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# The Printer's Miscellany.

VOL. I.

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

No. 9.

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[Selected from our Scrap Book.]

## The Art of Displaying Type.

NUMBER I.

The art of displaying type is often erroneously considered as the exclusive function of the job printer. The book or news compositor is apt to think that a knowledge of this branch of the art is not a necessary part of his education. It is a mistake. He cannot be considered a good compositor who is incompetent to set up a good book title or a neatly displayed advertisement, for these are duties strictly within his province.

We have no reason now to complain of the poverty of our materials. It would be almost impossible to number or to strictly classify the distinct faces, sizes, and styles of modern types. Where the type-founders have done so well, it is not unreasonable in the public to look for a corresponding advance on the part of the compositor. It is much more difficult to be a good compositor now than it was one hundred years ago. The good presswork of the last century would pass muster with honor; but the good composition of that period would not now be tolerated.

The utility and importance of a knowledge of the best methods of display will not need any elaboration. However utilitarian any man may be in his tendencies, he cannot fail to note the superior merit of a properly displayed piece of composition. The subject-matter, the thought itself, of any form of printing, should be its chief attraction; but there is no written matter so wise or so witty that the method of arranging the types, by which

the wise or witty idea is conveyed to the reader, can be passed by as of trivial importance. A badly-arranged title page, a profuse peppering of italics or capitals, or a neglect to proportion blanks, spaces and margins, will repel an ordinary reader quite as effectually as dullness in the subject itself. How many persons would read accepted poems if they were run in solid? How many would read standard histories if they were set up in solid minion double columns? We have but to look at some of our old books again to perceive the necessity of a proper arrangement of type. Irrespective of subject-matter, the reading of one book is a pleasure, the reading of another a drudgery.

The superior attraction of a good modern book is due to its arrangement. In the old book there are no chapter-heads, no blanks, no paragraphs, no relief whatever to the eye. In the modern we have systematic divisions, displayed headings, paragraphs, capitals, italics, and suitable captions. This is one of the many forms of displaying types, the utility of which cannot be questioned. The first inference to be drawn is, that to make books look inviting and subject-matter attractive, there must be leads between the lines, frequent use of paragraphs, a systematic division of the subject in chapters and captions, and good broad margins. To sum all up briefly, there must be much more white than black on the page. This rule should be remembered, for it will apply almost as well to posters as to book pages.

Before the novice can reasonably hope to become expert in displaying type, it is important that he should have a clear idea of the effect he wishes to produce. He must first know what a good piece of display is, and what are the points that make it good. If he undertakes to study the matter, he will first perceive that in most pieces of display there are various sizes and styles of type. He will rightly infer that contrast is one of the methods by which the desired effect is produced—he will notice contrasts in the sizes, shapes and shades of the type. He will see that a line of capitals is often followed by a line of lower-case—that a long line is preceded by a short line—that the prominent lines are black, while the catch-lines are small and light—that antique type appears all the blacker and bolder by reason of its juxtaposition with light-faced Roman—that prominent lines are most prominent when they are not followed or preceded by lines of the same length. The inference would be, that bold and effective display can be secured only by using the best methods of making contrast—that display itself is nothing but contrast.

To a great extent this is true; but it is not always correct. There are other kinds of display work than posters—work in which violent contrasts are useless as well as in bad taste. Book titles would be disguised by strict imitation of the method by which a poster is improved. The reason is obvious: the book is held in the hand, the poster is to be read, if need be, across the street; the book title needs no violent contrast to arrest attention, while the poster is ineffective without this violent contrast; the poster is an isolated piece of work, and need

not agree with any other, but the book title must be in some kind of harmony with the type in the text. It appears, then, that harmony in the grouping of type is as essential in one case as contrast is in the other. And here we come to another rule: the finer, more artistic and more elegant the class of work, the less need of contrast and the greater need of harmony. There may be contrast in the sizes of the type, but there must be harmony in the general effect. All the lines must look as if they were in some way connected. We have, then, two distinct and apparently opposite qualities to be reconciled, so as to produce good effect. Let us first consider the methods of securing contrast.

1. *Contrast of Size*, from diamond up, which needs no explanation.

2. *Contrast of Style*, as may be shown in Roman, Italic, Antique, Gothics, Black, Ornamented, Script, etc. There are many varieties of all these styles. The radical difference between upper and lower-case may also be classified under the contrast of style.

3. *Contrast of Shade*.—Most Roman type is light, while Antiques, Gothics and Titles are black, in shade. By the skilful contrasting of these two distinct shades the most violent contrasts are produced. It is the blackness or lightness of any type, more than any other quality, that qualifies or disqualifies it for use. Ornamental types occupy a middle position between the extreme blackness of Antique and the lightness of Roman. Seen from a distance they look gray. It is this grayness, this dissimilarity in shade, quite as much as any grace of design, that makes Ornamental type attractive. An Ornamental line inserted between an Antique and a Roman not only gives greater prominence to each, by its difference in form, but serves also to harmonize both, by its approximation to each in shade.

4. *Contrast of Shape*.—The plain form, condensed, expanded.

Here, then, we have differences that can be combined in infinite variations. We must, however, study the points of difference to make good contrasts and proper effects.

If a poster is set up exclusively in light-faced Roman, even with a great variety of sizes, it will not be bold and effective. It has no blackness of shade or color; it cannot be read at a distance; it fails in its first purpose, the arresting of careless eyes. An effective poster should have mixed type, and that type should be bold.

If a book title is set in bold Gothic or Antique, with ever so much care and judgment, no beauty of cut in type or skill in grouping can make it attractive. It is clumsy, for it is not in keeping with the text that follows, and is offensively and needlessly black.

Set up a large poster in mixed type; aim to make it as bold as possible; let every line be full, or nearly so; separate the lines by pica reglets only. The proof of such a job will show that the effect intended is defeated. The crowding of the type together to produce increased blackness and boldness has produced confusion only. There must be a certain amount of white surface left to give relief to the eye and perspicuity to the type. If this is neglected, the stronger the contrast the more effective the display.

Set up a note circular with light Script and mixed display of Ornamental type in crowded space. The types selected may be most beautiful, but the job, as a whole, will look weak and ineffective, for there is no contrast of shade, and no relief to the eye. Remove the Orna-

mentals; insert instead plain Italic caps, or even Antiques, lead out liberally, and give the types a fair chance for show, and the job may look perfect. It will certainly be more neat and tasteful.

Set up a poster in mixed type; let the first short line be in condensed Antique, let the next following line be in expanded Roman, and you will have a violent contrast, but poor display, and in bad taste. Put the inferior line in expanded type and the principal line in Antique (not condensed), and the incongruity will not be so palpable. The expanded type is not suitable in long lines, nor the condensed type in short lines. The reversion of the plain rule makes the contrast of shape in the type absurd when considered with reference to the unequal division of blank space around the types.

Again, set up a piece of displayed work exclusively in Ornamental type, and let them be of the most beautiful styles. In most cases the effect produced will be quite unpleasant. The absence of contrast in shape and shade will give a dull monotony to the work that no beauty of the type can redeem. Remove some of the Ornamental lines and put plain Romans, Antiques or Gothics in their place, and the effect will be quite magical. The plain type will be clearer, the Ornamental type more beautiful, and the work as a whole much more effective. It follows that beautiful type will not always make beautiful work—that the style of type used in one line must be in contrast to and yet in agreement with the type in preceding and following lines. This is the whole art of display—to make the work look effective.

This effect, however, cannot be produced only by balancing of long lines with short lines, or a contrast of large with small types. The use of display is not to show a large and varied stock of type, but to make the subject more clear and readable. The job is best displayed that presents most clearly and forcibly the purpose of the writer. It is the effect that is wanted, and to that object all artificial rules must give way.

If the compositor is ignorant of the effect that is wanted, it is not possible that he can please. He should, therefore, train himself to think over the object of his work, of the effect intended. If he understands this clearly, he will be of more importance to him than the knowledge of any technical rules: he will have but little difficulty in properly displaying the most difficult copy. He should be further told that this knowledge cannot be imparted by the foreman; it can be acquired only by cultivation of habits of perception.

Two displayed lines of the same size and the same length should not be allowed together. Their proximity and uniformity prevent contrast and defeat display. For the same reason, two displayed lines of precisely the same size and style, should not be allowed together, unless the words or clauses intended for display are so closely connected that they cannot be divided. For example: the words Knickerbocker Life Insurance Company may be required as a leading display line in a narrow measure. There is no type sufficiently condensed, and yet sufficiently clear, to give these words proper prominence. They must be separated into two or more lines. It is usual, in such a case, to make each line of a distinct face of type. But there is no reason why the faces of type should differ. The clause will not admit of it. The name is one, and all the words constituting it should be taken together and displayed alike; for there is no other word in the clause that has any natural prominence over its fellows.

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.**

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

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

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

P. O. Box No. 737.

**ADVERTISING RATES.**

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

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

**The Printer's Miscellany.**

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

**To Employing Printers and Publishers.**

We heartily thank the editorial fraternity for the very kind and, in some instances, elaborate notices given our little *protege*—the *Miscellany*—on the occasion of its late enlargement, and beg to assure them that their good opinions are highly valued, and their kind wishes and words of encouragement are fully appreciated. At the same time, in returning thanks, we would ask them if any of their printers read the *Miscellany*—it is printed for their especial benefit. If none are now subscribers to it, could they not send us in just *one* name accompanied by the money. And, if it is as good as represented, why not furnish it to at least *one* apprentice. It would, we feel assured, be a profitable investment, for the value of it—fifty cents—would be returned more than a hundred fold in good, intelligent and faithful work, to say nothing of the kind and emulative feelings it would awaken in their young hearts toward their employers. It would be a kindness not easily forgotten, but one which would be brought to their minds monthly by the welcome—we hope—visits of this little monitor of instruction and duty. We ask employing printers to consider this matter for a moment, and we feel assured that they will arrive at the just conclusion that, while they are

helping us to build up a periodical which shall be a credit to the craft, they are, at the same time, contributing to their own success in business by putting it in the way of their operatives to become better and more intelligent workmen. Not that we claim any special mission to instruct, but we contend that a practical printer—be he man or boy—cannot peruse a periodical solely devoted to the art without deriving some benefit—no matter how poor the periodical may be. And further, that whatever makes the workman more intelligent and handy with the implements of his profession, must surely benefit the employer in a corresponding degree. We feel that in asking for *one* subscriber from each printing office, we are not asking too much. Just send in *one*, and leave the rest to us. We have hopes of being able to make the *Miscellany* so interesting that they will *all* subscribe for it in time. Besides, as it is at present, it does not more than half way meet our expectations either in quantity or quality. A good hearty support and a large addition to the subscription list soon, will enable us to perfect arrangements for further improvements with the opening of the second volume. We hope we will never be convicted of being guilty of "building castles in the air" in regard to the future of the *Miscellany*.

ALEXANDER MACKIE, publisher of the *Guardian*, Warrington, Eng., is the patentee of a steam automatic type-composing machine, which he exhibited a few years ago at the London Exhibition. It is worked by little perforated slips of brass or paper, but owing to the matter coming out in a continuous line on its side, it is said to take a compositor almost as long to "justify" it in lines of the proper length as it would to set it from the case by hand. Mr. Mackie has been trying very hard for some years past to make it a success, and we take the following item from the January number of the *London Press News*, in reference to the progress made in that direction: "Mackie's steam type-composer is rapidly improving, we hear. There is one now at work in the London office of the Warrington *Guardian*, which sets up minion type at the rate of 8,000 an hour, with only a lad to attend it. A larger machine is at work on a nonpareil edition of the New Testament."

CANVASSERS are wanted for the *Miscellany* in every city and town in the Dominion of Canada, United States and Great Britain.

