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The Printer's Miscellany.

AN EXPONENT OF PRINTING AND ALL THE KINDRED ARTS.

VOL. III.

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA, MAY, 1879.

No. 11.

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Let these words, taken from a recent journal of chemistry, be a warning to any one who would revive the spelling-matches so popular a year or two ago: Methylcarbominthioglycolic acid; dinitribromdiphenylamin; oxaldiphenylguanidin; parapicrylmetanitrilin; ethoxilphenylpropylformiate of paratoulilendiamin; methylpropylamylammonium oxide hydrate.

PRACTICAL MATTERS.

Stereotyping--The Paper-Mache Process.

In answer to correspondents who desire to know how to stereotype, and who are continually writing to us to ask which is the best way to do this, and which is the best way to do the other thing, we have concluded to publish the *modus operandi* as given by a manufacturer of stereotyping machinery.

We would merely add that we have been very successful in our attempts at stereotyping with a small apparatus, and are strongly of the opinion that printers generally would be great gainers by learning any one of the different processes.

APPARATUS.—The apparatus consists of one press, which, in itself, generally combines drying and casting, melting furnace, with iron pot, chase, pair type-high gauges, core, beating brush, oil brush, paste brush, brass seive, skimmer, iron ladle, pair of pica gauges, shooting board and plane, saw table, chisel, and moulding iron or stone.

MAKING THE PASTE.—To three and a half ounces of the best rye flour add two and a half ounces of starch, and put in three quarts of water. Mix until thoroughly blended, put on the fire and stir (always one way) until boiled, and then set away to cool. Boil two ounces of alum, and add when cold. Also add six ounces of whiting. Before mixing up the whiting with the paste, mash it fine on a stone slab with an old planer or flat piece of wood. When mashed fine, mix it with the paste, stirring it up well; then put the paste through a sieve into another vessel. When put through the sieve, mix it thoroughly again. Should the paste at any time be found too thick for spreading, add a little boiling water.

PREPARING THE MATRIX.—Cut thin blotting pad (like sample that will be furnished) and tissue paper, the size of the pages you wish to mould. Lay your blot-sheet down first, and paste it over evenly; then take one of the tissue pieces and paste it evenly over the blot. This is done by holding one end of the tissue with

one hand, while the other hand rubs it down smoothly and evenly as put on. PRACTICE IS REQUIRED IN THIS. After the first tissue is pasted on the blot-sheet, paste it over again and add another tissue. Continue this until five tissue sheets are pasted on the blotting sheet. When you have as many as will do you a week, dampen the back slightly (the blot side) with a brush and water, and put them, one on another, between two stereo blank plates, which you can cast in the casting-box. The paper should lay two days before using.

The majority of failures in the general process of stereotyping are caused by the careless pasting of the blotting and the tissues. A good matrix is necessary to produce first-class workmanship. When it is possible, it is far better to send to the manufacturer for ready-made paper or flong.

LOCKING-UP THE FORMS.—A small imposing surface should be placed as conveniently as possible to the place selected for the work.

1. Take the casting-box and place it over the furnace to warm. (Where a drying press is used, merely light the lamp under it to warm it up. You do not use the casting-box in that case).

2. Take the form that is to be moulded and unlock it on the imposing surface.

3. The forms are to be locked up with guards around them—one on each of the four sides, a nonpariel from the matter. The guards can be cast in the casting-box, and should be type-high, and one-half inch wide, the side next to the type being beveled slightly at the top.

This done, see to the cleanliness of the form, and that there are no slipped letters or brass rules riding. Be careful that the type are thoroughly clean and dry, and evenly planed down, before moulding, and, if satisfactory, lock up the usual way.

4. See that the form will lift with safety; and, if so, slaken the quoins so that they are very little tighter than can be undone by the fingers.

MOULDING.—Slightly oil the face of the form with the brush prepared for that purpose, which is done by pouring a little olive oil into the palm of the left hand, and rubbing the hair of the brush evenly into it. The oil should be hickory nut or olive oil. Then lay on your matrix, tissue side down, and beat it gently with the beating brush. Then have a piece of muslin a little larger than the form; dampen it, and spread

it over the matrix, and beat it gently and evenly all over, turning the form in beating to make sure of it being even. Beat lightly on those parts of the form which are open. You can lift up a corner of the matrix from the type and see how deep it has gone in. When you think it very near deep enough, lift off the muslin and paste a waste printed sheet on the matrix, and put on the muslin again, after dampening it, and beat until you get the required depth; then lift off the muslin and paste another thin sheet on, and beat without the muslin.

Be very careful to exclude all the air that may have got between the papers in laying on; and, should there be any whites or open work in the form, a great saving of time is effected by filling the same with a little softened pipe clay, or by pasting a piece of thin pasteboard, cut so as to keep it a great primer from the type. The pasteboard can be pasted in with the pipe clay. This should be done before the last sheet is put on and beaten-in, after which the form is to be planed and locked up in the usual way.

Lift the lid of the drying and casting-press, (which has been warming over the furnace), and place the form on the centre of the surface between the two upright pillars. (If you have a drying-press you will want it put there). Spread a piece of thick blanket doubled over the form (thirty thicknesses of old newspaper will do), and immediately cover the whole with the lid, and screw it tightly down with the lever, say, a little more than can be done with one hand. Let it remain in the press about ten minutes, then raise the lid (which will allow the confined steam to evaporate), and let it remain about two minutes to allow the matrix to thoroughly dry, after which remove the form back to the imposing surface, and take off the mould by lifting gently at each corner. Cool your form in water, and rub over the face with oil and water, which will prevent the type from sticking.

CASTING.—1. Cover the underside of the lid of the casting-box with strong, smooth manilla paper, pasting it on the side only with strong paste.

2. Cut the superfluous portion of the mould away with a pair of shears, leaving the edges caused by the type-high guards which were placed around the form, and hammer down any projection, should one appear, where the metal was joined at the corners.

3. Dust slightly a little powdered French chalk over the face of the mould, and take it off again *carefully* with the chalk brush.

4. Paste a piece of manilla paper on one end on the edge of the face of the matrix. This paper should be long enough to project fully four inches out of the mouth of the casting-press, as it conducts the metal over the matrix. It must be well pasted on, otherwise the metal may get in on the back of the plate and spoil it. Then lay the matrix over your metal-pot to be thoroughly warm and dry.

