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The Printer's Miscellany.

VOL. II.

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

No. 5.

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Thomas H. Davis, better known as "Propeller" Davis, died of heart disease on Tuesday, the 27th Nov. He was 65 years of age, and his life has been one of constant activity, as his nickname implied. He was not a practical printer, but some years ago associating himself with one of the best job printers in Boston, they established the Propeller Printing Office, with Davis as canvasser. He was very successful in this branch of the business, and his rushing style and low prices brought him into notoriety, and much money to his coffers. Subsequently he embarked in newspaper enterprises and advertising schemes, and latterly he was engaged in the address card business. He was eccentric, but warm-hearted, and his old acquaintances will miss his cheerful face from his accustomed walks.—*Woburn Journal, Dec. 1st.*

The Forester is the title of a new paper started at Huntsville, Muskoko.

PRACTICAL PARAGRAPHS.

Book Work---Preparing for Press.

IMPOSING.

Imposition comprehends a knowledge of placing the pages so that they may regularly follow each other when printed and the sheet is folded up; and also the mode of dressing chases and the manner of making the proper margin. As many pages as are required for a whole or half sheet being made up, the compositor lays them upon the imposing stone, placing the first page with the signature to the left hand facing him. Having placed the first page in its proper position, the places for the other pages will be very promptly suggested to his mind if he will note the folios, fronts and backs of his odd and even pages.

There may be some little difference of opinion as to the proper place to begin the imposition of a form—we have heard it contended that the right hand nearest corner was the proper place to lay the first page. It is not proposed to go into the whys and wherefores in this article, but simply to give the rules as we find them and as they were presented to our once youthful mind. This subject was all Greek to us then, and as we watched the foreman running quickly over the imposition of a common sixteen or thirty-two, in order to prove its correctness before locking up, we looked upon him in awe and trembling, and wondered if there was another man in the world with such deep learning in the "art preservative." But we digress.

It may be as well to mention here that there is a way of imposing from the centre, by which means the blank or open pages may be thrown in the centre of the form, leaving the solid pages on the outside to act as bearers for the rollers, as well as for the better regulation of the imposition.

All odd matter, for any form, should be divided into fours, eights, twelves and sixteens, which is the ground work of all impositions except the eighteens, which differ from all the others; for instance, sixteens, twenty-fours and thirty-twos are only octavos and twelves

doubled, or twice doubled and imposed in half sheets; for example, the sixteens are two octavos imposed on one side of the short cross; the twenty-fours are two twelves imposed on each side of the long cross; and a thirty-two is four octavos imposed in each quarter of the chase. Thus, a sheet may be repeatedly doubled. By this division any form or sheet may be imposed, always bearing in mind that the first page in each class must stand to the left hand, with the foot of the page toward you. Having set down the first page, then trace the remainder according to the scheme which applies to its number; in proof of which the standard rule for all other impositions may be adopted—namely, *the folios of two pages, if placed properly beside each other, will make, when added together, one more than the number of pages in the sheet*; that is, in a sheet of sixteens, pages 1 and 16 coming together will add up 17, and so 9 and 8 will make 17, etc.

In half sheets all the pages belonging to the white paper, and reiteration, are imposed in one chase. So that when a sheet of paper is printed on both sides with the same form, that sheet is cut in two in the short cross if quarto or octavo, and in the short and long cross if twelves, and folded as octavo or twelves.

TYING UP PAGES.

In tying up pages use fine twine, winding it four or five times round it, and fastening at the right hand corner by thrusting a noose of it between the several turnings and the matter with the rule, and drawing it perfectly tight, taking care always to keep the end of the cord on the face of the page. While tying it, keep the forefinger of the left hand tight on the corner to prevent the page from being drawn aside.

The twine being fastened, the compositor removes the page from the ledges of the galley to see if the turns of cord lie about the middle of the shank of the letter; if they lie too high—as most commonly they do—he thrusts them lower; and if the page be not too broad he places the fore and middle fingers of his right hand on the off side of the head of the page, and his thumb on the near; then, bending his other fingers under, he presses them firmly against the head of the page; he next places the fingers of his left hand in the same position at the foot of the page, and, raising it upright, lays it on a page-paper; then with his right hand he grasps the sides of the page and the paper, which turns up against

the side of the page, and sets it in a convenient spot under his frame, placing it on the left hand, with the foot toward him, that the other pages that are in like manner set down afterward may stand by it in an orderly succession until he comes to impose them.

If the page be a quarto, folio, or a broadside, it is, of course, too wide for his grasp; and he, therefore, carries the galley and page to the imposing stone, and turns the handle of the galley toward him, and, taking hold of the handle with his right hand, he places the ball of the thumb of his left hand against the inside of the head ledge of the galley, to hold it and keep it steady, and by the handle draws the slice with the page upon it out of the galley, letting the slice rest upon the imposing stone; he then thrusts the head end of the slice so far upon it that the foot of the page may stand an inch or two within the outer edge of the stone, and, placing his left hand against the foot of the page, he quickly draws the slice from under the bottom of the page.

LAYING PAGES.

In taking up his pages for imposition, the compositor tightly grasps the paper on both sides of the page in order that it may be kept firm to the bottom of the page; for if it be left slack the letters will be liable to slip out, unless it be particularly well tied up. Having conveyed it to the stone, he next places the last two fingers of his right hand under the head of the page, but not under the page-paper at the head of it, still grasping the sides with his forefingers and thumb; he then slips his left hand so that the palm of it may turn toward the bottom, and, lifting the page upright on his right hand, with the left he removes the paper; he next grasps again the foot-end of the page with his left hand, in the same manner as the right holds the head of it, and, turning the face of the type toward him, lays it squarely and quickly down, so that the whole page may come in contact with the face of the stone at the same time.

As this method, in inexperienced or careless hands, would frequently endanger a page containing intricate matter, it will be safer to place the pages at first on good, strong, but not coarse and rough papers, and, when they are brought to the stone, instead of lifting them up, as just noticed, slide them off the papers in the same manner as before directed respecting a folio page on the slice galley, being careful that no particle of dirt remain under the page.

To be Continued.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 ins.	3 mos.	6 mos.	9 mos.	1 yr.
One page...	\$10.00	27.00	50.00	70.00	90.00
Half page...	6.00	16.00	30.00	43.00	54.00
Qr. page....	3.50	9.00	17.00	25.00	31.00
Two inches..	2.00	5.50	10.50	15.50	19.00
One inch....	1.00	2.80	5.50	7.60	10.00
One line....	.10	1.00
Notices in reading matter, per line, each ins. .25					

The Printer's Miscellany.

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

Our printer friends who promised to subscribe for the *Miscellany* are reminded that their amounts have not yet been received. Contrary to our rule, we have sent the *Miscellany* to several without their subscriptions having been paid. This is the last number that will be mailed to them until their money is received. We can't live on promises any more than they could. This is the last "call." Tumble up!

A number of articles written and some in type, including a description of the *Guelph Herald's* new building, are crowded out of this number. Our correspondents have almost entirely elbowed us out. Never mind, gentlemen, I dare say we will be less missed than you would be, and we can have our say some other time.

Mr. William Walker, who travels for the Napanee Mills Paper Manufacturing Company, is authorized to receive subscriptions and advertisements for the *Miscellany*. Don't forget him.

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

Is "Jac." Dead or Alive?

The Port Hope, Ont., *Guide* of Nov. 15th has the following:—

The printer who goes under the name of "Rocky," and who, it is said, soothed the dying moments of John G. Johnston, familiarly known as "Terror of the Lakes," in a letter to the *London Free Press*, denies that Johnston is dead. He says: "The fact of the matter is, that the author of Johnston's death is the production of his own brain, and his friends (or relations rather) need not think themselves rid of him, for he is yet alive."

A correspondent writing to this office, under date of Nov. 19th, says:—

I have noticed a paragraph going the rounds of the papers announcing the death of your correspondent, "Jac.," (J. G. Johnston) and still another one, signed "Rocky," pronouncing the whole story *false*. "Rocky," (who, I think, is —, —, —, late of Montreal,) states that Johnston was *alive* in Sandusky, Ohio, *two days after* his reported death at Hudson, Michigan. I am sorry that I could not secure this denial to send to you. I sincerely trust that "Rocky's" story, as published in the *Miscellany*, is not true, for Johnston, although he had some faults, had many good and noble traits about him. His open and free nature wrought him no good at times, but still he was *human* and generous to a fault.

Any information concerning the above will be thankfully received at this office.

While, perhaps, some of the "old hands" may elevate their eyebrows somewhat when perusing our "Practical Paragraphs," they should recollect that all are not so well up in the mystic lore of printerdom as themselves. If the articles printed do not suit them, let them write something themselves to take their place, we will gladly print what they write. Our aim is to help those who don't "know all about it." The articles are mostly taken from standard authorities, and, judging from the letters received, are highly appreciated and productive of much good. We solicit original practical articles.

Correspondents must try to be short, sharp and pithy. Our pages are somewhat limited, we are sorry to say. Just as soon as the income of the *Miscellany* will justify the step, it will be enlarged or issued oftener.

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.

Deborah A. Lugin, widow of the late George K. Lugin, Esq., King's Printer, and for many years proprietor of the *Royal Gazette*, Fredericton, N. B., died on the 26th November, at the advanced age of eighty-four years. The deceased lady was, in the lifetime of her husband, connected with the editorial management of the *Royal Gazette*, then a newspaper as well as an official sheet. She was also a regular contributor to the columns of the *Watchman*; the first journal to espouse the cause of the liberal party in New Brunswick. Her life was a very busy one; and she retained untiring energy until a very short time before her death. The immediate cause of her death was cancer in the stomach.

