "Not guilty on lantern-jawed, but away off on cockroach, and we find damages in the sum of three cents."

"Did your son contract any bad habits while in college, Mrs. Mulvany?" "Sorry the way of him, sorr; he contracted all the good ones he had when he went there, and small enough they were, sorr, widout any contraction. It's losin' he'll be on the contract, I'm belavin'."

A Moncton girl stuffed the sleeve of an old coat with straw and placed it around her waist as she sat in the bay window wrapped in the soft June twilight. It looked all right and natural from a distance, and broke the neighbor girls all up with envy, but the satisfaction she derived from the hug was about as thin as strained moonshine.

WANTED—A compositor. One who uses neither tobacco or rum." Thus read an advertisement, and we'll bet our boots to a laden dollar, that that man's place was crowded with applicants, and that the passers-by thought there was a funeral there. The idea of a compositor drinking or chewing! Pretty soon they'll accuse editors and reporters of staying away from chauch.

When a Western editor becomes indignant there is no end to his sarcasm and fury. The editor of the *St. Louis Post Dispatch* refers to a contemporary by saying: "Since the humorous editor of the *Republican* took to wearing a liver pad at the back of his head he has developed wonderfully." And a Leavenworth (Kan.) editor, speaking of an odious rival, says: "He was not born to be clubbed or shot to death. A higher fate (about twenty feet) awaits him, and it is a consciousness of this that harrows his soul by day and shadows his dreams by night, till his mind, what little he has, is overcome by a morbid sensitiveness that sees the ghosts of his murdered victims behind every corner, and an office in every bush. Let him alone. He is undergoing, every day that he lives, the expiation of his crimes, unmistakably evidenced in the lines of hell that burn in his heart and flame out of his face. Outraged law and nature are gradually getting even with him."

**T**O 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 "PEER-LESS" 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 Headings 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 Pins and Feed Guides.

E. L. M'GILL, 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.

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

## Printing Inks.

GEO. H. MORRILL, 30 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, 82 Prince William street, 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. 35.

Regular meeting, second Saturday of each month.

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

WM. H. EATON, President.  
JOHN LAW, Cor.-Sec., P. O. Box No. 265.  
WM. H. COATES, Rec.-Sec.

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