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THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY

AN EXPONENT OF PRINTING AND ALL THE KINDRED ARTS

VOL. VI.

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA, DEC. & JAN., 1881-2.

Nos. 6 & 7.

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., DEC. & JAN., 1881-2.

Important Notice.

Representatives, who will be most liberally dealt with, are wanted in every town and city wherever the English language is spoken, to obtain subscribers to THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY. The proprietary will be found *most liberal* in its dealings. There are plenty of young men who can, with ease, earn a good round sum, as pocket money. Compositors, travellers, etc., willing to canvass their friends or fellow employés, are invited to apply for terms at once. Although THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY has a big circulation, there must be many thousands indirectly connected with Paper and Printing, who would be glad to subscribe if they were asked, but are difficult to get at, unless friends in the trade with a little leisure will do it as a matter of business.

The Responsibility of Employers.

The duty of employers to duly pay the wages agreed upon for the labor of employés is a phase of the question that need not now be considered; but there is another sort of responsibility, less obvious, perhaps, and certainly less thought of, though it has at least an equal claim upon every-

body who happens to occupy the position of an employer of labor.

The head of every manufacturing commercial concern is necessarily a conspicuous figure in the eyes of all those whose labor he employs. Even the minor peculiarities of his character are commented upon, and his very mannerisms become tea-table topics in the families of those who live upon his wages. In short he occupies a position in which, consciously or not, he exercises a positive and peculiar influence on many minds—the number depending on the extent of the establishment under his charge. He has a corresponding moral responsibility to so govern his own actions as to use that influence for good and not for evil; to build up worthy character, not to make men and women, and especially youth, worse by his example; to promote and encourage manliness and honesty, not to condone chronic carelessness, or dishonorable shirking of duty. His responsibility includes not only the due rendering of faithfulness, but the punishment, by the exercise of his lawful power as an employer, of persistent neglect of duty. By the subtle but positive power of personal character he may exert a great influence for good, and he is morally bound to use it.

Of course considerations like these have little or no effect upon those who are disposed to exclaim with Cain: "Am I my brother's keeper?" About the last thing many employers think of is what good they may effect in character building upon those who come under their personal influence in the relation of employés. But to those who view the responsibilities of life aright, the question is one which appeals forcibly to conscience and sense of duty. We are glad to believe that, the heads of many of our most important industrial concerns are men of high character, whose example reacts favorably

upon all who come within the circle of their personal influence. It is a thing greatly to be desired, and would be of incalculable benefit to every community, if the same were true of all employers of labor, skilled or unskilled.

Secrets of the Printing Office.

Printers have never, we think, received due appreciation for the honorable confidence which they have preserved in regard to the secrets with which they have necessarily been entrusted. Such a case as this often happens. An article in a newspaper or magazine makes what is called a "sensation." It is entirely anonymous, and public curiosity is excited to the utmost to discover the name of its author. The writer may be a cabinet minister, a high official, a courtier, or any of the thousand and one persons who, if he were suspected of writing for the press, would at once lose his position—his office—perhaps his reputation. On the other hand, the writer may be a struggling author, a hard-working journalist, or a mere literary amateur. In any case his secret is preserved; his anonymity is safe as long as it is confined to the printers.

Some years ago there was a great stir made about a book entitled "Ecce Homo." It was a clever work, and had an unexampled success. "Who is the author?" was the question on everybody's lips. Some scores of persons were named, and they repudiated their participation in it. All sorts of conjectures were hazarded, and no doubt large sums would have been paid by several conductors of journals for authentic information as to the name of the author. Yet that name was known to a master printer, his overseer, and at least some of the compositors, but it was never revealed. When the name was published, it was not though the instrumentality of the printers, but entirely independent of them. They had faithfully kept their secret.