Parties desiring engravings of any description on wood will find Mr. C. H. Flewelling's card on page 117. His work will be found much cheaper and as good as can be done anywhere. It is to be hoped that this home enterprise will receive substantial support, for his establishment here supplies a long felt want. When all kinds of wood engraving can be done as cheap and as good here, there is no need to send away for it, notwithstanding the old proverb that says: "A prophet hath no honor in his own country."

AS A DISCREPANCY will, no doubt, be noticed between the date of this number and the dates in the items of news in our columns, it may be as well to explain that while we are behind in our issue about one month, still, we do not think it necessary to let the news get behind. The numbers of the *Miscellany* will be issued as quickly as possible, succeeding each other at short intervals, until we "make even" with the date.

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

All the journeymen and apprentices in the *Maritime Sentinel* office, Amherst, N. S., subscribe for the *Miscellany*.

RENEW your subscriptions to the *Miscellany*.

Acknowledgments.

The following have been received up to the 8th December :-

John S. Climo, St. John, N. B.	\$1 00
Wm. Coates, " "	1 00
Geo. B. Till, " "	1 00
W. R. M., " "	1 00
John McDade, " "	1 00
John Bellingham, " "	1 00
Edward Callahan, " "	1 00
Edward B. Rose, Providence, R. I.	1 00
Robert Brannan, " "	1 00
Robert Kennith, " "	1 00
Robert H. Sparks, " "	1 00
William Stanton, " "	1 00
P. Doherty, " "	1 00
Alex. Graham, " "	1 00
John Runel, Moncton, N. B.	1 00
Sutton Boyd, " "	1 00
James Stanley, " "	1 00
James Brewster, " "	1 00
Daniel Shaw, " "	50
John Grant, " "	50
Thos. Howe, Amherst, N. S.	1 00
J. E. Bigney, " "	1 00
E. A. Powers, " "	1 00
John McKay, " "	50
Wm. Gillespie, Summerside, P. E. I. ...	1 00
James Gamble, " "	50
Spurgeon McEwen, " "	50
Coombs & Worth, Charlottetown, P.E.I.	1 00
A. M. Coles, " "	1 00
Henry Colvill, " "	50
N. Stephens, Montreal, P. Q.	1 00
G. M. Stewart, " "	1 00
A. McAllister, " "	50
D. G. Smith, Chatham, N. B.	1 00
S. B. Paterson, " "	50
Arthur Little, Pictou, N. S.	50
John W. Gay, Sackville, N. B.	1 00
"Lead-Cutter," Cambridge, Mass.	1 00
A. E. McCormack, Georgetown, P. E. I.	50
Ferd. Robidoux, Shediac, N. B.	50
Jas. Cornforth, Yorkville, Ont.	1 00
Rev. Walworth Davis, Millbrook, Ont..	1 00
J. B. Anderton, Cawker City, Kansas..	1 00
"Pica," Ottawa, Ont.	1 00
James Murray, St. Johns, Nfld.	1 00

The subscription list of the *Miscellany* is increasing at a very rapid rate, and the back numbers are disappearing—there are only about thirty left. Those who wish to have a complete volume should lose no time in sending in their names accompanied by the subscription price—\$1.00.

Friends will recollect that we have a great many "dead horses" to pull up since the fire and aid us accordingly. Ask all your printer acquaintances to subscribe. We'll try and give them their money's worth.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

We have received No. 6, volume 1, of *The American Mail and Export Journal*, a monthly paper devoted to the American export trade, and have no hesitation in pronouncing it the best publication of the kind in existence, both in typography and quality and quantity of matter. It contains about 40 pages, 9x12, and whoever the printers are, they have done their work in a masterly manner. It bears every evidence of judgment in editing, care in proof-reading and skill in printing. A new and important feature in this valuable periodical is the summaries it gives of its contents in French, Spanish and German. In order that some idea may be gained of its great scope we give a list of its general and standing headings: American Industries; Communications; Drugs, Chemicals, etc.; Editorials; Engineering and Machinery; Fancy Goods, Stationery and Paper; Finances and Investment; Foreign Notes; Freights; General Notes; Hardware; Leather; Metals and Mining; Produce and Provisions; Silverware, Watches, etc.; Textiles, Wines and Spirits, etc. We do not know where a business man could get better value for his money than by subscribing for this journal, and there is scarcely any calling omitted from its editorial and business columns. In fact no business house should be without this important adjunct. Its subscription is only \$2.50 a year. Howard Lockwood, publisher and proprietor, 74 Duane street, or P. O. box 5514, New York.

A complimentary ticket of invitation for the grand semi-annual distribution of the "Louisiana State Lottery," which takes place on the 11th December at New Orleans, has been received through the politeness of Mr. J. C. Brown, and we are at a loss to know whether it is intended as a specimen of lithography for review, an advertising dodge to secure a free notice, or a *bona fide* invitation to be present at the drawing. It could not have been the latter, else they would have enclosed a check for at least the twentieth part of the grand prize to defray expenses. As the check did not come to hand, we have only to add that a *pressure of business* will prevent us from gracing the occasion with our august presence, ahem! However, if a proxy would do, we delegate some of the "boys" on the *Pic.* or *Times* to act for us. There is Pearson, of the *Pic.*, or Grant, Duster, and a host of others of the *Times*, who could do

the honors for us. We have kindly recollections of the craft in New Orleans, and, perhaps, if we draw a good prize in the lottery of life, we may see the generous and hospitable city once more.

The Pressman is the name of a new publication issued in Montreal, Q., "devoted to the interests of the printers of Canada," and "the especial advocate of cylinder printing machinery," and particularly that made by the Campbell Printing Press Company. Aside from the fact that it seems to be, like *almost* all printers' papers, merely an advertising medium for the proprietor's goods, there is much of interest to printers to be found in its pages, and we hope the proprietor will be able to interest the craft to such an extent that he will make more money by his venture than we have by ours thus far. We extend to him the right hand of friendship. There is always "room for one more" in this stage.

To A. DeFollet & Son, practical book and job printers, 7 Manhasset Place, Brooklyn, N. Y., we are indebted for one of the neatest little calendars (for 1878) that we have had the pleasure of examining for a long time. There is nothing flashy about it, no straining after effect. It is plain, neat and tasty in composition and the press work is clean and carefully done. We almost forgot to mention that the heading is in gold and colors, while the calendar is in black. This is not the first fine specimen of work received from the above printers.

The Texas Printer is the title of a quarterly, devoted to the interests of printers and publishers, issued at Austin, Texas, by C. G. Lathrop. It is seemingly intended as an advertising medium through which the publisher will be enabled to bring his goods to the notice of the craft. It contains some interesting reading for printers.

We have to acknowledge the receipt of some very fine specimens from Mr. Charles Lawson, of the *Globe* job department. One letter heading being particularly unique in design.

Thurlow S. Chandler, Bangor, Me., has our thanks for a very fine assortment of specimens.

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.

Published by Request.

A TRAMP PRINTER'S DREAM.

BY KIVAS PYKE.

Bare and scant were my garments, and weary my feet,
As I walked into town through the slush and the sleet;
Not a "stamp" graced my wallet—let it gently be
spoke—

I was only a *tramp*—"on the road" and "dead broke."
Twenty miles had I "hoofed it," without any "pard,"
All the treasure I owned was my "travelling card"
And a one-cared steel rule, which I'd carried for years,
Thro' the strife and the turmoil of this "vale of tears."
Up the broad street I wandered till a sign met my gaze—
"THE HERALD" (in "caps") my crushed spirits
did raise;

The composing room windows, with gas all aglare,
Built hope in my breast as I mounted the stair.
I might meet "a rounder" who'd "got in a day,"
And who'd give me a lift, though it took half his pay.
With reflections like these, I at length reached the door,
And straight for the foreman I waltzed o'er the floor.
When I asked him for work, he said—with a snub—
"We've no work for tramps—NOT EVEN TO SUB."
When I saw how it was, my ambition did lag,
And I fully determined to "carry the flag."
On the floor of the office, or press room near by,
I was fervently wishing—yet dreaming—to die.
So into a corner I cautiously crept,
And, with hat for a pillow, soon peacefully slept;
And I dreamt—Oh! ye tramps, it may curious seem—
Two decades had departed—how bright was my dream?

* * * * *
Twenty years had elapsed!—ye gods what a change
Had transpired in this country!—"Twas wondrously
strange!

Every Government office that greeted my sight
Contained an old "pardner," with face beaming bright.
"Ulysses the First" had been kicked out of power
And was supplying New Yorkers with bacon and flour.
Nick Buckley, of Dunkirk, had stepped in his shoes,
And was feasted and winned by both Gentiles and Jews.
Billey Colescott—"the flounder"—was Buckley's "right
bower,"

And presided the Senate in that brilliant hour;
"Big Injun"—the "smiler"—was Postmaster-General;
"You bet then I yelled"—"This beats the Centennial,"
"Jersey" was running the Department of War,
And in trading-post contracts took no shino therefor.
Commodore "Shorry" Campbell o'er the Navy pre-
sided;

"Skinny" Hynes, as our Minister, at Paris resided;
Old Westbrook—"the kernel"—filled Hen. Beecher's
place;

Hi Hand, as a preacher, had "fallen from grace";
Duke Williams and Sankey—with Moody thrown out—
Were giving Chicago's big sinners a "bout."
The genial Joe Newton was Tammany's chief,
And sumptuously dined on potatoes and beef;
Jimmy Hart was an actor, Frank Hoyt ran a bank,
'Twas a hard thing to find a printer who drank,
"Bones" Smith owned the *Times*, and Joe Oakley the
World;

There was no tramp printers—"THE DANNER" was
furl'd!

