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The Printer's Miscellany.

AN EXPONENT OF PRINTING AND ALL THE KINDRED ARTS.

VOL. IV.

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA, APRIL, 1880.

No. 10.

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, APRIL, 1880.

Good Advice.

In speaking of the "trade in the West," the *Dominion Printer* has a few pertinent remarks about the pernicious habit of some printing firms taking work at a loss—at least, at less than a paying profit—rather than see a rival get it. We believe if the type founders and paper manufacturers were to insist on cash payments from those firms which pursue such a suicidal course, the disease would soon be more than half cured.

"Business has been slow for some time past, and first-class printers have been more or less "laying on their oars," rather than seeking to push trade on a non-paying basis. This action is highly commendable, and the sooner that printers generally see its force, and adopt its principles in their establishments, the more healthy will be the results for the welfare and stability of the trade. It is to be regretted, however, that some establishments, rather than see a "job" go past them, will perform the work almost at any price. This system is a pernicious one, and the firms who indulge in it are not only doing themselves a gross injustice, but they are systematically defrauding their creditors out of their just dues. It is false to assume that such a state of things can continue, for it must end in commercial shipwreck and bankruptcy. Better far to be idle than to work uselessly or at other people's expense. That would be the more honest course. It is notorious, too, that some men, more especially those having large

families depending upon them, will thus continue to deceive themselves, and pursue a course sure to drive them to the wall, and in the end impoverish themselves and beggar their families.

It is true that firms with small capital are sometimes driven to this course, principally through the competing medium of amateur printers, and while it is to be regretted that such creatures, despoiling the 'noble art' by their knavery and incompetence, are fostered and encouraged in our midst, yet no man has any right to be in business, and assume the functions and responsibilities of an employer, unless he can say 'no' at the proper time and in the proper way. Fools may laugh, but their vacant minds will be accordingly measured by the practical business man, who will honor and respect the man who had the fortitude to decline work on which a living profit could not be realized. At any rate, the wholesale trade should be constantly on the alert for such accounts as persistently follow up this illegitimate course and insist upon cash payments."

A COMMON ERROR.—A very common error among business men of limited experience, is that of economizing in the matter of advertising whenever "times are dull," profits small, and prospects not over promising. This is the rock on which many business firms are shattered. But the more experienced and successful merchant realizes the fact that when trade is dull, it is the more necessary to keep his name and his wares prominently before the public, in order the more surely to effect the sale of his merchandise. When trade is active, buyers are plenty and quite apt to ask for what they want, but when the wheels of commerce revolve slowly, and business is sluggish, it often times becomes necessary for merchandise to seek for buyers.

THE PEN AND THE SWORD.—The old saying that "the pen is mightier than the sword" is undergoing a crucial test in England, for the quarrel which is being waged between Sir Garnet Wolseley and Dr. William Howard Russell, the well known war correspondent, appears likely to result in setting the whole of Great Britain by the ears.

Exciting Times Around a Printing Office.

The dastardly attempt, on the 25th March, to assassinate the Hon. George Brown, proprietor of the *Toronto Globe*, by George Bennett, a fireman, or "greaser," in the *Globe* press-room, who had been dismissed for neglect of duty—having nearly blown up the establishment—was by far the most exciting topic of conversation for the month, not only in Toronto but all over Canada. The particulars are summarized in the daily press as follows: A few minutes after 4 p. m., while sitting at a desk in his private room in the *Globe* office, Mr. Brown was accosted by an employé named George Bennett, who wanted him to sign a certificate, which Mr. Brown refused. After urging the matter a few minutes, Bennett drew a five-chambered pistol, fully charged, and was in the act of raising it to fire when Mr. Brown seized his hand, the ball going through the fleshy part of the thigh. He made a desperate struggle to fire again, but was foiled because he was prevented by Mr. Brown from cocking the pistol. Cries for help brought printers and editors down stairs, when the fellow was seized and handed over to the police. The shooting was most cowardly and unprovoked, and would probably have proved fatal had the would-be assassin been a man of more nerve and physical strength. Bennett bears a most unenviable reputation in his social relations.

ANOTHER FELONIOUS ASSAULT.

While the employés in the *Globe* office were still excited over the attempt at murder, one of the press feeders, named McKenna, slipped out and partook of an unusually large quantity of whiskey. When he re-entered the press-room his hat was set jauntily on one side of his head and he puffed lazily at a ten-cent cigar. The superintendent of the department explained to McKenna that he was violating the rules of the office by smoking, but McKenna replied in a gruff tone, using sundry filthy epithets. He became so abusive that Mr. Furlong, a mail clerk, undertook to put him out. A struggle ensued, in which McKenna received a cut over the left eye. He proceeded to the wash-room and after attending to his injury returned to Mr. Furlong and apologized. It was thought that this ended the matter, but McKenna picked up a monkey-wrench which he concealed in his coat sleeve, and seizing a favorable opportunity, hurled the deadly weapon at the head of the unsuspecting

mail clerk. The wrench struck Mr. Furlong on the thigh of the right leg and inflicted a severe and painful wound. The assaulting party then retired with exceeding speed.

AN ACCIDENT.

In removing the old press in the *Globe* office to make room for the new one, Mr. Martin, the superintendent of the job, undertook to lower one of the heavier pieces of the shafting, and for this purpose fastened a rope to a heavy piece of iron. He placed his shoulder to the weight, intending to hold it up, but the iron proved too much, and Mr. Martin was borne to the ground, the shaft on the top of him. He was released from his awkward position, and was conveyed to his residence, where he was medically attended to. It was at first reported that his spine had been injured, but fortunately this was not the case, the injury being confined to the shoulder, which was severely bruised.

Warning.

We have been shown a postal card, sent by a concern calling itself "The International Printer's Supply Company," of Ogdensburgh, N. Y., which announces, *confidentially to shareholders only*, that they have completed arrangements with us to sell our goods at a discount of 25 per cent., and a party who communicated with them in consequence has received the following reply: "You will have to send the order to us for the goods from the Dominion Type Foundry, Montreal, to get the 25 per cent. We will ship the goods from Montreal to you."

We have to warn the public not to be taken in. The assertion that such an arrangement has been made with us is a deliberate and transparent falsehood, and if any person is foolish enough to remit money across the lines, on such pretences, it is likely they have seen the last of it. The whole thing looks like a swindle.—*Dominion Printer*.