Going back a few years, the authorship of the "Waverly Novels" may be referred to as a remarkable incident of literary history. Sir Walter Scott's authorship, although known by twenty persons, including a number of printers, was so well concealed that the great novelist could not, even in his matchless vocabulary, find words of praise sufficient to express the sense of his grateful acknowledgment and wondering admiration for the matchless fidelity with which the mystery had been preserved.

There is another species of secrecy—that relating to the careful supervision of confidential public documents, books printed for secret societies, and the authorship of articles or pamphlets, as already referred to, which has been most honorably maintained. When treaties are prematurely published in newspapers, the copy is obtained from some leaky or venal official and not from any of the printers who set up or work off the original.

A case of this kind occurred a few years ago, in England, wherein the proceedings of a convention were sold and revealed to an evening newspaper. In connection with the foreign office there is a regular staff of printers always at work, and if these men liked they might let out secrets of the most momentous kind, any one of which would, perhaps, in these days of journalistic competition, be worth hundreds of dollars. But such a dereliction of duty has never yet occurred; it was a clerk, and not a compositor, who betrayed his trust.

Most honorable to the profession is the story of Harding, the printer, who bravely bore imprisonment rather than reveal the authorship of the celebrated "Drapier" letters. The printer sat in his cell calmly refusing the entreaties of his friends to divulge the name of the writer, Dean Swift, a church magnate, a great wit, who dressed himself in the disguise of a low Irish peasant, sat by, and listening to the noble refusal and the tender importunities, only anxious that no word or glance from the unfortunate printer should reveal the secret. Swift was bent solely on securing his own safety at the expense of the printer; he cowered before the legal danger which Harding boldly confronted. The world has unequally allotted the meed of fame to the two combatants. The wit and the printer both fought the battle for the liberty of the press, until the sense of an outraged community released the typographer from the peril so nobly encountered.

In thousands of other instances similar fidelity has been exhibited. In short, it is part of the professional honor of a printer not to disclose, either wantonly or from venal motives, the secrets of any office in which he is employed.

There is also the allegiance which printers pay to their chief in not divulging important intelligence. In some cases a compositor is necessarily entrusted with an item of news which would be negotiable immediately, and worth

dollars to him. Seldom or ever is there a betrayal of trust in this way.

The examination papers, printed so extensively in London, are of the most tremendous importance to certain classes, who would pay almost any sum to obtain the roughest proof of the night before. An instance of this kind occurred quite recently. "A printer was got at," and promised a considerable amount of money for a rough proof. What was his course of action? He simply informed the authority, and the tempter was punished. It was another and a creditable example of how well and honorably kept are the secrets of the printing office.

We might go on and enumerate hundreds, yes, thousands, of instances where the printer has been tempted in vain to disclose what he knew concerning important secrets. But the primary lessons of a printing office seems to sink deeply into the minds of young aspirants after typographical knowledge, and hence, we presume, their loyalty and devotion to the interests of their employers.

It is not necessary to counsel the older members of the craft; but, to the younger ones we would say, boys, never forget to keep everything in a printing office which belongs there; never entertain outsiders about printing office affairs.

Few Bookstores.

In Russia there are districts where, it is said, one may pass through a population of a hundred thousand people without seeing anything in the form of a book, except the Slavonic Bible or the well-worn book of an official. According to a correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette*, there are in Moscow, a town of 800,000 inhabitants, only four or five Russian book shops worthy of the name, while there are four German shops. St. Petersburg is better off, but it has only fifty booksellers, or one to every 14,000 persons. These towns are, of course, the centres from which proceed the publications that supply the rest of the empire. Warsaw has one vendor of books to every 16,000 people, and Odessa one to every 10,000, but half of the Odessa shops are in a decayed condition. Cronstadt, in spite of its large garrison of educated officers and Finnish sailors, has only two shops to 48,000 people; Abo, in Finland, one to 20,000; and Omsk, the exile centre of Siberia and the site of the future university, one to 27,000. Finally, Tashkend is the worst of all, having only a sin-

gle book shop to 76,000 people, and that a bad one. Taking provincial Russia, the proportion of booksellers to the town population is roughly estimated to be one to every 20,000 people, while none at all will be found in towns having less than 10,000 inhabitants. At the same time it may be noted that an Odessa correspondent of the *Moscow Gazette* reports that the three best books on farming in South Russia are purchased chiefly by Englishmen. One bookseller told him that he sold twice as many of those books to Englishmen as he did to Russians, and that the purchasers were either tourists or men who had bought farms in the neighborhood of Odessa.