* * * * *
But, ah! these sweet visions were not to last long,
They can only live blessed in story and song.
The foreman awoke me, with a kick and a shout—
"Come, *thirty* is in, and you'll have to get out!"
These words in my ears with significance rang
As I tottered down stairs. The door closed with a bang!
And as I stood shiv'ring in the keen wintry wind
I wondered how mortals could be so unkind
As to kick their poor fellows, when "down in the heel,"
And never regret for unfortunates feel;
But with merciless, pitiless act, word and look,
Lacerate the poor heart whom Dame Fortune forsook.
But why should I wonder? It has always been so—
For the poor "broken-downs" to be tossed to and fro
On Life's dark and dreary, tempestuous wave,
Till their forms are *lacked up* in the depths of the grave.
—American Newspaper Reporter.

The editor of the Kansas City *Times* tried to
impound a cow the other day, but afterward
found that he had committed a bull.

NEWS OF THE CRAFT.

LOCAL.

Messrs. Barnes & Co. are about moving into
their new building.

The *Torch* is the title of a new literary paper
to be issued by Joseph S. Knowles on the 29th
Dec. It is to be devoted to literature, humor,
satire and gossip for the home circle. Good
health!

Business is much the same as reported last
month with a *slight* improvement. There are
not many idle prints. The near approach of the
holidays has had the effect, one way or another,
of putting them all to work. It is hardly likely
to be of long duration, although we hope for
the best.

There are but few changes to note this month
in the *personnel* of the city offices. Wm. Law-
son hangs his hat up in the *Globe* job office now.
Wm. Neuth visits the hook in the composing
(news) room of the same establishment, while
John McConica "lays himself out" in the job
room of the daily *News*.

James Hannay, of the *Telegraph*, will lecture
in the St. John Mechanics' Institute Course, on
"Anglo-Saxon Civilization," on the 21st of
January next. Some time in February he will
deliver his lecture on "One Hundred Years
Ago" before the Acadia College Athenaeum.
He will also deliver the same lecture at St.
Martins.

Mr. W. H. Burke, pressman in the *Globe*
office, had the cap of his knee injured a couple
of weeks ago by slipping on the asphalt floor
and striking his knee against the fly bracket of
the double cylinder Hoe, of which he has charge.
At first it was thought it would be stiff, but we
are glad to learn that it is quite well and no in-
convenience whatever is felt from the injury.

A brick building, which was in course of
erection on Prince William street, fell on Dec.
6th, and in its fall it carried part of the side
wall of Messrs. J. & A. McMillian's new build-
ing with it and otherwise so strained the front
as to render it necessary to take it down.
Owing to the accident Messrs. J. & A. Mc-
Millan have been obliged to defer the moving of
their printing office until some time in January
next. Their new premises, when complete, will
be one of the finest in the city.

James Hannay, of the *Telegraph*, must be set
down as the hardest headed man in the news-

paper business in St. John. The other day a brick fell from the top of St. Andrew's arch, a height of forty-five feet, and struck him on the top of the head. According to all ordinary calculations such a blow should have killed him, but, although knocked down by the blow and somewhat cut, thanks to a fur cap and a sound skull he escaped with very little injury and was able to walk home and attend to his work as usual next day.

The many friends of Mr. Add. D. Welch will be glad to learn that he intends visiting his native province some time during the coming winter. Mr. Welch at present shares with his brother, William B., the editorial and proprietary honors of the Providence, R. I., *Town and Country*, (the best temperance paper we ever read—and we do read temperance papers sometimes). Add. served his apprenticeship in the Frederickton *Reporter* office, and is no stranger to the "leadens messengers of thought." Besides, he is a popular and successful temperance lecturer, and if he can be induced to lecture here, let's give him a bumper—house, we mean.

Mr. Knight, a printer who hails from St. Johns, Newfoundland, passed through here on his way to Auburn, Me., where he has an engagement to play on the *Androscoggin Herald*, we think. He dropped in upon us unexpectedly by way of paying us a fraternal visit *en route*, and he was glad to see us, at least, he said so, and we believed him. He says he has worked on the Boston *Herald*, perhaps, about a year ago. He looked somewhat travel-worn, having come from St. Johns, Nfld., to Halifax in the steamer and from the latter place to this city by rail. It's weary work, travelling.

In the proper column will be found some pleasing intelligence respecting Mr. now Rev. David Hickey, of Pleasant River, Q. C., N. S. Mr. Hickey, it will be recollected, was at one time, some three years ago, on the reportorial staff of the daily *Telegraph* of this city, where he had many friends, particularly amongst the captains and pilots of this port, who have many pleasant recollections of their business intercourse with him. From a newspaper office to the ministry; well, it isn't often that way. We don't know but what he was right in his choice. He will be farther removed from the "devil," at all events. That he may live long to adorn his new sphere of labor, is our most earnest wish.

DOMINION.

Joseph P. Conway intends to resume the publication of the Windsor, Ont., *Eclipse*, which has been dead for about six years.

In the libel suit of J. A. McLaughlin vs. the London, Ont., *Free Press* Printing Company, the jury gave a verdict for the defendants.

The Georgetown, Ont., *Herald* has changed hands. The new firm is composed of Mr. C. E. S. Black, of the Dunville *Gazette*, and Mr. S. Dilts, formerly connected with the *Herald*.

Business must be prosperous with the *Mira-michi Advance*. The proprietor, Mr. D. G. Smith, has put in a \$550 Waterous engine to drive his newspaper and job presses. We understand that he will also shortly add a book-binding, including paper ruling, to his already extensive establishment. His numerous friends in this city will be glad to learn of his prosperity and, for ourselves, we may add, long may it continue so. Domino!

The Sentinel; and *Orange and Protestant Advocate* has changed hands. The former proprietor having sold out to Messrs. Clarke & Hewitt. The entire plant of the office (news and job) has been renewed from the Toronto Branch of the Dominion Type-Founding Company. The appearance of the paper speaks volumes for the excellent material turned out by this foundry—the only one in the Dominion. We heartily recommend this company to the kind consideration of our friends of the press as one deserving and in every way worthy of their earnest support.

Mardi, le vingt de Novembre, à 10 heures, eut lieu le mariage de M. Louis-Hormisdas Bourguignon, typographe, du *Franco-Canadien*, fils aîné de I. Bourguignon, Ecr., propriétaire de ce journal, avec Mlle. Mary Fredette, fille cadette de M. Michel Fredette, rentier, et sœur de M. Gédéon Fredette, courtier de cette ville.

Un grand concours de personnes assistaient à la cérémonie nuptiale, qui fut faite par le Révd. M. Aubry, curé de cette paroisse.

Un excellent dîner fut servi chez le père de la mariée. La joie qui est un des principaux traits de l'esprit canadien y a régné en souveraine. Après un souper également copieux, servi chez le père du marié, les nombreux des amis de l'heureux couple allèrent passer la soirée chez M. Fredette, où ils cueillirent un regain de plaisir.

Tout avait été organisé avec beaucoup de soin

et de délicatesse. Les maîtres de la maison se montrèrent très généreux et firent les choses parfaitement bien.

Les mariés firent les honneurs de la soirée avec beaucoup de grâce, et l'assistance fit les vœux les plus sincères pour leur honneur.

From our Rambling Correspondent.

Miss Ross, late of Souris, is now in the job office of Coombs & Worth, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

It is stated that Prof. Caven is very shortly to resume the publication of the weekly *Herald*, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Messrs. Coombs & Worth, book and job printers, Charlottetown, P. E. I., have ordered a new Wharfedale press, size 42x29, from Miller & Richards, through Mr. Patterson, their traveller.

Graves & Co., publishers and proprietors of the *Journal*, Summerside, P. E. I., are making extensive alterations in the rear part of their premises. Two large rooms, one on the ground floor and one up stairs, is being added to the building. The office up stairs is to be the news office, the old office up stairs, in front, will be converted into a job office and bindery. A complete bookbinder's outfit has been ordered, including the best Hickok's ruling machine, the largest of Miller & Richard's cutting machines. A new steam engine and boiler is ordered to be made by a Summerside foundry.

From a Charlottetown Occasional Correspondent.

There are about sixteen female type-setters employed in this city at present.

Mr. James Cooper, job printer, of Boston, has been on a visit to his friends here. He left for home last week.

Mr. Thos. Crowley has returned to this city after a nine years' sojourn in the United States and Canada, and is now working in the *Examiner* office. He sports a blue ribbon.

The *Examiner* Printing and Publishing Co. have removed their office to the premises known as the old *Islander* office. Mr. Joseph W. Mitchell, who has lately become one of the company, has added his stock of book and job printing materials to that already possessed by the concern. The *Weekly Examiner* made its appearance on Friday, Nov. 30th. It is a 28-column paper, 24x36, is well filled with reading matter, and makes a very creditable appearance. The *Daily Examiner* has been changed from a

morning to an evening paper, and the price of composition reduced from 23 to 20 cents per 1000 ems.

UNITED STATES.

Miss L. Pierce, of Denver, Colorado, has been elected a member of the Denver Typographical Union.

Our pressman says it is a girl, weighs nine pounds, and will be ten days old to-day.—*Bangor Commercial* of Nov. 22.

Hon. Lewis H. Redfield, the oldest living New York printer, was 84 on Monday, 26th of November. He is in excellent health.

Wm. White, who died in Jersey City on Dec. 2nd, was for many years a printer in Woburn, and publisher of the *Woburn Gazette*.

Michael Cavanagh, aged 37, a printer employed on the *New York Herald*, was murdered on the evening of Nov. 3rd, by his mistress.

Frank Telle, who has been working in Cleveland, Ohio, on the *Leader* for some time past, left for Hot Springs, Arkansas, in the latter part of October.

The *Woburn Journal*, of Dec. 1st, says that their "valued and esteemed pressman entered the matrimonial state on Thanksgiving Day," and adds: "Every pressman has his favorite press—Mr. Cutler's choice is the Adams."

Stephen A. Haviland, who is supposed to have been the most correct type-setter in New York, died on Friday, Nov. 30th, aged 66 years. He has been known to set twelve book pages of type, in mixed Greek, Latin and English, without an error, and the remarkable feat of setting a concordance to the Bible in diamond type without an error is attributed to him.