Yes; just so. This is the same perambulating concern from which we were forced to defend ourselves nearly two years ago. We said then that "time would tell;" and so it has. At that time it was the "American Stereotype Founding Company (!), Ogdensburgh, N. Y.," with which J. W. Nicholson, late of Annapolis, Ont., late of Brockville, Ont., now of Ogdensburgh, N. Y., is connected. Now, it is "The International Printer's Supply Company (!!!!!) of Ogdensburgh, N. Y.," The printers of the United States, England, Canada, France and Germany, no doubt, draw their supplies of printing material from this gigantic International Supply Company!—in a horn.

Printing Ink.

It might almost be asserted that good printing depends more upon the quality of the ink used than on any other requisite. Those who understand the business know that with poor paper, an old press, worn-out type, and poor blankets, but with good rollers and good ink, a very fair looking job may be turned out. On the other hand, take good paper, a new press, new type, and good blankets, but with bad rollers and inferior ink, and we defy any one to turn out a decent looking job. Now, if this be true, it follows that too much attention cannot be given to the state of the rollers and the quality of the ink—two things which, in most printing offices, have the last and least consideration. Many—no, we will not say printers—persons who own or have the management of printing offices, and who know as little about what is necessary for the proper execution of work as a hog does about holidays, think the only necessary point to look at is the cost. Of course, cost is an important item, but what is a few cents a pound on printing ink compared with the seedy, dirty, muddy look of a book, job or a newspaper. Some there are who think they can get just as good newspaper ink for $5\frac{1}{2}$ or 6 cents, and book and job—all one kind—for 25 or 30 cents a pound, as their neighbor can for 10 or 12 cents, and 50 or 75 cents respectively. They do not know the difference—it all looks black to them. And if the foreman or pressman remonstrates, it is at once set down that he has been subsidized, or some other equally absurd construction put upon his action. By some it is thought that the only difference in the grades of ink is in price. Well, perhaps that is true of some manufacturers, but we know of at least one firm that manufactures all qualities, and who fix the price according to quality. All the printing inks—job, book and news—made by George H. Morrill, of Boston, Mass., can be relied on to be of the quality represented, and the price will be found as low as is consistent with grade. We have had experience with Geo. H. Morrill's inks for over twelve years, and this is the conclusion we have arrived at after mature consideration. Thirteen years ago we used any ink we could get and never asked questions. We were never out of trouble, and our work was sometimes scarcely presentable. We tried Geo. H. Morrill in our emergency, and our trouble ceased. Some newspaper men think

they know all about it, and wish it distinctly understood that the foreman or pressman, nor any one else, has any right to have anything to say in regard to where or from whom ink, paper, oil, or anything else shall be purchased; yet they are as innocent of any technical knowledge concerning the printing business as shoemakers. They think they can save money by buying ink from hard-up travellers who have failed to bag enough orders to pay expenses, or from some advertising agency who have "put up a job" on their dear brethren of the printing fraternity. Yes, they can buy cheap, and when it is used it has a *cheap* look, sure enough. What is saved on the price of the ink is spent on rollers, brushes, oil, ley, etc. And yet they will tell you it is cheap. It would be all very well, and we might exclaim that "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," was the practical reputation of the mechanical department not at stake in the matter. They must produce decent work, but how are they to do it? They must either take what they get, put on their coats and join the crowd who walk the streets, or—"go West." To make a long story short, pressmen and compositors have not been out of trouble or free from anxiety since an agent for "dock mud," from the vicinity of Grey's Ferry, struck this town with a carpet-sack full of sleeve-buttons, etc.—real beauties, and some of them genuine. The result was quite a stock of ink was laid in, and such ink. Newspaper men were right on the *qui vive* for such a bargain. Well, considering the sleeve-buttons, they did not get bad bargains, but it was the poor devils in the press and composing-rooms who came out of the small end of the horn; for they had to expend from a half to two-thirds more labor to make their work passable, to say nothing of the almost wholesale desertion of their early religious training. But the "boss" didn't lose anything by it, if we except the extra quantity of rollers, oil, ley, etc., consumed while that ink (!) lasted.

Well, after much suffering and profanation, we believe they have all got back to Geo. H. Morrill's ink once more, and their minds are easy. We don't know if there are any printers in other cities who have had a like experience—we hope not; but should there be any such, our advice would be to try Geo. H. Morrill's inks and everything in that line will run smooth. Perhaps there are other makers of good ink, but we have not come across them yet, and when we

do so the fact will be made known through the pages of the *Miscellany*.

In closing, perhaps it might be necessary to add that this is not an advertisement, although if it has the same effect, we will not object in the least, but our only object, in this case, is to let printers know where to procure good ink. Mr. Geo. H. Morrill stands high in our esteem—he is a gentleman in every sense of the word. Parties having any dealings with him can rely upon receiving gentlemanly and generous treatment, and his example and precept is to the fullest extent, we believe, followed and borne in mind by those in his employ. We have a kindly recollection of a short visit from one of Mr. Morrill's sons, who was travelling for the house, and at the time thought that the father was worthy the son, and the son worthy the father. We have only the best and kindest feelings and wishes for such sterling business men as Geo. H. Morrill, Esq.

SENSIBLE ADVICE.—An exchange says:—“There are many persons who do not know how to stop a newspaper. The way to do it with satisfaction to both sides is to address the publisher by letter, if you do not live near enough to call at his office. It is no way to notify the postmaster or some one else. Three postmasters out of four will fail to notify the office of publication. They look on it as your business more than theirs. The right way is as genteel and pleasant as the other is suspicious and shabby. If you owe for a few weeks or months over time, tender the amount due. It is a little thing, but it will be a great satisfaction to your conscience, as every one is presumed to have one of some kind. Stop your newspaper like a man, and your own self-respect and the esteem of the publisher is maintained.

A NOVELTY IN PHOTOGRAPHING.—It is stated that a new photographic process has just been discovered in Japan. One of the substances employed in the manufacture of Japanese lacquer has the property of becoming almost as hard as stone under the action of light. A slab covered with this material, and duly exposed behind a photographic negative for some twelve hours, was scraped, and rubbed with a spatula and brush, leaving the hardened portions raised in low relief, and capable of being used as a block for printing.

Renew your subscription to the *Miscellany*.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Athens, Greece, has thirty-four newspapers.

There are 7,500 journals published in the United States.

Orange County (N. C.) has six newspapers and Granville County has five.

The *Aroostook Pioneer* office was destroyed in the fire at Houlton, Me., on April 1st.

Sylvanus Cobb, jr., has made \$200,000 by his pen. He lives near Newark, N. J.

The Truro *Vindicator* establishment (late the *Times*) will shortly be removed to Halifax.

