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The Printer's Miscellany.

AN EXPONENT OF PRINTING AND ALL THE KINDRED ARTS.

VOL. IV.

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

No. 5.

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Subscribers to the *Miscellany* will bear in mind that all subscriptions must be paid IN ADVANCE.

PRACTICAL MATTERS.

Punctuation---How to Use the Hyphen.

(Continued.)

NAMES OF PLACES.—Names of cities and other places, when formed of common nouns, are consolidated; as, *Barnstable, Southbridge*. When the second of the primitives is in itself a proper name, it should be set apart from the first; as, *North Britain, New York*; though, in spite of analogy, there are a few exceptions; as, *Easthampton, Southampton* (the *h*, in the latter word, being omitted), which usually appear as undivided words.

But those parts of the names of places which, according to the usual construction, are disconnected, should be united by a hyphen when they are employed as adjectives; as, *the South-Boston foundry, the New-England people, the East-India Company*. This remark is well illustrated as follows: "In modern compound names the hyphen is now less frequently used than it was a few years ago. They seldom, if ever, need it, unless they are employed as adjectives; and then there is a manifest propriety in inserting it. Thus the phrase, *the New London Bridge*, can be understood only of the new bridge in London; and, if we intend by it a bridge in New London, we must say, *the New-London Bridge*. So *the New York Directory* is not properly a directory for New York, but a new directory for York." So, also, the word *street*, when forming part of a compound epithet, is connected by a hyphen with the word preceding it; as, *a Washington-street omnibus*; but, when otherwise used, it is better written or printed separately; as, *Washington Street, Boston*. The same rule will hold good in respect to such words as *place, square, court, etc.*

THE POSSESSIVE CASE.—When the possessive case, and the word which governs it, do not literally convey the idea of property, or have lost this signification, they are connected by means of a hyphen; as, *Job's-tears, Solomon's-seal, Jesuit's-bark, bear's-foot, goat's-beard; Jew's-harp, St. Vitus's-dance, the king's-evil*. As com-

pounds, these words do not severally denote the tears which the Arabian patriarch shed, a seal belonging to the wise Hebrew ruler, bark which is the property of Jesuits, the foot of a bear, the beard of a goat, the harp of a Jew, the dance of St. Vitus, the evil of the king. But, were the primitive words from which they are formed put separately, they would have these meanings.

When, however, institutions, churches, law-courts, places, rivers, etc., are called after distinguished men, the names put in the possessive case are separated from those of the objects which they characterize; as, *St. Mary's College, St. Peter's Church, St. Paul's Churchyard, Queen's Bench, Van Diemen's Land, Merchant's Exchange, the St. John's River*. The names of holidays, if similarly formed, may be written or printed in the same manner; as, *New Year's Day, All Saints' Day*. In all such phrases, the hyphen is not required, because they have severally but one signification.

If the possessive case, and the noun governing it, are used in the literal sense of the words, and have only one accent, they should be written or printed as a compound, without either apostrophe or hyphen; as, *beeswax, craftsman, doomsday, hogslard, kinswoman, lambswool, newspaper, ratsbane, townsman, tradesman*.

COMPOUND PRONOUNS AND ADVERBS.

Compound pronouns have always their parts consolidated; as, *yourself, himself, herself, itself, themselves, oneself, ourselves; whoever, whomsoever, whatever, whatsoever*. *One's self* is probably a phrase, and not, as is sometimes written, a compound,—*oneself or one's-self*. *I myself* is also a phrase, or two words in apposition.

Compound adverbs are, generally speaking, consolidated; as, *altogether, awhile, beforehand, evermore, henceforward, indeed, instead, everywhere, nowhere; nevertheless, somehow, nowise, anywise, likewise, wherewithal, hereupon, whithersoever*. But *to-day, to-night, to-morrow*, are almost universally printed with a hyphen. So also *now-a-days*; and perhaps such words as *inside-out, upside-down*. There is a tendency on the part of American printers to spell the words *for ever* as one continuous compound; but they everywhere occur in the common version of the Bible as a phrase, and, the eye being thus accustomed to their separation, it would probably be better to retain this form. *By and by* are obviously three words, though sometimes written as a compound.

COMPOUND AND OTHER PHRASES.—All phrases which are thrown out of their usual order, and, by a strange collocation, put before the nouns which they are made to qualify, should have a hyphen between their parts; as, *some out-of-the-world place, a matter-of-fact-looking town*.

When epithets are formed of an adverb ending in *ly* and of a participle, the two words are usually separated without the hyphen; as, *a nicely built house, a beautifully formed pen*. The reason probably is, that the structure of such adverbs does not easily admit of their junction with the words modified.

When a noun is placed before an adverb or preposition and a participle, these do not make a compound epithet, and should therefore be written or printed as two words; as, *a catalogue well arranged, love ill requited, the place before mentioned*.

Words in phrases should be written and printed separately; as, *above all, after all, at second hand, balm of Gilead, cheek by jowl, in anywise* (but, without the preposition, and as an adverb, *anywise*), *might and main, rank and file, tit for tat, tooth and nail*. Of such phrases, however, as, *father-in-law, attorney-at-law, commander-in-chief*, the parts are usually connected by a hyphen.

When a compound phrase is formed of two or more words which are severally associated in sense with one term, the primitives should stand apart; as, *cannon and musket balls*. Were a hyphen inserted between "musket" and "balls," the meaning of the phrase would not be cannon-balls and musket-balls, but cannon, or large guns, and also balls for the musket. The following are additional examples: *Household and needle work; land and river travel; a chief or master builder; the watch and clock repairing business; a son and daughter in law; second, third, or fourth rate effects*. Some would insert a hyphen between the parts of the last compound, and attach it to the disjointed words: as, *iron, cotton, silk, print-, and dye-works*; but, though more correct, this is a German mode of exhibiting such compounds, with which the English eye is not familiar. All difficulty would be obviated, were the phrases changed into language more grammatical.

All foreign phrases should be written and printed as they are found in the language from which they are taken; as, "John Sharp, Sec-

etary *pro tempore*."—"It was a *sine qua non*, an indispensable condition, that an agreement should be entered into."—"William said in Latin, *Vade mecum*, Go with me." But such phrases, if they are used before nouns, or have been incorporated into the English language, should follow the common analogy; as, "John was elected *pro-tempore* Secretary."—"This was a *sine-qua-non* business."—"That little book is an excellent *vade-mecum*."

(To be concluded.)

Reversing Drawings on Wood.