5. Have your metal hot enough to color paper a dark brown, *without burning* it, when dipped into it. If too hot, cool by adding more metal.

6. Put the type-high guards in the casting-box, screw down the lid, turn its mouth up, and fill it with metal, letting it stand a few minutes to become heated through (this can be repeated, if not sufficiently warmed the first time), then remove the metal. The guards should also be heated.

7. Place the mould, face upward, on the surface of the casting-press as near the centre between the two uprights as possible, and put the gauges on the margin of the mould, half covering the space made by the guards in moulding. If casting type-high, put in the cores, the smooth side to the back of the lid; then put the lid down and screw it tightly. Alter the position of the casting-box from the horizontal to the upright position. It will then be ready for pouring the metal on the matrix.

8. Before pouring the metal, carefully remove the scum from the surface of the melting-pot, in order to take into your ladle *bright metal only*. Be sure the metal is of the heat described; and, in pouring it in, run the ladle across the box from one side to the other.

9. The metal will cool in about three minutes, when the box must be lifted to its former horizontal position, and fixed to remain there; and, after raising the lid, the cast must be turned over on its back, and the mould gently raised by working the fore-finger of each hand gently along underneath the edge of the mould, being careful not to put too much strain on any particular part. The extra metal can then be sawed off, the sides planed, and the stereotype is ready for use.

STEREOTYPE METAL.—For every six pounds of lead add one pound of antimony. The antimony should be broken into very small pieces,

and thrown on the top of the lead when it is at a red heat. It is a white metal, and so brittle that it may be reduced to powder; it melts when heated to redness; at a higher heat it evaporates.

The cheapest and most simple mode of making a stereotype metal is to melt old type, and to every fourteen pounds add about six pounds of tea lead. To prevent any smoke arising from the melting of tea lead it is necessary to melt it over an ordinary fire-place for the purpose of cleansing it, which can be done by throwing in a small piece of tallow about the size of a nut, and stir it briskly with the ladle, when the impurities will rise to the surface, and can then be skimmed off.

In the mixing of lead and type-metal, see that there are no pieces of zinc among it, the least portion of which will spoil the whole of the other metal that is mixed with it. Zinc is of a bluish-white color; its hue is intermediate between that of lead and tin. It takes about eighty degrees more heat than lead to bring it into fusion; therefore, should any metal float on the top of the lead, do not try to mix it, but immediately take it off with the ladle.

An exchange speaks of a Vermont editor's wife presenting her husband with a fourteen-pound daughter. Oh, yes, we remember the circumstance. The editor received the donation with his accustomed suavity, and penned the following before he discovered that the gift was not sent for the usual puff: "A magnificent baby has been laid upon our table by Mrs. ———, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best that has come under our notice this season. We return thanks for the generous gift, and can only add that we hope that the printer will be similarly remembered by many other of our readers." When the editor discovered what a blunder he had made, he took a solemn oath never to write another puff, not even if his cellar was filled with water melons and his back yard with cordwood.—*Ex.*

ADVERTISERS like to know when and where their advertisements are paying best, therefore, any person writing for things advertised in the *Miscellany*, would do that publication immense good and themselves no harm if they would mention the fact that the *Miscellany* brought it to their notice.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

All letters should be addressed to

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

The Printer's Miscellany.

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA, MAY, 1879.

The Newspapers and Hard Times.

The past four or five years have put the newspapers, of this continent at least, to a very hard test. The depression in trade has perhaps told with greater severity on the newspaper business and printers than on any others who are dependent on public patronage for their support. It is not so much that the subscription list has suffered—although the depression has caused many delinquencies there—for there are few men who will cut off their accustomed paper, be the times ever so hard; but it is in the curtailment of advertising patronage that the papers fare worst. Merchants and other business men begin to economize first in their advertising. We mean the majority of them: the thorough business man—of whom the late A. T. Stewart might be taken as an example—does his largest advertising when the times are dullest, and the consequence is he does a lively trade while his neighbors are nodding over their desks or behind counters. The majority cut down their business announcements or withdraw them altogether, and the newspaper publisher is left to struggle on as he can, often at his wits end how to make the week's end meet. Paper-makers, compositors, pressmen, and reporters must be paid regularly, or the concern must go into insolvency—and many, we are sorry to say, have “gaed that gate” since the beginning of the present crisis. At the same time, the fact that so few newspapers—in comparison with other branches of industry—have suspended publication during the past four or five years, speaks volumes for the pluck and economy with which they have been conducted. Few of them, we believe, have made much money, but the majority appear to have held their own and some have made steady

and solid improvement. Now, that the first faint glimmer of better times has appeared on the commercial horizon, it becomes the duty of all to redouble their efforts to pull through manfully for the “good times coming.”

Editorial Notes.

Punch's Beaconsfield cartoons have cleared the publisher \$20,000.

Great Britain imports nearly 100,000 tons of bone and bone ash per annum.

Printers and others will find the “Trades Directory” handy for reference in ordering material or making inquiries in connection therewith.

Any person sending us the names of four subscribers with the money (\$4.00) will be furnished with a copy of the *Miscellany* free for one year.

It costs Russia nearly a million of dollars to have her newspapers supervised in the interest of order. No wonder she is so weak in war and diplomacy.

A Richmond, Va., correspondent writes us: “Our friend, Jul. L. Wright, has removed from this city to Washington, D. C. He carries with him the best wishes of a large circle of friends here for his future prosperity and happiness.”

In the Island of Cyprus, which Beaconsfield captured, there is a newspaper published half in English and half in Greek. The Grecian editor does not know a word of English, and the English editor is utterly ignorant of Greek. The Greek, however, who is a wily fellow, secured a translation of his co-editor's editorial, and in the next issue demolished it entirely by a vigorous leader. The residents of Cyprus, who read both languages, are enjoying the joke, but the Englishman is looking after Mr. Kostanides with a big stick in his right hand.

Journalism continues to beat tape and circumlocution in London. The news of the assault and capture of Ali Musjid was received in Fleet street many hours before it reached Downing street. A correspondent of a country newspaper says: “As a matter of fact, I happened to call at the Indian Office just after the publication of the news, and I was actually the first to bring word of that event.” No information had then come to hand from the Government officials, and the Ministers went into council without having any tidings of the capture of the fort.