The Baltimore (Md.) *Gazette* received 4,000 new subscribers during the month of January.

German printers in New York want 48 cents for night and 42 cents for day work, per thousand.

Thos. M. Skinner, one of the oldest printers in the State of New York, died on March 22d, aged 79 years.

The printers of Cumberland, Md., propose to organize a typographical union, and have already taken steps to that end.

The Baltimore (Md.) daily *Sun* claims that its circulation is 30,000 more than that of any other paper in Baltimore.

We acknowledge the receipt of a “Gem Puzzle” from the Montreal Novelty Co., 517 La-gauchetiere st., Montreal, Que.

Bell's Life in London has just changed hands, and this old paper is now the property of two well-known sporting journalists.

Mr. F. Mason has been nominated by President Hayes as U. S. Consul at Basle, Switzerland. He is managing editor of the *Cleveland Leader*.

North Carolina has six newspapers edited by negroes, Louisiana three, Tennessee and Texas two each, and Virginia, Alabama and Mississippi one each.

Chas. A. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, began his journalistic career as foreign editor of the *Tribune*, with a salary of \$12 per week. His present salary as editor of the *Sun* is \$12,000 per annum.

Peter Cantwell, a tramp printer at St. Albans, Vt., stole \$100 from N. Johnson, a tailor and his room-mate, on April 9th, and bought a ticket for Montreal, since which no trace of him has been found.

Joe Stevens, late of the Spring Hill (N. S.) *Trades Journal*, has removed to the foremanship of the *Truro Guardian*. Henry A. McKnight now plays a lone hand on the *Trades Journal*, on contract.

H. G. Wright, one of the editors of the *Augusta Chronicle and Constitutionalist*, died recently. Though only twenty-nine years of age, he was one of the ablest writers on the Southern press.

The Superintendent recently declined to allow the printers of the Government Printing Office at Washington (D. C.) pay for legal holidays. Upon an appeal to Congress, the printers have carried their point, a resolution being passed allowing them compensation.

We acknowledge the receipt of No. 1, Vol. 1, of *Ye Printer's Blotter*, "A votarie of ye Wm. Caxton and ye Bn. Franklin. Published for private circulation. Imprinted and published 'Atween times' by Edwin C. Bell, Titusville, Penn'a."

Hon. Francis Winton, editor of the *St. John's (N. F.) Chronicle*, has been appointed Financial Secretary of that colony. Mr. W. was one of the leading opponents of Confederation, and this elevation of Mr. Winton does not indicate the growth of Confederation sentiment in Newfoundland.

Geo. Keyes has retired from the proprietorship of the *Colborne (Ont.) Express*, on account of feeble health. He began the paper thirteen years ago, and has been at work steadily ever since. The *Express* was one of the best supported local papers in the Dominion. The new proprietors are Messrs. Males & Gordon.

A correspondent writing from Toronto under date of March 20th says: The *Globe* has got down to a single sheet on Saturdays. It is rumored that the business manager of the *Mail*—Mr. Dyas—will soon sever his connection with that office. It is also said that a new daily paper will soon be started and will be given away on the streets.

The mechanical work on the *Eastern Chronicle*, N. S., has been given out by yearly contract. The contractors now running it are Messrs. Anthony Hogg and Geo. W. Chisholm, late of the *Truro Guardian*, and Miss Libby Chisholm, all belonging to New Glasgow. An unsuccessful tenderer for the contract talks of starting an opposition paper in the same town.

A Parliamentary return shows that, in addition to the other jobs, the *Citizen* company of Ottawa received for printing the library catalogue last year \$5,047; accompanying the account is a letter from the *Queen's Printer* stating that the measurement charged and paid for exceeds the correct measurement by 368,000 ems, and that the entire job at contract rates would only come to \$3,524.

Mr. Edgar W. Davies died at Chelsea on March 12th. He was a native of Boston and nearly 53 years old. He had been connected with the *Traveler* for 30 years as reporter and typo, and was the oldest employe on that sheet. He did much work in the Legislature as reporter, and was at one time quite famous for making comprehensive longhand abstract reports of speeches, debates, etc.

The residence of Mr. J. Riordon, paper manufacturer, Merriton, Ont., was partially destroyed by fire, recently; loss, \$10,000 to \$15,000, fully covered by an insurance of \$20,000. The fire, it is supposed, originated from a defective flue. Some very valuable paintings and statuary were removed in safety, but most of the furniture, all of a costly description, was considerably damaged by smoke and water.

Mr. Michael Dalton, type founder, of Boston, who died on the 24th of October last, was for thirty years connected with the Boston Type Foundry, and in 1845, in connection with the late Sewall Phelps, purchased the Dickinson Type Foundry, which has since been conducted under the firm name of Phelps, Dalton & Co. Mr. Dalton was a skillful, intelligent workman, ardently devoted to his business, and labored effectually to advance the interests of the art.

George Woods, a printer, 26 years old, has been on trial at Evansville, Ind., for the second time, for the murder of Mrs. Millie Hobbs, in 1877. He was convicted two years ago, and sentenced for life to the penitentiary, but obtained a new trial. On March 1st the jury, after 48 hours' deliberation, disagreed. Woods procured morphine and took it during the night, and was found dead in his cell in the morning, leaving a letter saying that he would sooner die than remain confined in jail any longer.

Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne treats in the April and May numbers of *Scribner's Monthly* on the printing of wood-cuts. The first paper deals with the early methods of wood-cut printing on

the hand-press, and the second on machine-printing, the success of which dates only from 1840. In the second paper, special attention is given by the author to the little-understood process of "overlying," and the relations of printer to draughtsman and engraver are suggestively discussed. These papers must prove of especial interest to practical printers.

The report of the joint committee on Dominion Parliamentary and Departmental printing, made and adopted by the House, cancelled the MacLean, Roger & Co. contracts. New tenders will be called for. There was a strong party in the committee who favored giving the contract to Mr. Boyle, proprietor of the *Irish Canadian*, as the lowest *bona fide* tenderer. Mr. Mackintosh, who was to receive \$25,000 a year for the five years the contract was to run, has received one year's payment. MacLean, Roger & Co., will be heavy losers if not again the successful tenderers.

We have heard of a certain business manager of a daily paper in Halifax who, on the occasion of a disputed point arising in an argument between himself and an advertiser, offered to bet a cool \$500 and put up the money. The said B. M. suited the action to the word, and put his hand in his pocket for the money, but the advertiser got scared at the prospect of seeing so much money at one time and decamped. We hope we will be pardoned the remark—we mean nothing derogatory to newspaper proprietors—that there are not many persons, outside of B. M.'s, on daily newspapers who could back up their arguments at a moment's notice with such a handsome sum as \$500.