## Canadian Paper Manufactories in 1871.

We give below the statistics of the paper trade of the Dominion in 1871, compiled from the census returns for that year. These, like the tables in reference to printing given in previous numbers of the *Miscellany*, will prove valuable for comparative purposes when the next census is taken, which will be, in all likelihood, in 1881. The following are the figures for the four Provinces—Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia—which composed the Dominion at the time these statistics were collected:—

Places.	Number.	Hands employed.	Yearly Wages.	Value of Raw Material.	Value of Products.
Brant, Ontario, ..	1	9	\$ 3,600	\$ 3,000	\$11,000
Lincoln, " .....	1	80	30,000	70,000	160,000
Wentworth, " .....	3	29	11,320	14,250	49,000
Halton, " .....	1	30	11,000	64,000	90,000
York, " .....	1	51	8,000	20,000	42,000
Toronto, " .....	1	27	26,000	50,000	100,000
Hastings, " .....	3	29	6,850	7,000	24,500
Cornwall, " .....	1	9	2,500	8,000	11,000
Beauharnois, Que.	1	68	30,000	115,400	211,680
Richmond, " .....	1	76	31,265	58,099	254,796
Sherbrooke, " .....	1	29	12,000	60,000	90,000
Portneuf, " .....	3	43	9,608	24,324	53,900
Quebec, " .....	1	20	6,600	18,000	27,000
St. John, N. B., ..	1	21	7,072	6,000	37,400
Halifax, N. S., ..	1	8	2,000	4,500	9,375
Totals, .....	21	529	197,815	522,573	1,071,651

A recapitulation of the above figures gives the total number of hands employed—male and female—as 760, and the number of manufactories as 21, viz:—

	Ontario.	Quebec.	N. B.	N. S.	Totals.
Manufactories, .....	12	7	1	1	21
Employes—Male, ..	264	236	21	8	529
Female, .....	80	148	3	..	231

The following table gives the totals, by Provinces, of the yearly wages, value of raw material and value of products, viz:—

	Yearly Wages.	Val. of Raw Material.	Val. of Products.
Ontario, .....	\$99,270	\$236,250	\$487,500
Quebec, .....	89,473	275,823	537,376
New Brunswick, ..	7,072	6,000	37,400
Nova Scotia, ....	2,000	4,500	9,375
Totals, ..	\$197,815	\$522,573	\$1,071,651

In conjunction with the above it may be proper to give the quantity of paper imported into the Dominion in 1871 and 1876, which is found to be as follows:—

	1871.	1876.
Value of paper (all kinds) imported, .....	\$237,742	\$337,838
Entered for consumption, .....	231,712	344,980
Duties paid, .....	..	60,739

The above figures represent the value, etc., of fine book and writing papers and stationery used in the four provinces, in the years stated. There is not, to our knowledge, a single manu-

factory of writing paper in the Dominion, and there are but few manufactories which pretend to produce the finer qualities of book paper.

There cannot be the slightest doubt but that when the next census is taken, the figures quoted above will be found more than doubled, judging from the number of newspapers started, together with the impetus book publishing has received during the past two or three years in Canada.

It is to be hoped the paper manufacturers will see clearly it is to their interest that the printers should be protected as well and as fully as themselves, that is, if there is to be protection at all. How can they expect that the printers will be able to buy of them and use their paper, when those requiring printing done can import the same cheaper than it can be done in this country owing to a discriminating tariff against the native printer of twelve and a-half per cent.—the printed paper only paying five per cent. as against seventeen and a-half per cent. on white paper. The interests of paper manufacturers and publishers are evidently identical, therefore, they should pull together in this matter in order to be successful.

In contrast with the above, it is estimated that there are in the United States about eight hundred paper mills in operation, which are valued at \$40,000,000 of capital invested and with a total production of \$70,000,000. These mills employ about 20,000 hands, male and female, whose total earnings are footed up at \$10,000,000 annually. Of course, these figures represent this industry in round numbers, and includes all kinds of paper.

That Canada has been a pretty good customer to the United States, the value of our imports from that country for the past year will show. But at the same time it must be borne in mind that this is but a young country as yet, and it is not saying too much to assert that when the centennial year of the Dominion arrives, it will find our paper manufactories as numerous and in as flourishing a condition as those in the neighboring republics, and, possibly, the "boot on the other foot" as regards imports.

How about a History of the Press of Halifax? Is there not some self-sacrificing editor, printer, or reporter in Halifax who will undertake the task of collecting the data for an article on the above subject, and put it on record in these pages? We ask as a great favor, that our friend will find time to devote to this subject.

### The Art of Displaying Type.

On our first page will be found a practical article which printers will do well to read carefully. Of the importance to compositors of a knowledge of the true principles of type display, there can be no doubt. A thoughtful printer, with a general knowledge of the art, will do more for the creation of neat, appropriate and harmonious effects, with the resources of an ordinary country office, than a careless or ignorant one would do with all the variety of ornamental material which may be found in the most extravagantly equipped office in any of our largest cities. It is not for art alone that good typographical effects should be secured; it is very desirable that there should be a good and harmonious display when it is to appeal to an enlightened public through the means of an advertisement. A well-arranged advertisement not only attracts and holds the attention, but it is pleasing to the sight of the reading public and creates in the mind a favorable impression of the advertiser and his wares. It is difficult to give rules (and they must not be cast iron ones either) for any art work, in so clear a manner that all may make them available, but some few directions have been given by one of the ablest writers—Theo. L. De Vinne—on matters pertaining to the art of printing, which present the clearest and simplest expressions we have yet seen in print of the art of displaying type.

A HINT TO APPRENTICES.—Be ready to throw in an odd half hour or an hour's time when it will be an accommodation, and don't seem to make a merit of it. Do it heartily. Though not a word be said, your employer will make a note of it. Make yourself indispensable to him and he will lose many of the opposite kind before he will part with you. Those young men who watch the clock to see the very second their working hour is up—who leave, no matter what state their work may be in, at precisely the instant—who calculate the exact amount they can slight their work and yet not get reprimanded—who are lavish of their employer's goods—will always be the first to receive notice, when times are dull, that their services are no longer required.

THE SUM OF ONE DOLLAR, for a year's subscription to the *Miscellany*, is so small that there is scarcely a journeyman printer in the land but can afford it. Then, the boys: they will not be without it for the sake of fifty cents a year.

CHROMOS.—A REVELATION.—At the trial of James Sutton, president of the *Aldine* company, in New York, a revelation was incidentally made as to the cost of producing chromos. Mr. Richard Shugg, an expert, testified that he would willingly contract to make 60,000 copies of either "East" or "West," each copy requiring twenty-seven different colors, and an equal number of separate impressions from as many plates, for \$7,450, equal to a little more than ten cents a piece. These pictures were given away as premiums for the *Aldine*, were about ten by fourteen inches in size, had an excellent finish, and are such as are represented by publishers as worth from one to three dollars each. Mr. Shugg said that his price would afford a reasonable profit, and that by increasing the number the cost would be proportionately less. He made estimates as to many other of the *Aldine* chromos with about the same results.

DEALERS in and manufacturers of printing machinery, paper, ink, type, and any article used in printing, or by printers and editors, will find the *Miscellany* an excellent medium through which to advertise their stock. It will prove itself the cheapest and best medium they can adopt if they wish to put their materials into the hands of the printers of Canada. The *Miscellany* is sent to every printing office in the Dominion, and it has also a large circulation in the United States. As will be seen by reference to the advertising rates the figures have been made very low in consideration of the fact that the terms are cash.

EVERY proprietor of a newspaper would confer a favor on the editor of the *Miscellany*, as well as benefit posterity, if they would furnish to this office a sketch of the history of their papers. We would like to publish the history by counties; but, if we cannot get it in that shape, a history of each paper or office will be thankfully received.

Poetry is the flower of literature—prose is the corn, potatoes and meat; satire is the aquafortis; wit is the spice and pepper; love letters are the honey and sugar; and letters containing remittances are the apple dumplings.

A GOOD COMMISSION will be paid to any person who will undertake to thoroughly canvass any town or city for subscribers to the *Miscellany*.

[Written for the Miscellany.]

### Readable vs. Unreadable Newspapers.

There is nothing more conducive to the pleasure of a man who is fond of reading, than to lie back in his chair after the day's labor is over and peruse a neat, clearly printed newspaper. It is really a solace—to some quite a luxury; for, in addition to its literary attractions, the news of the week stands out clear and legible, and the reader imbibes its contents with evident satisfaction. For all this he is indebted partly to the improved printing presses of the present day and partly to the judgment and taste of those who so skilfully handle and utilize such machinery.

In contradistinction to the above, there is nothing more annoying, nothing so liable to "try men's souls" and wear out their patience, as a smutty and badly printed sheet. (It was a lucky thing for Job that there were no such dirty papers in his day.) When a man takes up a paper of this kind, he is very apt to manifest signs of disgust. If there is any "swear" in him, some of it is sure to come out just then, and it is fortunate for the proprietor that his coat tail is not in range of that man's boot about that time. He at once denounces that paper as a "dirty rag," only fit for waste paper: a disgrace to the proprietor and all connected with it. His wife wouldn't even use it as a "bustle." No wonder his "mad is up." Here it is too pale—as if it felt sick; there it is too black—as if it had a touch of the black plague; and, to crown all, there are spots that look as though the "devil" had rubbed his inky paw over it, hoping to make it, were it possible, still more illegible. There are some newspapers of this description in circulation, which, like the small-pox (though a very unwelcome visitor), will often get into men's houses. A business man has no time to spare in deciphering the contents of such a sheet: he wants, at a glance, to read it, and not have to worry through each paragraph in a way that puts him both in a rage and a profuse perspiration at the same time. The dirty thing is generally thrown aside in despair.

To a practical printer, who knows his business, such a paper is simply contemptible; he understands the position at once, and experiences a feeling of contempt for such inexcusable ignorance, or, what is still worse, such unpardonable carelessness on the part of those who direct the practical part of the office from whence such a "rag" issues. The continual wear of type may sometimes be an excuse for imperfect

impressions, but for dirty, smutty work, owing to bad rollers and a careless or ignorant overseer (the latter, most likely), there is not the shadow of an excuse. The time for imperfect work has passed away; at this age better things are expected, even by the most illiterate. The facilities for putting out bright and clear periodicals are so numerous that no one need be without them.

All who are so unfortunate as to publish pale, sickly, or dirty looking newspapers, should immediately adopt the following plan:—Always keep good rollers on hand. This is *one* of the secrets of clean work. Look after them some time before they are wanted for use; don't wait until the form is on the press. See that the paper is properly "wet," always bearing in mind that different qualities of paper require different treatment, and that to "wet down" paper as it should be, correct judgment and some experience is necessary. See that it is *properly* "turned" in time; then put sufficient weight on it to force the moisture evenly through the whole lot. When "to press," watch the color and *keep* it even. Do not leave this work any longer to the youngest apprentice.

By adopting the above rules, there will be a fair chance of turning out a very readable newspaper.

THE MANAGING EDITOR.—One might talk high art or German metaphysics to a drayman on the streets with about as much prospect of a congenial flow of soul as to that awful potentate, a managing editor. He is fluent on the records of the counting-room, grows eloquent over a quantity of advertisements (the eloquence being in direct proportion to the quantity), but informs you, with a conscious air of superiority, that he "never reads anything literary," a fact too obvious to need the support of an assertion.

There are ten papers published in the county of Ontario, as follows:—In Oshawa, the *Reformer* and *Vindicator*; in Whitby, the *Chronicle* and *Gazette*; in Port Perry, the *Observer* and *Standard*; in Uxbridge, the *Guardian* and *Journal*; in Cannington, the *Gleaner*; and in Beaverton, the *Bee*.

ALMOST any printer could spare time to thoroughly canvass his city or town for subscribers to the *Miscellany*, and, what is more, could make it pay handsomely at the commissions given.