To reverse and put a picture on wood for engraving, make the drawing with litho-writing ink on litho-transfer paper. Litho-artists, when making such a drawing for transferring to stone, know that the merest stain of ink will roll up black; but, in making the drawing for transferring to wood, treat it more as you would an Indian-ink drawing, only in line instead of washes. If you put uneven quantities of ink on one quality of line, the result is that in such parts the ink runs into blots when transferred. This is to be avoided. The drawing being made, if small, damp at back and burnish down on clean wood; if large, treat in same manner as litho-transferring at press. On peeling off the transfer let the wood dry, then with a large size soft camel-hair brush, moderately filled with a thin mixture of flake-white and water, carefully wash over the block, and it will be found that the greasy soapy tendency of the litho-writing ink will cause the wash to rub off the lines, and only cover the parts of the wood. The drawing should not be rubbed or washed over too much when wet, or you lose the fine lines. After this, details in pencil and washes in Indian-ink to give effect (letting each wash dry before another is put on) can be added, to make the picture completely ready for the engraver. By using tracing transfer-paper it will be seen that this affords an admirable method for *fac simile* engraving; and it is much cheaper than photography on wood. The best results are obtained by using an ink containing a large proportion of Paris black, and a minimum quantity of soap, by which means the drawing is less liable to rub. We use it for outline and *fac simile* drawing on tracing transfer paper only, for on opaque transfer-paper there is very little advantage. For washed drawings on paper, to be afterwards transferred, Binfield's lignotint process may be used.—*P. T. and Lithographer.*

A NOVEL IDEA.—The *Free Advertiser* is the latest novelty in journalism. We all have heard, says the *London Press News*, of advertising sheets with gratuitous circulations, but this new weekly paper will insert a large portion of their advertisements free, while the charge for the paper will be one penny. It is considered that the class of advertisements which will be inserted gratuitously will draw a large number of readers as purchasers of the paper. Certain business advertisements will be inserted at a very low rate. In their prospectus the publishers say:—"A paper of this novel character is sure to become widely known at once, therefore, being a first-class medium for other advertisements not comprised in the above classes." To say the least of it, the idea has originality and novelty to recommend it, and a short time will suffice to prove the success or failure of the speculation.

ELECTROTYPE PLATES.—An exchange gives the following plan of "doctoring" electrotype plates to prevent the warping, shrinking, and swelling to which they are subject:—

"When you first get the plates, mounted on wood, place them in a shallow pan or dish, cover with kerosene oil and let them soak as long as possible, say three or four days. Then wipe dry and place in the form. After the first two or three washings they may swell a little; if so, have them carefully dressed down, and after that you will have little or no trouble with them, and can leave them in the forms just as you would were they solid."

Two new instruments have been invented and patented in Austria. The first, a "dasymeter," is used for ascertaining the strength of paper, which is stretched between two points by means of a screw; when the tension is sufficient to burst the sheet, a small pendulum indicates the amount of force which has been used. The second, a "pachymeter," is used to determine the thickness of paper, and does its work to the 100th part of an inch.

Those war papers in the *Philadelphia Times* are about as interesting as would have been Jeemes Yellowplush's projected "Lives of Eminent British and Foring Washywomen."

Jones, through the lather—"Strange, I never can grow a good beard, and yet my grandfather had one three feet long." Hairdresser—"Can't account for it, sir, unless you take after your grandmother."

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

The Printer's Miscellany.

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

The Post-Office and School-Book Printing of New Brunswick.

It is time the publishers and printers of St. John became more fully alive to the gross injustice done them by the Federal as well as the Provincial Governments. Surely they must, by this time, realize the fact that they have been despoiled in a most shameful manner by those whose duty it is to foster and protect. We allude to the taking away from St. John of the post-office printing, by the former; and the preventing of the publishers of this city from any participation in the school-book printing of this Province, by the latter: the general public, in the last mentioned case, being victimized to the tune of from twenty-five to fifty per cent. in the cost of the books used by their children. The matter of over-charging the public is a most serious one, but small in comparison with the great wrong done the workmen of this city. It is a wrong which is being felt in its fullest force just now. Our publishers are not allowed to participate in the profits arising from work done for the post-office or our public schools in this Province, yet they are expected to, and do, contribute largely to both services. Our printers are forced, through lack of employment, to flee from their despoilers and take refuge, in the majority of instances, in the neighboring republic. We urge upon both publishers and printers to make it a first duty to see that their rights are restored, and that at once. Let them not stand upon any ceremony, either. We have in their behalf *asked* for it on several occasions, and now let us *demand* it as a right, as it undoubtedly is. We would even go further in regard to the post-office printing, and say, if we cannot secure justice in this matter *in confederation*, then, let us

have it *out* of confederation. It is not our mission to deal in politics, nor do we care, in this case, what may be the political creed of our representatives in either Parliament, but we are determined to leave no stone unturned to the end that the publishers and printers of New Brunswick may be allowed to participate, so far as is right, in the benefits and profits of work that rightfully belongs to them. No wonder some of those connected with the printing trade here find themselves in a sad plight just now, financially. How could it be otherwise, when nearly a million of dollars has been taken out of their pockets during the past four years? No wonder our printer-citizens are forced to leave their homes and families to seek employment in other lands, when the work they should have is taken from them, and, in one case, transferred to Ottawa, and, in the other, to Scotland! We again urge upon the publishers, printers, and bookbinders to combine to have this evil remedied, and would ask all newspaper editors who may recognize our rights in this matter to present the subject in its strongest light both to the public and their representatives. Let every one interested call personally upon each member of both governments and ask their aid in setting this matter right. Do not let apathy interfere, but recollect that those who serve themselves will be well served. We will gladly publish any expression of opinion on the part of our readers in regard to the above important question, only asking that the points be as briefly stated as may be consistent with clearness. More anon.

Annual Dinner of the Boston Press Club.

The Press Club of Boston, Mass., partook of their annual dinner at Young's Hotel on the evening of Nov. 8th. Mr. John Boyle O'Reilly, president of the club and editor of the *Pilot*, occupied the head of the table, and was supported on the left by the secretary, Mr. Stephen O'Meara of the *Journal*. Hon. John D. Long, Governor-elect of Massachusetts, in response to an invitation of the President, spoke briefly, but in a jocose, pleasant vein. Amongst the speakers who enlivened the proceedings we have but space to note the following: Messrs. John T. Trowbridge, the poet; William D. Howells, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*; N. A. Horton, editor of the *Salem Gazette*; E. B. Haskell, editor of the *Herald*; Col. Stevens,

the Concord (N. H.) *Monitor*; George Parsons Lathrop, editor of the *Courier*; W. G. Smart of the *Post*; William A. Hovey, editor of the *Transcript*; Col. Charles H. Taylor of the *Globe*; Thomas H. Drew and W. R. Balch of the *Herald*; George F. Emery of the *Post*; Luther Holden of the *Journal*; George F. Babbitt, formerly of the *Post*; Clarence W. Barron of the *Transcript*; Charles P. Tower, of the *Post*.