Never, in the history of the printing trade, has business been so dull as this winter in Quebec. . . . Nearly all the first-class printers are leaving for the United States, where business is brisk and wages high. During the past few weeks, several printers who were in our office drawing \$8 per week, throughout the year, have removed to the West, where they are securing \$12 per week. We see no harm in our printers bettering their position; while provisions, dry goods, rentals and taxes are advancing in this city, there seems to be no chance on the part of newspaper proprietors to increase wages as in other cities, for the simple reason that there is no work to keep them employed.—*Quebec Budget*, 21st March.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Ottawa-graphs.

OTTAWA, March 1.

The session would have made things brighter here, but the Clerk of the Weather said, "No, they shall be dull;" and so we have had wind, and rain, and sloppy, vacant streets, till now, more frost has come, and to-day is almost beautiful.

Business, in the printing line, is "rushing;" this is the time when the careful compositor gathers in his harvest here. And yet he finds there is less to do than he at first confidently expected there would be; what with the piling down of expenses by large contractors, who have to leave a margin for the buying out of "lower tenders," and the Printing Committee of the Commons proposing to "boil down" the reports of the debates, it looks to the printer as though he were in danger of being crowded out.

Out of what?—well, out of the place where fall the droppings of Government patronage and Parliamentary favors, so nicely disclosed in the Canadian "Pinafore," "H. M. S. Parliament"—which parody, with its keen satire on the whole institution of Government in the Dominion, holds more of interest to the politician than ever its original could have awakened.

The session, too, has drawn to the capital many of the aspiring youth from the surrounding country, who aim at rising to something higher by that ennobling labor of the stick and rule; but, in the little dialogue below will be found the opinion which your city print holds of a number of these:

City Print. (imperiously).—Where did you learn your trade?

Young Aspirant.—In A—, sir.

C. P.—Was there a printing office there?

Young As(s).—Yes.

C. P. (sternly).—Wasn't it a blacksmith shop? Then the

"Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye,"

and suddenly wrought his face with

Wrathful indignation

At the base instruction;

but he remembers he is in the "city," wherein to resort to brute force bringeth many and huge disgraces; he is filled probably with that spirit of which Sir Walter Scott wrote—

"It burns, it maddens, it constrains,"

for he remains silent, and respects himself; and if he continues so, and becomes a thorough re-

chanic and a credit to his craft, we will respect him too.

Up in the flaring gas-light, over a neighboring frame, rose the venerable head of Thomas Walker, of whom to say, he is good-natured, is to say too little: he is amiable! in his all-conceiving individuality, and his all-embodiment, all-comprising, excusable conceit.—that inwardly precious possession of every one of us; that quality which distinguishes men from cows—and, let us say, the more one has of it, the further he naturally is from cows, and all other animals in such backward state of evolution. Then we hear;—

1st Comp.—Oh! I thought I had seen the moon rising.

2d Comp.—You but divulge your childish faith in the fable that the moon is made of green cheese!

w. f.

Pencilings from the Press Gallery.

OTTAWA, March 20.

"Put on a head or I will put a head on you" was the introductory to some headless copy sent in by a country correspondent to the editor of a city daily.

Mr. C. W. Mitchell, of the *Free Press*, has the contract for printing the Commons Hansard this year. Mr. Richardson has the reporting contract.

Mr. C. H. Mackintosh, editor and proprietor of the *Citizen*, is serving his second term as Mayor of Ottawa, "and he's a right good fellow, too," notwithstanding his manipulation of printing contracts.

Mr. G. B. Bradley was elected President of the Press Gallery this session. The following were the press men and papers represented: Messrs. Bradley and Wallis, *Mail*, Toronto; Messrs. Campbell and Eyvel, *Globe*, Toronto; G. Johnson, *Halifax Herald*; T. H. Preston, *Ottawa Free Press*; J. G. Creighton, *Montreal Gazette*; W. T. R. Preston, *London Advertiser*; E. Lawson, P. E. I. *Patriot*; J. E. B. McCready, *St. John Telegraph*; T. Gorman, *Moncton Times*; W. H. Nagle, *Ottawa Herald*; Geo. H. Fox, *Hamilton Times*; J. A. Phillips, *Winnipeg Times*; Martin J. Griffin acts as the *Mail's* Ottawa editor, and John T. Hawke as special correspondent to the *Globe*.

W. T. R. Preston, proprietor of the *Port Hope News*, has entered an action for libel against the proprietor of the *Ottawa Free Press*.

Damage to character placed at \$10,000. The *Free Press* published a very uncomplimentary biographical sketch of the young man, who was formerly in the boot and shoe business in this city.

Mr. J. T. Hawke has been engaged by the Globe Company as special correspondent in this city for a period of three years, at an increased salary. This is quite a compliment to a rather clever young man.

The printer poet of the *Free Press* composing-room—"Shorty" by name—gets off the following in relation to his comrades:—

One half-minute more, and the clock will be striking;
The comps. are all anxiously waiting the call.
"Time's up," saith the chairman, slug 4 is the chicken
To "pick up" the "hesling" of the Governor's toll.
"Who's first out!" chimes the foreman, with right hand extended,
Containing the "grease" which slug 5 doth conjecture
Would "make up" his "ating" to eight thousand five hundred,
Sufficient to purchase a barrel of nectar.
The diminutive comp.—slug 6 all do call him—
Can't be equalled for avarice (neath stars, moon or sun);
He's subjugated his stock and himself in the bargain;
And to him forty thousand—per week—'s quite a small sum.
Next in order comes seven, slug 8 and slug 9.
Three as solid good boozers as e'er you can find;
But slug 10 can't be beat, when it tapps from the pine
Of the Windsor House bar—if you'll please be so kind.
Eleven is another wee man—but makes faces
To assist to manipulate type for his living;
He also can guzzle a couple of glasses
Of brandy and soda—or his beer by the chopin.
Slug 2 and slug 3 are both past redemption
For carousing, and heaven knows what they'll yet be;
The latter's from Erin, where all are a starvin',
And the first was imported from the town Napaire.
The "ad" man, like others we've known do before him,
Sweats off now and then from the cup of damnation,
But the first of July, which is gradually coming,
Will call forth the Bourbon, or anti-salvatic.
The last, but not least, of the bunch that's remaining,
Is the foreman, the proboscis of whom you've all seen;
He plays cards with the boys, and calls always gin in,
But sweats off every time that he loses his tin.