### Good Advice.

The editor and proprietor (he must be proprietor) of the *Colborne Express*, Ont., in announcing the close of the tenth volume of that paper, does so in such a manly and straightforward manner, making such good hits and giving such valuable advice, that we cannot refrain from quoting it entire, notwithstanding the crowded state of our pages. A perusal of his article, by the craft generally, cannot possibly result in any harm. It is as follows:—

"This issue closes the tenth year of the uninterrupted publication of the *Express*, a fact which many of its subscribers never expected to realize. Of the eight or ten papers previously started in East Northumberland, every one, after a useless and brief career, flickered out, hence the popular opinion or expectation that this paper would be short-lived. Shrewd men looked wise and gave "that fellow one year to hang out"—then two—then three—then four, and then—"some time." And now, in the face of repeatedly expressed adverse opinions and unwarranted conjectures, what say these men of the *Colborne printer*? "He's a puzzle which no one can solve." The fact is, good reader, there are but few in this age of commercial delinquency who are willing to acknowledge that success is the result of constant application to one's calling, and a determination to never spend a dollar until it has been not only earned but collected. Such has been and will be our course, and if all those who envy our commercial standing to-day will even now follow our example, they will soon experience that "economy is the best policy"—that industry will bring its reward in money in good-will, and a warm public appreciation. At first it was certain that we would "bust." Now it is stated as emphatically that we "can't bust:" rather flattering, we confess, considering that we have been chizzled out of at least twenty-five per cent. of our hard earnings and have paid, "right straight along," one hundred cents on the dollar, and that, too, without a dun or protest. There is no good reason why all others should not do likewise. The way to do it is: live within your income, whether it be fifty cents or any other amount a day; also, mind your own business or stop it at once. These reflections are thrown out good-naturedly for the guidance of others and as the actual experience of one who "pays as he goes." In ten years we have not been absent from our "shop" forty-eight consecutive working hours—haven't been on a single "bust"—haven't "done nothing" but work, work, work; and with a determination to do as well hereafter, we confidently expect to realize in the future, be it short or long, a continuance of the patronage and good-will of a generous and appreciative community.

Correspondents and canvassers are wanted (practical printers preferred) in every city and town throughout Canada and the United States, to forward news items of interest to printers, canvass for subscriptions, etc. To those who are willing to undertake to thoroughly canvass any city or town for the *Miscellany* we are prepared to offer special inducements.

A JUST AWARD.—The enterprising firm of Golding & Co., of Boston, manufacturers of Golding's Jobber, Pearl and Official Printing Presses and Printers' Tools, received the highest award given to small job presses at the centennial exhibition. The judges were selected from those having the largest practical experience in the department to which they were appointed, and were from all nations. The following is their official report as the basis of their award to Golding & Co., over all other manufacturers of small job presses:—

*"For simplicity, compactness, rapidity of operation and ease of running."*

*"The Pearl Presses are well made, easily adjusted to work a single line or a full form, have a good distribution, work nicely, and are well adapted for general use."*

THIS is what an appreciative orator said of a dead printer in San Francisco: "Our brother, Mr. John Harlan, is dead. His last letter is distributed, his case is emptied, his stick is full, the last line is spaced out, and the clicking of the type is no more heard in his hand. A paragraph is made, a period put in, his last proof is taken, his galley cleared. His form is made up, and lies upon the cold imposing-stone, silent, lifeless. His faults are set in diamond and pied, so that no more proofs can be taken. His virtues are set in six-line pica, colored, framed, and hung on the walls of memory, never to be forgotten. Be warned and be ready. Correct your proof."

WE invite those who have any knowledge of printers, natives of the Dominion of Canada, who are working in any foreign country, to send in the names of all such, together with a short account of where they served their apprenticeship, how long since they left home, where they are working, and any other particulars that might be considered of interest to their former friends or companions, shopmates or acquaintances.

Now is the time when timid business men get frightened out of incurring a trifle of expense for advertising, and the enterprising man, by keeping himself before the public, reaps the benefit.

SOLID German silver and nickel plated composing sticks, of various patterns and styles of adjustment, can be procured very cheap from Farmer, Little & Co., P. O. Box 1454, New York.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

## Letter from Philadelphia, Pa.

To the Editor of the *Miscellany*:

SIR, Not knowing whether my "first effusion" would meet with favor in your eyes, and be consigned a niche in the columns of the *Miscellany*, or whether it would be rejected and cast into the waste-basket, I refrained from writing until I saw the February number to see what disposition you made of it. Seeing that it was received and printed, and you. comments appended thereto, writing me to "do it again," I have concluded to send you only a few paragraphs that may interest some of my fellow-typos outside of this city, as the month is well advanced, so that it may be received in time for your next issue.

Philadelphia Typographical Union, No. 2, has met with a loss of three of its members. The last quarterly circular issued by that body, bearing date February 10th, announces the names of Wm. Hoffman, Wm. F. Coffee, and J. S. Reinhardt, as having departed this life, and gone to the land of rest. Sweet peace be with them.

The messenger of death has also taken away Thomas Rowley, of the firm of Rowley & Chew. Deceased terminated his life at his residence, in this city, on January 16th, aged thirty-one. He was considered one of the best job printers, not only of this city, but of the country, as his handiwork can testify. He was a native of England, but came to this country in early life. He was well liked wherever known, and his early demise was a shock to many, they not knowing of his illness, which was of short duration.

Death has also claimed another for its own in the person of Edmund Deacon, who departed this life February 4th. Mr. Deacon died suddenly from an attack of paralysis. He was in the sixty-seventh year of his age. For a number of years he was one of the publishers of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and *Ladies' Friend*—a fashion magazine. He was also engaged in mercantile pursuits for a number of years, and was, during his later years, the proprietor of the "Franklin Printing House," an extensive establishment, located on Hudson street. He was well known and much respected, and his death will be regretted by a large circle of acquaintances and friends.

Philadelphia Typographical Society held its annual election on Saturday evening, January 6th, and elected the following as their officers for the current year:—President, U. F. Lacy; Vice-President, L. M. Meyer; Secretary, S. D. Carter; Ass. Secretary, Hugh H. Durborow; Treasurer, A. S. Hales; Beneficent Fund Committee, Jas. Montgomery, E. H. Mundy, William B. Eckert, C. Brigham, and William Loag. During the past year the Society paid out, for funeral and sick benefits, over \$4,000—quite a large sum for a society limited to so small a membership, and speaks volumes of praise in their favor.

After a stagnation of long duration, the printing business seems to be picking up a little in this city. It is to be hoped the worst is over, and the future freighted with better prospects for all concerned.

Yours fraternally,

Philadelphia, Pa., Feb. 21, 1877.

HAIN SPACE.

## A Word from one of our first Subscribers.

To the Editor of the *Miscellany*:

SIR,—I have been a subscriber to your valuable paper since it came into existence, and I must say that I have

not seen a purely printer's paper which takes my fancy so much as the *Miscellany*. I have induced several persons to subscribe for it, and they all agree in saying that it is a first-class printer's journal, and one which no Canadian printer should be without. I am gratified to see it growing so rapidly, and hope that the subscription list will grow still more so. I do not see any reason why the list should not double: for, if every subscriber was even to show the *Miscellany* to his fellow workmen, it would speak volumes for itself. I am inclined to think that not one-half of the printers in Canada know there is such a paper in existence, from the simple reason that publishers, to whom it may be sent in exchange, instead of showing and recommending it to their employes, take it home, or, after reading it themselves, throw it away amongst the waste paper.

Hoping that publishers will do all in their power to assist the *Miscellany*,

I remain, yours truly,

M. QUAD

Ontario, Feb. 22, 1877.

## Presses and Wood Type.

To the Editor of the *Miscellany*:

SIR,—Can you inform me anything more about Messrs. Hasler & Fairbank's Wharfedale presses that appears in their advertisement in the *Miscellany*? Have they any agents in Canada or America, or where can I get any further information or purchase one other than in England? Also, about Higgins' wood type; has he any agents in Canada?

Yours truly,

Ontario, Feb. 21st, 1877.

The above is a sample of numerous enquiries received by us. It is impossible to answer all by letter, therefore, we take this method of answering all at one time. Neither firm has, to our knowledge, an agency in Canada or America. All information can be obtained by writing to the addresses given in the advertisements as published in the *Miscellany*. They are both first class houses in London, and the price of the material speaks for itself. Perhaps, it would be to the interest of the firms referred to, if they would give, through the columns of the *Miscellany*, more information, of a definite character, regarding their presses, type, etc.

If you want a second-hand press, or any other material for your printing office or bookbindery, you will be sure to find what is needed by inserting a small advertisement in the *Miscellany*, which will cost only a trifle.

CORRESPONDENTS will oblige by mailing their favors so that they will reach this office, at least, not later than the 25th of each month, and as much earlier as possible.

Nos. 2 and 5 of the *Miscellany* are very much wanted at this office.

## THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

We commence this department this month with some misgivings. Having deferred writing the notices that properly come under this head until almost the last thing, and our printer having admonished us that there was "enough copy," we have grave doubts about being able to do the subjects that justice some of them deserve. However, as some of them were left over from the February number, we do not feel justified in laying them aside for another month, and will, therefore, do the best we can with the "limited space at our disposal"—for there is always room for "only one more paragraph."

Among the specimens laid over from last month is one from Mr. Charles Lawson, Fredericton, N. B. It is a Programme for a Masonic Social Gathering, held on last St. John's day, in that city. The title page is of a very unique and difficult design, which is exceedingly well worked out in gold and colors. We would like to be in a position to reproduce it (in black) in these pages for the benefit of the craft generally, as we presume Mr. Lawson has not secured a copyright, but must forgo that pleasure for the present. The materials of which the ornamental part is composed are common to almost every printing office, and consist principally of rules, scrolls and a few tint blocks. The arrangement proves Mr. L. to be a thorough good printer and one who knows how to "deal deftly with delicate designs." The colors are not so pure and good as we would like to see them, but this is explained by a note, which accompanied the specimen, which says: "The entire presswork and the greater part of the composition was done in less than eighteen hours, and in the middle of a very hurried week's work." Mr. Lawson certainly deserves well of the craft for the care and skill displayed in his work.

Mr. Wm. Harris, Pictou, N. S., sends some very fine specimens, consisting of a showy business card, a bill-head, a blank promissory note and a blank receipt, all showing great care, judgment and experience.

Mr. John J. Forbes, North Sydney, C. B., sends a specimen, which, under the circumstances attending its production, shows a familiarity with the "lead enblems" that would do honor to some older hands at the business. The arrangement is somewhat defective, however, for it lacks that nice balance and pleasing contrast which it is a pleasure to look upon. Whoever executed this job can, without doubt, do a better one if provided with the proper material.

We are in receipt of a Supplementary Specimen Book from the Dickinson Type Foundry (Phelps, Dalton & Co.), Boston, Mass. It exhibits a large variety of beautiful faces and the usual requirements of a printing office, together with a large assortment of commercial and trade cuts.

THERE is not the slightest risk in getting a large quantity of Anglo-American Composition, as it keeps in stock as well as paper. It makes no difference how old it is; it will always melt easily and recast almost indefinitely. Send for a hundred pounds and try it. See advertisement on page 153.

ATTENTION is directed to the advt. on page 149, of a weekly paper for sale in an English-speaking section of the province of Quebec.

## Printing in Russia.

In 1870, including printing of every sort and kind, there was only one printing press in Russia for every sixteen thousand of the population. In no other civilized nation does the press exercise so little influence in shaping public opinion. In fact, the Russian press is a sham, inasmuch as it inculcates the belief in a widely based public opinion in Russia. Besides the censorship which forbids the utterance of progressive sentiments, it is an established fact that every reader of a newspaper in Russia is well known to the authorities, because of the surveillance of the post office, through which, as a rule, journals are obtained by subscription. Thus, the reader of the most loyal and even servile issues of the press is, to a certain degree, a marked man. The gross ignorance of the Russian masses, comparatively so recently emancipated from serfdom, is little understood abroad; in point of intelligence, they are about on a par with the colored population at the South. We are told upon official authority that a large proportion of the commercial bills in circulation in South Russia are emitted and endorsed by parties who can only just sign their names, and are not able to write anything in addition.