AN OLD PAPER MILL.—Since the existence of the Bank of England the paper for its notes has been made by the Portal family, whose ancestor came over in a barrel after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, nearly two centuries ago, bringing with him the art of making fine paper, which, like those of silk weaving and dyeing scarlet, was up to that time unknown in England. Except by burglary, against which precautions are taken, it is absolutely impossible to obtain a scrap of the beautiful water-marked paper produced at that mill. Every piece of bank note paper is registered before it is removed from the frame, an account is kept by a locked dial, and every damaged note is accounted for before being ground up again into pulp.

INVENTORS AT WORK.—Two inventors in Philadelphia, says an exchange, are incubating great revolutions in the art of printing that are only surpassed, if at all, by the recent and alleged inventions in rapid telegraphy. One has perfected a justifying type-setting machine, which uses new type only, since, by its method, it is cheaper to make new type than to distribute it; while the other inventor uses type so sparingly that a single alphabet is all that is needed in any given font, and neither type-setting nor distribution is required, the type making an impression in a wooden block when touched or "set," and this block forming a matrix for a stereotype plate.

Richmond, Va., Typographical Union, No. 90, has recently lost several of its most faithful and prominent members. One of these, J. Harvey Campbell, had served for several successive terms as Recording Secretary, and was a most efficient and popular officer. At the time of his death he was Treasurer of the Union. Another, Jos. H. Johnson, was formerly Corresponding Secretary of No. 90, and was generally beloved on account of his many good qualities.

The D. H. list of the *Miscellany* has become very large—in fact, too large for these hard times—and after this number we will have to drop some of them off in order to accommodate new subscribers without increasing our already large edition.

Sponge paper, made by adding finely divided sponge to paper pulp, has been used in France for dressing wounds.

In the Suburbs of Occupation.

If, as is said, happiness consists in the occupation of the mind, the average editor should be moderately content. With two men sitting on his table, reading exchanges, a book agent whispering in his ear that he'll never get such a chance again because there wasn't but one made, a boy or two hanging around the outskirts with a base ball item concealed about their persons, a compositor fainting away for a translation of some of his peculiarly awful chirography, a couple of patrons pressing him for a seven-dollar puff for a dollar-and-a-quarter advertisement, and a ferocious-looking individual sitting just outside the door with a heavy weighted cane and a crumpled copy of the paper in his hand, waiting for a "chance to see him alone," the newspaper man may be said to be just in the suburbs of occupation, and threatening to be quite busy in time.

Rhetoric, in all places, is a big thing. A writer the other day went into a newspaper office and said, "I've got an article on Mahomet for some paper that spells it that way." He was immediately kicked down stairs, for he had gone into a Mohamet office. Then he climbed the stairs into a Mahammed office, and was let out on the fire-escape gently, but positively. Next, he struck a magazine where the proof-readers were partisans of the old school of Muhammed, and he went sadly away. One man, whom he met on the stairs of a religious but practical journal, informed him that Mehemet was the style there. An hour after, he was seen to be let down the coal-hole of a Mohammed establishment.

Subscribers to the *Miscellany* will bear in mind that all subscriptions must be paid IN ADVANCE. Unless we adhered strictly to this rule, the sheriff would soon be after us, and we cannot believe that any of our subscribers wishes such a consummation.

When a man boastfully declares he will make a newspaper suffer by exerting himself to secure a withdrawal of all patronage under his influence, he throws a boomerang which invariably returns with greater force than he anticipated.

Renew your subscriptions to the *Miscellany*.

How a Great Work Got into Type.

M. Champfleury, having recently published a book entitled "Balzac's Method of Working," it may be worth while to reproduce Edouard Ourlic's famous description of the way in which the great author's "Cæsar Birotteau," which was set up, rewritten and corrected fifteen times in twenty days, got into type :

"The printers were ready and pawed the ground like waiting steels. M. de Balzac sent in 200 sheets of manuscript, written in five feverish nights. Every one knows his writing. It was a debauch, a chaos, an apocalypse, a Hindoo poem. The stoutest compositor turned pale; time was short and the copy unparalleled. Nevertheless, needs must, so the monster was transformed—translated, as well as might be, into familiar signs. The most expert could do no more. The proofs were sent to the author.

"Next day the author sends back the first two proofs pasted on four-sheet posters. From each printed word sets out a dash of ink that curves and winds like a congreve rocket and at last breaks into a fiery rain of phrases, epithets and nouns, underlined, crossed, written upside down, mixed, scratched out and superposed. A splendid—a dazzling sight.

"Imagine four or five hundred arabesques of this sort, interlaced, knotted, clambering and tumbling from one edge of the sheet to the other, from the North to the South; as many maps in which were inter-involved the towns, rivers and mountains, all the hieroglyphics of the Pharoahs and the fireworks of twenty festivals.

"At this awful spectacle the printers smote their bosoms, the copy-holders tore their hair and the apprentices lost their reason. The most daring tackled the proofs, where some recognized Persian, others the unfamiliar symbols of Madagascar, some Sanskrit. Work was pushed on with blind trust in Providence.

"On the morrow M. de Balzac sent over two sheets of pure Chinese. Only fifteen days left; a maddened copy-holder endeavors to blow out his brains.

"Two more proofs received, very legibly written in Burmese. Two printers go blind.

"And thus the proofs went back and forth, till at the seventh essay some symptoms of excellent French were diagnosed; nay, there were even faint traces of connection between the phrases."

Orthography and Common Decency.

"This is the editor, eh?" said a weak and timid man, as he entered the sanctum, removed his hat and leaned his dyspeptic umbrella against a table.

"It is, sir," affably responded the person addressed.

"I have brought round a little trifle that I dashed off last night," said the visitor; "the topic is seasonable, and I thought you would like to publish it," and he produced some neatly written manuscript.

Of course, it was an "Ode to Spri. g." The editor took it gently, and, having gazed upon it for an instant, said sternly, as he handed the manuscript back to the author :

"I think, sir, you have mistaken the character of our paper. We can admit *nothing* profane in our columns, and I am surprised that you should enter the field of literature without having learned how to spell."

"Profanity! How to spell!" gasped the astonished bard.

"Yes, sir," continued the editor, pointing to a passage which had caught his eagle eyes, or rather which his eagle eye had caught; "here you say,

'How sweet, in meadows green, to view the lambs,
Innocent creatures, frisking with their dams.'