Ottawa Valley News.

APRIL 13.

The *Almonte Gazette* is offered for sale.

The *Ottawa Herald* has given up publishing a weekly edition.

A fire in the stationery department of the *Brockville Recorder* was put out before much damage was done.

J. Wilkie Macfarlane, formerly an employé of the *Pembroke Observer* office, has started a Reform paper in Pontiac County, P. Q. It is a seven-columned, patent outside sheet, called the *Pontiac News*. Its local contemporary, the *Pontiac Advance*, devoted a whole column to picking the first number of the *News* to pieces.

Arnprior seems to be an unhealthy place for newspapers. The little *News* has recently sus-

pended, the editor announcing that he found it incompatible with his duties as Division Court Clerk to be an editor. The lately revived *Chronicle*, after a few weeks of "patent," discarded it on account of "objectionable matter," and has come out as a half-sheet since; and it is said, on good authority, that it won't come out at all before long. The job printing business, however, is said to be brisk in Annapolis.

Numerous publishers in this district have lately been adding to the plant of their offices. The *Pembroke Observer* has put in a new Cottrell & Babcock cylinder press and a complete dress of news type. The *Renfrew Mercury* now prints its local page from new brevier, and the *Pontiac News* has already begun to add to its stock of advertising type.

Charlottetown Notes.

CHARLOTTETOWN, P. E. I., April 1.

Rotchford's Daily has changed its name to *City Life*. C. A. Rotchford, publisher.

Joek McLeod, late of the *Patriot* office, is now working on the *Pembina Pioneer*, Manitoba.

James Duly, another steady young man, who served his time in the *Patriot* office, and who worked in that office as a journeyman for a number of years, is now working in Boston.

William Magee, formerly of Sidney, is now holding a frame in the *New Era* office.

George Tanton, who was for many years employed in the *Herald* office, is now reporting on a paper about twenty miles out of Boston.

Levi Jackson, who was for many years foreman of the *Argus* office, has, we learn, retired from the business. He is now practising chemistry with his brother in Boston.

John Smythe, an apprentice in the *Patriot* office, has left the stick and rule and gone sailorizing.

John McCarron, an apprentice in the *New Era* office, has left that establishment, and gone to finish out his time in the *Daily Examiner* office.

Robert Strain is now foreman of the *New Era* office. James Lantry, the late foreman, has left and gone to Boston, where I believe he is a proof-reader.

William Tanton, who served part of his time in the *Herald* office, is now working on the *Patriot*.

Charles Fisher, who has been lately employed in the *Patriot* office, is now out of work.

James McMahan, who served his time in the

Argus office, and was connected with the *Georgetown Advertiser*, is now working on the *Daily Examiner*. James was a mowing machine agent last summer.

P. R. Bowers, editor and proprietor of the *New Era*, has had a law suit with W. H. Mitchell—a young man who was for some time book-keeper in that office. The case was for slander, but the jury disagreed, and the case is as far from being settled as ever.

Harry Harris, who worked on the *Daily Examiner* when first started, but left and went fishing for the last two summers, has resumed the stick and rule and is working on the *little daily* once more.

COPY DRAWER.

Matters in Truro.

TRURO, N. S., March 30.

Business continues steady here, in both branches.

Quite a number of changes have taken place in the *personnel* of the different offices since I wrote last, and more are contemplated. Anthony Hogg and Geo. Chisholm, both of the *Guardian* office, have gone to New Glasgow to work on the *Eastern Chronicle*. Anthony is to officiate as publisher, *vice* D. Logan, who has gone to Montreal.

Stanley Lewis, formerly of the *Sun* office, goes to Halifax in a week or two with the *Vindicator*, in which office he has been working for some time. His "sit" in the *Sun* office is filled by Hector Ross, of Pictou.

The *Vindicator*, which has been issued very irregularly of late, is to be moved to Halifax in a few weeks. Anent the removal, its issue of the 23d March contained the following:—

TO OUR PATRONS AND THE PUBLIC GENERALLY.—We announced several weeks ago that the proprietors of the *Vindicator* contemplated making several changes in the publication of this journal. We have to state that arrangements are nearly completed to remove the publication office from Truro to Halifax. *The difficulties we have experienced in obtaining steady and reliable compositors and pressmen have been very great and exceedingly discouraging*; furthermore, the *Vindicator* being a general and not a local paper, it has been deemed advisable to select Halifax as their future headquarters.

Similar sentences to the one in italics are too frequently published in our provincial papers, and as an offset to this I would suggest the following:—

"We have decided to sever our connection with the fraternity, as 'the difficulties we have

experienced' in securing 'steady and RELIABLE' managers and editors have been 'very great and exceedingly discouraging.'

This could be signed by each and every compositor who has been honored with employment by the management referred to. I positively deny that any "difficulty" would have been "experienced" in securing "steady and reliable compositors and pressmen," were it not that its management have, hitherto, failed to pay for the work which has been done. On the contrary, I have in my mind's eye, at the present moment, the comps. who pioneered the first issues of the *Vindicator*, all of whom were both steady and reliable, and who only declined to work when it became apparent that paying was something the managers had not considered necessary. Scripture tells us "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and it is only reasonable to suppose that it applies to "compositors and pressmen," as well as other laborers. If employers would only consider how much more satisfactory it would be for the workmen, as well as directly beneficial to themselves, I think they would be more particular and punctual in providing for the payment of wages. "Compositors and pressmen" have rights in common with other laborers, which are as sacred to them as the rights of editors, or managers of any business; nevertheless, paragraphs similar to the one referred to are so frequently published by our newspapers (very often for the purpose of shielding the faults and blunders of the editors themselves), that many people consider "a printer" as something to be avoided. Is it not high time that such untruthful slurs and insults to the craft were contradicted and sent back to their authors?

FAIR PLAY.

Moncton "Matter."

MONCTON, March 4.

The Moncton *Despatch*, J. R. Needham, proprietor, "busted" several weeks ago. Mr. Wood, proprietor of the *Maple Leaf*, a small paper published weekly at Hopewell, Albert County, bought a portion of Mr. Needham's stock, including a press and quantity of type.

The *Times* composing-room at present employs about seven apprentices.

The *Times* bookbindery has been for the past three or four months under the management of Mr. G. S. Beverly, formerly of Fredericton, and is at present doing a good business, employing

four hands. It is reported that he intends to shortly start business here on his own account.

The *Mohawk*, a small sheet of a personal and humorous character, has been for the past three months making a hard struggle for existence.