After dinner the officers of the club for the ensuing year were announced, as follows: President, Mr. William A. Hovey of the *Transcript*; secretary, Mr. Charles P. Tower of the *Post*.

A GIGANTIC PRINTING CONCERN.—Messrs. McCorquodale & Co., the printers to the London and North Western and other railway companies, have six large establishments situate in London, Liverpool, Leeds, Glasgow, and Newton-le-Willows, near Warrington, the last being the chief, its buildings extending over three acres. The firm employs 1773 hands, and has 537 machines, embracing 295 printing and lithographic machines, 58 cutting machines, 31 envelope-making machines, 63 ruling machines, and 180 miscellaneous. It turns out over forty million envelopes a year for Her Majesty's Government alone. It has its own paper mill, its own chemist's laboratories, joiners' and mechanics' shops, and other accessories. Besides its printing trade, it turns out many of the ledgers used by the Government, the bankers, and the corporations of England.—*London Printers' Register*.

A copy of an English newspaper is displayed in a shop window in London, England, in the condition in which it reached a subscriber in Russia, after passing through the hands of the Russian authorities. An article on Russia is entirely obliterated. The manner in which the Russian authorities manage these things is wonderfully simple and effectual: a printer's roller, covered with printer's ink, is run up and down the objectionable columns till not a word can be deciphered.

The Printers' Union of Paris spent £9766 in the late compositors' strike in that city. The strike failed, and the society now numbers only 1267 members.

The oldest newspaper in Massachusetts is the *Salem Register*. It is edited by Mr. N. A. Horton, who is president of the Massachusetts Press Association.

NEWS OF THE CRAFT.

PROVINCIAL PRINTERS ABROAD.

Frank Dougan, of Charlottetown, has turned up in Boston, but at latest accounts had not got work.

Edward P. H. Webber, of Boston, who learned his trade in Cooper's job office, Charlottetown, is working at Wright & Potter's, Boston.

Arthur T. Fultz and Wm. E. McDonald, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., are at present working at Wright & Potter's job printing office, 79 Milk street, Boston.

W. A. Brennan, of the Summerside, P. E. I., *Journal*, spent a month during the latter part of September and the first part of October in visiting cities in Canada and the United States. He was present at the Dominion Exhibition at Ottawa, and visited Montreal, Port Hope, Niagara Falls, Buffalo, New York City, Boston, Halifax and Pictou.

DOMINION.

The *Weekly Sun* has been enlarged and the form changed to a quarto. It presents a creditable appearance.

Port Hope, Ont., which has a population of something over 3,000, has three daily papers. Comment is unnecessary.

Mr. Clinie, for a number of years publisher of the *Bowmanville Statesman*, has purchased the *West Durham News*.

The *Reporter* office, Fredericton, secured the printing of the York County Auditor's Report for \$8.50. There were four tenders.

Mr. McKenzie, of the *Celtic Magazine*, Inverness, Scotland, was on a visit to Canada, making inquiries in regard to the condition of the Highlanders.

The libel suit brought by Senator Miller against Mr. Annand of the Halifax, N. S., *Chronicle*, has been brought to a close at last. Both parties pay their own costs and the *Chronicle* apologizes for the publication of the matter constituting the libel.

In the libel suit of John Silver & Co. against the Dominion Telegraph Company, before the Supreme Court at Halifax, N. S., a verdict has been obtained for \$7,000 damages. The damages are considered exorbitant, and an appeal is to be taken to the Supreme Court of Canada.

The Perth, Ont., *Courier* is deserving of more than a passing notice. It has recently passed its forty-fifth birthday, and is a sterling newspaper. It should command a strong local support. Long may it flourish.

Mr. Moore, the Dublin journalist who was on a visit to Canada with the agricultural delegates from England, is preparing a complete sketch of Canadian points of interest, which will be illustrated by a series of engravings.

It is said Mr. Archibald Forbes, war correspondent of the London *Daily News*, has not given up the idea of coming to this country on a lecturing tour. Should his health permit, which, since his last campaign has been somewhat precarious, he will sail for Canada early next spring.

Mr. Geo. H. Ham has retired from the staff of the Winnipeg *Free Press* and has assumed the management of the *Daily Tribune* of that city. On the occasion of his retirement he was the recipient of two very complimentary addresses, accompanied by several handsome pieces of silver ware.

Mr. Andrew Wilson, part proprietor of the Montreal *Herald*, and formerly chief editor of that paper, died, on the 26th October, from softening of the brain. The deceased gentleman was well known in Montreal, having held an honorable position for many years in the city. He was a Mason and was buried with Masonic ceremonies.

Mr. James Brewster, foreman of the pressroom of the Moncton *Times* office, had a dress coat, containing quite a number of private papers, stolen from the hall of his residence on Saturday, Nov. 1st, and on the following evening (Sunday), during service, the ante-room of the Presbyterian church was entered and two overcoats stolen, one of which belonged to Mr. Daniel W. Gillies, a printer in the *Times* office, — a brand new article, fresh from the tailor shop on Saturday night. We have little doubt what the verdict of the craft will be in reference to this affair. And while we acknowledge the story looks slightly transparent, still it is vouched for by our Moncton contemporary. If any of the craft believe that these (or any other) two printers had more than one coat between them, and, in proof of their belief, will send us half a dollar, we'll "squeak," and send them the *Miscellany* for a whole year for nothing.

UNITED STATES.

A newsboys' branch of the Young Men's Christian Association has been organized in New Orleans.

Rev. Matthew Hale Smith, the famous New York correspondent "Burleigh," of the *Boston Journal*, is dead.

In the libel suit of Mrs. Meyer against the *New York World*, for \$10,000, the jury awarded the plaintiff \$1,375.

It is stated that W. R. Balch, of the *Boston Herald* will shortly assume the editorial management of the *Philadelphia Press*.

Portland, Oregon, boasts of having the champion swimmer of the Pacific coast. His name is Joyce, and he holds cases on the *Standard* of that place.

On Nov. 4th, two perfect stereotype plates of one page of the *Boston Herald* were made in seven minutes, ready for the press. This is believed to be the best time ever made on this kind of work.

The Hon. Samuel Sims Foss, editor and proprietor of the Woonsocket (R. I.) *Patriot*, and one of the most successful of New England journalists, who died on the 6th August last, at the age of fifty-seven, was of English parentage, and journalism ran in the blood, one of his brothers being editor and proprietor of a successful weekly paper in England.