Damns is spelled with an 'n,' sir, and usually written with a long dash. I cannot undertake to sully the pages of my paper with aught that will bring a blush to the cheek of the youngest newsboy. Good morning, sir. When you have mastered the rudiments of orthography and learned common decency, I shall be pleased to consider anything you may bring."

The Intelligent Compositor.

Under the above headline the Detroit *Free Press* says: "Next to the 'intelligent compositor' the proof-reader is the best-abused man in a newspaper establishment. Indeed, some philosophers have thought that the latter is entitled to the first rank. "In our editorial last week on the Ann Arbor University," explains the Ragopolis *True Banner*, "the attention was to allude to the 'internal dissensions' and not 'infernal dissection,' as the proof-reader imagined." "I want you to understand," writes an awfully mad correspondent of the Badgettown

line 'Ruet oggerdei' and not 'Root hog or die,' as your paper printed it. Why don't you hire some one that can read proof?"

And thus it goes, without any one giving very much thought to the horrible aggregation of mangled pen-strokes that make up the mass of printers' copy. Writing of every conceivable design, from the neat copy of the first manuscript to the hieroglyphic scrawl of the old stager in journalism, all dumped on the unfortunate shoulders of the "intel. comp," or proof-reader. And yet mistakes in a good newspaper are very rare. Still a man has never been known to come to a newspaper office and say "that letter of mine was admirably printed, not a mistake in the whole column;" but it is quite a common thing to have a man with red face and fiery eye, shout "Heavens and earth, what kind of a paper do you print, any how? I wrote 'to' and it came out 'the' this morning," and then he mops his heated brow in agony. Column after column of correct matter is forgotten, and the one mistake stands out in gigantic proportions.

How to "Liven up" Things.

There was a compositor not only discharged from the San Jose *Herald* last week, but also fired down four flights of stairs by the infuriated foreman of that admirable journal. It seems that the typo was requested to "liven up" a certain speech delivered at the Workingmen's State Convention, held in that town, with the usual remarks in parenthesis. The "jour," who was carrying a little more beer than necessary just then, got hold of the wrong part of the proceedings, causing the eloquent resolution of Mr. Von Arman, referring to the death of a member, to read something like this:

Whereas, It has pleased Divine Providence to remove from our midst our beloved comrade, Azariah McMuck, [loud applause], who has been cut down in the flower of his usefulness [laughter] and promise, it is

Resolved, That we tender to his bereaved family [cheers] and friends our sincere sympathy in this their hour of affliction [cries of "Put him out" and "Order"], and assure them while we humbly bow to the will of [a voice, "Three cheers for Kearney"] Heaven, we lament in our departed brother [roars of laughter] a fellow citizen of enlightened mind, statesmanlike views [cries of "Oh! shut up!" "Let's adjourn!"] and broad and generous sympathy for his kind. [terrific cheers]. He is not lost, but gone before *Argus*, "that I quoted the beautiful Sanskrit

[derisive cries of "O! cheese it" and continued laughter], etc.

In fact, the McMuck widow is hunting for that unfortunate printer yet, and cherishes the conviction that he is still hiding in the foothills.

Good Natured Editing.

"Good natured editing," says some wise man, "spoils half the papers." Yea, verily. "Will you please publish this poetry," says one, "it is my first effort;" and some crude lines go in to encourage budding genius. "Our church is in great peril," says another, "will you publish our appeal?" and a long dolorous article follows. "My father took your paper for twenty years," says another, "I think you ought to publish the resolutions passed by the big brick church when he died," and in go resolutions of no interest to a majority of the readers. "I am particularly anxious that the views I present go before the church this week," and out go a lot of pithy articles to make room for three columns from a ponderous D. D. "There is immediate necessity to expose one who is a bitter enemy to the truth," writes one and he sends in an attack upon an antagonist which would fill an entire paper "Why don't you publish in full R's. great speech in the Assembly? It would increase your circulation largely." "If you will publish the sermon I transmit to you, I will take eight extra copies!" "The church must be aroused on the subject of foreign missions," says a pastor, and he forwards us half his last sermon. And the ladies—bless their sweet smiles and their sweet voices—the good natured editor surrenders to them at once and they go away at once utterly unconcious that they have helped to spoil the paper.

Subscribers to the *Miscellany* will be furnished with the *Scientific American* publications at the following rates:

Miscellany and Scientific American,	\$3 50
Miscellany and Scientific American Supplement,	5 25
Miscellany and Scientific American and Supplement, the two	
letter to one address,	1 25

Subscriptions forwarded to this office will be promptly attended to.

"Don't be an editor," shrieks the Boston *Transcript*. It is all very well to say "don't be an editor," but when a man is too honest for anything else, what is he to do?

Set-off Paper is the latest novelty in the English market.

Furnishing an Item.

The reporters and editors of a newspaper are always particularly fortunate in having a large circle of friends who take an interest in furnishing items for the paper. Though once in ten or fifteen years a good item comes in this way, the generality of them are like one we were told of the other morning.

Man on the street—"Say Cap! A horse fell down the hatchway of McC——'s cellar just now."

Reporter—"Yes; I heard of it. Much obliged."

Lady friend—"Oh, Cap! did you know about a horse falling down somewhere?"

Reporter—"Oh, yes, just heard of it. Much obliged."

Policeman—"Hear about the accident?"

Reporter—"What accident?"

Policeman—"One of Hendrie's horses fe—"

Reporter—"Thanks, just heard of it."

In a drug store buying some liquorice root, the clerk remarks: "Did you hear about the hor"—"For Heaven's sake give us something new," interrupts the reporter.

Newsboy—"Say, did you get that par. about the dray ho"—"Sew up your mouth and don't be so fresh!" hisses the scribe as he rushes on. The reporter sees a man rushing frantically after him, and waits.

Man, out of breath—"Say—did ye (pants) get that ac—cident?"

"What about—the horse?" "Yes"—(The reporter committed murder and sought to seclude himself in his office.)

Whizz-izz-izz goes the slide, and the persecuted man gets up to see what is in the box—it is a note—he opens and reads—"A horse fell—"

He tore the paper, and his mouth worked violently, but not in prayer. The door then opened, and the foreman asked if he had got that item about the horse. The excited "ubiquitous" rose in his passion and said some mean things about the intelligence of foremen, and closed by a suggestion that he had better go to—his work. The book-keeper then sent him a note informing him of the accident. The advertising agent ran up-stairs and told about it, and the printers all informed him or else asked him if it was true, and after all this suffering an item was produced stating that a horse fell into a cellar and was gotten out almost uninjured, after a great deal of trouble.