Mr. H. T. Stevens, the enterprising proprietor of the *Times*, is running quite an extensive book store, in the premises formerly occupied by Mr. H. S. Stevens, having bought that gentleman's entire stock.

EM QUAD.

Advertising Rates in Halifax and St. John.

HALIFAX, N. S., April 7.

In your issue of March I notice the article headed "The Newspaper Business in Halifax," and must say that I was perfectly astonished at the revelations therein. I know for a fact that a well-known tradesman in Halifax had a three-inches (36 lines nonpareil measure) advertisement inserted in an evening paper, daily, for 12 months, for the extravagant (!) sum of \$25 (about 80c. per line).

I am sorry to say that St. John is almost as bad as Halifax in this and other respects, as it was but recently that I saw a quotation from an evening paper published in that city, two inches at \$15 per inch (95c. per line) daily insertion for 12 months.

No wonder the wages and salaries of employes on the newspapers are so miserably low. The above facts explain all away. Some country newspapers have better paying rates than the dailies in the Maritime Provinces.

Trusting to hear from other correspondents in other parts of the Dominion in reference to this all-important matter, I am, etc.,

COMPOSITOR.

The Use and Abuse of Italic.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., March 28.

Please allow me to make a suggestion. It is this: I think it high time publishers ceased to put the names of newspapers in italic. In my opinion it would be full as sensible to put the name of every book they speak of, or every hotel, store, shop, church or school-house in italic as the name of the paper. Also, in my opinion, it would be well to abandon the use of a two-line letter in the commencement of advertisements. Some papers put the names of persons they speak of in small capitals, which is another piece of foolishness. Cannot you make your monthly look far better than it now

does by abandoning these old-fogy notions? If you cannot, please change the name to the *Monthly Italic*. Suppose we read a short item from New York, as follows:

NEW YORK, March 18.—The *Herald* says the *Times* thinks, the *World* supposes, the *Tribune* believes, the *Commercial Advertiser* is of the opinion the *Sun* endorses the suggestion of the *Post* in regard to the political situation, as the *Graphic* illustrates the opinion advocated by the *Telegram*, spoken of by a correspondent of the *Evening Express*. Whew!

This might be carried on *ad infinitum*. Is it not high time such nonsense was ended?

Please set the example, and call the attention of publishers to it.

Respectfully, I. M. KEACH.

News from the "Old Dominion."

RICHMOND, VA., March 16.

Mr. James Alexander, who founded the Charlottesville *Jeffersonian-Republican*, forty-five years ago, recently celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday. He still enjoys good health, and, on the anniversary referred to, went into the office of the *Jeffersonian* (which, by the way, is one of the best weeklies in the State) and proved that he had not forgotten how to "stick" type, by "setting up" for the paper a brief sketch of himself.

Although scarcely a month old, our new daily has a promising libel suit on its hands. It recently published a serio-comic account of a fist-cuff between two colored females, who were represented to be thus striving to determine who should be first in the affections of their beloved pastor. The said pastor, who is a man of family, and has charge of the largest colored church in this city, immediately instituted a suit for libel against the *Commonwealth*, laying the damages at \$5,000. Mr. Royall claims that when the trial shall come on he can prove all that he has published, and more.

The Fredericksburg *Star* has donned a new dress, and is much improved in appearance.

Dr. J. M. Blanton, Master of the State Grange of Patrons of Husbandry, has assumed editorial charge of the Portsmouth *Daily Times*.

The West Point *Star* has a new outfit, and is much improved in appearance.

As an indication of the estimation in which the typo is held by his associates in the outside world, I would mention the fact that, of eleven

lodges of Knights of Pythias in this city, who sent delegates to the recent session of the Grand Lodge of Virginia, three lodges selected jour. printers as their representatives.

The Norfolk *Ledger*, on February 4th, celebrated the eighth anniversary of its establishment by donning an entire new dress. It is said to be in a prosperous condition.

Col. John C. Shields formerly of the Richmond *Whig*, but who has been unconnected with the press for some time past, has accepted the position of business manager of the Lynchburg *Virginian*.

Charlie Mander, formerly of this city, who is now running the Fredericksburg *Recorder* (semi-weekly), is contemplating purchasing a power press. He says: "We have to employ a boy to pour water on the joints of our pressman, to keep him from blazing. In warm weather, if we do not get a power press, we expect to consume about four pressmen to the issue."

The ladies in the neighborhood of Burkeville propose to hold an "Easter Entertainment" on the 29th of March, for the purpose of raising funds for the purchase of a new press to be presented to Mr. Alpheus Bolling, of the *Southside Sentinel*, as a "testimonial of the high appreciation of his earnest and untiring efforts to advance the interests of Burkeville." Bolling is an "old bachelor." This is leap year.

The *Religious Herald* (Baptist organ), of this city, has recently suffered a severe loss in the death of its senior editor, Rev. Dr. J. B. Gates. He had been connected with the paper for fifteen years, and had made for himself an enviable reputation for his clear and forcible style of writing.

The Union in this city is now the only Typographical Union in this State. In Norfolk, the Union was dissolved some time since, and the journeymen in that city are getting from 20 to 25 cents per thousand. In Lynchburg, I am told, they get \$30 per month. It is needless to say that Lynchburg is not much troubled with "rats."

Boston Bubbles.

BOSTON, MASS., April 20.

The *Journal* office took fire on Sunday evening, the 21st March, when the editors and compositors had to beat a hasty retreat. The building and contents were saved, although in a somewhat damaged condition. The third floor,

where it is thought the fire originated, was occupied by Mr. F. A. Searle, job printer. The building is owned by the *Journal Newspaper Co.*, and was damaged about \$3500. The damage to the composing room was about \$10,000, and to the editorial, counting and press rooms, about \$2000. The damage to Mr. Searle's eleven presses was considerable, and, with the injury to the type, paper, furniture, etc., was probably \$12,000. The loss will probably not exceed \$27,000. Offers of facilities for publishing were promptly made to the proprietors by the local press, and they accepted the courtesy of the *Herald*, and the full force of editors, reporters and printers were soon at work in the spacious *Herald* building.

A new daily is to make its appearance here in a few days. It is to be called the *Daily Sun*, and one or two weeklies are also to make their appearance soon.

Marshall L. Kempton, assistant editor of the *Herald*, died on the 9th April.

Boston Typographical Union, at its monthly meeting on Sunday, March 28th, voted to send two delegates to the International Union meeting at Chicago in June.