George P. Morton, for about twenty years past employed upon the *Boston Post* as a compositor, died at South Boston on Saturday, 8th December. He had long been afflicted with pleurisy, but eight weeks ago his ailment took a rheumatic turn, confining him to his home, and finally attacking his heart. Mr. Morton was born in Halifax, N. S., in 1822. He came to Boston in 1840, and has ever since been a resident of that city. In nature he was somewhat reserved, but those who knew him well found him companionable and genial, and no man in the craft was more prompt to respond to a call for assistance. His family consisted of three children and his father and mother, both of the latter being well nigh helpless.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The "Art Preservative of all Arts."

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Nov. 10, 1877.

The arguments that I advanced in one of my communications, which appeared in the columns of the *Miscellany* a few months ago, that the above quotation, "the art preservative of all arts," is a "misnomer, a delusion and a cheat," will be again taken up by me, and although I admit that an abler pen than mine could do far more justice to it than I can give it, yet I will attempt, as briefly as my time will allow and your limited space admit, to give further reasons of mine why I have settled down to such convictions. Of course, to combat the almost universal idea that printing is the "art preservative" will require a great deal of elaboration, which I will here have to forego, yet I might possibly convince a few, in advancing my theories, that they are laboring under a mental hallucination on this subject.

The communication alluded to brought out a few responses, as I expected it would, and, to use a common expression, all "went for me" with one exception, which was your Richmond correspondent, who, in a candid manner, admitted that the reading of the communication led him to a new train of thought, and hoped that he would have the pleasure of hearing from me again.

There is no sane man that will attempt to deny the fact that the art of printing is a wonderful invention, the greatest achievement the world ever witnessed, and that during the past half century incalculable improvements have been introduced in all its multitudinous branches. The hand press, which was laboriously worked by the printer, turning out one side of a newspaper at the rate of about two hundred and fifty per hour, has been superseded in most large cities and towns by the lightning presses of Hoe, Walter, and others, which turn out as many complete printed papers in a minute as the former did in an hour; the faces of new types—symmetrical and beautiful to look upon—have been introduced by our enterprising type foundries to take the place of more unsightly ones, multiplying them in numbers and beauty as the years advance. Not wishing to enumerate the list or go into details, we can all admit the fact that a complete revolution has taken place in nearly all the departments of printing during the last five decades. Granting all this,

and much more, yet it does not prove that printing is the "art preservative." It is true that through the newspapers of the day we come in almost daily possession of what is transpiring in the remotest part of the globe; books on history, theology, geology, geometry, the arts and sciences, etc., etc., are printed in almost untold numbers by every Christian nation; speeches of great men are given, sermons of ministers are printed, and everything of note that daily occurs is minutely given through the daily press to enlighten the public and make them wise, but does all this prove that printing is the "art preservative?" What becomes of the myriad of newspapers daily issued, and the thousands of books yearly produced? Do they not all decay, and in time become totally obliterated, with not a vestige left to remind one that they ever had an existence? Who can claim that the products of the press last forever? None. In order to have a living existence they must be re-produced from time to time. And herein proves the fact that printing is not the "art preservative" any more than any other branch of business that can be multiplied and duplicated as occasion requires. It is conceded that the press is a great enlightener of the people, and that it has brought light out of darkness, and also spreads broadcast everything new that is created by the ingenuity of man in all its details; it has, moreover, given to the present generation the history of past generations, so that we exactly know how our forefathers lived and acted on the world's stage that we now occupy, yet with all this great advantage, wherein, again, is it the "art preservative?" What is there that is brought into this world, either by Nature or the handicraft of man, that has a lasting existence? Nothing. Everything, animate and inanimate, has the stamp of decay marked upon it. Nothing is exempt from the ravages of Time. All must give way before it. So must the products of the press, in common with all other things, follow the same immutable laws.

But what would the press be to-day if there was no telegraph, railroads, steamships, etc., to satisfy its fathomless maw. Would it have much weight or power in the world? Very little. Does not the press owe its position to these wonderful inventions. The telegraph and railroad plays just as important a part in the world's progress and advancement as the press. Let an accident overtake the telegraph wires,

either on land or under the water, and what is the consequence? Are we not deprived of our daily news. Can the press in this dilemma furnish it without that aid? No, indeed. Does not these facts, then, lead to the conviction that the press is not all potential. Obliterate entirely the telegraph and railroad, and what becomes of the boasted enlightener? It would then simply be a local disseminator of news. It is thus seen at a glance, without these twin co-laborers, the "art preservative" would be a mere bagatelle.

Look into other branches of industries. It is but a few years ago that boots and shoes were entirely made by hand. Now, are they? Go into any large shoe factory, and there you will see machinery in operation that not only cuts the leather, but actually pegs and sews the shoe, requiring only a guiding hand to bring them out finished and complete, ready for the wearer.

The same marks of advancement is also seen in the field of agriculture. Implements of various kinds and devices have been introduced, almost wonderful to contemplate. Labor-saving and time-saving machinery are now used that probably were not thought of a few decades since, doing away with the heavy drudgery that the over-worked farmer had to undergo to make his fields profitable and to feed the toiling millions that inhabit large cities everywhere.

In order not to lengthen out this article more than is actually necessary for my purpose, I will not attempt to enumerate the other branches of industries in the land, but will simply say that the same progress made in one branch can be seen in all others, thus showing that the elevation of man is not entirely confined to the printing press alone, but all contribute their equal quota to his prosperity and happiness.

The reasons generally given to show that printing is the "art preservative," is simply that it records history as it is made, and hands it down to future posterity for their enlightenment and benefit. This is all true and cannot be controverted. But is there nothing else that can do almost equally as well? Cannot the artist, who has finished his master-piece, duplicate the same, and cannot the same be done over again a thousand years hence as now? Have not the books which first emanated from the press of Caxton, Faust, and others, to be reprinted? What has become of all of them? It is a well-known fact that but few of them are in existence, and these few, no matter how care-

fully guarded and watched, will some day or other pass away from all living things. Thus, I believe, that every branch of industry that can duplicate and multiply itself, and keep itself in existence for untold years, is equally entitled to the same privilege of claiming itself able to preserve itself without the aid of the press.

There is one point in particular that I wish to lay more stress on than another. It is this, that printing does not preserve itself or its followers more than any other industry does. I claim that any branch of industry, boasting that it is superior than any other, should have vitality and life enough in it to keep its artisans from almost pauperism, which the printing business of to-day does not. Look at the thousands of printers all over this land and Europe, and what is their condition? Are they any degrees above the men that delve and dig with the pick and shovel, who only require physical and not mental labor to worry through the day. I cannot be convinced that there is any more advantage in a printing office than there is in a shoemaker shop, when the printer gets no more than the shoemaker. It is generally conceded that where brains are most wanted there is the most pay, but it don't seem to be so with the poor disciples of Faust.

When the time comes—should it ever come—that the printer is lifted far above the level that he occupies now, then it will be time enough to boast that printing is the "art preservative." Printers have to struggle for even a paltry existence, like thousands of other mechanics. But why should it be, if the profession they follow is looked upon as the "art preservative?" Surely there ought to be enough in it to protect him from penury and want. It may be a low standard to ground my arguments upon, but, nevertheless, they are true and cannot be gainsaid.

Printing offices, like other callings, are springing up on every hand. Some are short-lived and some are long-lived. But why do they become defunct at all, when they are following the "art preservative of all arts." Surely something must be wrong somewhere. According to the theories of the art, they ought to exist for ever. Here again we see the inconsistency of the quotation.

I could advance other arguments and theories in advocacy of the side that I have taken. But I think I have given enough in the short space I have at my command, to, at least, receive a

careful perusal by the craft. Although probably standing alone in this matter at the present time, others may see it in the light that I do, and finally feel convinced, as I have for some time past, that the "art preservative" is a "misnomer, a delusion and a cheat."

I shall have further to say on the subject at another time, knowing that your columns are cramped, and that you want all the room you can get, I will subscribe myself, as usual,

HAIR SPACE.

From the "City of the Straits."

DETROIT, MICH., Nov. 17, 1877.

One thing or another has prevented the carrying out of my intention to drop you a line, since you phoenixed, until now. Your efforts in furnishing the printers of the country a medium through which they can discuss matters of general interest to the craft, and also find much information as to the whereabouts and doings of old-time acquaintances, deserve substantial encouragement, which I certainly hope you will receive.

Within a month past two of our leading morning papers—the daily *Post* and the *Tribune*—have consolidated. Before consolidation the former employed some eighteen men (regulars) in the newspaper composing room, and the latter about an equal number. The consolidated paper runs twenty-six cases; thus their joining together throws out eight regulars, which with subs. leaves some twelve or fifteen men "on the town," as it were. As few have left the city, Detroit has quite a surplus of printers, so that members of the craft in search of employment have no encouragement to visit the City of the Straits.

The *Evening News*, the most successful venture in Detroit journalism within your correspondent's knowledge, is just giving a new evidence of its prosperity in the erection of a handsome new office, which is being laid out with every convenience for a first-class—though not large—print shop. It will have one of the neatest composing rooms in the West—each man will have good light, having an entire window to himself in a room with exceptionally high ceilings.

Detroit Typographical Union is in fair condition—in fact, I may say, excellent condition, compared with the organizations of various other Union cities. It has at the present time one hundred and fifty active members. A grand

ball, under the auspices of the Union, is being arranged, to be held at St. Andrew's Hall, on Christmas Eve, to which the members who "trip the light fantastic" are looking forward with much pleasure, while the affair receives the best wishes and encouragement of the older and more staid of our membership.