The printers of Dover, N. H., recently organized what is to be known as "The Printers' Association of Dover." The institution has for its aim the giving of a series of fashionable dances, etc. We are glad the boys are feeling so well, and wish them all the enjoyment and prosperity possible on this earth. The following is the list of officers: Arthur H. Hoitt, president; W. H. H. Snow, vice-president; Fred. E. Quimby, secretary; Harry O. Hoitt, treasurer.

The Chicago Typographical Union has issued a circular to printers within the jurisdiction of the International Typographical Union, asking for an expression of opinion as to the advisability of raising or resuming the scale of prices formerly in vogue. The aim of the circular is to unite all printers everywhere in a general demand for an increase of wages, which have, in their opinion, been reduced beyond a just limit in the United States and Canada. Did space permit we would give the circular in full.

A six-days' type-setting match, go as-you-please, is proposed in Nevada. A printer in the Virginia City (Nevada) *Chronicle* office says he knows he isn't a "fast crab," but he is willing to back himself for \$100 if each man he required by the rules to walk out to the nearest beer shop and drink a schooner-load after each sickful. Old Jim says he can stand that for forty-eight hours at least, without sleeping—because he's often done it—and he doesn't think any other man in the office can bear up under such fatigue.

Patrick Driscoll, a printer in the employ of F. A. Searle, Boston, recently attempted to shoot a tailor by the name of J. G. Pierce. Driscoll had been divorced from his wife, but was still living on very intimate terms with her. On the evening in question he met her with Pierce, when he became infuriated and assaulted him with a pistol, first shooting him in the leg and then beating him over the head with the weapon. He was arrested and his wife and Pierce were also locked up as witnesses. Rum and jealousy would seem to have been the prime cause of the trouble.

A man by the name of W. J. Murphy was arrested in Boston recently for writing anonymous vile and obscene letters in answer to advertisements in the newspapers: ladies and gentlemen being alike the recipients. The letters bore evidence of literary ability and the writer claimed to be a contributor to several publications in New York, among them the *Sunday Mercury*, *New York Clipper*, *National Police Gazette*, *Frank Leslie's Ladies' Magazine*, and others. He also contributed to the *Sunday Dispatch* and *Police News*, published in Boston, and his *noms de plume* have been variously "Two M Quad," "Corp. Casey," and "Buster." He had been connected with the *Brockton Advance* as reporter, and had only left that paper a couple of months since. His title of "professor" signified "professor of light literature," and he had been known by that title for a long time past, ever since he had worked at type-setting in a New York newspaper office, fifteen years ago. He was finally released by the officers, they having come to the conclusion that he must be insane, or, at least, flighty, and meant no harm. Besides, he had committed no indictable offence. Murphy is 43 years of age, has been married seventeen years, has a wife and one child, and has lived in Boston for seven years past. He, at one time, kept a bookstore on Nassau street, New York, and retired from business with \$6000, which he spent in five months. Since then he has depended altogether on his literary productions for a livelihood.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Our Bowmanville Budget.

BOWMANVILLE, Ont., Nov. 17.

Port Hope News is the name of a new paper just established at that town, daily and weekly.

The *Standard* is the title of a new paper published at Kincardine, Ont., by Mortimer Bros. Alf. Gossel, formerly of the *West Durham News*, Bowmanville, is now on the Aylmer, Ont., *Paper*.

John White and William Greenway, formerly of the Bowmanville *Observer*, are now "sticking" on the Port Hope *Daily News*.

The Lakefield, Ont., *News* has suspended publication.

Mr. Allan McLean, of the Seaforth, Ont., *Expositor*, has gone to Colorado.

Mr. Buss Huntington, son of the Hon. Mr. Huntington, and associate editor of the Moncton, N. B., *Herald*, died at that place on the morning of Nov. 13th, of typhoid fever.

The Montreal *Star* has donned a new dress, purchased from the Dominion Type Foundry.

The Port Hope *News* says that if it had to row in the same boat as the Ottawa *Free Press*, it would retire from journalism; when the *West Durham News* says, "Oh, don't; saw the boat."

Items from Philadelphia, Pa.

The *Record*, of this city, a morning journal, has changed its title to the *Philadelphia Record*. Wm. M. Singerby, who was the principal stockholder, has purchased the entire establishment from the "Record Publishing Company," and is now the owner and publisher. The *Record* was started a few years ago as a *fac simile* of the *Public Ledger*, in order to draw some of the advertising patronage from the latter paper, but it did not succeed. The *Record*, however, is a paying paper to-day.

The partnership existing between the publishers of the *Sunday Mercury*, of this city, has been severed, Mr. F. W. Grayson withdrawing, leaving Wm. Meeson sole publisher and proprietor.

Another Sunday paper has been started in this city. Messrs. Joseph Severns & Co. are the proprietors, and the name of the new-comer is the *Sunday Argus*. It is to be strictly Democratic in politics. It is to be hoped that its columns will show a little more life and vim than most of our Sunday journals exhibit, for,

Jim Benson's "Pardner."

[Among the after-dinner exercises at the Annual Dinner of the Boston Press Club, on Nov. 8th, the following poem, composed for the occasion, was read by Mr. A. E. Sproul, of the Herald:]