Influence of Newspapers.

A school teacher, who had been a long time engaged in his profession, and witnessed the influence of a newspaper upon the minds of a family of children, writes as follows:

I have found it to be a universal fact, without exception, that those scholars of both sexes and of all ages who have access to newspapers at home, when compared with those who have not, are:

1. Better readers, excellent in pronunciation, and consequently read more and understandingly.
2. They are better spellers, and define words with ease and accuracy.
3. They obtain a practical knowledge of geography in almost half the time it requires of others, as the newspapers have made them acquainted with the location of the important places, of nations, their government and doings on the globe.
4. They are better grammarians for having become so familiar with every variety of style in the newspapers, from the common-place advertisement to the finishing and classical oration of statesmen, they more readily comprehend the meaning of the text and constantly analyze its construction with accuracy.
5. They write better composition, using better language, containing more thoughts — more clearly and correctly expressed.
6. Those young men who have for years been readers of newspapers are always taking the lead in debating societies, exhibiting a more extensive knowledge upon a greater variety of subjects, and expressing their views with greater fluency, clearness and correctness.

About Lubricants.

Among the many things a superintendent of a printing office is expected and should have is a knowledge of lubricants, and how and what they are made of. Generally, thorough superintendents of printing offices are pretty good judges of the kind of oil necessary for their work, but they are frequently hampered by B. M's. (business managers), who think they know more about purchasing supplies than any one else. In answer to numerous correspondents we subjoin, from a scientific exchange, a few of the most desirable features of a good lubricant, and trust it may prove of interest and value to those seeking information in that line. We cannot too strongly impress it on the minds of our readers that it is the utmost folly and against every rule of economy to use a cheap and inferior grade of oil on machinery of any kind.

It should, first of all, reduce friction to a minimum, should be perfectly neutral, and of uniform composition. It should not become gummy or otherwise altered by exposure to the air, should stand a high temperature without loss or decomposition, and a low temperature without solidifying or depositing solid matters. The question of adaptability to the requirements of light or heavy bearings is also an important consideration.

The finest lubricating oils in the market are chiefly prepared from sperm oil, by digesting it in trays, with clean lead shavings, for a week or more. Solid stearate of lead is formed and remains adhering to the metal, while the oil becomes more fluid and less liable to change or thicken on chilling.

Sperm oil is used for lubricating sewing machines and other light machinery. Some of the oils sold for that purpose contain cotton seed oil and kerosene, and others are composed largely of mineral, sperm, or signal oil—a heavy, purified distillate of petroleum.

Good heavy lubricating oil is made from heavy paraffine oil (a distillate of petroleum). Owing to "cracking" (decomposition of the vapors of the heavy distillate into lighter products), which takes place in the still, the crude oil contains a large per cent. of light offensive oils, too thin for lubricating purposes. In Merrill's process these are separated by blowing superheated steam through the oils, heated just short of its boiling point in the still, the lighter oils being driven off, a neutral, nearly odorless,

heavy oil, gravity 29° B. to 26° B., and boiling at about 575° Fahr., is remaining. When mixed with good lard oil it makes an excellent and cheap lubricant.

Common heavy shop and engine oils are commonly variable mixtures of heavy petroleum or paraffine oils, lard oil, whale or fish, palm, cotton seed and resin oils. There are nearly as many of these composite oils in the market as there are dealers in such supplies. The following is one of them.