We are looking forward to the next meeting of the International Typographical Union with much interest. It will meet in Detroit, on the first Monday in June next, and as then will be the first time Detroit will have been so honored by the craft, our wishes are that the session may prove a most beneficial one; and while Detroit, through her delegates, has ever opposed extravagance in the reception and entertainment of the International body by the subordinate Union with which for the time meeting, and will not herself stultify her record in this regard, we wish it to be understood that a wholesome, hearty welcome will be extended all who come—and we hope every Union may be fully represented—and every facility be afforded for the proper transaction of business.

Some specimen copies of the *Miscellany* received by me have been distributed among our membership, and I certainly hope to see a respectable-sized club gotten up for you soon.

I notice by your September number, just received, that you have printed my remarks to the last session of the I. T. U. on the apprentice question. I sincerely wish that discussion may be evoked on this all-important subject. I assure you I feel very deeply upon it, being satisfied that the manner in which the apprentice system is at present conducted, not only in our own trade, but in all trades, will eventually result in widespread disaster socially. It is useless for employers to find fault with apprentices and the incompetency of journeymen, or ascribe the cause of the present state of affairs to trades unions. The fault begins with themselves. But this scrawl is already too long, and I will shut off on this subject for the present, after stating that I have, during two or three months past, sent to various States copies of the apprentice bill I had the honor to draft and to have presented to the last session of the Michigan Legislature, but which was defeated in that body, of course, though it did receive twenty-two votes in its favor in the House. The last I had I sent yesterday to Washington, where the printers have joined with other trades to try and induce Congress to adopt a judicious apprentice law for the

District of Columbia. As Gen. Williams, Congressman from this district, is chairman of the House Committee on the District of Columbia, I hope he will do honor to Detroit, Michigan, and himself, by giving the Washington workmen all the aid in his power in this matter.

The Detroit Typographical Union nominates candidates for delegates to the I. T. U. at its meeting to be held Saturday, Dec. 1, 1877, and elects one in January and another in February. Aspirants are not numerous as yet, but I presume they will be plenty enough by next month, although there is no pleasure trip in connection this year. I give printers the credit of having among them many men ambitious of endeavoring to advance the welfare of the craft, and at the same time of securing honor for themselves, who aspire to the honorable position of a delegate to the I. T. U.—honorable position? yea, verily, unless abused, and then the dishonor is the man's, not that of the position—without thought of any pleasure trip free of expense in connection.

JOHN McVICAR.

Norwich Notes.

NORWICH, CONN., Nov. 20, 1877.

Frank Aldrich left on the 17th for Pilatka, Putnam Co., Florida, where, as clerk of a first-class hotel, he will be delighted to look after the wants of such high-toned printers as may favor him with a call. Pilatka—Paris Exposition—solid brevier, thirty-five cents a thousand. Well, the matter will be thought over.

He passed away quietly—but not to “that bourne whence no traveller returns”—taking with him one of the fair daughters of Preston and the best wishes of kindred and friends. See marriage notices in *Miscellany* for October.

The *Advertiser* building has been sold at private sale, John W. Stedman, Esq., being one of the purchasers.

Death has again entered the household of one of our types—Mr. Chas. Earle—taking therefrom the youngest of the family, the little one whose advent was noticed in these columns a few months since. Mortal to immortal—treasured in heaven.

The former editor of the *Bulletin*, Mr. W. H. H. Campbell, has returned home, having spent many months in Europe.

Your correspondents should be very careful in making statements. In the last number of the *Miscellany* one of them spoke of two columns

of long primer having been set up with only three errors. Our “horned-letter” compositor, having read the item, has been dodging around in high dudgeon ever since, with his stove-pipe hat elevated on three hairs, and wondering whether that long primer was two or three nick. He is open for a three-nick race right away, and thinks he can take the conceit out of that “blew”-nose. We intend forwarding you his photo. as soon as a camera can be found large enough to take him whole.

The descendants of Mr. John Porter (who moved from Kenilworth or Windsor, England, to Dorchester, Mass., and thence to Windsor, Conn., in 1638) will be pleased to learn that a genealogical history of that branch of the family is being collected by Mr. Henry P. Andrews, of New York City—one of the descendants—and will probably be published in book form at an early day. This family numbers among its numerous descendants many of the most prominent men from Connecticut and neighboring States, among whom we may mention Prof. Noah Porter, of Yale College, Conn.; President Barnard, of Columbia College, N. Y.; General Peter B. Porter, at one time a Congressman from the State of New York and afterwards Secretary of that State; Ex-Governor A. H. Holley, of Connecticut, and many others who are conspicuous in the annals of American science and politics. Mr. Andrews has our best wishes for an abundant and well-merited success.

STICK AND RULE.

Toronto Jottings.

TORONTO, ONT., Dec. 3, 1877.

Mr. T. W. Dyos, who has for some months been manager of the *Globe* job office, has accepted the position of business manager of the *Mail*.

Chris. Bunting, who succeeds T. C. Patteson as general manager of the *Mail*, was once foreman of the *Globe* news room. He has been for some years engaged in the wholesale grocery business. He is an able and energetic man, but has had no experience in his present line of business.

Mr. James Green, who has been employed for a year or two back on the *Weekly Globe*, has received from the Ontario Government the appointment of confidential printer to the Education Department. Money cannot buy the examination papers now.

Mr. George Eyvel, chief shorthand reporter of the *Globe*, was married to a Napanee lady towards the close of November. The newly created benedict looks forward with trepidation to the time when he will have to leave his present comfortable quarters to spend his days and nights in the gallery of the House of Commons at Ottawa.

J. Ross Robertson, the enterprising proprietor of the *Evening Telegram*, has been figuring lately as a book publisher. He has issued cheap, popular editions of a number of novellettes, including "Helen's Babies," "That Husband of Mine," "Theo," etc., etc. Jack thinks it pays, and as for the question of international copyright—well it will be a long time before his piracies make up for what the Harpers alone have stolen from British authors.

Mr. J. Gordon Brown, editor-in-chief of the *Globe*, goes to Paris early in 1878 as one of the Canadian Commissioners to the Exposition. It has not yet been announced whether either the *Globe* or *Mail* will send a special correspondent.

"Ned" Clarke has, in partnership with Mr. Hewitt, taken hold of the *Orange Sentinel* and is bound to make it a success. In addition to being one of the best foremen to be found anywhere, "Ned" can write a trenchant article, and is neither a partisan in politics nor a bigot in creed. If he cannot make the *Sentinel* go, no other person need try it. The new dress for the paper has been supplied by the Dominion Type-Founding Company.

The *Toronto Advertiser* has been formally elected as the organ of the Good Templars of this province.

The *Mail* will be represented this year in the gallery by J. Wallis and Wallace Maclean, and the *Globe* by George Eyvel and Albert Horton.

Amongst other rumors about the future of the *Globe* there is one to the effect that the weekly edition will be made more of a political organ than it has for some time been, and that a more neutral paper will be issued for the benefit of those who prefer literature and news to the amenities of politics.

Mr. Todd, of the *Monetary Times*, prints the *Canada School Journal*, and does it well. No size of its size in the Dominion turns out more of better work than his.

It looks like old times to have Powell Martin back as advertising agent of the *Evening Telegram*.

Aleck. Dixon, who has been advertising agent of the *Mail* for five years, has given up the post to go into other business.

Charles Lindsey, the author of "Rome in Canada," and registrar of the city of Toronto, is an ex-journalist. His last position in that connection was the editorship of the *Leader*.

"The newest thing in journalism" in Toronto is a Saturday night paper, intended for Sunday morning reading. This makes about the fifteenth weekly, over and above the weekly editions of the dailies.

COLUMN RULE.

The Craft in Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Nov. 22, 1877.

We have a Union here, but the man who brings "unionism" into any of the three offices situated in Cambridge will do well to first secure a travelling card, a railway time-table, and a valise, for he will certainly need them. Except on the occasion of sending a delegate to represent us at the International Union, our meetings are but slimly attended, scarcely ever exceeding *twelve* members. On that occasion, however, we are as noisy and demonstrative as any of the "election meetings." It is surprising to see the large number of "voters" that are brought forward by the different delegates who struggle to obtain the high honor of being sent on a *tour*! I do not speak offensively when I say this about the Cambridge Union, for I believe our condition is no more deplorable than the majority of Unions throughout the United States and Canada.

The following wages are paid: Weekly hands, \$16 a week; time hands \$15 a week; make-up, \$18 to \$20 a week. Piece hands make from \$5 to \$10 a week, or about \$16 a fortnight!

We have had several "changes of heart" among the craft during the past few months. Some of them are very noted in their character, but, as I have not yet "submitted my reason to faith," I will not venture on an unknown sea. Besides, such things would not interest St. John printers. "It seems so funny to have printers good," said an old lady, as six of the typos were received into her church. Dear, good old lady—she keeps a boarding house, and those six typos are "strangers in a strange land." Let us hope her faith will never "weaken."

LEAD-CUTTER.

Providence Pencilings.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 4, 1877.

Holiday fat and snow-flake locals now loom up in the near future, and the ad. cases are being replenished with sorts, in expectation of a heavy run during the holiday season. The paternal compositor has diurnal visions of empty stockings by the fire-place that seem insatiable and start him from his fitful slumbers with their endless longings for knick-knacks, candy, jumping-jacks, and what not. Christmas comes but once a year, and children are easily made happy. Who so poor that he cannot afford his children a little happiness while all around are blithe and gay?

"Bismarck" is doing the statesmanship of the Boston *Traveller*. He is a droll and humorous fellow, and of ready wit, as shown by his rejoinder to a fellow workman who had taunted him as to his stentorian voice by remarking that he had not heard something that he (Bismarck) had said: "Your ears are long enough to hear most anything!"