"What's that ye say, stranger! 'What'll I take?'
 Don't care of I do—just a bit of a swig—
 I'll go to yer spot. Fer company's sake
 Then—here's to ye! I've run such a rig
 That ther last week or two—a reg'lar tear—
 That 'twill do for a taper—'What?' I swear
 Ye're so solid, now, ye're off. He smokt im
 That had'n't haid nothin' in his jaws fer a year
 But an old clay pipe, or a stub now an' then
 'N' sawdust 'n' stuff 'out of the droppin's o' beer,
 Some fine feller, like you, sir, hez need it. Ye see
 I ain't fazed like I was twenty odd year ago
 When I was—but never mind that. Do ye know,
 Ye remind me a pile of a chap used to be
 A reg'lar old chum o' mine? Meant no offence
 To ye, sir, fer in ther old days we used to be
 An' spruce-lookin' boys ez ther was, me 'n' Benne,
 Though we was rither older ye be, terday,
 That's a fact. We was just like twin brothers. But he
 Was a queer cuss, ez all o' ther boys ter say—
 'Cept ter me, fer somehow er 'nother, d'ye see,
 Ez we hitched up together jest ez na' rally
 Ez them horses out ther in ther street, with the dray.
 He order he heard tell o' Benne? Well, now, I declar!
 Fer he was a hero, right through, I kin avar!
 Ye kin gamble on that, every time! He was true blue!
 I'll tell yer about him, sir, if ye not mind:
 But fast, ez I'm ahabin'—gittin' a teetle grain dry,
 Pardon you!—Thank ye, sir, 'twas mine.
 Ah!—Nothin' like ther ter boost low spirits up by!
 Well, ez I was a sayin', he was a man,
 He was, every inch on him. 'What was his name?'
 Ther! Didn't I tell ye fust? 'No!' Well, I swan!
 'N' 'bout I did, sure; 'twas Jim Benson; ez plain
 'N' 'bout a man—'What's up, stranger, say!
 Ye look mighty queer, seems ter me. I'm mistaken?
 'Only a notion o' mine?' Well, well, I dare say
 'N' right. My eyes ain't just clear; an' I've taken
 'A couple o' pretty stiff glasses. Ter go back ter Jim—
 When I was reportin' in 'Frisco, an' I've taken
 Ther dingy old newspaper office, I mean,
 Where we got out the old Tomahawk twice a week—
 Ther glisten' 'n' though 't hed ben white washed up clean
 Ez kept my old chum would smile, just afore he would speak.
 An' at fust he didn't let fall a word o' me
 'N' after a while, one night, while ther noise
 O' ther rattlin' o' press—'twas a poor one, ye see—
 Ye see 'n' fillin' ther room, he told me his life.
 Ez seemed that he'd longed some place in ther East;
 That hed come of good stock an' hed married a wife
 That hed loved him ter death. An' 'twas a beast,
 He went ter ther her; 'stead o' blessin' her life,
 He stuck ter her bad, 'n' kep' drunk right along;
 That traced him up, 'n' bimbeby ther baby was born.
 An' Lor' bless ye, sir, it didn't last long;
 An' bimbeby, one night, he sunk so low
 That, while he was drunk, he struck her—a strong,
 A slim little patient woman like her!
 She didn't complain, not a mite. Ther was grit in
 Ther woman. She was solid 'n' a flint rock. Ye, sir!
 An' he felt so kind o' scared at her right quick;
 That all of a sudden he felt horrified;
 An' givin' her one embrace an' 'graspin' his stick,
 He plunged forth into the darkness outside,
 With a row in his heart that he'd never come back
 O' ther brave little woman, ther stan' by ther side
 He'd ken out ter 'Frisco, an' swore off ther stuff
 That hed made him forget himself an' his duty,
 An' though resistin' temptation was tough,
 An' he fought out the fight with himself, like a beauty,
 He told me as how he'd laid up his pile
 O' money—'twas thinkin' o' givin' up 'Frisco, 'n' stop
 'N' 'bout ter his wife, an' ther little an' smile—
 'N' 'bout 't he'd got, with a shake ter his lip,
 That was just a week ter a day from ther night,
 When ther fire bells rang out, an' we saw ther light
 O' ther flames that lit up our dark alleyway's murk.
 'N' 'bout in course, an' found that ther crib
 O' ther flames was a-workin' was one o' them big
 O' ther folks, like ye, sir, so smilin' an' glib.
 'N' 'bout ez got ther flames hed bust through ther roof,
 An' 'twas 't posed that ther boarders hed skipped out in time,
 'N' 'bout all of a sudden, we see comin' in me
 A four-story window—a devilish bad climb
 By a latherly ladder from down in ther street
 Where we was, ter say nothin' o' ther flames 'n' ther heat.

Then we see 'twas a woman, with a child in her arms;
 But ther firemen they he's taked, 'n' well they might,
 Afer puttin' ther ladder up, fer 'twas sure ter work harm,
 An' 'twas 't posed that ther life o' ther man who should try!
 All at onst Benne, with a great, groaning cry
 Like a man in deep agony, tore his arm from my hand.
 An', springin' ter ther ladder, was soon mountin' high
 Towards ther woman an' kid, that still managed ter stand
 Jest out o' ther reach o' them fiery flames.
 That seemed ter be lickin' ther very frames
 O' ther winder fer which we could see Benne was makin'.
 Not a man on us s'posed that ther risk he was takin'
 Would do anythin' 'cept sacrifice him with ther two
 That was standin' so still at ther winder. An' so
 When we all see him reach 'em, and then bring 'em through
 Ther ther fiery high that was ragin' below.
 'N' all three o' ther critters step safe ter ther ground,
 I tell yer, ther cheers that went up, round on round.
 Was enough ter b'en heard for ten blocks around.
 But poor Benne didn't notice 'em; no, not a bit.
 Fer, yer see, sir, although ther woman an' child
 Was all right; yet, he, poor feller, hed ben badly hit
 By them billows o' flame that was sweepin' so wild.
 Well, ter make a long story short, d'ye see,
 Benne died o' his burns, an' left only me
 An' ther rest o' ther boys ter look arter news
 Fer ther old Tomahawk, jest ther same ez we used
 Before he kem 'mong us an' look up ther pen
 An' 'begun ter brace up, 'n' be a man among men.
 But ther strangest of all is ther come, sir, now mind:
 Whose wife 'n' kin d'yer s'pose them was, now!
 They was Benne's, they was! He wasn't so blind
 On ther night. He knew from ther street; that was how!
 His wife an' her baby hed somehow got word
 That Benne was in 'Frisco; and so they'd come thar
 Ter bring him back home, soon ez ever they heard—
 Ther ther plucky young wife o' his. She was squar'!
 On ther day that he passed in his checks he jest kem
 An' embraced 'em both onst. 'n' kissed 'em—I tell you,
 Stranger, Jim Benson was allus true blue!
 Well, we give him a good Christian plant, ther boys did,
 An' 'begun ter brace up, 'n' be a man among men.
 'N' sent 'em back East ter ther kindred 'n' friends.
 An', stranger, d'ye know I've time 'n' agin
 Wondered 'n' wondered, what lot fortune lends
 Ter ther winder an' kid o' my o' chum, Jim?—
 What! 'What's ther yer say? You Jim's son! It can't be!
 He can't hev grown up from ther winder 'n' ther kid.
 Ez Benne—No, no, I can't swaller that quid!
 You are? Well, I'm damned! Put it thar! I can't see
 Fer ther mist in my eyes.—Order whiskey fer me.
 Here's to ye, Jim's son! May yer live long an' die happy!
 (Who'd he thought that a case-hardened feller like me
 Would blubber around like a spongy young sappy?)
 You're gait? Well, my boy, make it Good day!
 An' ez ever Jim's wife or his kid chance ter be
 In want of a service, I tell yer 'twill pay
 Ter hunt up Jim Benson's old pard, an' ther's me!"

THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.—A monthly newspaper, devoted to the interests of printing and kindred arts in Canada and the United States. Hugh Finlay, editor and proprietor, St. John, N. B., Canada. Subscription \$1.00 per year. Apprentices half price. The cheapest and best medium advertisers can adopt to reach the printers and publishers of Canada and the United States. It will prove a permanent benefit to advertisers. Sample copies and advertising rates sent on application. Address letters as above.—*Legal Adviser, Chicago, Ill.*

It is said that the Liverpool (England) *Daily News* has been using for the past year four type-setting and seven distributing machines, at a saving of about \$2,000 per annum, as compared with the same amount of work by hand. The compositors working the machine earn better wages than their fellows at the case, while the saving to the establishment is over 30 per cent. The machines are used for every kind of composition except tabulated and displayed work, the matter being set, spaced and justified with greater accuracy than by hand labor. Each machine costs \$750, and the average speed is six thousand ems per hour.

An English edition of the American *Sunday School Times* will be issued in London.



CONDUCTED BY T. WILLIAM BELL.

Synopsis---New Edition

Standard phonographers will be delighted to learn that Mr. Graham has completed a new edition of the Synopsis of Standard Phonography. We expect that this work will be a valuable one, especially to beginners. The price of the book (50 cents) places it within the reach of all. We will have a supply within ten days, and will fill orders for the same at publisher's price. As we have not yet seen the new work, we are unable to say anything regarding its merits, but the following notice, which is taken from the Boston *Journal of Commerce*, speaks of it as being indeed a very acceptable book :

"This book has twenty-two pages devoted to explanation and illustration of the principles of Standard Phonography. Twenty-nine pages have a series of reading exercises in phonography, printed from the author's new process. The next ten pages are interlinear, common print text, with accompanying phonographic characters, which are beautifully printed; a list of word-signs and contractions follow, and this brief work contains the whole of the system of American Phonography, by an American-born author, and the finest phonographic printing we ever saw in any country by an American process. We wish people were fully alive to the civilizing and elevating tendency of Standard Phonography."

Pettifoggers vs. Phonographers.

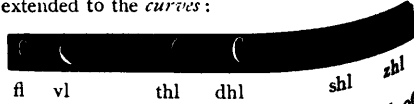
A report is current which reflects discredit in an eminent degree on some of Montreal's pettifoggers, who, it would seem, have adopted a very unprofessional method of reaping the benefits which arise from the use of phonography in law courts. In other words, they have been guilty of appropriating the fees of stenographers. Several instances have recently come to the surface where these unprincipled characters have

pocketed the funds handed to them by their clients for the purpose of paying the shorthand writer. These amounts they held back for several months, and the stenographer had even then to submit to a discount of nearly fifty per cent. These cases have been reported to the proper authorities, but it appears that the Council of the Bar has decided to issue no writs in such cases. So that stenographers, in order to recover their legitimate earnings, must apply to the ordinary court for redress of their grievances.

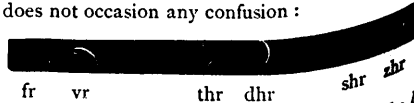
Easy Lessons in Phonography.

LESSON VIII.

In our last lesson the learner was taught how to write the liquids *l* and *r* in connection with the consonant-signs by using an initial hook. Not wishing to burden the memory of the student, we simply illustrated the manner of providing the *stroke* consonant-signs with these hooks. In the present lesson this principle is extended to the *curves* :



A hook must not be placed upon the back of a curve, as it would make it a very awkward sign to write. In order to obviate this, the signs *f*, *v*, *ith*, *dhe* are turned over. The change does not occasion any confusion :



In addition to the above combinations the *l* hook is also placed on *y* which is written thus :



R may be added to *em* and *en* by a small initial hook, provided they are widened, thus :



1. I saw three flies on the floor.
2. Go over there and see the other cow.
3. Please measure the two bushels of oats.

The Shorthan' Feller.

D'ye see how he does it, the shorthan' feller,
 Who sits over there in the corner?
 How he catches each word on his pot hook an'
 claps
 The story right down from those voluble chaps,
 The witnesses, who, stan'in' up on their taps,
 Let go the whole truth, (spite the devil perhaps),
 Like the sage, Seth Sampson of Turner ;
 Do you see how he does it, takin' it down,
 King's English and glib Irish lingo ?
 Each joke and each gesture, each laugh an'
 grimace,
 In the turkey track record which finds always a
 place ;
 He'd write the whole pack, sir, 'n the very small
 space
 Where you couldn't write e'en the two spot or
 ace,—
 A wonderful fact, by Jingo !
 His ears are wide open, his eyes on the mark,
 He dives in his inkstand and goes it ;
 No matter how fast they gabble,—what's said
 Goes down on the record, and he keeps ahead :
 An' oft when his pen at two-forty has sped,
 He snatches a moment an' scratches his head,
 Or kerchiefs his nose an' blows it.
 Is it science or art, or is it knack or device,
 Born in him, or was it acquired ?
 'Tis a gift which yields profit no doubt very good,
 An' I think it is plain that it runs in the blood ;
 For he raises young shorthan's, (as any one
 would,)
 To transmit a vocation so well understood,
 By lawyers and judge admired.
 Since mem'ry is weak an' lawyers dispute,
 An' indulge oftentimes in dissensions ;
 Saying, "witness said so, as my minutes show,"
 An' "witness said *contra* I'd have ye to know ;"
 Since judges forget they have charged so an' so,
 How sweet to the shorthan' Reporter to go
 An' settle all hash o' contentions.
 An' then when the jurors get sleepy an' dull,
 Hearin' all the whole truth till they're snory,
 An' their minds wander off to affairs o' their own
 An' the issue drops out o' their thoughts like a
 stone,
 How'n thunder could they when so jaded they've
 grown
 Tell which o' the dogs had the right to the bone,
 Or remember the witnesses' story ?
 But the shorthan' feller, he never takes naps :
 He's on the *qui vive* when the jury
 Writ down after dinner and nod in their seats,
 Like deacons at church in the dog day heats.
 If the lawyer fires up, or the witness repeats,
 No storm o' confusion his record defeats ;
 He writes the whole fracas like fury.
 O marvellous man ! A great wonder you be !
 You spell it an' makes it good grammar,

An' you gets it all in. Not a cough or a sneeze
 That belongs to the case but you note it with ease,
 Do you dot all your i's, Sir, an' cross all your t's
 When you drive at two-thirty, or forty, 'f you
 please,

In the midst of a hubbub an' clamor ?

Say, what will you take for to learn us your art,
 We chaps that sit inside the bar,
 An' also the judges, who need some relief,
 The associates, indeed, as well as the chief ?
 Can't we have the opinions as well as each brief
 Hereafter writ out in good pot-hook relief,
 Pespicious an' clear as a star ?