John O'Hara, for some time a printer on the *Herald*, was among a detachment of colonists founded under the auspices of the Catholic Colonization Society of this city, who left on March 4th, for Greeley Co., Nebraska.

Warren L. Brigham, a well known journalist, died here on March 13th. Mr. Brigham was a large contributor to newspaper literature, while the magazines of the day welcomed his poetical gems. He held many responsible positions in connection with the press of this city, though he died at the early age of 34 years.

R. M. Field, the popular manager of the Museum, an old typo and well known as an able writer on the *Post* of this city, placed his establishment at the disposal of the Franklin Typographical Society for a benefit in aid of its sick fund. The performance took place March 13th, and the net result, including donations, was \$203.40.

The *Herald* was recently sued for \$20,000 damages for libel against a minister of Charle-mont, Mass., whom it accused of horsewhipping his wife. The reverend gentleman was finally forced to receive one dollar damages and pay his own costs.



CONDUCTED BY T. WILLIAM BELL.

Easy Lessons in Phonography.

LESSON XII.

LENGTHENED CURVES.

Doubling the length of *ing* adds *kr* or *gr*; thus,

thinker. longer.

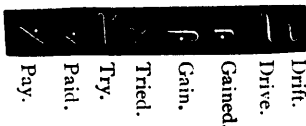
Doubling the length of *any other curve* adds *tr*, *dr*, or *thr*; thus,

letter. winter. older. mother. modern.

HALVING TO ADD EITHER T OR D.

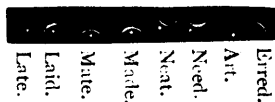
Either *T* or *D* may be added to certain signs by halving them;

Examples.



El, Lay, Em, En, and Ar, when halved, should be made heavy to indicate the addition of *D*;

Examples.



Notwithstanding the disastrous result of the Franco-Prussian war, La Belle France is about to give birth to another shorthand magazine, which is to be christened *L. Stenographe*.

We are glad to learn that Mr. Horton, of the Toronto *Globe*, has been appointed Secretary of the Press Gallery Association.

The Adventures of an "Official" in the
Wilds of Phonography.

Continued.

Miss Bridget O'Shaughanasey was seemingly quite ignorant of the scarcity of success attending the efforts of our young hero to capture her little speech, or she certainly would have favored him with an occasional "let up;" but instead of doing this act of kindness, she continued to pile on more steam, and increased her speed so much that the syllables, words, and sentences rolled out of her murphy-masher and rattled through the court house like the whizzing of an eloped gravel train scudding down the roof of the Rocky Mountains in the direction of the Pacific coast.

At last the stenographer began to exhibit unmistakable signs of distress. Our attention was soon arrested by what was at first mistaken for his flag of truce, but which turned out to be nothing more than an explosion of his paper collar. This ornamental article, which had from all appearance been a good and faithful servant for at least three whole weeks, evidently became conscious of its master's critical situation, and released its hold that he might enjoy every advantage or comfort within its power to afford him. Not feeling inclined, however, to desert him altogether, it hung on behind, and with outstretched wings made Stenos look as though he were closely related to that national chicken, the American eagle. These aerial locomotives did not, however, enable him to fly away with the corpulent cackler from Cork, who so comfortably filled the witness box.

His pen, which in the early part of the performance had been gliding over the glossy surface of cream-laid foolscap as smoothly as we have occasionally observed pea-soup noiselessly stealing down the shiny shirt bosom of a Vermonter in a French country, now appeared to be enjoying itself in a sort of delirium tremens quickstep. His golden locks, having on the day previous received a double dose of tonsorialism, presented a somewhat stumpy stature, and seemed to require but little excitement to awaken their curiosity, for they stood right up on tip-toe, apparently anxious to ascertain what was giving rise to such a mighty commotion.

To be continued.

Connecticut paid \$3,900, or \$300 each, to thirteen reporters, for reporting the proceedings of her Legislature in 1879.

Births and Deaths in the Phonographic
World.

Fellow Phonographers, there is a good time coming, for Bengough has something on the way which will be warmly welcomed by every practitioner of the pretty art that adorns our dear Dominion. It is a phonographic magazine, to be entitled the *Canadian Shorthand Writer*, and is expected to come to light at a very early date. We await its arrival with superlative impatience. It is only necessary to know that it comes from the hands of Bengough, to feel assured that young Ontario will henceforward have reason to consider herself on an equal footing with fair New Brunswick, so far as phonographic journalism is concerned.

This new publication will appear monthly, and is to be the advocate of no one system. We trust that the independent course adopted will be closely followed throughout its existence, which we hope will be a little longer than that enjoyed by a certain New York monthly, which pretended to act in the interest of all systems, while in reality nine-tenths of its pages were daubed over with malicious mud of the most unwashed type that ever came under our notice, the result of which was designed to upset public opinion respecting Graham's Standard Phonography. This paper, which was certainly a disgrace to shorthand journalism, sailed under the name of *Brown's Phonographic Monthly*. It is now among the missing, having got lost, strayed, or stolen, sometime in the early part of last winter, and has not yet turned up. We learn that its disappearance was brought about by an attempt on the part of the editor (!) to celebrate the Happy New Year on an extravagant scale, from the "effects" of which he has not recovered. All that remains in our sanctum in the shape of a memorial is a descriptive sketch of its editor's place of business, known as D. L. Scott-Brown's New York College of Phonography and Home for Phonographers. This sketch is from the pen of Jimmie Munson, the man-phonographer. We would like to treat our readers to the article in its entirety, but as space will not admit the whole turkey we can only offer a small piece of the tail, with a little of the stuffing:

"In an old building on Broadway—one of the few that the last march of business did not sweep out of existence—after climbing three or four flights of rickety stairs, you will come to

two scantily-furnished and uninviting rooms, one being about ten feet by sixteen, and the other, which is adjoining, being about six by ten. Near the centre of the large room is a cheap table that might possibly accommodate four pupils. Then there is a desk, a type writer, three or four chairs, a broken rocking-chair, re-seated with a package of papers, many bundles of the *Monthly*, several copies of the *Miscellany*, a good-natured purring cat, a saucepan, and—Scott-Brown (popularly styled *Pullus*, an appellation imported for him from the Latin). You are now in the 'very home of phonographic culture,' and there we will leave you—in the happy realms of 'everything phonographic.'"

We might opportunely quote from what we think is (unless we have matters awfully mixed) from Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe's letter on the death of Brigham Young, where she remarks that "the places that once knew him now know him no more."

We shall be delighted at any time to hear of the *Monthly's* resurrection, and will not delay in communicating the startling intelligence to our readers.