A. B. C. is in the Providence *Press* office. A whole-souled, jolly, good hearted fellow as ever lifted type, a hard working man, and an excellent compositor; and it is superfluous to say that he is a favorite with all who have been fortunate enough to make his acquaintance. Mild and even tempered, always ready to excuse or palliate the faults of others, his good judgment and excellent counsel constitute him a peacemaker in the chapel, and he has in an eminent degree the happy faculty of endearing himself to all with whom he comes in contact. Long may he live to enjoy the pleasant circle of acquaintance that his prime qualities have attracted around him.

Eight tramps tramped last week.

"Rocky" Moore is supposed to be in Albany.

A daughter of Mr. Amos Cranston, while making some molasses candy, placed the dish in a window to cool. The window falling unexpectedly, caught one of her hands under it, pressing it into the hot molasses, burning the hand very severely.

The Moody and Sankey meetings in this city are very well attended. Occasionally a stray print. wanders in, strains his eyes in vain looking for empty seats, and eventually retires, wondering why all the good Christian people and church members crowd in and fill the seats,

while those for whom the meetings were gotten up—the sinners, who should be able to attend these services with hopes of great good to their souls—are almost wholly excluded thereby, and compelled to stand up or retire from the meeting altogether. The compositor who is on his feet twelve or fourteen hours a day at his labor can see little good in any religious service that compels an extra amount of "standing 'round," and, as a natural result, he will not go a second time. Gentlemen, if your meetings are of the close communion order, (*i. e.*, for the exclusive use and benefit of pious people and church members) let it be so understood. If otherwise, then provide seats for sinners; let those who have been converted make way for those who have not. And do not stop at that: see that the seats are filled by those who need the benefit to be derived from these services; "go ye out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in"—"the lame, the halt and the blind."

Your correspondent is under many obligations to Mr. E. B. Rose, of the *Journal* office, for numerous courtesies and valuable assistance rendered in various ways in the introduction of the *Miscellany* in this city.

"God, in Two Editions," is the title of a lecture recently delivered by the Rev. Edgar F. Clark, at Pawtucket, R. I. The reverend gentleman did not state whether the work had been copyrighted, or who edited it and read the proof sheets,—whether the forms were "set up" twice, or whether the second was a stereotype edition,—whether the tympan sheets were changed between the two issues, and whether hot air was the motive power of the printing machinery.

NYL.

Letter from Mitchell.

MITCHELL, ONT., Nov. 26, 1877.

The September number of the *Miscellany* is received, and is very replete with valuable information and interesting correspondence. Since the commencement of this journal I have read, as well as obtained great benefit, from the leading articles which you have, no doubt, carefully selected for its columns. I think them worthy of careful perusal, even though we do not have much occasion to practice them. They may be of use sometime. The last two articles—"Casting off Copy" and "Contrast of Colors"—as well as many others, greatly interested me, and I hope you will continue to give place to such articles in the future as in the past. I am very

to say that the last of the above named articles is not encouraged much in our towns and villages—not enough to give us a chance to practice the *contrast of colors*. There are among us, who labor in country offices, many that are particularly fond of that branch of the business, who seldom have the opportunity of ventilating their ideas, which may be of no mean design.

The question which I am about to ask may be regarded as a crazy, nonsensical one, and will, perhaps, be overlooked. It is this: can not some of the older members of the craft suggest some way of establishing a more unanimous rate of remuneration in our country offices, or forming, what they have in cities, a Union, taking in for membership all journeymen printers employed in country offices? I fail to see why we, employed in these offices, should not have some way of defending ourselves, just as they, employed in city offices, have the Union for their protection. Would it not prove of some benefit in case of a strike pending? Bro. typos, give us your opinion on this subject, which so much concerns you.

The proprietors of the *Guelph Herald* have lately moved their material to a new building which they have just completed. The structure is said to be one of the most roomy and convenient printing offices in Ontario, outside the cities; it is of stone, four stories high, with basement and mansard roof. The tory element is looking up in Guelph.

Three tramps, one an unfortunate typo, being Mount Forest recently. They were disposing of receipts for the manufacture of "ley," but judging from the laudations they poured forth in order to sell the article, we considered them pretty good on the "lie."

The *Mitchell Advocate* talks of enlarging about New Year's.

A compositor of the *Advocate* got himself together one night and took his exit for the other side. The best thing he could do.

David Jamieson, lately foreman on the *Mount Forest Examiner*, is in Toronto completing his studies as an M. D. From type-sticking to the practice of medicine is quite a leap.

Mr. G. W. Dawson, who has carried on the *Embro Plant* so successfully the past six years, is to be succeeded by Mr. W. H. Pilcher, formerly of the old *Norwich Standard*. We are sorry to hear that the change is necessitated on account of the poor health of Mr. Dawson.

The steam printing establishment of the late

Essex Times was sold by Mr. S. McCrae, official assignee, on Friday last, to Mr. Holmes, of the *Clinton New Era*, for \$2,201. A portion of the plant was subsequently disposed of by the purchaser to Mr. Law, of the *Tilsonburg Observer*.

By giving this a place in your columns, you will greatly oblige
FAT TAKE.

More Light Wanted.

November 17, 1877.

In the August number of the *Miscellany* a correspondent gives a list of some twenty-eight places, scattered throughout the provinces of Quebec, Ontario, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and the Island of Newfoundland, where "young, lively and plucky typos, with sufficient capital, would find suitable places to start moderately-sized weekly newspapers, with small job offices attached."

Now, sir, my own interests would not be in the slightest degree injuriously affected by the establishment of any newspaper with small job offices attached, in any one of the places named, and, therefore, I have no sinister motive in saying to "young, plucky and lively typos:" Be careful what you are about before embarking in any speculation of the kind suggested. Look, first, carefully over the map, and see where the places named are situated, and how near or how far they are from other places where newspaper offices are already established; and what the population of the district, and the probable amount of business it would afford in advertising to support a moderately-sized weekly. I say, without hesitation, that there are already too many newspapers in Ontario, at least, to afford an opening with a fair prospect of success for any more newspapers at the present time. And I believe you would be doing good service to all interested if you would invite discussion through your columns as to how many dollars are wanted to make up that very indefinite amount—a "sufficient capital." It is not enough, now-a-days, to get a hand press and a few hundred pounds of type, with other material necessary in a job office, to enable even a young, lively and plucky—and probably inexperienced typo—to make a decent living out of a country newspaper—not even with the assistance of a ready-printed outside. The proprietors with cylinder machines and the newest job presses will not only give a much

larger paper for less money, but to keep themselves afloat in these hard times, with canvassing the country for a hundred miles round, for the printing of bill heads, letter headings, and all other work not wanted on the sput of the moment. This leaves for the job office only the printing of small bills, in small numbers, for large bills for important auction sales, exhibitions, etc., will also be sent off to offices which can get them up in good style. The circulation of a newspaper in such places as suggested by your correspondent must necessarily be small—the matters of local interest will be few, and there is nothing but the advertising patronage to pay for paper and wages. How much, can your correspondent suggest, will be sufficient for these items. And which of the places mentioned will be content to furnish the cash required, after the first novelty of a local newspaper has worn off?

Pray try and get us a little light on the subject; if any of your readers who have tried country newspapering can be induced to favor the *Printer's Miscellany* with their

EXPERIENCE.

Stray Notes from Stratford.

STRATFORD, ONT., Nov. 23, 1877.

Having waited some time for an abler pen to answer your solicitations for correspondence, I enclose a few notes which may be of interest.

Business here is very good, and likely to get better.

The *Beacon* is about to launch into the new year enlarged, and has already ordered a new press.

The *Herald*, which is now the largest paper in the county, retains its creditable appearance, and is still edited by Mr. Jas. Fahey, so favorably known throughout the country as an able editor and lecturer.

The *Times* keeps good pace with its uncle, Old Time, although it has not abolished the "patent outside," but have serious thoughts, we believe, of so doing shortly. It presents a good appearance.

The *Colonist*, a German paper, has its own way in that line, and its gentlemanly proprietors reap a good reward for good work.

"Geordie," the "champion tramp," stepped in not long ago. "Flush," of course, and on his way to Guelph for a "steady sit." He changed his mind after leaving Mitchell, and

thought St. Mary's was not far enough from the *Advocate* office.

Tramps are scarce, but now and then they will call. The last one here claimed to be on the "ragged edge of poverty and despair." If we could form an opinion by the smell of his breath, it would likely be that he had been "chewing rags" or composition earlier in the day, and if cheek is a remedy for despair, he could supply brass enough to make rules, or regulations either, for all the offices in the country. SUB.

From Grip.

"Grip's" Mud Model.

Grip is engaged upon a small work of art, to be exhibited in the Journalistic department of the Provincial Fair at London. It is a group of statuary, modeled in mud, representing the editor of the *London Advertiser* standing in triumph over the prostrate form of the devout representative of the *Free Press*, waving aloft a chromo and the official returns which assert the circulation of the *Times* to be greater than that of the *F. P.*, and exclaiming in tones of thunder: "You're a Liar!" This mild admonition is addressed to the prostrate individual, who is frantically clutching a copy of his own paper, and replying: "You're another!" A figure representing Public Opinion, with an expression of the utmost indifference on her face, is in the act of fixing a pair of long ears on each of the disputants. The group will be entitled "The Dignity of the Press"—and will no doubt be instructive as well as interesting to all who gaze upon it in the exhibition.

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

SEND in subscriptions at once. Don't wait until you miss a number.

Written for the Miscellany.

How the Colonel Got Up the River.

BY KIVAS PYKE.