Somebody's Mother.

The woman was old and ragged and gray,
And bent with the chill of the winter's day;

The street was wet with the recent snow,
And the woman's feet were aged and slow.

She stood at the crossing and waited long,
Alone, uncared for, amid the throng

Of human beings who passed her by,
Nor heeded the glance of her anxious eye.

Down the street, with laughter and shout,
Glad in the freedom of "school let out,"

Came the boys, like a flock of sheep,
Hailing the snow piled white and deep.

Past the woman, old and gray,
Hastened the children on their way;

Nor offered a helping hand to her,
So meek, so timid, afraid to stir

Lest the carriage wheels or the horses' feet
Should crowd her down in the slippery street.

At last came one of the merry troop—
The gayest laddie of all the group;

He paused beside her, and whispered low,
"I'll help you across if you wish to go."

Her aged hand on his strong young arm
She placed, and so, without hurt or harm,

He guided the trembling feet along,
Proud that his own were firm and strong.

Then back again to his friends he went,
His young heart happy and well content.

"She's somebody's mother, boys, you know,
For all she's aged, and poor, and slow;

And I hope some fellow will lend a hand
To help my mother, you understand,

If ever she's poor and old and gray,
When her own dear boy is far away."

And "somebody's mother" bowed low her head,
In her home that night, and the prayer she said

Was, "God, be kind to the noble boy,
Who is somebody's son and pride and joy!"

A dollar bill (either U. S. or Canadian currency) enclosed in an envelope with a registration stamp on it (costing two cents in Canada and ten cents in the U. S.), and addressed to this office will secure the *Miscellany* for one year.



CONDUCTED BY T. WILLIAM BELL.

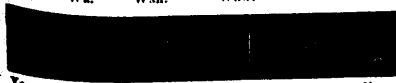
Easy Lessons in Phonography.

LESSON IV.

For convenience and speed of writing, brief signs have been provided for the sounds W and Y. These sounds are always heard in connection with a vowel, the latter being indicated by the position of the semi-circles which represent the W and Y; thus



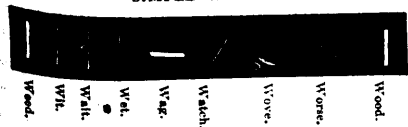
We. Wa. Wah. Waw. Wo. Woo.



Ye. Ya. Yah. Yaw. Yo. Yoo.

The short sounds are represented in the same manner, the semi-circle being made a little lighter.

SIMPLE WORDS.



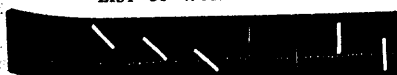
Wood. Wh. Wah. Wah. Wah. Wah. Wah. Wah.

WORD-SIGNS.

Certain words of frequent occurrence are indicated in phonography by one or more of their important letters. These contractions are called word-signs.

The dot-lines serve to indicate the position of those words with respect to the line of writing.

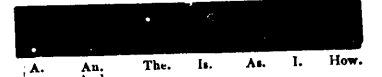
LIST OF WORD-SIGNS.



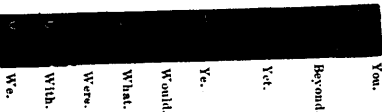
Up. Hope. By. Be. To be. It. At. Do. Had.



Largely. Kingdom. Common. Come. Give. Give. Give. Together.



A. An. The. It. As. I. How.



We. With. Were. What. Would. Yes. Yet. Beyond. You.



1. I hope it is a nice cat.
2. Come up and give it some cheese.
3. You and I were beyond it.
4. It is an advantage to be with you.
5. What do you hope it may be?
6. Tom and I had to be out together.

The short sentences, contained in the above plate, are almost entirely composed of the word-signs given in the plates preceding it. These word-signs, which are taken from the list on page 30 of the Handbook, should be thoroughly memorized. This may be readily done by covering the plate with a slip of paper and writing the proper sign for the word or words given beneath it. Word-signs, when familiarized, are more easily read than uncontracted outlines.

It will be observed that some of the word-signs represent more than one word. No confusion, however, results from this arrangement, as the context will readily show which word is intended.

Signor Michela has invented a phonographic type-setter, known as "La Machine Stenographique Michela," which he claims will report, with unerring fidelity, however rapidly delivered, the words of speakers in the English, German, French, Italian, or Spanish languages. The instrument is small, piano-like in form, with twenty-two keys, white and black. The stenographic characters are small and impressed on slips of paper. As a reporting instrument, it is certainly of little value compared with the phonograph—even the latter has turned out to be simply worthless as a time-saving machine in court reporting.

Price List of "Standard" Phonographic Books, etc.

The Little Teacher, paper cov. 50c., cloth,	\$0.75
The Hand-Book, \$2.00; postpaid	2.20
First Reader, \$1.50; "	1.58
Key to same, 50; "	58
Second Reader, 1.75; "	1.87
Standard Phonographic Dictionary	5.00
Odds and Ends	75
The Student's Journal (monthly) per year,	2.00

The above works will be mailed to any person whose name and address we receive, with price inclosed. We have also on hand the "works" of Benn Pitman, Munson, Marsh and Scovil, which we will gladly part with at reduced rates. Standard writers, who wish to possess phonographic curiosities, should have them.

For \$2.00, received before July 1st, the *Miscellany* and *Student's Journal* will be sent to any one address. The *Student's Journal* is published by Andrew J. Graham, New York, and contains much valuable and interesting matter. No phonographer should be without it. The *Miscellany* will speak for itself. Standard phonographic publications may be had by sending publisher's prices to the editor of the *Miscellany*.

Phonographicalities.

Let every phonographer, who does not write Graham's system, ask himself the following questions: Have I ever found myself able to keep pace with a rapid speaker? Will I ever make a *verbatim* reporter? Has there ever been a two-hundred-word reporter who did not write Standard phonography? Echo answers, "Well, hardly ever."

Barnum says that whenever he discovers anything new he gets it, regardless of dollars and cents. It is, therefore, natural enough to expect that he will be anxious to give cage room, in his "Greatest show on earth," to our Scovilitish friend, "Old Phono," the shorthand plug who reported *verbatim*, in less than twenty minutes, a charge to the jury, the delivery of which occupied about one hour and a half.