Say, what would you take for to do it up brown
 An' elucidate all that's obscure ?
 Comin' right to the point like a fish to the hook,
 Makin' argument run just as clear as a brook,
 Then nailin' the thing with a logical look
 More firm than 'tis nailed in the sheepskin book ?
 The meshes, I guess, would be fewer.

We'd have the great principles settled an' fixed,
 Beyond peradventure of *quere* ;
 'The light of the bench an' the bar should shine
 forth

In a blaze stenographic,—an era have birth
 When our fees should be up to our services'
 worth,

An' the horn of our *Steno*. exalted on earth.—

"*Monumentum perennius are.*"

—Portland Daily Press.

 Funnygrafik Phakts.

The latest thing in shorthand—vowels.

The best kind of fun for boys and girls—fun-
 ography.—*Solomon*.

Why is a phonographer like a horse? Because
 he can't get along very well without using *Hay*.

Why are shorthand men so much like hang-
 men? Because their business requires them to
 make use of lines and loops.

What's the difference between a judge who
 doesn't know enough to employ a fonographer,
 and a phool? We can't discover any difference
 whatever.

An amanuensis who was engaged in transcrib-
 ing some notes which had been whitewashed by
 the contents of an accidentally overturned ink
 bottle, remarked that the reporter had evidently
 been indulging in what might be termed exces-
 sive phraseography.

It is a remarkable fact that the administration
 of justice requires certain government officials,
 in the performance of their duty, to act in direct
 opposition to others. Let us take, for instance,
 the policeman and the law-stenographer. We
 find that while the former is paid for the purpose
 of taking people up, the latter earns his daily
 bread by taking them down.

W. E. Lockwood, Esq., of this city, is about taking out a patent for a "coupon paper shirt," which, it is claimed, will prove as popular as the paper collars so largely manufactured by the firm of which Mr. Lockwood is the senior partner. It now looks as if man could have a paper shirt forwarded to him by mail, as his newspapers are forwarded, whenever he desires to indulge in a clean, white "dickey." The coupon paper shirt, it is said, will present many advantages over those made in the old way.—*Printers' Circular, Philadelphia, Penn.*

"The vile, abominable literature that is polluting the minds of our boys and girls," wrote the editor, "is a public disgrace, and— by the way, Judkinson," said he, stopping short in his able editorial and turning to the local editor, "be sure you have the full particulars of that divorce scandal in East Biggleston; the *Whang-doodle* musn't get the bulge on us this time. Let me see; where was I? Oh! yes—public disgrace, and should be suppressed by the strong arm of the law. Many a youth owes his downfall to— be sure you interview both the parties, Judkinson, and make it spicy, you know."

BIRTH.

HOWE.—At St. Andrews, on the 25th November, the wife of Mr. C. F. HOWE (publisher of the *Bay Pilot*), of a son.

**HORSMAN HOUSE,
MONCTON, N. B.**

JNO. W. HORSMAN, Proprietor.

THIS Hotel is situated in the immediate vicinity of the I. C. R. depot. Always on hand a well assorted stock of finest Wines, Liquors, and popular brands of Havana Cigars.

**PARK HOTEL,
Moncton, N. B.**

DAVID McCLEAVE, : : : Proprietor.

ENLARGED, refurbished and improved; centrally located in the neighborhood of places of public interest,— stores, banks, etc. First-class sample rooms for commercial tourists. Always in stock, a large assortment of Foreign Liquors, Ales, Old Vintage Brandies, Wines, Whiskies, etc.

HAVANA CIGARS (popular brands) always on hand.
3-8-12

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DOUBLE CYLINDER DISTRIBUTION.

Two-Color, Bronzing and Ruling Attachments.

SPEEDS FOR FIRST-CLASS WORK :

Half Medium.....	1400 to 2400 per hour.
Quarto "	1800 to 2700 " "
Eighth "	3000 to 5000 " "

Quarto, with all attachments, now ready. Half and Eighth will be ready soon.

For full information, prices, etc., address the Inventor, Patentee and Manufacturer,
W. P. KIDDER,
115 Congress street, Boston, Mass.

There being over thirty of the Quarto size Self-feeding Presses already in use in many of the largest and best known offices, the reader will confer a kindly favor by writing to the Inventor for References and Testimonials, by the aid of which he can easily investigate for himself the truth of the claims made for this machine. That it has, already, so far as introduced, established and guaranteed a sweeping re-adjustment in the whole plan of job press work, is not doubted by any competent judge who has examined the subject.

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

W. F. HALL, Secretary.
WM. FINLAY, Practical Superintendent.

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PRINTING PAPER.**

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SAMUEL McAFEE,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
**Groceries, Boots and Shoes,
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TINWARE, EARTHENWARE, FARMING
IMPLEMENTS, &c., &c.
3-12-tf WATERFORD, N. B.**

The International Printing Trades' Directory.

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

RATES FOR THE DIRECTORY.—Inserting Name and Address under one heading 25 cents per month, or \$3.00 per year. Extra matter after Name and Address, giving details of business, 15 cents per line per month additional. New Headings will be inserted when desired.

Bookbinders' Thread.

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

Dealers in Printing Machinery and Inks.

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

Engravers on Wood.

CHARLES H. FLEWELLING, 82 Prince Wm. street, over E. H. Jones, Stationer, St. John, N. B. See advt.

Gauge Pins and Feed Guides.

E. L. MEGILL, 78 and 80 Fulton street, New York.

Paper Manufacturers.

HAPANEE MILLS PAPER MANUFACTURING CO., Hapanee, Ontario. See advt.

J. RIORDON, Merriton, Ontario. See advt.

"Peerless" Presses and Paper Cutters.

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

"Premium" Goods.

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

Printing Inks.

BAYLES, WILKES MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Nasareth street, Montreal, Q. See advt.

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

Printing Press Manufacturers.

CAMPBELL PRINTING PRESS AND MANUFACTURING CO. Office, 89 Beekman street, New York. Factory, Wythe Av. & Hewes st, Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

W. P. KIDDER, 117 Congress and 18 Federal streets, Boston, Mass.—The "Kidder" Printing Press. See advertisement.

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

Printers' Rollers and Composition.

BAYLES, WILKES MANUFACTURING COMPANY,
Nasareth street, Montreal, P. Q. See advt.

Printers' Machinist.

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

Ready-Made Wood Cuts, Etc.

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

Type Founders, Etc.

FARMER, LITTLE & CO., Type Founders and Dealers in Printing Materials, 68 and 65 Beekman Street, New York.

Please mention this paper when writing to our advertisers, as they like to know where their advertisement was seen, and it will help us to secure and hold a share of their patronage.

A BARGAIN.