There are very few of the "old timers" among the brotherhood of tramp printers who have not, at some period of their meanderings, run across old Colonel Bill W——. He is known pretty much all over the country; and a great many of those who have not had the honor of a personal interview with "the Kernel," have at least been regaled with some interesting anecdote, in which he was the central figure, related, possibly by one of the boys who "was there at the time." The Colonel originally hailed from a city in New Jersey, but has spent a large portion of his life in the sunny South. Just before the late rebellion he was publishing a paper down in Mississippi, and used to boast of his plantation and niggers; but the war "broke him up" completely, and the dawn of peace found him, though impoverished, still a defiant, unreconstructed reb. When the Confederate army was disbanded, Bill found his "occupation gone," and he had to fall back on type-sticking for a livelihood. He had an easy address, a venerable appearance, and a way of ingratiating himself into the good graces of people that was truly wonderful. On one occasion he was in New Orleans, "playing to poor engagements," as he expressed it, and, as a consequence, soon got "flat broke." Business was lively up the river, and Bill made up his mind to "scoop in" Memphis. His wallet had become so attenuated that he had discarded it altogether, and at that particular time his sole personal property consisted of three nickles, a note-book and pencil, a Union card and a half-measure rule. But this condition of affairs did not weigh very heavily on his mind. He had a way of surmounting obstacles, and he knew it. He had decided to "shake" the Crescent City, and he soon hit upon a plan. He sauntered leisurely along the levee, where the mammoth floating palaces of the Mississippi lay with their "smoots agin the bank," unloading cotton and taking in freight for up-river landings. Finally Bill's eye caught a flaming canvas banner, stretched across the hurricane deck of a first-class packet, announcing that the steamer "Magnolia" would leave for Memphis that evening. Bill quickened his pace, and as he neared the palatial steamer he observed the captain and clerk of the craft standing at the

head of the gang-plank. The mate was busily engaged in "coaching" a crew of red-shirted negroes, who were "wooding-up" the steamer, while the boss stevedore had another gang of nigs rolling in freight. Everything was bustle and activity, and the Colonel made up his mind to strike the iron while it was hot. He quickly resolved to pass himself off as river reporter of the *Picayune*, and throw himself on the generosity of the captain of the "Magnolia" for a free ride to Memphis. Accordingly he pulled out his note-book, and, looking over the freight, made a few entries. This he took care to do while the captain was looking at him. It is a notable fact that officers and pilots of crafts on the Western rivers are susceptible to flattery, and pine for gratuitous puffs in the river news columns of the various journals along their routes. And, to indulge this whim, they cultivate the acquaintance of newspaper men. Bill knew this "racket," and meant to work it up, so he boldly walked up the gang-plank and opening his note-book, remarked:—

"Good day, Cap. What's the stage of the river?"

"Rather low—about four feet over the bar, I reckon. Reporter?"

"Yes, sir," unblushingly replied Bill.

"What paper?"

"*Pic.*"

"Ah, I'm glad to meet you. Whom have I the honor of addressing?"

"I'm Colonel W——, long connected with the Southern press. I'm about making a tour of the North—partly on business and partly on pleasure—and I have selected your boat for the occasion."

"Certainly, Colonel. Mr. Harvey, extend the courtesies of the boat to Colonel W——."

"With pleasure," responded the clerk, and Bill was soon booked for a first-class passage up river.

Soon after the deep-toned bell of the steamer announced the hour of departure. The gang-plank was hauled in, the pilot took the wheel, the gong in the engine room sounded, the buckets of the paddle-wheels struck the water, and the noble boat pulled off the bank with a quivering motion, spouting clouds of fire and smoke from her enormous smoke-stacks, while her negro crew joined in that musical chant which is peculiar to Mississippi roustabouts on leaving a port. Bill, seated on the upper deck, with his feet resting on the guards, and enjoying

a fragrant Henry Clay, given him by the captain, felt happy in the extreme. His plan had worked admirably, and he was lionized by the officers, each of whom felt sure of getting a rousing puff in the columns of the *Pic.* for their attentions. All the way up he was "in clover." A sumptuous stateroom was at his disposal, all the cigars he wished to smoke, and every officer invited him to "join him in a drink" at the bar of the boat at every opportunity. But, alas! this life was too pleasant to exist long, for in a few days the "Magnolia" reached Memphis, and the Colonel had to go ashore. He took his leave of the officers, assuring them that he would reciprocate their kindness through the journal he represented. Then he wended his way to the *Avalanche* office, where he met an old chum, who "put him on" to work for him that night. Bill pulled off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, took a "take," and was soon "pegging away" lively. By a strange coincidence it so happened that the clerk of the "Magnolia" had a brother who worked on the *Avalanche*, and that night he came into the composing room to see him. On taking a look around he soon discovered Bill correcting a galley, and trying to keep as much in the shade as possible. He walked over to him and playfully remarked:—

"Hello, Colonel. What are you doing here? Do reporters set type in New Orleans?"

"Colonel—*who's* Colonel? Reporter!—New Orleans! What are you giving us?"

"Oh, you know what I'm giving you. Didn't you come up from New Orleans with us in the 'Magnolia,' to-day?"

"Nary. Been here a year—never was in New Orleans—never seen the 'Magnolia,'" replied the Colonel, without even a blush.

"Sold, by jupiter!" ejaculated the clerk, as he moved off to tell his brother that "some of them tramp printers have the cheek of a mule." And perhaps it's so.

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

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

It is said that nature intended that persons should sleep with their feet to the equator. But when your wife comes back from starting the fire on a December morning and deposits her cold feet against your equator, doesn't it seem as though the intention of nature in this respect must have been misinterpreted?

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, on Nov. 5th, Mr. Richard Heans, bookbinder, of St. John, N. B., to Miss Minnie J., eldest surviving daughter of John Campbell, Esq., of Somerville, Mass.

At Brantford, Ont., in Grace Church, on the 8th Nov., by the Rev. R. H. Starr, M. A., rector, Henry Lemmon, Esq., editor and proprietor of the *Daily Courier*, to Harriet, relict of the late J. G. Martin, Esq., of Folkestone, Eng.

At the Methodist Church, Berwick, N. S., on Tuesday, the 13th Nov., by the Rev. C. Lockhart, father of the bride, assisted by the Rev. A. S. Tuttle, of Aylesford, Rev. David Hickey, of Pleasant River, Queen's Co., to Annie M., eldest daughter of Rev. C. Lockhart.

At St. Stephen, N. B., on the 19th of Nov., by Rev. A. J. Padelford, Mr. Charles R. Whidden, jr., editor of the *Calais, Me., Times*, to Miss A. P. Manning.

At Napanee, Ont., on the 22nd Nov., at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. A. B. Chambers, George Eyvel, Esq., of the *Globe* reporting staff, to Miss Ella, eldest daughter of Charles James, Esq., J. P.

FOR SALE.

ON SALE.—A Country Newspaper and Job Office, very recently fitted out with new type, press, etc. Address, "A. C.," office of this paper.

FOR SALE.—An old established Country Job and Weekly Newspaper Office. Address, "W. X.," office of this paper.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—A MILLER & RICHARDS WHARFEDALE PRESS, almost new and in perfect order, size of bed 23x18½. Press wanted in exchange to be at least 29x42 bed of press. Only reason for selling—press too small. Address

D. H. FOWLER & CO.,
161 Hollis street, Halifax.

ON SALE.—To be sold cheap, a small PATENT PRINTING PRESS, by A. Ramage, 12x14 inside of chase. Apply to

MESSRS. SANCTON & PIPER,
Monitor Office, Bridgetown, N. S.

ON SALE.—A WASHINGTON HAND PRESS, 36x26, in good condition. Address "J. C." office of this paper.

FOR SALE.—A Half-Medium GORDON PRESS, in perfect order. Originally cost \$600.—Present price \$300. BREMNER BROS.,
Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island.

WANTED.

BOOKBINDER AND FINISHER.—A good Bookbinder and Finisher is wanted. Apply to Mr. Main, jr., St. Stephen, Charlotte Co., N. B.

WANTED.—A partner in a newspaper and job office in a village in Ontario. Must be a practical printer, capable, if required, of assuming the entire editorial management. The present proprietor is a printer, and does all the printing, but finds it too confining. The plant is all new. \$300 cash will be required. Address "Partner," office of the *Miscellany*.

TO EDITORS.—Correspondence from Saint John (mail or telegraph) can be furnished by a gentleman for years connected with the press of Canada and the United States. Local, commercial and political news of latest dates at his command. Address in confidence,

"STYLUS,"

Care *Printer's Miscellany*, St. John, N. B.

WANTED.—By a Traveller, a practical printer, with a good connection from Newfoundland to Sarnia, Canada West, a situation to sell printing materials of all descriptions. Address "A. B.," office of this paper.

TO PAPER MAKERS AND WHOLESALE STATIONERS.—Wanted—in the Lower Provinces, &c., an agency for the sale of the very best Printing Papers, Caps, &c. Also—Wrapping. Has already an agency for Colored and Nos. 2 and 3. Address "G. W. J.," office of this paper.

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of the country, who is willing to work steadily at the employment that we furnish. \$66 per week in your own town. You need not be away from home over night. You can give your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. We have agents who are making over \$20 per day. All who engage at once can make money fast. At the present time money cannot be made so easily and rapidly at any other business. It costs nothing to try the business. Terms and \$5 outfit free. Address at once, **H. HALLETT & CO.,** Portland, Maine.

AT LIBERTY.—A Gentleman who has had several years experience in English and Canadian journalism, and who has filled responsible situations on leading newspapers both in this country and Great Britain, is open to an engagement as Editor, Sub-Editor or Reporter. Is a tolerably good short hand writer, a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, and thoroughly acquainted with all the details of the positions named: Address, **ALPHA,** Office of this Journal.

WANTED.

WANTED.—A New Steam Boiler and Engine. Apply, stating the lowest price and best terms, to Coombs & Worth, Book and Job Printers, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

WANTED.—A situation by a journeyman compositor. Can furnish best of references. Address, "A. D.," office of this paper.

TO PROPRIETORS.—Wanted—A situation as Foreman in a news or job office, news preferred; served seven years in England in a large news and job office; holds a situation as foreman at present time; first class references given; is at liberty any time. Address "B.," care of this office.