## Epitaphs.

Here is the celebrated typographical inscription for the monument of a more celebrated man:

The Body  
of  
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,  
PRINTER,  
(Like the cover of an old book,  
Its contents torn out,  
And stripped of its lettering and gilding),  
Lies here food for worms.  
Yet the work itself shall not be lost,  
For it will, as he believed, appear once more,  
In a new  
And more beautiful edition,  
Corrected and amended  
by  
The Author.

Here is another on a printer:

Here lies a *form*—place no *imposing stone*  
To mark the *head*, where weary it is lain;  
"Tis *matter dead*!—its mission all being done,  
To be *distributed* to dust again;  
The *body* is but the *type*, at best, of man,  
Whose *impress* is the spirit's deathless page;  
*Worn out*, the *type* is thrown to *fi* again,  
The *impression* lives through an eternal age.

On the tombstone of a Massachusetts editor:

Here lies an Editor.

## THE WORN-OUT FONT OF TYPE.

I'm sitting by my desk, George:  
Before me, on the floor,  
There lies a worn-out font of type,  
Full twenty thousand score;  
And many months have passed, George,  
Since they were bright and new,  
And many are the tales they've told—  
The false, the strange, the true.

What tales of horror they have told,  
Of tempest and of wreck;  
Of murder in the midnight hour,  
Of war full many a "Speck!"  
Of ships that, lost away 't sea—  
Went down before the blast.  
Of stifled cries of agony,  
As life's last moments passed?

Of earthquakes and of suicides,  
Of failing crops of cotton,  
Of bank defaulters, broken banks,  
And banking systems rotten.  
And boilers bursting, steamboats snagged,  
Of riots, duels fought,  
Of robbers with their prey escaped;  
Of thieves their booty caught.

Of flood, and fire, and accident.  
Those worn-out types have told;  
And how the pestilence has swept  
The youthful and the old;  
Of marriages, of births and deaths,  
Of things to please or vex us;  
Of one man's jumping overboard,  
Another gone to Texas.

They've told us how sweet summer days  
Have faded from our view,  
How autumn's chilling winds have swept  
The leaf-crowned forest through;  
How winter's snow hath come and gone  
Dark reign of storm and strife—  
And how the smiling spring hath warmed  
The pale flowers back to life.

I can't pretend to mention half  
My lucky friends have told.  
Since, shining bright and beautiful,  
They issued from the mould—  
How unto some they joy have brought,  
To others grief and tears;  
Yet faithfully the record kept  
Of fast receding years.

## The End of a Printer-Desperado.

A correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* says the Matamoras (Mexico) *Republic* announces the death of Angelo Townsend, a man whose career in crime began in Canada West upwards of twenty-five years ago. From Canada West he fled to New York, where he resided, until forced to abandon that city for a dual murder committed. At the time the mining regions of Illinois furnished an asylum for those desirous of escaping from justice, Townsend went thither, hiring out as a compositor in the office of the Galena, Ill., *Gazette*. An item offering five thousand dollars reward for the apprehension of one Angelo Townsend, indicted for murder, was handed him (to be "set up") by the editor

one day during his service in that office. He finished his "take" and putting on his coat quickly repaired to his boarding house, and, packing up his effects, hastily left the city. His sudden disappearance excited suspicion that he was the person described in the notice of reward. No trace of the runaway was discovered except a report that a man, partially answering to the description of Townsend, had hired as a cook on a Mississippi steamer bound for New Orleans. He was next heard of in New Mexico, where he became the head of a band of desperadoes. Once he was apprehended and taken to Galveston for trial on the charge of murder and arson. While arraigned at the bar of the court he succeeded in making his escape—not, however, until he had stabbed to the heart the sheriff who sought to intercept him. He secreted himself on board a trading vessel for Vera Cruz, and from thence made his escape to the fastnesses of the western border of Mexico, where he called around him a dozen escaped convicts, who saw in him a valiant and congenial leader. During the Maximilian invasion of Mexico, Townsend left his retreat and joined the Emperor, remaining in his service until his ignoble death, when he repaired to the city of Mexico, broken down and incapacitated from performing labor by reason of a wound in the thigh. During his later years he had been an inmate of a charity hospital in San Luis Potosi, and on his death bed detailed the history of his life.

## A Remarkable Pioneer Printer.

The Virginia, Nevada, *Enterprise*, under date of January 27th, notices that John K. Lovejoy died near Verdi, in Washoe county, and says many an old Californian will stop to think for a moment as they read the notice. He was a printer by trade. He came to California in 1849 or 1850, and after a trial at mining he commenced the publication of *The Mountain Messenger* in Downieville, Sierra county. It was a wonderfully spicy sheet, without a blemish, save that it was sometimes a little too coarse for ears sensitively polite. It represented the far less energy, the rollicking humor, the extravagant acts and manners of the Californians who peopled the mountains of California before the placers began to fail, and before ladies were so plenty, better probably than any other sheet that was ever published on the coast. From Sierra, Lovejoy wandered to Plumas, and for sometime published a paper in Quincy. From

Plumas he came to Washoe county in 1859. He was a member of the territorial legislature at Carson, and also a member of the constitutional convention. When Gen. Allen died in Washoe city, Lovejoy succeeded him in the conduct of the *Washoe Times*. He changed the name to *The Old Plute*, and soon moved it to Virginia. It was run on the plan of the Downieville paper, except that it was coarser. This latter characteristic, joined with all want of business ability on the part of the managers, caused the paper's suspension after a few months. Lovejoy then returned to Galena, in Washoe county, where he had large timber interests. Gov. Nye made him assistant Indian agent, and the Central Pacific company gave him some sinecure, so that when the road reached Verdi he removed to a little farm near there, where he remained until his death. There was never just such another man in all the world as J. K. Lovejoy. He was a near relative of that Lovejoy who was in congress, and of that other Lovejoy who was killed by a pro-slavery mob, and had much of the native genius which was characteristic of the family. He was a man of quick and generous impulses, reckless and improvident beyond all calculation, with a love of fun and hilarity so measureless that, after he was almost three-score years old, he would walk ten miles and manœuvre for three days to perpetuate a practical joke upon a friend. He was forever full of contradictions. His practical and visionary ideas ran together so that no one knew, when he opened his mouth, whether he was going to talk sense or the veriest nonsense. He could pass from grave to gay and back again in a moment. We have seen him one day crying over the bier of a dead friend, and the next day, robed in a hoopskirt outside of his coat, going from one saloon to another, with all the children in town laughing and all the dogs barking. When conducting the paper in Downieville, being in need of funds, he started out through the mountains and down to Marysville to get subscribers. He was gone two weeks. When he returned he passed his subscription book over to his partner. It showed a list of subscribers with sums set opposite amounting to some \$2,500. All the subscriptions were marked "paid." The partner was rejoiced and told Lovejoy how timely the money would be. "What money," asked Lovejoy. "Why, this money that is subscribed here," was the reply. "That money," said Lovejoy; "why I used all that up in expenses, and had to borrow money

to come home." Years after we asked Lovejoy if the story was true. "Well, it was," he answered. We then asked what the result was. "I believe," was the reply, "that the institution burst up soon after." Five or six years ago he bet a new coffin with a neighbor that he would live over a year. He said to us afterward: "It was a good bet. I shall want the wooden overcoat before long, and it will be handy to have it round." Had he possessed more culture, and not quite so much devil-may-care, he would have been a great writer. Had there been just a trace less brain and a little more of the rowdy in his composition, he would have perished in some frolic years ago. He must have been within two or three years of seventy when he died, and, from what we know of him, if he was conscious as the end drew near, we expect he was congratulating himself upon having "stood off" the king of terrors so much longer than any of his friends thought he could. He was a native, we believe, of Illinois, but spent the most of his life, prior to his removal to this coast, in Indiana.

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#### The Black Eye.

When a man is splitting wood and a stick flies up and blacks his eye, he must prepare himself to endure all the taunts and jeers which the world would inflict on a pirate. Social standing counts for nothing, and dignity can't be made a mantle of. The other day when a compositor on this paper took up his little axe and broke his stick in two and one end flew into his eye, he knew he must either remain in the house for two weeks, or go out and face the world's sneers. He decided to face the sneers, and during one short half day he noted down the following expressions:

"It's all right; of course it was a stick of wood. Oh yes!"

"Been fighting again, eh?"

"Well, who knocked you down this time?"

"O, I've had the same thing on my eye, and I always laid it to a stick of wood."

"Ha! ha! The policeman struck hard, he?"

"Of course it was a stick of wood—he—he—he—he—he!"

Then the people who pointed him out as the abductor of Charlie Ross, and the people who thought he was one of Gad's Hill robbers, and over fifty respectable men, asked him why he didn't get the other one blacked, so as to have a matched pair.

[From the Detroit Free Press.]

## Love in a Printing Office.

BY MARGARET EVINGE.

## NOTE FROM EDITOR TO COMPOSITOR.

Ellis Yorke finds fault with proofs of her story. Says "you correct her MS. incorrectly;" that you have substituted the word "wondrous" for "wonderous;" that there is no such word as "wondrous;" that you made "overripe" a compound word when it is a single one; that, in short, you do not understand your business or are demented.

## NOTE FROM COMPOSITOR TO EDITOR.

SIR—Ellis Yorke is mistaken in more respects than one. There *is* such a word as "wondrous." Let her look in Webster's Unabridged, page 1270, last column, last word from bottom and she will find it. Also "over-ripe" is a compound word. Evidently she does not know the sign by which compound words are distinguished or she would not be so decided in her assertion.

And, with all due respect for her opinion, I am not "demented," and I *do* understand my business. Furthermore, if ever mistakes are made, it is because Ellis Yorke's MS. is most illegible. Her "r's" "s's" and "b's," are all alike, and her "l's" and "t's" might stand for almost anything, and as for punctuation!

I assure you I'd rather set up all the rest of your paper than one of her shortest articles.

## NOTE FROM ELLIS YORKE TO COMPOSITOR.

SIR—The editor has shown me your impertinent remarks, and though *he* chooses to look upon our quarrel, as he calls it, in the light of a joke, *I* regard it as a serious matter.

Because you happen to be right about those detestable words "wondrous" and "over-ripe," that is no reason why you should vilify my MS.

You may not be aware of it, but I took the gold medal for *penmanship* when I graduated at the Posthaste Institute last year, and never before, although I have been writing for the New York press for *over six months*, have I had its legitimacy called in question.

And I won't stand it! I demand from *you* my story, as the editor refuses to procure it for me. You shall no longer sneer at my "r's" and "s's," and "l's" and "t's."

## NOTE FROM COMPOSITOR TO ELLIS YORKE.

MADAM—I cannot return MS. placed in my hands. I wish I could—how gladly I would return yours!

## WHAT SHE DID AND SAID.

Then I resolved to beard the lion in his den

—go to the printing office, ask for Hugh Basset, and, with a few preliminary sarcastic observations, request the return of "The Tragedy of Winona Dell."

I went. The "devil" requested me to be seated while he called my enemy.

I prepared to meet him (hateful old thing with a terrible frown, when to my great astonishment, instead of a hateful old thing, a tall handsome young fellow with bright, sunshiny smile, eyes like spring violets, and hair that suggested butter-cups and dandelions, advanced toward me.

It was he—and I said, "I beg your pardon for the rude things I have written to you and I hope you'll forgive me—and I'm sorry I wrote so badly, and don't know how to punctuate and—"

## WHAT HE SAID.

I stepped from my form, and a pretty girl's face looked up at me with a frown that quickly melted away into a most bewitching smile.