Petroleum	30	per cent.
Paraffine oil (crude).....	20	"
Lard oil	20	"
Palm oil.....	9	"
Cotton seed oil.....	20	"
	—	
	99	

Solid or semi-solid unguents, such as mill and axle grease, etc., are prepared from a variety of substances.

A Hint to Managers.

Journalism in this town seems to lack one essential element of success, and that is the courtesy and facility given in other places to the vehicle which is expected to do everything for everybody on every occasion without hope of recompense—the village newspaper. It is expected to give a full, correct and comprehensive report of all public doings, lectures or exhibitions free *gratis*, and the omission of some trivial affair will often bring an undeserved anathema upon the head of the over-worked reporter who is supposed to have nothing to do but gather up and publish matters glorifying everybody but himself. He attends a public lecture for the purpose of taking a general report of the ideas or doctrines fulminated by the speaker, and finds that no provision has been made by the management for the accommodation of the press,—no desk, no table or other conveniences for writing, and is oftentimes accorded a seat apparently with a view to the mental ellipse of distant enchantment, and where note-taking would be as feasible as flying, owing to the crowded seats, or to the indomitable "chin" of some near neighbor who very kindly volunteers to explain the fine points of the address to those in his vicinity whom he imagines have not received from nature such lavish attentions in their upper-works as himself.

There is no better financial fertilizer in the world than printers' ink, and this fact is well

known to all sharp and experienced managers in large places who provide all necessary accommodations and appliances for the reporters either upon the platform or contiguous thereto, where every word of the speaker may be heard and noted down if desired. And the singular obtuseness which, in this age of the world, fails to provide these accommodations must be clasped with those by-gone cycles which in complimentary parlance we denominate O. S., ancient, antediluvian.

Our local reporters are so well and thoroughly known as modest, unassuming young men, with no attaching taint of supercilious importance, that it would seem to be a pleasure as well as public duty on the part of managers to afford them complete facilities for the discharge of all their functions in connection with the public press; and it is hoped that no further suggestions may be necessary in regard to this matter.

It may be well to here add that people who attend and enjoy public amusements of the kind above alluded to, also enjoy a correct and elaborate report of them in the village newspapers; and hence they will study their own interest as well as pleasure by preserving the most strict silence during a performance or lecture except the intervals devoted to applause, with the especial view of affording the most favorable condition for the accomplishment of the reporter's task.

XYLO.

Attleboro, Mass., March, 1882.

Obituary.

Oscar Henry Harpel, the poet-printer, died in Louisville, Ky., on the 13th of November, 1881, in the 54th year of his age. To him is due, in a great measure, the advance made in the art of job printing during the past fifteen years. Possessed of remarkable good taste in matters relating to his profession, he conceived the excellent idea of issuing a volume containing many of his best designs. This idea he carried out by the publication of his "Typograph, or Book of Specimens," a work of considerable literary merit as well as good mechanical skill. He also published many beautiful gems and leaflets. These, together with his latest work, "Poets and Poetry of Printerdom," form a noble and lasting monument to his memory.

Mr. Harpel was born in Philadelphia, Pa., June 8, 1828, of respectable and intelligent

parents. His remoter ancestors were French and Hollandish. Until fifteen or sixteen years of age, he passed his life in Maryland, middle Pennsylvania, and on a Rancocas (New Jersey) river farm. His education meanwhile was obtained from ordinary schools, an academy and home instruction from his father, an educated professional gentleman. In February, 1845, Oscar chose printing for his future industry, and became the first indentured apprentice of Howell Evans, Philadelphia. During his apprenticeship, the lad always aimed to acquire the art thoroughly, as well as to understand the trade of typography. His position, and undivided attention to every part of the business, enabled him to make rapid progress, to attract the goodwill of Mr. Evans, and to assume responsibilities of importance with which he was soon entrusted.