WANTED.—A few commissions from Type-Founders, Printing Ink and Press Makers, &c. Has a good connection in the Lower Provinces, Newfoundland, &c. Apply to G. W. JONES, Paper Warehouse, 14 Sackville street, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

NAPANEE MILLS

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W. F. Hall, - - Secretary.

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THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY

as a vehicle of information for printers and publishers, and as a medium through which typefounders, press, paper and ink manufacturers, etc., could, with advantage to themselves, bring their productions to the notice of printers. It circulates very largely in Canada and the United States, and as an advertising medium for any articles used in connection with printing and the kindred arts, has no superior. [The notices on this page will be changed every issue.]

Subscription—\$1.00 per annum—50 cents to apprentices. Advertising rates on page 99.

The *Miscellany* is, without exception, the best printer's magazine published in the Dominion, and richly deserves an extensive patronage.—*Guardian*, Uxbridge, Ont.

The *Printer's Miscellany* for September is at hand. It is rapidly recovering the ground it lost by the disastrous St. John fire. The publication is one that every printer in the provinces should have.—*Reporter*, Halifax, N. S.

Right glad are we to welcome the *Printer's Miscellany*. Phoenix-like it has raised itself again from the ashes of the great fire. The present number commences the second volume, and does the publisher credit for his energy.—*News*, Sherbrooke, Ont.

"PRINTER'S MISCELLANY."—The July number has just been received, the first number issued since the fire. It is as bright as ever and is well worthy of support. Price \$1.00 per year. H. Finlay, proprietor and publisher, St. John, N. B.—*Union Advocate*, Newcastle, N. B.

The *Printer's Miscellany*, St. John, N. B., exhibits a phoenix-like energy in rising from the ashes of the late conflagration. The publisher is a man of moderate means, and his printing of back numbers and fulfilling his subscription obligations is a demonstration of honor and honesty almost beyond human expectations. It is a first-class paper, conducted by a first-class gentleman, and the only reason we don't send him a check for a \$1000 is because we do not feel assured it would be honored. We send him a million dollars worth of good will, and will send him the check when we get it.—*Aurora*, Norwich, Conn.

"THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY."—We omitted to notice in proper season the September issue of this most useful publication. But wherever it goes the *Miscellany* is its own best recommendation. It carries its credentials with it, and taken only at what it modestly professes to be, it is soon discovered to be worth much more than its pretensions would indicate. Like all its predecessors this number is rich with a variety of contents interesting and useful to everybody, and especially so to those in any way connected with printing and publishing. And, as it is always sure to be under Mr. Finlay's care and management, the little magazine is a perfect model of neat and correct printing.—*New Dominion and True Humorist*, St. John, N. B.

The *Printer's Miscellany*, a twenty four page magazine, published in St. John, has been received. It is a neat publication, and contains a great deal of matter interesting to printers.—*Daily Commercial*, Bangor, Me.

The *Printer's Miscellany*, which was one of the victims of the St. John fire, has again made its appearance as fresh and vigorous as ever. This handsome monthly was an immense favorite with the craft everywhere, and its re-appearance has been greeted with the warmest expressions of welcome.—*Times*, Iroquois, Ont.

We are glad to find that the *Printer's Miscellany*, published in St. John, N. B., has risen from its ashes, and is again being delivered to subscribers. This periodical is a very useful work, and should be in the hands of every printer, and more particularly the younger portion of the craft.—*Free Press*, Woodbridge, Ont.

We are pleased to note that the *Printer's Miscellany*, phoenix-like, has risen from its ashes, and again made its welcome appearance. We consider it an indispensable necessity to the craft, and its stoppage altogether would have been a sad loss to the printing fraternity, be they apprentices or journeymen. Price \$1.00 per year; to apprentices fifty cents. We gladly put it in its old position on our exchange list.—*Sun*, Simcoe, Ont.

The *Printer's Miscellany* continues to come to hand regularly, and is always welcome and well cared for. We suppose all editors have their pet exchanges, although they may not always be able or willing to give logical reasons for their preferences. We notice the July number acknowledges subscriptions from at least nine worthy printographers of our city, which reminds us of our own overdue contribution to this valuable monthly.—*Temperance Journal*, St. John's, Newfoundland.

The July number of the *Printer's Miscellany*, twenty-four pages, has just been issued. While every printer in the Dominion and across the line, who feels interested in the St. John fire and its effect on the craft, should read this issue, there is no printer on the continent who can afford to be without the *Miscellany* for the coming year. One copy contains more than a dollar's worth of practical information, with trade news, gossip and correspondence thrown in free.—*Daily Telegraph*, St. John, N. B.

SECOND-HAND PRESSES.

- One Dryden, Ford & Co., four-feeder Wharfedale, size bed 62x55, in good order. Printed the Montreal Gazette.....\$1,500
- One Payne two-feeder Wharfedale, size bed 37x52, guaranteed in good order. Now prints the Ottawa Free Press..... 1,750
- One Single Large Cylinder Hoe Press, size bed 36x44, in good condition.. 1,200
- One Campbell Newspaper Press, size bed 31x46, with flyer and steam fixtures..... 750
- One Taylor Cylinder Printing Press, prints larger than double royal. Speed 2000 per hour. Guaranteed in good order. A bargain at.... 1,500
- One Berry Treadle Job Press, 13x19, in good order..... 175
- One Gordon Franklin Cylinder, 14x22 inside of chase, an excellent press.. 400

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"SORTS."

A highly intelligent dog—a type-setter.

Brigham's widows are to bring out a book. It will be called "That Husband of Ours."

A tinker named Todd publishes a temperance paper, and has sued a contemporary for calling him Todd-y.

A Minnesota man, who could never afford to take a newspaper, mortgaged his house to buy two more dogs.

This is the latest for wedding invitations: "Come around and see us capture a mother-in-law at eight o'clock, sharp."

One of the best trades enny man can make is to sell out his religious creed and invest the proceeds in charity.—*Josh Billings*.

A newspaper is the only instrument which can drop the same thought into a thousand minds at the same moment.—*De Tocqueville*.

At a printers' festival lately the following toast was offered: "Woman—Second to the press in the dissemination of news."

A Welsh editor says: "If we have offended any man in the short but brilliant course of our career, let him send us a new hat and say nothing about it."

"There are five preachers to one editor in the Kentucky penitentiary." We hope no one will say that one editor needs at least five preachers.—*Boston Post*.

The compositor who substituted an "m" for a "w" in speaking of a lady troubled with "swelling of the feet," accomplished the worst typographical feat on record.

And now the soul weary reporter hesitates to suspend his long drawn items on the copy hook lest the foreman should enquire whether it is a new advertisement or a business notice.

An Irish newspaper, in detailing an Orange demonstration, stated: "The procession was very fine, being nearly two miles long, as was also the prayer of the Rev. Mr. Perry."

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching; hark, now, I hear them at the door; so my darling Mary Ann, you must hide your jelly can, or you'll never see its contents any more.

Those men who expect a minister to give them \$1,500 worth of grace for \$800 salary are the same who demand local notices in their home paper for nothing, and who do their advertising on Novelty press hand bills.

"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of a country editor. "I make bold to ask it, because I know the deceased had a great many friends about here who'd be glad to hear of his death."

A stranger arrived in St. Louis, took a look at the city and shot himself. In his pockets were found thirty-five cents and a stub of a lead pencil, which caused the coroner's jury to return a verdict: "Chicago editor—couldn't stand prosperity."

"They All Do It," is the title of the "Danbury News Man's" new book. If Bailey means that all the men who subscribe for a newspaper pay promptly for the same, his title is a hollow mockery, and should be hacked down with a little hatchet.

We were not one of the newspaper men who were swindled with the new counterfeit five thousand dollar bill. We compared it with others in our pocket, and refused to take it. We imagine that we had sense enough to have kept our mouth shut about it even if we had been fooled.

"Rags are as beauties, which unconcealed lie, but when in paper, how it charms the eye! Pray save your rags, new beauties it discovers; for paper, truly, every one's a lover; by the pen and press such knowledge is displayed as wouldn't exist if paper were not made. Wisdom of things mysterious, divine, illustriously doth on paper shine."

"And we the jury hereby engaged in said investigation, do forthwith paregorically and euphemistically find that owing to a corrugation of prophylacticism and the insidious prognostications of the alluvial impossibilities, certain things have taken place. If said so and so had done differently from what he did do, he would not have done the same that we find he was, and it ought to be considered to have done, and nobody is to blame."

The following versions of the word "kerosene" have actually been received by the Portland Kerosene Oil Company in its correspondence: Caracine, caracene, caroziene, carocine, cursene, carozyne, coriseen, carosyne, caricene, carsine, carasene, carozine, carocene, carosen, carycene, caresien, caraseen, caroseene, carisen, carecene, carizoien, kericeene, karosin, kerocine, keressean, keriseene, karasene, kerosen, kereeseen, kerison, kerriseen, kerricene, kerossean, kerosine, karosina, keresene, kerressein, keroso, keroscene, keraseen, kerson, kerocene, kerozene, kerrisene, kerrysen, kerrissien, kerossein, kersien, kerriscene—49 in all.

We have received a copy of *El Siglo Diez y Nueve*, a journal published in the city of Mexico. Its editorials seem poignant and suggestive, and are in nice large type. With many of its utterances we entirely agree, but the following statement embodies too glaring a misconception to allow it to pass uncorrected:—

"Pare que el pensamiento alcance perfecto desarrollo, se necesita que hable la misma parte interesada, y que al hablar."

The editor, in penning the above sentence, only exhibits his entire ignorance of the present aspects of this important question. Any one acquainted with Mexican affairs might know that the pensamiento is not nearly so much desarrollo as it used to be, and that the hablar, so far from being incompatible with a moderate degree of interesada, in no respect deviates from the natural order of sequence in such cases. The *Siglo* man ought to be more careful in his statements.

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