ELLIS YORKE—I don't know why but I knew her in a moment, and noted with a heart pang how poorly she was dressed to brave the cold of a winter's day. Evidently her "over six months' writing for the New York press" had not filled her purse.

"I beg your pardon," she said, in a sweet, low voice, raising a pair of the loveliest gray eyes to my face. And then she added, "I'm so sorry I write so badly."

"Don't mention it," I stammered, "I didn't mean a word of it. I only wish I could set up your beautiful stories forever!"

"And the 'r's,' and 'l's,' and 's's,' and 't's,' and 'b's'?" said the saucy, pretty, poor, little girl.

"Are perfection," I replied.

The proof I sent away that afternoon—a dissertation on "Darwin and his peculiar theories"—was returned to me with the question, "What the deuce do you mean by placing Ellis Yorke's name as the author of this article instead of Dr. Mega The. Riuno's?"

## THE END OF IT.

Married, April 30th, by the Rev. A. B. Cress, Ellis Yorke to Hugh Basset.

If publishers and the proprietors of printing offices will notify the editor of the *Miscellany* of any additions, changes or improvements in their establishments, the information will be very acceptable and duly chronicled in these pages.

## THE OLD EDITOR.

He sits amid a paper cloud  
Of fresh "exchanges;" now aloud  
He laughs as some nice joke he reads—  
A flower amid a host of weeds;  
Now studies, in a serious way,  
Some mighty topic of the day;  
Or softens as there drifts along  
Some dainty Ishmaelite of song;  
Now takes his shears and freely snips  
A cartload of the "choiceest clips."  
These papers are his harvest field—  
He gleans the fairest ears they yield,  
And if he reaps what others sow,  
Shall we be too severe? Ah, no;  
His brains are picked in turn, you know.

He takes his pen and from its tip  
The rounded phrases lightly slip;  
He writes so readily, I'll vow  
He's saying something pleasant now.  
Anon his eyes with vengeance fill,  
He fiercely grasps his strongest quill;  
I'll warrant now, as sure as fate,  
He will his foe annihilate,  
He finds it just a little tough  
To think of names half bad enough;  
Once found, he fairly licks his chops,  
And marks the epithet "SMALL CUPS;"  
With mighty strokes the pen bounds on—  
That foe may count himself as "gone."

What a life this old man leads—  
What a nerve and brain he needs!  
Thrice ten thousand watchful men  
Mark the drippings of his pen;  
What he thinks and writes alone  
Soon throughout the world is known:  
Scores of interests he must serve,  
Yet from honesty, not averse;  
Scheming Crozuses, by et alth,  
Strive to bribe him with their wealth;  
Statesmen listen when he speaks,  
Authors dread his slanting critiques:  
Lash and laurel he must use,  
Nor his right divine abuse.

Though he needs no wizard's blade,  
Mystic agents lend him aid;  
Svifter far than falcon's flight—  
Hour by hour, day and night—  
Wire veins that circle earth  
Throb to him in joy or mirth;  
Through their subtle currents flow  
All the news there is to know.

From the New York Clipper by Kivas Fyke.

## His First Lesson in Club-Swinging.

Jim Brown is a printer—picks up type on a morning newspaper. Of late he has entertained the idea that he was going into decline, and, in consequence, felt very much alarmed. He appealed to his friends for advice. The boys in the office unanimously agreed that all Jim wanted was exercise—some good, *solid* exercise, that would tend to develop muscle and put the blood in circulation. All kinds of athletic sports were proposed—baseball, cricket, football and aquatics; but Jim had no taste for these, and sighed for something else. At last, an old "rounder," who had travelled all over the country, from Maine to Oregon and from

Minnesota to the Gulf—one who is considered "authority" on *all* subjects by the boys—suggested Indian-clubs.

"Yip! That's it, Baldy! They're just what I want, and just what I'll get. Is there a 'sub' in the house?"

"You bet," promptly replied an impecunious member of "the gang," stepping briskly up to Jim's "frame" and peeling himself for work.

The "sub" was put on the "cases," and Brown bounced out of the office in a twinkling. He rushed down to a sporting-goods store, purchased a pair of twelve-pound clubs, and mizzled for his room. The thermometer stood at 91 deg. in the shade, and drops of perspiration as large as a half-dollar piece loomed up on his forehead as he skipped along the street, lugging a ponderous club under each arm. He reached the house looking as limp as a rag, and met the landlady in the entry. She commenced to tell him something about "the ice-man;" but Brown was so interested in his club-exercise that he nearly upset the garrulous old dame as he pushed past her, and flew upstairs, shouting:

"Clubs! clubs! Injun clubs!"

She dropped her broom and dust-pan in dismay, and tottered down into the kitchen to tell her daughter that "Brown hed 'em."

Jim reached his room, and, depositing his burden in a corner, proceeded to clear the apartment for action. He set all the chairs back, wheeled the bed up into a corner, and stripped for a "tussle with them 'ere clubs." He had purchased a treatise on the art of swinging clubs, and, opening its pages, placed it where he could see just how to strike the "first position." He raised the club in his right hand first, but, just as he got it fairly poised over his cranium, his wrist went back on him, and down came the weighty implement on his bump of self-esteem, causing him to sit down on the carpet uncerimoniously, while a meteoric shower flashed across his bewildered optics. Faintly he murmured "Durn it!" and, gathering himself up, he reeled over to the rocker, where he sat down to contemplate. His head was sore, but yet he resolved he *would* "larn how to swing them clubs or bust." He sprang to his feet, spat upon his hands, and tackled them again. This time he determined to ignore the book; he would "swing 'em in his own style." Quickly and nervously he swung them around his head and across his shoulders, until he became excited. He had almost come to the conclusion that he was a "boss club artist,"

when *whang!* one of them came in contact with the chandelier; and the crash and jingle of glass but too plainly told him how effective were his blows. Still he did not stop. He had got a start, and he would "swing 'em if he busted the whole house." Swish! Sivash! They went flying through the air, while Jim's eyes fairly protruded from their sockets in his unnatural excitement. The landlady heard the clatter of the broken glass, and rushed to the room to find out the cause. Just as she crossed the threshold of the door Jim was executing a fancy backward movement, and, before she could realize her danger, one of the clubs caught her on the bridge of the nasal organ, causing her to utter a piercing scream and fall fainting to the floor. Still Brown kept on with the clubs. He could not stop for trifles, and the earnest look upon his countenance showed that he meant *business*. The shrill scream of the landlady had penetrated the whole house, and her daughter, housemaid and several of the lodgers rushed to the scene of the disaster. On arriving there a strange sight presented itself. The landlady lay upon the carpet, unconscious and bleeding copiously, while Brown still wrestled with the clubs.

"Oh! the murderer! He's gone and killed ma! He's got the *jim-jans!* Send for p'liceman, quick!" shrieked the daughter, her falsetto voice taking a jump into the "upper register."

The other lodgers were afraid to interfere with Brown, whom they considered a maniac, and stood gazing at him in silent terror.

The servant girl had slid out of the side door, and had succeeded in securing the services of a policeman. Just as he reached the door, Brown sank to the floor exhausted, still retaining his grip on the clubs. The muscular exertion had been too much for him, and he went off in a swoon. The room presented a terrible aspect. On the floor lay Brown and the landlady unconscious, while scattered all about them were bits of broken glass and furniture. Restoratives were applied to the landlady and her enthusiastic lodger, and gradually they recovered their senses. Explanations then followed, during which Brown promised to make good the damage done, and the officer withdrew. That night the clubs were cremated in the kitchen stove, and Jim made every one in the house promise sacredly that the affair should be kept secret. But it leaked out; and, if you ever wish to see Jim "riled," just call him the "Jack of Clubs."

## NEWS OF THE CRAFT.

### LOCAL.

Mr. R. A. Payne, of the *Daily Telegraph* staff, is the official reporter for the Legislative Council now in session at Fredericton, N. B.

A. W. Macdonald, a printer belonging to New York, arrived in this city week before last, and, we understand, is engaged on the *Daily Telegraph* staff as proof reader and local reporter.

George Martin, whose name appears among the obituary notices, came to this city in 1871 or '72, from Londonderry, Ireland, and worked in the *Daily Telegraph* office about five years altogether.

Extensive alterations have been made in the counting room of the *Daily Telegraph*, looking to the better accommodation of its numerous patrons as well as facilitating the business of the office.

Mr. Robert E. Armstrong, late foreman of the *Globe*, has taken a position on the reportorial staff of that paper, as assistant to Mr. Richard O'Brien, city editor. Mr. J. S. Clarke, who had charge of the "ad" department, is now in charge of the office.

The following is a list of those employed in the book and job office of Messrs. J. & A. McMillan of this city: William Ferguson, foreman; Chas. Ferguson, in charge of press room; David Mason, compositor; with John Reazley, Frank Fallis, John Jones, Charles McCristall and Robert Armstrong as apprentices.

Mr. Thomas Hagan, who served his apprenticeship in the *Herald* office, Charlottetown, P. E. I., and who left this city about three years ago, after having worked in the *Daily Telegraph* office for about a year, has returned to the city. He has been pretty well over the United States, having visited and worked in several cities of the Union during his absence. He is on his way home for a brief visit for the benefit of his health.

Messrs. McKillop & Johnston, book and job printers, also publishers of the *Watchman*, of this city, have just imported and put up in their office a No. 5 Hoe large cylinder press, costing about \$3,550. This press is a fine addition to the plant of their establishment, and will enable them to turn out larger work rapidly and satisfactorily. This smart little office has the following staff of workmen:—John Marshall, H. Turnbull, Judson Hughes, John Law, compositors; Oscar Frazee, A. Cameron, W. Moore, apprentices. The proprietors, being themselves thoroughly practical printers, "foremanize" the office and look after their own business.

Printers would do well to give this city a wide berth just now, for business has not been so dull here for many years to our knowledge. In fact, if it had not been for the extra labor required to get out the daily paper owing to a pressure of legislative matter, there would have been a larger number of idle printers than was ever before seen or known in this city. Some of the leading job offices have dispensed with several hands, while others had to come down to "half-time." However, before seven or eight weeks more pass, we think it pretty safe to predict a change in the programme. As soon as the spring properly opened there will be a change for the better. The stocks of all kinds of commercial printing are run down pretty low, and as soon as trade takes a start there will be a greater demand for the services of job printers. Let us hope that we have "touched bottom."

## PROVINCIAL PRINTERS ABROAD.

William Sweeney, who served his time in the *Freeman* office in this city, is, we understand, working on the *New York Sun*.

W. P. Kennedy, formerly of Quebec, P. Q., who has been working in the United States for several years, principally in New York city, is now working in Lovell's book office, Rouse's point, N. Y.

Messrs. Doyle, Fenety and Barnes, of Nova Scotia, are all working in the book department of Rockwell & Churchill's office, Arch street, Boston. The first named is foreman. Mr. Fenety is a cousin of the Queen's Printer, in Fredericton, N. B.

John Reid and William Crawford, the former a graduate of Knodell's Printing House in this city, and the latter of another St. John establishment, and who, last summer, were on the "loafing department" of Rockwell & Churchill's book office, Boston, were "hard at it" at latest accounts.

Patrick Henry Murphy, who learned the printing in the *Freeman* office in this city, and who, no doubt, remembers well the old Guernsey press on which that paper was, and is at present, "struck off," is now in Elmyra, N. Y. We understand that he enjoyed quite a reputation as a poet at one time in this city.

John Mackonaachie, who worked in St. John on the *Telegraph* about six years ago, and afterwards on the *News* and *Globe* respectively, has just been heard from. It appears he went to Boston, where he occupied a frame for some time on the *Sunday Express*. Leaving Boston he went to New York, but nothing is known of his transactions there. He now turns up in St. Johns, Nfld., where, instead of "slinging" type, he is "slinging" the birchen rod and the A. B. C. combined to a number of unruly youths in one of the St. Johns schools. Bravo, John!

## DOMINION.

The *Whitby Gazette* has changed hands.