The "inventor" of a very "complete" system of phonography, gave in confidence the following practical hints to one of his victims, who, after seven years practice, found himself unable to make full reports: "In court reporting, when an oath is administered to both phono-

grapher and witness, as a precaution, it is advisable to add to transcript of notes the letters E. & O. E. I have occasionally, in my practice," says the 'inventor,' "found it necessary, in important cases, to request the witnesses to speak slowly and distinctly."

Notwithstanding the beauty and simplicity of Standard Phonography, and the increasing demand for its text-books on the Pacific Coast, never has the study of the art been taken up by any of the moon-eyed celestials. If Cheap John were to enter the phonographic field, Charles A. Sumner and other leading reporters of San Francisco, who have been netting from five to ten thousand dollars annually, would be obliged to make themselves scarce. John would be perfectly satisfied to work for seventeen cents per *diem*, and would very likely be willing to strike off during the night an unlimited number of transcripts to be supplied gratuitously.

Mark Twain says that reporting is the best school in the world to get a knowledge of human beings, human nature, and human ways. Just think of the wide range of his acquaintance, his experience of life and society! The last thing at night—midnight—he goes brooding around after items among police, and jail-birds, in the lock-up, questioning the prisoners, and making pleasant and lasting friendships with some of the worst people in the world. And the very next evening he gets himself up, regardless of expense, puts on all the good clothes his friends have got, goes and takes dinner with the Governor-General and some of the upper crust of society. He has breakfast almost every morning with the Governor, dines with the principal clergymen, and sleeps in the station-house.

A teacher of phonography, whose boarding-house is contiguous to a sausage manufactory, had retired to rest one night last week as the hands of the clock pointed heavenward. The hour for his neighbor to replenish his stock of fresh meats for morning sales was near at hand, for it was not many minutes after our friend had fallen into a doze, that he was awakened by a noise, which he at first supposed was being created by some of his pupils, whom he thought had entered into a competition and were striving to recite the long vowels, E, A, Ah, Aw, O, OO, fifty times in half that number of seconds, as-you-please. Many minutes did not elapse, however, before he discovered that the familiar

sounds which fell upon his well-trained ear were not purely phonographic, for they were the appealing cries, or farewell howls, of an old gray cat, under a sharp and shining knife, previous to her departure for the land of sausage.

A specimen copy of the *Miscellany* will be sent to the address of any phonographer whose name we receive from subscribers. Those of our friends who have already been receiving specimen copies and who have not yet subscribed, are invited to do so at once. The *Miscellany* is the cheapest phonographic monthly published under the sun.

Remember our terms: \$1 per year in advance.

THE LORD'S PRAYER.

EACH WORD SEPARATE.

SEE MATTHEW, vi. 9-13

Handwritten phonographic representations of the Lord's Prayer, showing individual words separated by lines.

Jeffing.

Slug 3 was portly and round and fair,
And he threw in type with a lordly air
Under the coal-oil's lurid glare.

One of Slug 3's innocent joys
Was, when surcease from work and noise,
He jeffed with the other printer boys.

It made the printermen howl and moan
When on the fatal imposing stone
They saw his handful of m quads strown.

One night, unknowing of Slug 3's fame,
At playing this most unfortunate game,
A slim young man to the news-room came.

And seeing the slender creature near,
Slug 3 remarked with a bitter leer,
"Fill jeff you, sir, for cigars or beer."

And the slim man started and tossed his head—
The shaft struck home and his heartstring bled—
"Fray, what is jeffing!" the victim said.

And Slug 3, thinking his ruin planned,
Explained the process in detail, and
The young man yearned to take a hand.

Then three times threw Slug 3 the tricks,
And he made a total of just eight nicks,
And he quoth "He never can beat that fix!"

The young man gathered the m quads too—
A molly, a cock and two he threw—
"Now one more throw and that will do."

The young man threw, and there supine
Lay the cold, cold stone, in a ghastly line,
Accented seven nicks—or a total of nine.

A western editor having been assaulted by an alderman makes the following business-like proposition: "I will meet him anywhere his friend and mine may select, both to be unarmed, and if I don't thrash him inside of five minutes, I will make a public apology and admit I am no man. I am in no condition to struggle with a man, but I am strong enough to whip a hypocrite and a coward."

On homoeopathic principles, that "like cures like," Lord Lorne says the woodshed at Rideau Hall was never so wind-tight and water-proof as it was this winter—thanks to the large number of addresses received *en route* to Ottawa last fall.

The foremen of printing offices are respectfully asked to canvass their offices for subscriptions to the *Miscellany*. Send for specimen copies and show them to all hands, not forgetting the boys.

To Paper Makers and others.

H. N. SMITH,
Windsor Mills, Quebec,

HAVING a long experience in the erection of FURNACES and STEAM BOILERS, with the latest fuel-saving improvements, and utilizing cold air, is open to engagements.
Best of references furnished.

The International Printing Trades' Directory.

A Cheap Mode of keeping Names and Addresses constantly before the Trade.

RATES FOR THE DIRECTORY.—Inserting Name and Address under one heading 25 cents per month, or \$2.00 per year. Extra matter after Name and Address, giving details of business, 15 cents per line per month additional. New Headings will be inserted when desired.

Bookbinders' Thread.

WALTER WILSON & CO., 1 and 3 St. Helen street, Montreal, Q. See advt.

Commercial Traveller.

WILLIAM WALKER, P. O Box 728, Toronto, Ontario.

Dealers in Printing Machinery and Inks.

GOODWILLIE, WYMAN & CO., 43 Federal street, Boston.

Engravers on Wood.

CHARLES H. FLEWELLING, 32 Prince Wm. street, over E. H. Jones, Stationer, St. John, N. B. See advt.
CONNELLY & CO., 243 Washington street, Boston, Mass. See advt.

Gauge Pins and Feed Guides.

E. L. MEGILL, 75 and 80 Fulton street, New York.

Paper Manufacturers.

NAPANEE MILLS PAPER MANUFACTURING CO., Napanee, Ontario. See advt.
J. RIORDON, Merriton, Ontario. See advt.

"Peerless" Presses and Paper Cutters.

GLOBE MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Henry Johnson, vice-president,
44 Beekman street, New York.

"Premium" Goods.

R. W. SHOPPELL, 137 Eighth st., New York. Steel Engravings and Chromos supplied in quantities for premium purposes.

Printing Inks.