The *Phonetic Magazine* is a "daisy"—overflowing with spicy items, you know. We take the liberty of extracting the following specimen of its funny things:

"A ring stenographer, who found himself unable to keep up with a witness, interrupted the latter by asking him if the evidence he had given contained the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

P. S. While penning the above paragraph, it rolled over on its back and looked up into our face with such a strong expression of familiarity, that we were tempted to think it might possess a right to claim our acquaintance. This thought induced us to take a short walk through some of the back numbers of the *Miscellany*. When, lo! and behold! we found our little chap sitting in a corner on page 43 in the September issue. We left him undisturbed and presume he is still there.

N. B. Perhaps the *Phonetic Magazine* will be pleased to trot out a little *italic* when making further extracts.

The foremen of printing offices are respectfully asked to canvass their offices for subscriptions to the *Miscellany*.

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As we import all our goods we can safely recommend them.

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"SORTS."

A Home Ruler—Your wife.

The wooden shovel's snow use now.

The thermometer is getting used to this mild weather by degrees.

When is a man not a man? When he's a fee-male—*vide* lawyers.

The Middle Sex Club is composed of persons of the neuter gender.

Poet: Do you want any of my blank verse?
Editor: No, we don't want any of your — verse.

A neat way of calling a man a liar is to denominate him "an unwholesome sweller of the truth."

A wicked paragrapher suggests the appointment of Beecher to succeed Emory as governor of Utah.

Col. Bazaine has gone West and is breeding hogs.—*Ex.* Most of the hogs we wot of have no breeding.

The editor of the *Presbyterian*, Charlottetown, P. E. I., is the latest victim of the "15" tomfoolery snap.

The editor of the *News* does not approve of "15." He says it exhausts too much protoplasm and nervous tissue.

It is a gratifying fact that the inventor of the "15" puzzle was such a fool as not to make any money from its production.

A man should have a fortune who thinks of marrying a ballet-dancer, because it is next to impossible to keep her in clothes.

Philadelphia people needn't imagine that they have the first elephant born in the country. Look at the Canada Pacific R. R.

The compositor was told to set an advertisement for the opera, and as he took the copy he remarked: "If it has no *Fatinitsa* fraud."

Impecunious literary men will be interested in knowing that a colored man who cooks terrapin at the Maryland club, Baltimore, earns over \$2000 a year.

It is said that the fashionable spring bonnet will contain a hole on the top for the wearer who has an itching scalp to stick her finger through and scratch it.

It costs each sovereign about \$500 a time to congratulate the Czar on his escape from death, and the tax-payers are beginning to demand that he let up on his assassination racket.

A graphic reporter, writing up a fire, says: "Mr. A. jumped through the window in his night gown." What queer fashions! The idea of a man carrying a "window in his night gown." Was it a dormer window?

This is a free country. There is no law compelling contributors to write legibly, and there is no law compelling editors and compositors to waste their time over hieroglyphics. The waste basket is handy and paper stock is up.

A Texas journalist telegraphed to another to meet him with pistols in the usual way, and, having shot his man, wrote the duel up for his victim's paper, assuring the surviving editor that it was the true account of the affair, hoping that it would suit, and asking him to remit.

A man who says he is in destitute circumstances writes and asks us what to do. Keep right on being destitute, of course. Great guns! You wouldn't be so foolish as to thirst for work when there's such a lot of charity lying around loose, would you? Summer not far off, too?

Religious tracts sent to a man with twelve cents postage due on them are not conducive either to religious thought, word or action. We have in our mind a compositor who was just wavering in the balance; the twelve cents decided him and he became a howling heathen.

One of the young ladies who recently visited the city from the country wrote home as follows: "We attracts a great deal of attenshun prom-enadin' the streets like other ladies and holden up our cloze. Nobody isn't nothing now-a-days which don't hold up their cloze, and the higher you hold 'em the more attenshun you attracts."

The roaming correspondent of the *Burlington, Iowa, Hawkeye* tells a pleasing story of a self-sacrificing traveller, who devoted his energies to the work of devouring everything upon a certain railway station dining-counter, and, having at length accomplished the feat, walked away, saying, "There! The next fellow that comes along here will get something fresh!"

Answering the demands of numerous patrons of the dealers in "pure country milk," we beg our dairymen out upon the grassy prairies to put our roofs over the cows. It has been an unusually wet season, and appearances seem to indicate that too much water has been endosmosed, and, as a result, has become seriously mixed with the lacteal fluid. Try keeping the cows in out of the rain a few weeks by way of experiment.

The use of whiskey for rattlesnake bites in Texas has increased so enormously during the past year that the overworked snakes have resolved to leave the State unless the board of immigration reinforces them strongly. They work on double time, and yet can't do half the biting that is demanded by the customers. One snake who does business at Port Lavaca is six weeks behind his orders, and three of the clerks are sick.—*New York Times.*

That mother's heart went quickly up—

That mother's hand went down;

For he was placed exactly right

To feel a parent's frown;

And she did smite him hip and thigh,

She did the job up brown.

The thought of that wrecked rocking chair

Nerved up her hand once more,

And such a "laying on of hands"

That boy ne'er had before,

Whilst he yelled, "Mother! I'll be good,

And won't do so no more."

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J. RIORDON, Merritton, Ont. See advt.

"Peerless" Presses and Paper Cutters.

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Printing Inks.

GEO. H. MORRILL, 30 Hawley street, Boston, Mass. See advt.

Press Manufacturers.

W. P. KIDDER, 115 Congress street, Boston, Mass. The "Kidder" Job-Printing Press. See advt.

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

F. M. WEILER, 23 Chambers street, New York. See advt.

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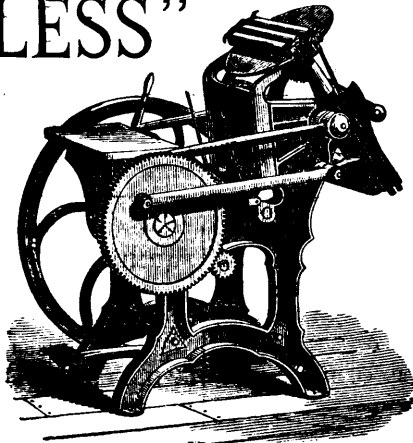
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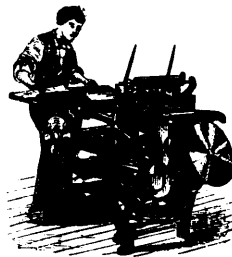
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