The *Listowel Banner* has entered on its twelfth vol.

The *Thamesville Express* has suspended publication.

Hall & Co. are arranging to publish a paper at Bridgewater, N. S.

Mr. H. S. McGregor has started a bookbindery in Woodstock, Ont.

Gornie, Ont., a small village, boasts of a weekly. It is called the *Vidette*.

The Ottawa Typographical Union, No. 102, buried five of its members this winter.

J. H. Floyd, formerly of the Coburg, Ont., *Star*, is now located in Utica, New York.

The *Week's Doings* is the name of a new quarto weekly published in London, Ont., by T. A. McNamara & Co.

The *Western Globe* is the title of a small quarto semi-monthly paper published by Mr. G. Brown, at Wyoming.

Charles D. Grange, formerly an apprentice in the *Port Elgin Free Press*, is now editor of the *Montana Journal*, Decatur.

Joseph Thorne, a native of Embro, Ont., and a printer by trade, died very suddenly at Rouse's Point, N. Y., of apoplexy.

We learn that lithographic stone, equal in quality to the German, has been found at Pigeon Lake, near Peterboro', Ont.

Mr. H. J. Eberts, local editor of the *Chatham Planet* has been enrolled at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, as a student-at-law.

Mr. D. T. Fairbairn has taken charge of the editorial management of the *Lucknow Sentinel*. He is a promising young man.

The *Montreal Star* has donned a new dress of agate and brevier, made especially for it by the Dominion Type-Founding Company.

The jobbing office of Messrs. Ennis & Stirton, Hamilton, has been removed from James street, to more central premises on King street.

The *Dundalk Guide* is published, as the name indicates, at Dundalk, by Messrs. J. Townsend & Co., of the *Orangeville Advertiser*.

Mr. D. W. Higgins, editor of the *Victoria, B. C., Colonist*, has been burned in effigy for refusing to advocate separation from Canada.

Weekly papers have been or are about to be published in Madoc, Chesley, and Walkerton, Ont., and Aylmer and West Farnham, Quebec.

Mr. N. B. Egan has been re-elected president, and Mr. R. Kane corresponding secretary of the Montreal Typographical Union, No. 97.

The Napanee Mills Paper Manufacturing Company, Napanee, Ont., supplies the *Montreal Witness* with twenty tons of paper per month.

The jobbing department of the *Hamilton Spectator* has been temporarily closed, until a final settlement of their financial difficulties can be made.

Mr. Alex. Hay, formerly of the *Embro Review*, has started a new paper—the *Blyth Review*—in the village of Blyth, County of Huron, Ont.

The *Miner* is the title of a new paper lately started in the village of Madoc, Ont., by Mr. James A. Orr, late of the Napanee *Express* job office.

Mr. A. W. Wright, who lately resigned the editorship of the *Stratford Herald*, has received, it is said, the editorship of a new paper in Toronto.

Mr. F. W. A. Osborne has been appointed manager of the Dominion Type-Founding Company, Montreal, in place of John Whyte, Esq., resigned.

Mr. John L. Mills, local editor of the *Belleville Ontario*, was recently presented with a handsome gold pencil case by the employes of that journal.

Mr. Theo. Godin is president, and Mr. P. A. Crossby corresponding secretary, of the Jaques-Cartier Typographical Union, No. 145, for the present year.

The *Negotiator*—a new paper published in French and English—has been started at St. Cesaire, Quebec. It is well printed and contains instructive matter.

D. G. Smith, Esq., editor and proprietor of the *Miramichi Advance*, is the official reporter of the House of Assembly, now in session at Fredericton, N. B.

Joe McKay, alias "Benzine Joe," who lately worked on the *Guelph Herald*, has decamped from that place, leaving a few tavern keepers, to mourn his departure.

The *Flora Observer*, for many years published by Mr. John Smith, has been sold to Mr. Ross, of Walkerton, ex-county crown attorney for Bruce. Mr. Smith founded the first newspaper printed there—the now defunct *Advertiser*, in 1845, and was elected first mayor of Guelph in 1856.



A company is projected to purchase *Le National* printing office, Montreal, and run the paper on a scale ahead of any French paper published in Canada. Not a hard job.

It is rumored that Mitchell, Ont., is to have a new paper in opposition to the *Advocate*. Mr. Robb, of the Stratford *Herald*, gets the credit of being the prime mover in the matter.

The proprietors of *La Minerve*, Montreal, have compromised with their creditors for 25 cents on the dollar. Liabilities \$60,000. The paper will hereafter be published by a company.

The proprietors of the Montreal *Witness* have secured very extensive premises in Bonaventure street, and will shortly remove into them. Their new printing office will be the largest in Montreal.

The *Agitator* is the name of a paper published in Buffalo by Mr. P. Eby, at one time a well-known journalist of the Province of Ontario. It is the organ of the independent American party.

William Stone, who worked at one time in the *Freeman* office in this city, and also in McMillan's for a short time, is now working in the book and job office of Bowes & Sons, Halifax, N. S.

The enterprising editor of the Summerside, P. E. I., *Patriot*, Henry Lawson, Esq., has gone to Ottawa, to be present during the session of parliament, and to report the proceedings for his paper.

Master John McDonald, a lad employed in the *Sentinel* office, Lucknow, had the two first fingers of his right hand so badly crushed while feeding the Gordon press, that they had to be amputated.

The Sherbrooke *News* says that the first number of a small new weekly paper has appeared in Quebec. It is published under the auspices of the clergy of the St. Patrick's church, and will be exclusively an Irish organ.

We are sorry to learn that the Guelph, Ont., *Echo* is rather unwell and only comes out about once in every two or three weeks, instead of weekly, as heretofore. The typographical doctors have no hopes of its recovery.

The Tilsonburg, Ont., *Observer* wants a faster mail, and the Port Rowan *Spirit of the Age* says that Port Rowan can furnish a few fast *mules* either for Tilsonburg or any other place, without any inconvenience whatever!

John W. Harris, Esq., of the Hamilton *Times*, has been re-elected a member of the Hamilton School Board. Evidently the ratepayers know that in J. W. H. they have an excellent representative, and mean to stick to him.

We have received the first number of the *World*, published in Toronto by Mr. King Dodds. It is an eight page paper, well printed, and full of interesting news. Each issue will contain a portrait of some prominent Canadian.

Joseph Thorne, a native of Ontario, who has worked considerably in Ottawa, and for the last year at Rouse's Point, N. Y., died of small pox at the latter place about the 1st of February last. His fellow-comps. erected a handsome stone over his remains.

A correspondent informs us that Mr. Ryan, of the Mount Forest, Ont., *Examiner* recently set twenty-four thousand ems solid bourgeois in seventeen hours and fifty-two minutes, commencing at seven o'clock Monday morning and finishing at eight minutes to one Tuesday morning.

The *Times* printing company, Hamilton, have recently added to their press department a splendid Potter press—the second within a very short period—rendered necessary by the rapid expansion of business in their jobbing department.

Mr. Will. J. Vale, of the Hamilton *Times*, has been the recipient of a beautiful illuminated address from the members of Excelsior Lodge, A. O. F., Hamilton, in recognition of valuable services rendered to the Order. We congratulate Mr. Vale on the honor accorded him.

The Printing Committee of the House of Commons have awarded the contract for reporting the debates to Messrs. Richardson and Bradley, of the *Globe*. They will have as assistants, Postgait, of the Chicago *Tribune*, Boyle, of the *Mail*, and Lumsden, formerly of the Montreal *Star*.

The scale of prices in force in the English offices in Montreal are as follows:—Thirty cents per 1000 ems on morning papers and twenty-eight cents on evening papers. The Montreal Union lately acceded to a reduction asked for by the employers. Pressmen and week hands are paid \$10 per week.

The personnel of the *Miramichi Advance* office is as follows:—D. G. Smith, Esq., editor and proprietor; Walter T. Carman, sub-editor and mailing clerk; John McMullin, foreman; Angus McEachren, Patrick Fitzpatrick and Miss Haviland, compositors; Jennie McLean and John McDonald, apprentices.

A very sudden death recently took place in Merriton, Ont. Mr. H. Rogers, foreman in Mr. Riordon's mill, died after a few hours' illness. The deceased was a member of the Masonic fraternity, and the funeral to Chippewa was conducted by Mountain Lodge, A. F. & A. M., Thorold, of which he was a member.

The *News*, of Milton, Ont., has stopped publishing for lack of funds, so a correspondent informs us. And he adds that the books are in the possession of the employees for back wages. The plant is owned by the conservative association of Halton. It has been a losing speculation for all who have tried to run it.

Mr. C. L. Robarts, for many years foreman of the *Globe* news-room, died on the 19th ult., after a long illness. Mr. Robarts was an old and respectable citizen of Toronto, a general favorite with pressmen, and a prominent freemason. He worked in the *Globe* office when that paper was started; he helped to print the initial number.

The *Watford Advocate* has suspended publication. Mr. J. H. McIntosh, the late editor, has received an appointment in the Division Court Clerk's office. Mrs. W. W. Buchanan, of Arkona, purchased the plant and removed it to that place, where he will publish a continuation of the *Advocate* under the style of the *East Lambton Advocate*.

Mr. Alex. Hall, who has gone into the boot and shoe line, receives the following notice from the Woodstock, Ont., *Sentinel*:—"Mr. Hall, who for a number of years has been engaged in the printing business in this town and Toronto, is now employed in 'boosting' his customers in the best and liveliest manner possible, and when unable to do so himself, secures the services of first-class men to help him. We hope his 'sit' will prove remunerative as well as 'lasting,' and that he will be able to 'pick up' plenty of 'fat takes' without having to 'shark' for them."

Work has been pretty good in Charlottetown, P. E. I., for the past month. The *Patriot* office being particularly busy, principally on job work. This office has given temporary employment to three or four of the surplus hands in the town. A scarcity of work is reported in Georgetown and Alberton, and some of the hands from those places are returning to Charlottetown.

We learn from an exchange that the following are the contract rates for the ensuing year, which the Elora, Ont., council has to pay for printing, which is done at the *Express* office:—"Fifty one-eighth sheet bills, 15 cents; fifty one-quarter, 25 cents; fifty one-half, \$1.25; composition, per one thousand ems, 10 cents; press work, per token, 5 cents; advertising done for nothing."

The newspapers of New Brunswick, according to the *Summerside*, P. E. I., *Journal*, are displaying "a profanity of erudition that is astonishing in the discussion of the size of their respective editors' ears. The editors of our sister province who steer clear of the cheerful contention, should earnestly bray that the rhetorical fire of their brethren be put to a better purpose ear long." The *Journal* must surely be looking on the summer side of the picture.

**A WOULD-BE ELIJAH.**—A newspaper reporter had a narrow escape from being lifted skyward this morning. Passing along Water street, holding a very strong umbrella, a sudden gust of wind got under it. The umbrella brella gave out for a while, and so did he, but finally the umbrella gave out and turned inside out. Thus he was saved.—*Halifax Citizen*.

Saved! Lost, you mean. We are sorry, for his sake, that the umbrella gave out, for he may never again come so near going up. It was a lost—and perhaps last—chance.

A change has taken place in the proprietary of the *Lindsay Warder*, Mr. Cooper having sold out to Mr. Edward Flood. Mr. Cooper has published the *Warder* for twenty-one years—ten in Omemee and eleven in Lindsay. The Coburg, Ont., *Sentinel* says that Mr. Cooper retires from the arduous work of journalism with perhaps fewer enemies than most men, and that he carries with him into private life the good will and wishes of his fellow-citizens and the regard of his brethren of the press.

Mr. Cephas I. Beeman, a printer, who left Napanee, Ont., recently to fill a situation in British Columbia gets a handsome "send off" from the *Beaver* of that place. It says:—"Last Tuesday morning Mr. Cephas I. Beeman was 'off on the morning train,' via San Francisco, for new Westminster, British Columbia, where he will take the mechanical charge of the *Mainland Guardian*. Cephas is a first-class typographical artist, and we have no doubt of his success where intelligence, skill and steady application are the requirements. We are glad to know that, as he deserves, he has expatriated himself for a good fat salary."