FOR SALE—About 70 pounds SMALL PICA, English make, with Italic, 25 pounds extra Quads, 10 pounds extra Figures and Leaders, in excellent order, having been very little used.

20 Cents per lb.—Cash.

Apply at once to W. & J. ANSLOW,
Newcastle, Miramichi, N. B.

POWER PRESS.

WANTED—A Second-hand CAMPBELL COUNTRY POWER PRESS. Must be in perfect order. Address, with terms,
BOWES BROS.,
Sackville, N. B.

FOR SALE.—A CHROMATIC PRESS, Half-Medium, 13x19 inside of chase, prints three colors. Will be sold cheap. Address
I. A. ROBINSON,
Journal Office, Stanstead, P. Q.

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

WANTED.—A SITUATION AS PRESSMAN. A man capable of taking charge of a room; can do fine book and job work; has worked several years on newspapers. Good references. Address, GEO. WATKINS, No. 5, St. Patrick Square, Toronto, Ont. 3-9-t f

FOR SALE.—About 50 lbs. NONPAREIL MUSIC TYPE, nearly new, Johnson's manufacture, price \$1.25 per lb. Also—Two Nonpareil Music Type Cases. Address "Music," in care of Editor of *Miscellany*. 2-10-t f

"SORTS."

"Shake," as the medicine bottle said to the invalid.—*Medical Adviser.*

If Edison can render sound available in so many ways, why don't he utilize the "hum" that is heard in Canada?

"Shall prosperity ruin us?" asks the *Cleveland Herald*. Speaking for ourselves, we have formed a solemn purpose that it never shall.

The small boy who hates to work ten minutes on a mathematical problem will figure all day in a garret to find out how a pirate can escape from a dungeon.

If many of us knew the extent of the Lord's information, we would take less trouble to inform him that we were poor miserable sinners. *Oshkosh Christian Advocate.*

It is a wonder J. H. Haverly never thought of organizing a mastodon company of evangelists. There's more money in it than anything else can show.—*Peewee Methodist.*

The best excuse for suicide we ever heard was of the fellow who said he wanted to get into the next world before all the soft places were taken up.—*Oshkosh Christian Advocate.*

Another one of those things which no fellow can find out is, why a man's wife thinks he cares nothing for preserves and other choice dainties save when she has company for supper.

The *New Haven Register* presents the startling question: "Where would your wife be if it hadn't been for your mother-in-law?" We beg, for our part, to return to the original question.

"Let me supply the bustles of the women, and I will have the largest circulation in the nation?" was the laudable ambition of an editor. But he never thought the whole sex would sit down on it.

At Bastroville, a far west frontier town of Texas, is a Mr. M. L. Gosling, who edits a paper called *The Quill*. Judging from the number of saloons advertised in it we judge that he keeps his head above water.

The Rev. Mr. Pentecost, of Boston, in a sermon against round dancing, said that a very respectable and intelligent young woman had assured him that the hugging was, to her, the pleasantest part of a ball.

Two base ball clubs, composed entirely of deaf mutes, have been playing in Ohio. They say it is the saddest thing in the world, to see the club that gets beat swearing at the umpire and calling him a "hide-bound, lily-livered, black-hearted liar," with their thumbs and fingers.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

That man has no patriotism in his heart who can gaze upon George Washington's old breeches in the patent office at Washington, and not let his mind run back into the mystic past and wonder whether the tailor had those trousers "finished on Saturday night," according to promise.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Professor—Now, I ask you, as a practical miner, what spade do you think is the very best? Third year man (scornfully)—Why, the ace, of course. (Sensation).—*Peewee Methodist.*

An exchange heads an article, "Never say die!" But what would you have us say? "Throw up the sponge?" "Passed in his checks?" "Kicked the bucket?" No, sir, we cannot tolerate slang.—*Atlantic Monthly.*

Young man, don't you try the handkerchief flirtation, or the hat flirtation, or any other code of signals of that kind, because some stalwart old gentleman may make you acquainted with the boot flirtation, and if one of those double-soled, square-heeled No. 11s should get to flirting around your coat tails, you will think you are signalled by a locomotive with a gravel train behind it.

A fashionable choir in this city "busted" on the first hymn last Sunday night. It is supposed, of course, that the organ was to blame. The sopranos pitched in all right, but the bass put on airs and put the sop.'s out. There is one thing a choir can't do: Its members can't see everybody that comes into three doors, their music and words, too, keep in time with each other, the organist and the congregation.

A father never thinks his ten year old son is stronger than a horse until he employs him to turn the grindstone to sharpen up an old axe that is about as sharp at one end as the other. The old man bears on until the lad's eyes hang out and his trousers' buckle flies off, and just before he bursts a blood vessel his father encourages him with the remark, "Does it turn hard?" Thousands of boys have run away from home and become pirates and greenbackers in order to escape a second siege at the grindstone.

It is given out that ladies will wear vests precisely the same as gentlemen's this winter. When a married man goes to bed he will have to put a chalk mark on his vest, or next morning he may slip on his wife's and not discover his mistake until he inserts his thumb and forefinger in the right-hand pocket for a pinch of fine-cut and finds nothing but a piece of chewing-gum and the stub of a short lead pencil. Then he will suddenly remember that there was a roll of ten-dollar greenbacks in the left-hand pocket of his vest—that is, if he is an editor, he will—and he will rush back home in Rarus time.

"See here, Jimmy," said his better angel to a boon companion, as they stood at a saloon counter; "you've been hoisting it in just as if you were a million bushel elevator. Taper off, now; take something mild; try some soda water, for instance." "So'a water?" said the boon companion; "so'a water—(hic). No, sir; it's too strong—too dangerous. You don't catch me taking into my stomach an explosive so powerful that they have to bottle it in copper cylinders a foot thick, and it sometimes busts a corner drug shop up and kills everybody on the block. Not much. Give me some Bourbon."

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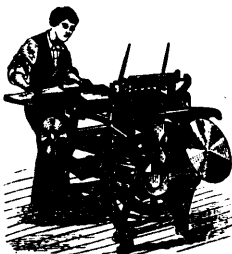
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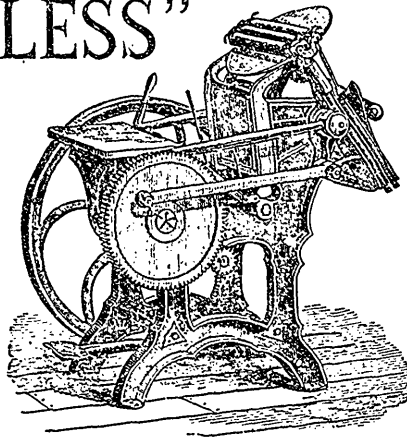
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