When the original indenture was returned to the apprentice, at the expiration of his term of service, as the custom was, Mr. Evans (an exacting man) endorsed upon the paper that its obligations were "*fully and faithfully served out.*"

Mr. Harpel then took the job management of a large printing establishment, in Philadelphia, where he remained some time, but subsequently went into the job printing business on his own account.

He next went on a brief tour of observation through several of the Western and Northwest States. Returning to his native city, after a few months, he went to Baltimore, Md., to take charge of a leading book and job printing establishment.

Mr. Harpel got married about this time and went to Wilmington, Del.; St. Louis, Mo.; Galveston, Tex.; and other cities, filling responsible typographical situations.

In 1856, his health and finances having become impaired while in Texas, through yellow fever and other causes, he left the South, and finally located in Cincinnati, O., where, in conjunction with his father or brother, he was engaged in the finer grades of job printing and gained considerable celebrity as a painstaking and capable typographical designer and printer. In 1866, he had the misfortune, with his relatives mentioned, to have a fine establishment and the fruits of the toil of many years swept entirely away by fire. In 1874, Mr. Harpel, then at the head of the well-known "Harpel Printing Company," of Cincinnati, induced the firm to dissolve for the reason that the better

descriptions of printing were no longer remunerative, and he declined to engage in the suicidal warfare with "cheap and nasty" work, which has lately become so universal.

In a literary direction, Mr. Harpel contributed considerable matter in prose and verse to various periodicals, in different sections of the United States. He also originated and edited a number of literary and other journals.

A Chat with Correspondents.

[In conducting the ordinary business of a trade journal there is of necessity a great deal of writing, in the way of correspondence, to be done; and when you add to that the answering of letters asking for information or for a remedy for some freak in the types or presses, or the men who manipulate them, then any one man must have his hands full. In order to save time for ourselves as much as possible, we intend to keep up this department as circumstances demand and opportunities permit. These answers may save us writing many a long letter on a subject that possibly we have written half a dozen times before—this is where the "boring" comes in. We do not wish it understood that we object to giving any information we "contain"; on the contrary, we are always willing to tell almost anyone what little we know.]

The first letter we pick up is one asking for information, as follows: "Can you give us any information about the Automatic Wire Stitching Machine alluded to in your *Miscellany*. A firm in Toronto informs us that the cost of the wire makes it more expensive to use than ordinary hand-stitching. As we have some large jobs on hand, any information that would save time and expense in the pamphlet line would be thankfully received." We answered the letter and sent the address of two firms who manufactured these machines. We then dropped a note to both firms, asking for information and cuts of these machines to publish and also for an advertisement, to which the following is a reply: "I send, to-day, by mail a cut of stitching machine. I have so many sold that I cannot safely advertise at present; I send circular with the cut. As to the wire: at \$1.00 per spool, staples cost 28c. per M, as spools contain wire to make 3,500 staples. Old modes of binding cannot possibly come within 50 per cent. of it."

The second one we pick up is of a different kind, but asking for information. Here it is: "We have some trouble with our news forms just now; the rules rise frequently, causing paper to cut, which is anything but pleasant to any one who takes pride in doing good work. Ours is a Payne Wharfedale. The wooden bearers are a little worn on which the rollers run, and perhaps this may have something to do with it. Then again our chases are warped—now pretty old. Can we in any way remedy the difficulty? Would new bearers help it? Do you prefer a rubber or felt blanket? we use the latter. We use a composition with good suction; but would that make the rules rise if everything else is true? Any information you can give us from your long experience will be thankfully received. We have had an offer from Boston to furnish us with steel chases for the newspaper. We must get a new pair soon. Are they good? If not, where does—— get his made?" To this we answered (as near as we can recollect) that we had had considerable trouble that way ourselves, particularly, some years ago. That we had never been able to put our finger down and say positively that we had "fixed" the trouble; but from our experience we had pretty nearly come to the point, which was this: that the column or columns of type alongside the offending rule or rules must have been emptied in "off its feet," and when the pressure of locking-up came, the column or columns sprung. When these columns come to be put on the press, the feet of the type did not touch the bed, but when they passed under the cylinder they were pushed down. This operation being continued for some time, the type would bring up the column rules, and the cylinder in passing over the type had the power—owing to the surface exposed of the latter—to push it back down into its place, but not so the column rule, because there was no surface but a thin sharp edge to take the pressure, consequently, while the type was pushed to its place, the rule remained up, or, at least, partially so, and enough to cut through paper, tympan sheet, blanket and all, if left alone long enough. We recommended that greater care should be exercised in "making-up," particularly in the case of leaded matter being used—it being more "springy" and apt to get "off its feet" than solid matter. We also said that the fault could be remedied sometimes, when time would allow,