Mr. William Walker, of Montreal, commenced January 1, 1877, to travel for the Napanee Mills Paper Manufacturing Co. He was previously travelling, up to October, 1876, for Charles Martin, Montreal, agent for German printing and lithographing inks, bronzes, powders, marbling colors, etc. Mr. W. being a practical printer, knows the requirements of the trade, and is peculiarly fitted otherwise, for his present occupation. We had the pleasure of a business call from Mr. Walker last month and will bear testimony to his sound business and gentlemanly acquirements.

The Napanee *Express* printing office (owned by Mr. J. B. Benson, who is also proprietor of the Brighton *Esquisse*) was entirely destroyed by fire on the 8th ult. The loss of Mr. B., who had lately assumed the proprietorship of the *Express*, is very severe. Nothing was saved except a galley column of set matter and a cabinet of job type. The loss is four thousand dollars, partially covered by insurance. With the characteristic enterprise of the craft, Mr. Benson procured an entire new outfit, and will, no doubt, resume business again shortly, looking all the brighter and better from having passed through the fiery ordeal.

The Ottawa correspondent of the Perth, Ont., *Courier* sends that paper the following item of news:—"There arrived at the capital a Mr. Defontaine, a perfect Yankee in every respect, who had been sent hither by James Gordon Bennet, of the New York *Herald*. He says he was sent here with instructions to watch particularly the dissolution of the Dominion and the secession of British Columbia. He has fallen in the hands of the Philistines of the House, who have 'stuffed' him most completely, and no doubt he will enlighten the readers of the *Herald* in a manner highly original, to say the least."

The Clinton, Ont., *New Era* is responsible for the following:—"While editors, as a class, are generally moral and strictly upright, there are in this profession, like in many others, a few lovers of the social glass. A good joke, and one, we are informed, which is strictly true, is told of an editor of a neighboring town of this county. Being subject to the 'jim jams,' and occasionally influenced by 'tangle foot,' he is at times placed in a ludicrous position. So it was in this instance. At about 3 a. m. one morning recently, he appeared at the house of a person residing in that place, and after arousing the inmates, by violent thumpings on the door, he meekly inquired if they knew where a certain person was. Being himself the party he was enquiring for, he was so informed, but all attempts to convince him of the fact proved unavailing, and, after considerable banter he departed, vowing that 'he would find him, and he could lick anyone who said he couldn't.' We presume, ere this, he has found him."

#### UNITED STATES.

A paper manufacturers' association was organized in Rochester, N. Y., on the 22nd ult.

The Salem, Mass., *Globe*, is one the oldest papers in the country, having been established in 1768.

The *Centennial Monument* is the title of a new dramatic work by Nathan Appleton, the recent foreign correspondent of the Boston *Globe*.

The Rev. Stuart Robinson of Louisville, Ky., who recently obtained a judgment of \$30,000 against the *Missouri Democrat*, has declined to receive more than \$2,908 of that sum.

A literary curiosity, of which only thirty copies will be printed, is Mr. Edmund Chester Waters' *Genealogical Memoirs of the Kindred Families of Thomas Cramer, Archbishop of Canterbury, 1533-56, and Thomas Wood, Bishop of Lichfield, 1671-92*.

Mr. Gustavus Frankenstein, the well-known painter is executing two commissions for Mr. James Gordon Bennett. One of them is a picture of the Polo Club at Newport, and the other represents a procession passing through one of the great city thoroughfares.

The *Banner of Light*, the spiritualist newspaper, goes to the expense of cable despatches about the Slade case. Why doesn't some obliging spirit bring over the news free of cost?

The *Publishers' Weekly* announces with due solemnity that "the occupation of a bookseller may now fairly be classed with the offices of honor, as it has ceased to be one of profit."

The Keith paper company of Turners Falls, Mass., have been awarded a contract to supply all the No. 1 ledger paper to be used by the United States government for the coming year.

There were born in the month of January one hundred and four American newspapers. When the deaths in that period are subtracted the grand total will be found decreased by sixteen.

P. P. Bliss, the song-writer, the author of "Hold the Fort," "The Armor Bearer," "Almost persuaded," and scores of other popular songs, was on the train that went down to destruction at Ashtabula.

The editor of the *White House Casket* offered fifteen acres of land and water power to any respectable manufacturing company who would establish at that place a business that will employ 150 to 200 hands.

Tennyson's *Harold*, which Messrs. Osgood & Co. issued from their own plates within twenty-four hours after the receipt of the copy from England, is said by the critics to be a success, both as literature and drama.

A new monthly, to be called *The Florida Star*, is to be started at New Smyrna, Volusia county, Florida, by Messrs. Wm. H., C. H. & W. A. Coe. It will be the first paper ever printed in that county.—*Sun*, Jacksonville.

Daniel O'Neill, one of the editors and proprietors of the *Daily Despatch*, Pittsburg, Penn., died January 30th. He was a man of great energy, and one of the ablest and best qualified men connected with the press of that city.

A Michigan stock company at Dundee advertises for a first class editor: one who can do fine job work, who will take cash instead of potatoes and wood on subscription, who can't be bought off with a glass of five cent beer from speaking the truth when a sensational local item appears, and who will work for \$8 per week.

A dog near Norfolk, Va., was taught to wait every day for a railroad train, catch a newspaper thrown out by the baggage master and carry it home. His master died several months ago, but he goes every day to get the newspaper, and gazes after the cars in apparent disappointment when nothing is thrown to him.

New York city met with a severe loss, when death ended the career of three of its most notable editors:—Raymond, the conservative republican editor of the *Times*; Greely, the radical and protectionist editor of the *Tribune*; and Bennett, the independent and satanic, of the *Herald*. It would be hard for any other city to produce another such famous trio.

Journalism is the rage with San Francisco school boys. About a dozen schools have their representative papers, each an organ of the most extreme type, independent journalism being as yet known. The pioneer sheet is the *Peanut*, six inches by four, devoted to heavy politics and facetious paragraphs; the *Thunderbolt* is noted for its fearless utterances, and the *Bombshell* and *Torpedo* are also influential.

Two newspaper men formed a conspiracy to burn the Baron de Palm's body in Dr. Le Moyne's furnace at one o'clock in the morning, before the other spectators could be warned. They offered the fireman at first \$100, afterward a gold watch and a diamond ring in addition to start up the furnace; but he was incorruptible and the plot fell through. The object of the conspiracy was, of course, to obtain an exclusive report of the process of cremation.

Mr. D. P. McMullen, of Jefferson, Texas, has a copy of the Bible, printed in Latin, by Barsilen, at Brylbergians, A. D. 1578. The binding is of beech wood covered with boar skin. On the front lid is the picture of Martin Luther, and on the other is that of Melancthon. Originally it was fastened with golden clasps, but these have been broken so that only remnants of them remain. It is a family relic, 298 years old, and in a good state of preservation.

The Brooklyn *Argus* has been sold out to the Brooklyn *Union*, for, it is said, about \$30,000, and hereafter will be known as the *Union-Argus*. Mr. Barnes retires and it is reported, has gone to Europe to recruit his health. In his valedictory he says that he "declines to allow himself to carry on an aggressive warfare against a common enemy, the benefits of which are shared by others and all the burdens of which are borne by him." The *Argus* has had several notable libel suits during its brief existence, notably with Judge McCre and engineer Julius Adams.

Patrick Donahoe, the Boston publisher, who failed about a year ago, owed nearly \$100,000 to depositors in the savings bank which was one of his business enterprises. Donahoe's paper, the *Pilot*, was bought by its editor, Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, in connection with Archbishop Williams. Although in no way legally or morally responsible for the losses suffered by Mr. Donahoe's depositors, the new proprietors of the *Pilot* assumed the debt. Mr. O'Reilly has so managed the finances of the paper that he is now able to declare a first dividend of ten per cent. to the depositors. The course of the new owners is so honorable, and, unfortunately, so unusual, that we notice it here.

The annual meeting of the Massachusetts Press Association was held in Boston on the 21st ult. Hon. Geo. S. Merrill, of Lawrence, presided. The annual report showed the receipts to be \$2,839.20; the expenses were \$2,761, leaving a balance in the treasury of \$78.20. Resolutions of sympathy were adopted on the deaths of Mr. Wm. Hastings, of the Waltham *Sentinel* and Mr. C. B. Josselyn, of Malden. A committee was appointed to arrange for the annual excursion. The following route was suggested:—Boston to Albany, via New York or otherwise, Utica, Trenton Falls, Alexandria Bay, Lawrence River, Lachine, Plattsburg, Ausable Chasm, Lake Champlain, Whitehall, Troy, and thence to Boston by rail. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Geo. S. Merrill, of Lawrence; Vice-Presidents, Charles W. Slack, Edwin B. Haskell, Francis Proctor, of Gloucester, George A. Marden, of Lowell, Henry Chickering, of Pittsfield; Biographer and Historian, S. N. Stockwell, of Boston; Recording Secretary, Luther L. Holden, of Boston; Corresponding Secretary, J. L. Parker, of Woburn; Treasurer, John S. Baldwin, of Worcester; Auditor, Nathaniel A. Horton, of Salem.

West, Johnston & Co. have just published a very funny little pamphlet, the title page of which we transcribe in full: "Meekins's Twinses, a Perdukshun uv Mozis Ad-duma. Kopyrite skewered by Meataz uv Kongris. Richmun, Fuhjinya: Mister Westun, Jonsum & Kump-ny, Publishers, A teen sebenty 7. Price, a quarter (duble its vally; but I want the munny for Meekins)."  
It is amusingly dedicated "To the Happy Man that aint Got but one Chile, & Him growed Up, and Doin uv a Good Bisnis in a Fur Distunt Lan', whar He kant be Heerd a cryin in the Nite fur His Bottil, I Dedikate this Wuk--This Brocher, as they says in French."—*Pub-lishers' Weekly.*

The Drunkards are a religious body whom typographers must take care not to confound with the bibulous fraternity. They have just issued their first newspaper in Eng-lish. The title is "The Brethren at Work," and it appears weekly at Lanark, Illinois. It seems the name by which the sect is commonly known is a nickname. Their proper appellation is "Brethren." They origi-nated in Germany in 1708, and in 1719 came to Pennsylv-ania, under the leadership of Alexander Mack, and settled at Germantown, now a part of Philadelphia. They are most numerous in Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Kansas, Iowa, and Missouri. They are uncompromising peace men, and will not, under any circumstances, take part in war. Litigation among their members is absolutely forbidden, differences being settled by church councils. In dress they resemble the Quakers. Ministers among them re-ceive no salaries, but follow secular callings. They hold very much the same doctrinal principles as the leading Christian denominations. They practice the washing of feet as a religious ceremony, and dip candidates for bap-tism thrice in the water. The number of Drunkard com-municants in the United States is about 100,000.

EVERY apprentice, as well as journeyman at the printing business, should subscribe for and preserve the *Miscellany*, and in order to place it within the reach of all, we will mail it for one year to any apprentice for fifty cents.

No doubt many of our readers and friends have the materials out of which could be writ-ten interesting sketches of celebrities of the press. We would like to receive and publish some such sketches.

Tribble price (30 cts.) will be paid for a few copies of the August (No. 2) number of the *Miscellany*.

If you get out of "sorts" don't forget to look for them on page 152.

If you're looking for a "soft thing," turn to page 150.

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

**BIRTHS.**

At Napanee, Ont., on the 1st ult., the wife of Mr. T. G. Morgan, printer, of the son.  
In Samia, Ont., on the 24th January, the wife of Mr. W. J. Wilson, of the Forest *Mercury*, of a daughter.