BAYLIS, WILKES MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Nazareth street, Montreal, Q. See advt.
GEO. H. MORRILL, 30 Hawley street, Boston, Mass. See advt.

Printing Press Manufacturers.

CAMPBELL PRINTING PRESS AND MANUFACTURING CO. Office, 39 Beekman street, New York. Factory, Wythe Av. & Hewes st, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.
W. P. KIDDER, 117 Congress and 18 Federal streets, Boston, Mass.—The "Kidder" Printing Press. See advertisement.
F. M. WEILER, 23 Chambers street, New York. See advt.

Printers' Rollers and Composition.

WILD & STEVENS, 23 Hawley street, Boston, Mass.
BAYLIS, WILKES MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Nazareth street, Montreal, P. Q. See advt.

Printers' Machinist.

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

Ready-Made Wood Cuts, Etc.

R. W. SHOPPELL, 137 Eighth st., New York. 20,000 miscellaneous Cuts on hand. Books, papers, and advertisements of any description illustrated.

Stationery and Printers' Supplies.

J. L. McCOSKERY, Horn's Building, Prince Wm. street, St. John, N. B. See advt.

Type Founders, Etc.

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

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A GOOD PHOTOGRAPH,

Either Card or Cabinet size,

GO TO

CLIMO'S,

13 Charlotte Street and 85 Germain St.,

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He also has the largest and best variety of STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS to be had anywhere, consisting principally of Scenes in New Brunswick.

3-10-11

WANTED.—A SITUATION AS FOREMAN of a weekly newspaper, (power-press.) Thoroughly acquainted with newspaper work. Address, "PRINTER," Box 110, Sherbrooke, P. Q. 3-10-11

WANTED.—A SITUATION AS PRESSMAN. A man capable of taking charge of a room; can do fine book and job work; has worked several years on newspapers. Good references. Address, GEO. WATKINS, No. 4 St. Patrick Square, Toronto, Ont. 3-9-11

To Printers and Stationers.

WILL YOU improve your position by studying economy, and **SAVE MONEY?**

If so, subscribe immediately to the **BRITISH AND COLONIAL PRINTER AND STATIONER.**

It is full of Wrinkles and labor-saving Practical Ideas. Subscription, including Postage, to any part of the world, SIX SHILLINGS per annum. A specimen copy free upon receipt of 10 cents. Each number contains sixty pages of matter. Published on the 1st and 16th of each month by **W. JOHN STONHILL**, 5 Ludgate-circus buildings, London, E. C. 3-9-tf

JOHN J. TIERNAY,

Importer and Dealer in

HAVANA CIGARS

AND

TOBACCOS,

Main Street, - - - Portland,

3-6-12

ST. JOHN, N. B.

J. RIORDON,

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PAPER MILLS,

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The largest Paper Mills in the Dominion of Canada. Capacity 8 tons per day. 1-4-tf

GEORGE H. MORRILL,

MANUFACTURER OF

PRINTING INKS,

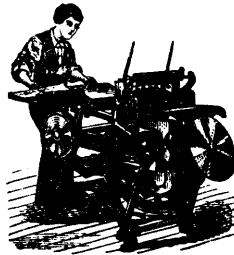
No. 30 Hawley Street,

BOSTON.

INKS manufactured expressly to suit climate.

The St. John "Telegraph" and many other newspapers in the Provinces are printed with this ink. 1-3-tf

"LIBERTY"
Treadle Job Printing Press!



FOUR SIZES:

- No. 2, 7x11
 - " 2a, 9x13
 - " 3, 10x15
 - " 4, 13x19
- } Inside of Chase.

For simplicity of construction, durability, strength of build and ease in running, the above machine is unrivalled.

WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUMS:

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For Newspaper and Job Printing.

COLORED INKS

A SPECIALTY,

For Posters, Streamers, Handbills and General Job work.

ROLLER COMPOSITION,

BEST IN CANADA.

Encourage Home Industry.

MONTREAL.

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E. BANFILL & CO.,

Practical Machinists,

9 WATERLOO STREET, - - ST. JOHN, N. B.

All kinds of machinery made and repaired.

Having had an extensive experience in putting

up and repairing Printing and Bookbinding

Machinery of all kinds, we think

we can guarantee entire satisfaction

in these lines. At all

events, give us a trial.

REPAIRING PROMPTLY DONE, DAY OR NIGHT.

Orders solicited, and satisfaction guaranteed.

2-5-12

MAILING TYPE WANTED.—A font of

Mailing Type for about 2,000 names.

Send proof of type, age, and price, etc., to

"MACHINE," office of this paper. 2-12-tf

"SORTS."

Why is a newsboy like a cucumber? Because the older he grows the more of a yeller he'll be.

An exchange is very anxious to know whether poverty is a crime. If it is we shall have to confess that we know some mighty mean men.

A boarding-house mistress, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points, the weak points being her coffee, and her strong points being her butter.

Strips of lead are used by many girls in frizzing their hair, as it does the thing better than newspapers. Thus, step by step, the press is loosing its grip.

The editor of the *Weston Landmark* asks his readers to excuse the "looks of his paper," as he is in bed from the effects of a fight with a delinquent subscriber.

Why is it that people boot a dog and shoo a hen?—*Boston Transcript*. And foot a bill?—*Philadelphia Bulletin*. And slipper round the corner when they see their tailor?

"Down here, in summer-time, we take things easy," says a Texas paper; and then, as if to confirm the statement, there appears in the next column an account of "Three men killed at a Camp Meeting."

A Western editor, who doesn't know much about farming any way, suggests that for garden-making a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it, would be an improvement on the spinal column now in use.

What most Canadian newspapers lack in brightness is compensated for in the lengthy string of patent medicine puffs, which invariably occupies the best position in the paper.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

Fame is tardy in reaching some men, but if a man is deserving it is bound to strike him sooner or later. A Berks county editor has had a blue-and-red canal boat named after him.—*Norristown Herald*.

They were courting clandestinely over the fence, and she had just remarked: "Yes, love, the eyes are the windows of the soul," when suddenly the old man closed in on him with a club, and his soul hasn't been able to see out of doors since.

A news-agent on the Central Road—one of those young fiends who hurl oranges and prize-packages at you—has fallen heir to \$40,000. Thus was it ever, and thus will it ever be. Next we shall hear that a book-agent has struck a bonanza.