by putting a strip of paper between the type and column rule, which operated by making the former cling to the latter, and when one was pushed down by the cylinder the other was bound to go too. We recommended the repairing of the roller bearers, the getting of new chases and the use of felt blankets. We know nothing about steel chases because we never saw or handled any; but we recommended Messrs. E. Banfill & Co. (see their advertisement on last page of cover), as being able to make good and true chases—the best we ever handled—at as low a price as they can be imported. If there are any others who find the same trouble let them try the above recommendations and if they don't succeed, then write us for further information.

Canadian Postal Laws and United States Publishers.

The New York *Tribune* in speaking of the latest amendment to the postal laws of Canada acknowledges that the Dominion government has done a very neighborly thing which, at least, the United States post office department ought to appreciate and which will put an end to the clever evasions by which certain United States publishers have saved considerable money. It says: "The postal laws of Canada (if we may be so unpatriotic as to say it) are more liberal than ours, and publishers of bulky trade publications especially have been in the habit of sending tons of matter, printed here, to Canada, whence it was sent by post back to the United States at lower rates than it could be distributed when mailed here. Thus the publishers have kept out of the hands of our postal authorities many just spoils, and have taken a mean advantage of Canadian liberality. This practice is now to be stopped, and certain advertising sheets and other printed matter published here, or purporting to be published here, and to be circulated in the United States, are to be charged a rate equivalent to the domestic postage imposed under our laws."

In view of the large surplus of revenue it would seem to be in order that Canadian newspapers should advocate the abolition of newspaper postage and a reduction of the letter rate to two cents. We notice that many Ontario papers have started the ball; keep it rolling.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of a newspaper office for sale on page 83.

The Vacant Frame.

Dim, dusty, and dull is the good old frame,
Where a jolly chum once stood,
And played his part with a manly heart,
In the struggle for daily food.

The cheerful tale and the merry laugh
Are gone to another sphere,
Where Fortune's smile, though hid for a while,
His heart once more shall cheer.

Mallet, shooter, and planer ring forth his name,
And his shadow keeps watch at the vacant
frame.

Not an item remains but recalls to mind
The happy days gone by;
The slippers so worn, and apron so torn,
And even the very pi.

Full oft at his old broken galley I gaze,
As it tumbles about the floor;
And in its state can read the fate
Or the labor-wasted poor.

Here a pointless bodkin meets the view;
There a space-box wrecked and torn;
A pillaged case, a three-legg'd chase,
And a sponge as hard as horn.
The dear old spot to a dreary waste
Is changed in a single day;
And the place once bright looks dark as night,
Disorder holding away.

That shatter'd drawer, once kept with care,
Now wears a dismal look;
A stick without slide lies side by side
With a part of Walker's book.
And old brass rules, and broken leads,
And session sorts and blanks,
Both night and day keep the mice in play
In their merry wanton pranks.

But time, in his wonder-working ways,
May quickly change the scene;
And the place now dull, may soon be full
Of all sorts—fat and lean.