**DIED.**

On January 25th, at Lower Road, Londonderry, Ire-land, George Martin, compositor, aged 25 years.

**LITTLE GIANT Rule and Lead Cutter. PRICE \$8.**



No Printing Office should be without it. It is com-pact, powerful and durable. Cuts nonpareil Brass keys easily. Has a back and front gauge. For sale by all dealers in Printing Materials.  
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**PEARL PRINTING PRESS.**



**Rotary Foot or Steam Power.**  
From new and improved patterns. For printing cards, billheads, labels, statements, circulars, etc., it has no superior. Medal awarded at the Centennial Exhibition, and recommended by the Judges over all others for "SIMPLICITY, COM-FORTNESS, RAPIDITY OF OPERATION, and EASE OF RUNNING." With Automatic Card Dropper and Ink Fountain prints 3000 cards an hour. No. 1 prints 57 in. x 77. No. 3, 7x11 \$125. Send 3 cent stamp for Catalogue. Presses \$4 to \$400. Print 2x3 to 12x18 in. Tools, Type, etc.  
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as fine as produced in any country, only \$1.50 per dozen, and a very large assortment to select from. Trade sup-plied low. Cheapest house for Stereoscopes, Brackets, Engravings, Chromos, etc.

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**A Well-Established Weekly Paper,**

With over a thousand bona fide subscribers. Office com-plete and in good condition, with a power press. \$2,000 of the purchase-price would be required in cash; balance on time. Address the editor of the *Miscellany*, St. John, N. B.

**PAGING MACHINE.**

A PARISH PAGING MACHINE, SECOND-HAND.

FOR SALE LOW.

H. CHUBB & CO.

## Something Quite Soft.

The editor of one of our western exchanges related with all due humility, to a bosom friend who promised secrecy, the following "touching" story about himself. He concluded the tale, his friend says, in a very "feeling" manner, and animadverted at great length on the awful uncertainties of this life.

"I was in the habit of visiting, perhaps oftener than was necessary, a cottage occupied by a very fine buxom young widow of about thirty summers. I had a feeling of the greatest friendship (to draw it mildly) for her. One evening, on entering and shaking hands with her, I remarked with perhaps considerable more earnestness than usual, owing to the nervous state of my mind when in her presence: "Why, your hand feels as soft as silk."

"Nonsense, William," she replied. "Here with some more of your flattery, are you? My hands are not as soft as your own this minute."

"Why your hand," said I, "feels so soft I'd be afraid to squeeze it. I never felt anything so soft."

"Now, William, just listen at you again! If you never felt anything as soft as my hand, and even softer—you know it has been your own fault," and I thought the widow blushed as though sorry she had said it.

"Pray," said I, becoming deeply interested, "what might I have felt that is softer than your hand?"

"Hush, now! You don't know, of course. You are very innocent;" and then I could have sworn the widow was blushing.

"Upon my honor I don't know," was my still more interested reply; "won't you tell me, or show me?"

"No, you know I won't tell you."

"Then show me, won't you?"

"I don't like to. But you are such a tease and such a duncé, one must do almost anything to get rid of you."

"Certainly."

And she took my hand mincingly in her's.

"Now shut your eyes, William."

I closed my eyes in an instant. She lifted my hand up and up. I held my breath, and, dear reader, before I suspected what she was doing, she had placed it gently upon—my head.

A personal editor, two shot guns, and a flour sack of assorted type, complete the outfit of a Black Hills newspaper office.


## A Card of Thanks.—Bull-do(z)ging.

A San Francisco paper gives the following graphic description of a wrestling match between the "devil" and the schoolmaster. The former is evidently good on "phonetics" and belongs to the new school:—"The Town Crier is instructed to return the grateful thanks of the proprietor of this paper to the gentleman who kindly sent us as a present the large cream-colored bull-dog on Tuesday last. He also desires to say that our gratitude will receive an immediate accession if the philanthropist al-luded to will have the goodness to call and remove his canine testimonial at an early hour to-day. The following verbatim diary of the official record of this animal, as an *attache* of the *News Letter*, compiled by our printer's devil, and which he is willing to swear to if necessary, will explain conclusively the pressing reasons we have for desiring his immediate removal:—  
Tuesday—Tied the nu dog 'Jim' to the leg of the editur's desk, bit editur, he kicked me, tied him to reporter's table, and then he did too. He et a stake. Wednesday—'Jim' killed our other dog, bit Mikel Rose, who kem in to luke at im, et a stake, then the fourman's lunch, bit fourman. Thursday—Bit 2 men, and a boy hoo wanted to pay fur a 'ad,' editur kicked me, wish somone wud ki' editur. 'Jim' et another cat, likewise a stake. Friday—Bit me, killed another dog. Saturday—He's in the cole box growlin', everybody is swering, can't get no cole, all hans freesing, bit fourman, editur up on bukcase 4 hours. The above speaks for itself."

It may interest the "craft" to know that the original "Mose" celebrated in song and in the drama as lover of "Lize," and the doer of prodigies in "running with de macheen," was a printer named Mose Humphreys, who worked on the New York *Sun*. Chanfrau, the actor and personator of "Mose," heard Humphreys give an order in a restaurant, in this wise:—"Look a-heah! gi' me a sixpenny plate o' pork 'n' beans, and don't stop to count them beans, neither."

The following ludicrous sentence is the result of a compositor's erroneous punctuation:—"Cesar entered upon his head, his helmet upon his feet, armed sandals upon his brow, a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare."



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A Second-Hand Ruling Machine, by KIRK,  
in good order. Has been doing our work until  
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TO JOB PRINTERS.

Stereotyping by the Paper-Mache Process.

An English (Tather's) Stereotyping Apparatus,  
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This apparatus will cast an 8vo. demy page, is almost new, in perfect order and is very easily learned. It is very useful for jobs that are wanted again and for casting cuts, and is almost indispensable for jobs of long numbers, as for instance some kinds of labels, which can be multiplied almost *ad infinitum* by the use of this apparatus. It is sold because the owner has not time to use it, being engaged in other business.

Price \$30.00, or \$45.00 with extra fittings.

Printed directions will accompany the apparatus, which, if followed out, cannot but teach any one having an ordinary amount of intelligence and mechanical skill.

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Send for specimen copies.

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 INKS manufactured expressly to suit this climate.

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

## "SORTS."

One of the earliest printers on record—the Emperor Trojan, who set up a Roman column.

A harder subject to deal with than even an old deck of cards, is a man who doesn't advertise.

Is there a paper in the country that didn't mention the "Hayesiness" of the political atmosphere last month.

"Do you take sugar?" asked a hostess of a western editor. "Yes'm, one lump, and just a mite of bitters."

Why ought a blind compositor receive more pity than any other person? Because he is deprived of "setting" any more.

A printer apprentice wants to know if the man that invented italic types is squint-eyed. He is still waiting for an answer.

Why does a compositor, on reaching the bottom of his case, resemble an angry person? Because he is getting out of sorts.

The scriptural quotation, "There is no rest for the wicked," does not apply to the average run of newspaper reporters.

The *Danbury News* has a new girl in the mailing room. There was a golden hair three feet long in the last wrapper that came.

M. Quad of the *Detroit Free Press* is inventing a flying machine, and wants to fight a duel with the editor who knocked the "f" off flying.

The *Worcester Press* asks: Why is an ugly woman like a Hoe printing press? Because she can't make an impression till her form is made up.

A new beginner at type-setting, says that he often gets the nicks the wrong way, for which he gets old Nick for it round the ears and other tender parts.

You may brag on your big-buckle belts, but for genuine warmth and comfort a masculine coat-sleeve carries it by a large majority with Florida heard from.

A western paper chronicles marriages in this suggestive style: "The couple resolved themselves into a committee of one with power to add to their number."

Some slanderer asserts that paper makers are the greatest magicians of the age, inasmuch as they transform beggar's rags into sheets for editors to lie on.

A Boston typographer very seriously remarked to his landlady, that "the equal adjustment of the establishment could be more safely secured if there was less hair in the hash and more in the mattresses."

The local editor of the *Burlington Hawk-Eye* reports that "the false alarm of fire on Columbia street was caused by a young lady with cardinal red stockings falling out of the back seat of an open wagon."

Copy was out. The devil picked up a paper and said, "Here's something 'About a woman'—must I cut it out?" "No!" thundered the editor; "the first disturbance ever created in the world was occasioned by the devil fooling about a woman."

For practical brevity, commend all readers to the following: Two printer friends, one residing in New York, and the other in Boston, often corresponded. The one in the former city, being in a hurry, wrote in one of his epistles: "I'm well." The other, not wishing to be outdone, answered, by saying, "do." Can condensation go farther?

We breathe easier now. The new counterfeit \$500 notes now in circulation can be detected by their "greasy feel." It eats into the editor's salary fearfully to get "stuck" with four or five such notes in a week.

A guest at a hotel found a lady's nightgown in his room, and went to the clerk with it saying: "Look a here, mister, this is a hollow mockery, a delusion, and a snare. If you can't fill it up, I don't want the darned thing in my room."

The *Danbury News* man claims that two days after he lectured in Boston, Mass., the United States government got \$18.50 conscience money from a Boston man. How true is it that affliction leads to repentance.—*Stratford, Ont., Herald.*

We are much obliged to some folks for a seven-pound copy of "The Report of a Select Committee to inquire into the Mississippi Election." People who have copies of similar works to spare had better keep away from this office if they don't want to get hurt.

Mumford, of the *Talbot Standard*, was once known as the boy editor. He is now the editor of the liveliest girl that ever nibbled at a teething ring. But let us be content. Change is written upon everything except a three dollar bill.—*Charleston Courier.*

The *Herald* came to hand yesterday morning upside down; and as we vainly tried to balance ourselves on our head that we might peruse it with becoming dignity, we were forced to the conclusion that we were never made to stand in that position.—*Halifax paper.*

This is how the *Belleville Ontario* explains a slip of the quill: "We were merely 'joking' about a much-magnified subject, and not in our usual sober, earnest mood." It is much better to keep sober, but honest confession is not to be despised.—*London Advertiser.*

A modest young lady desiring a leg of chicken at the table, said; "I'll take the part which ought to be dressed in drawers!" A young gentleman opposite immediately said: "I'll take the part that ought to wear a bustle!" Hartshorn was immediately administered to the lady.

An editor on the frontier, says an exchange, became martial, and was made captain. On parade, instead of "Two paces in front—advance!" he unconsciously exclaimed, "Cash—\$2.00 a year in advance." He was court-martialed and sentenced to read his own paper.

A disciple of Faust was paying court to a young lady, with a view to amalgamation. A practical jokist told the old gent that the favored one was going to Secor and then to Havre. At the next meeting, the old man innocently wanted to know when he was going to those places—Secor and Havre. "Why, bless your soul," replies the young man, "I have been to seek her, found her, and will shortly have her, as I have her consent, and all I want now is yours." It was given without a murmur, with suppressed smiles.

Two printers, one named Fuller, and the other Knight, the former noted for his practical jokes, and the latter for his soberness, met each other one day. Fuller, expecting to have a good laugh at the expense of Knight, asked him, in the presence of a third person, why a friend of his was like a bird of the night. "Well, I don't exactly know," dryly drawled out Knight, "without it is that he is fuller in the face, fuller in the breast, fuller in the limbs, in fact, I don't know," snickered he, "but that he is fuller all over." The trio became full of laughter and dispersed.

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To H. FINLAY,  
St. John, N. B., Feb. 23, 1876.  
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Yours, etc.,

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Yours truly,

T. ROSSIGNOLL,  
Pressman "Daily Telegraph" Office.

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Foreman "Daily News" Office.

St. John, N. B., July 24, 1876.

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

AND WE REFER WITH CONFIDENCE TO ALL PRINTERS WHO HAVE USED IT.  
Directions for casting, re-casting, and for keeping rollers made from this Composition, accompany each package, and any further information will be cheerfully given.

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