"Do you say your prayers regularly every night and morning?" asked a sympathetic lady of a little shoe-black to whom she had just given a trifle. "I allus sez'um at night, mum; but any smart boy can take care of himself in the daytime," was the little rogue's reply.

There is a village in New Hampshire which has produced twenty-six editors, and it was in allusion to this circumstance that a pious old deacon remarked: "Yes, there were twenty-six on 'em, but as they've all left town, I reckon the Lord won't lay it up agin us."

"Newsmania" is a new species of insanity. The persons afflicted bore editors to death, never pay their subscriptions, sponge all the puffs and advertising they can, and generally die a miserable death, cheered in their last moments by grinning imps and miserable printers.

An editor says, in a recent letter to a friend, "At present I am in the country, recovering from fourteen years' editorial life.—bad eyes, crooked back and broken nerves, with little to show for it." Any one would think the three articles enumerated were quite enough to show for it.

The following is a literal copy of an address upon a letter recently mailed in Boston: "For mister patrick Davy Crarston, rhode island in the state of neu york to be Handed to bridget oflaherty teu be handed for her sister ann madigan pautucket rhode island teu remain in the post ofis till called for monday week."

A man will go to his grocer's and buy a barrel of flour without presuming to dictate to the tradesman what color of wrapping paper he shall use; but that same man will subscribe for a newspaper in the belief that his subscription fee has bought the editor, body and soul! Now is the time to subscribe!

Even a newspaper man finds it hard sometimes to believe everything he sees in print. At any rate that's the way it affected us the other day when a nine-year-old boy appealed to our generosity by laying before us a card setting forth in unshrinking double pica that he was a widow and the mother of five children. Now there's no fancy in this—pure undiluted truth—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

My son, there is one thing which agreeth not with the digestion of an honest man, yes, there are three things which his soul abhoreth: To hear a man declaim against the merits of his local newspaper whilst he is yet in arrears to the printer; another taking pleasure excursions with the funds that should have gone towards liquidating his last year's grocery bill; ay, even to see a repentant sinner with a blue ribbon in his button hole and his whiskey bill unpaid; all this is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Part of one of the evenings of the union week of prayer lately, was taken up, by order of the Evangelical Association, in praying for "editors and publishers." The Press of course, gratefully acknowledged the practical attentions of the Association on their behalf, but we think a word should have also been put in for church-elders and town councillors, as apart from the apparent fitness of the thing, the editorial fraternity have no desire to monopolise what is good and purifying in any matters, whether temporal or spiritual.

NAPANEE MILLS
Paper Manufacturing Co'y.
 NAPANEE, ONTARIO.

W. E. HALL, Secretary.
 Wm. FINLAY, Practical Superintendent.

ORDERS SOLICITED FOR
 Nos. 1, 2 and 3, White, Colored and Toned
 PRINTING PAPER.

P. O. BOX 121. 1-11-1

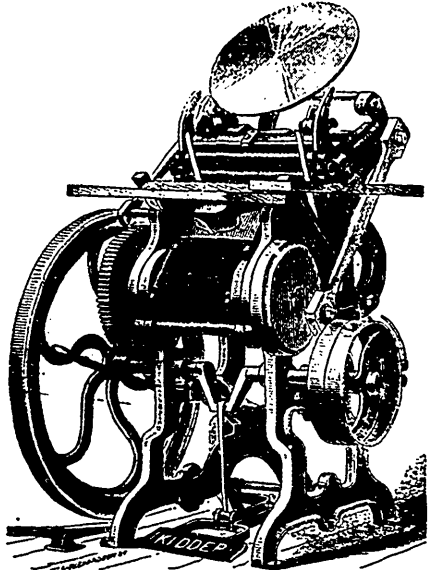
TO ADVERTISERS!

Geo. P. Rowell & Co's
SELECT LIST
 — OF —
LOCAL NEWSPAPERS.

Many persons suppose this list to be composed of CHEAP, low-priced newspapers. The fact is quite otherwise. The Catalogue states exactly what the papers are. When the name of a paper is printed in FULL FACE TYPE it is in every instance the BEST paper in the place. When printed in CAPITALS it is the ONLY paper in the place. When printed in roman letters it is neither the best nor the only paper, but is usually a very good one, notwithstanding. The list gives the population of every town and the circulation of every paper. IT IS NOT A CO-OPERATIVE LIST. IT IS NOT A CHEAP LIST. At the foot of the Catalogue for each State the important towns which are not covered by the list are enumerated. IT IS AN HONEST LIST. The rates charged for advertising are barely one-fifth the publishers' schedule. The price for one inch four weeks in the entire list is \$635. The regular rates of the papers for the same space and time are \$3,136 35. The list includes 970 newspapers, of which 163 are issued DAILY and 807 WEEKLY. They are located in 825 different cities and towns, of which 22 are State Capitals, 328 places of over 5,000 population, and 444 County Seats. LISTS SENT ON APPLICATION. Address GEO. P. ROWELL & CO'S NEWS-PAPER ADVERTISING BUREAU, No. 10 Spruce st. (Printing House Sq.) N. Y. 2-10

\$7 A DAY to Agents canvassing for the Fireside Visitor. Terms and outfit free. Address P. O. VICKERY, Augusta, Maine. 2-10

THE NEW PRESS.



The "Kidder" Printing Presses, now so favorably known in New England, are about to be introduced in Canada.

Our Agencies will soon be arranged and names inserted here. For circulars, terms, etc., address the Inventor and Patentee,
W. P. KIDDER,
 117 Congress Street, BOSTON, MASS.
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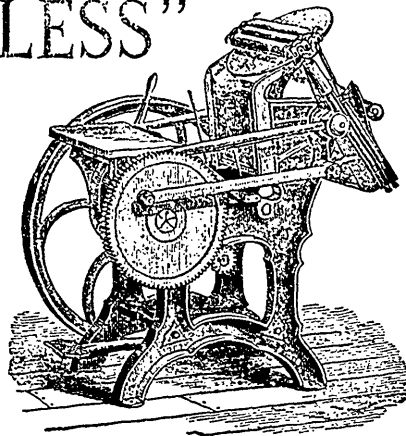
No. 12,	2 cord.	No. 18,	2 cord.
" 16,	2 do.	" 22,	2 do.
" 16,	3 do.	" 25,	2 do.
" 16,	4 do.	" 30,	2 do.
" 16,	5 do.		

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