Yet much as I wish that happier days
On lightning wings may come,
In grief or glee my prayers shall be—
Success to the dear old chum!

R. B.

WANTED—Back numbers of the *Miscellany*,
as follows:

Volume I, No. 2.

" II, Nos. 6 and 7.

" IV, Nos. 7, 8, 9, 10 and 12.

We are willing to give two current numbers
for every one of the above sent to this office.

Judgment in Display.

D. P. Nichols in Gazette and Reporter.

Displayed advertisements and general job work furnish an unlimited field for the study and practice of harmony and proportion, and the student is only limited by his capacity to learn. This part of the printing business requires more care and good judgment than any other, and it is the part in which so many otherwise good workmen fail, and in which so many pretenders show their ignorance and incompetency. Displayed work requires the whole attention of the operator, if the best results are to be obtained. He cannot attend to his work properly, and at the same time have his mind upon something else. Too much importance cannot be attached to this part of the printer's work, because where it is required at all it is the principal thing to be looked after by him. The general appearance of a piece of work is the first thing looked at by printers' patrons, and critical examinations are left for fault-finders, rivals and enemies.

Beginners, and many others who do not thoroughly study the effects of displayed lines and ornaments, are apt to overdo the matter, and their work often shows nothing but wild attempts to get everything displayed as much as possible, and to get as many ornaments in and around each job as they can find room for, or their stock will permit. The allotted space is filled up with lines composed of all kinds of type, from the lightest to the heaviest, without any regard to the character of the work or the harmony that does or does not exist between them.

The ability to determine quickly and correctly what type is most suitable for a given purpose is one of the qualities which characterize a good workman, and it is only attained after long practice and much perseverance. To be able to do this saves much valuable time, and it enables one workman to do more and better work in a given time than can be done by one who is obliged to work mainly by the "cut and try" rule. And the work is done with less worry and exhaustion.

A good printer, when given a piece of display work to compose, will mentally arrange the principal parts and the intended striking features before he touches a type. This takes but a few minutes' time for one who is well acquainted with the capacity of the office in which the work is to be done, but it is the means of

materially shortening the time required for each job. It does not require any great mental effort. It is only necessary to practice it a little, and then give it your entire attention for a few minutes. After it is done, the work may be finished without much mental effort, because the workman only needs to follow the pattern in his mind, visible only to himself.

Proportion in display is quite difficult to learn so thoroughly that each effort will be well balanced and free from errors. Even good printers make mistakes in this respect, and it requires constant watchfulness and care to avoid them.

Every specimen of printing that comes within our reach should be looked over carefully, and any errors or merits noted and a reason assigned for our opinions of them. Valuable lessons may often be learned from very poorly arranged cards, circulars, posters, or blanks, as well as from those in which good taste has been displayed in their composition. Faulty work sets us to thinking how we would have done the same thing much quicker than will work that has been well done. How many outrages of good taste have we mentally corrected as we walked along the street and had our attention called to them by their appearance in windows and on walls and on bill-boards; or, at least, we thought our own ideas were much better than the ones we saw expressed before us.

Lawyers study the briefs and arguments of other lawyers; doctors study the reports of other doctors; ministers study the sermons of other ministers; machinists study the productions of other machinists, and so on through other trades and professions, all for the purpose of self-improvement; and why should not printers do the same thing. By looking over and comparing the work of others with our own, we may often discover defects and errors that would otherwise escape our notice. A local system of exchange of samples would be very beneficial for a profitable study of display. All the printers of one town, or of several towns near together, could save and exchange samples with great benefit to themselves.

A studious printer need never lack for specimens. There is not a day in which he cannot obtain something in his line that contains an idea worthy of notice.

Those in want of Cabinets should write to "J. M.," care of this office. See page 83.

On Paper Ruling.

There are several little machines before the trade which enable any printer to rule a small quantity of paper to any pattern required without the delay and trouble of sending it to a regular ruler.

In using these machines much difficulty is experienced sometimes in operating on some kinds of paper, not through any defect in the apparatus, but owing to a want of knowledge of the art itself. For instance, certain sorts of sized paper do not take the blue ink properly, that is to say, in ruling technically it does not "strike." The lines are composed, in fact, of a series of bead-like dots, instead of being solid and unbroken.

The amateur ruler should know that paper requires a certain quantity of gall mixed with the ink. Ox gall should be procured if possible; if not sheep's gall may be used, but a larger quantity will be required, as it is not of the same strength as the other.

Supposing that you have prepared your ink to the proper tint required, mix well with each quart one teaspoonful of gall. This is sufficient for all ordinary sized papers. Increase the quantity of gall as you find the paper hard or greasy; at the same time bear in mind that the flannel over the pens must be kept perfectly clean by being washed every other day in a little clean warm water. If the acid in the blue ink has not been properly destroyed all the gall you may use will not prevent the bead-like lines.

Particular care must be taken, likewise, that all the pens have the same bearing; if not, the one that presses too heavily will give a thick line, whereas the one that hardly touches the paper will show a dotted broken line.

Assuming that each pen is of the same length, that is, projecting the same distance from the slide regulating the bearing of them by the regulator or screw attached for that purpose to the carriage of the machine. This carriage is the part that grips or holds fast the slide wherein your pens are inserted. Let the nibs of all the pens be of the same slope or bevel, which must be done by drawing them over the said paper several times.

Do not work your pens too much on the slant, but tolerably upright. The cars or the parts that carry the carriage will regulate this.

Paste-blue is sold by the ink-makers, which is

very convenient and is used thus: It is of about the same consistency as paste. Dip a brush into the paste and rub three or four times round the basin. If your ink has been standing, say, all night, it will then be necessary to turn it backwards and forwards in two basins. It will then be as bright as if it were just made.—*B. C. Printer & Stationer.*

Hints on Printing in Colors.

In printing you may lead with color, so long as the tone is kept pure and covers well the shade of the paper upon which it is printed, (if it be a colored paper) which should completely disappear under that of the ink. The laws of contrast of color would here be necessary to consider, as upon all colored paper you should print its complement, in order best to show the shades or tones of both paper and ink; but as all inks are more or less transparent, and as the shade of the paper joins itself to that of the ink, it follows, therefore, as two complementary colors give back by their mixing, it will be necessary to avoid their reunion.

Never print red upon green paper, green upon rose, yellow upon violet, violet upon yellow, orange upon blue, blue upon orange, for in each case brown would be the contrast, very disagreeable to the eye.

When the color of the paper is very bright in comparison with the color of the ink, the above rule may, to a certain extent, be violated. For example: A deep rose color upon bright emerald green paper, the contrast being sufficiently strong as to partially destroy the effect of mixing the complementary colors, does not produce an inharmonious result.

It is essential, then, that the printer make himself familiar with those colors that neutralize and contrast; were he ignorant of their various powers in this respect, he will fall into many errors in practice from which nothing but repeated attempts can relieve him; but if he may be thoroughly learned beforehand of the manner with which colors act on and harmonize one with the other, he will save himself many disappointments and waste of valuable time.

The principle of contrast in colors is so well defined in practice that there is scarcely a case of the employment of colors to which it is not of importance; and a treatise thereon might be written without limit, but the principle, which is sufficiently simple and obvious to common

attention, is of such easy application, that enlargement thereon is needless to the intelligent artisan and manufacturer; nor can it easily escape his observation in the most delicate cases; as, for instance, in dubious colors, which appear in the plumage of birds and in a great variety of natural objects, in all of which the vision is captivated by their beauty, when duly contrasted.

We will now speak of what is termed permanent and fugitive colors.

There is no color so durable that nothing will change it. It may be some sort of criterion of the durability and changes that take place in colors, that time and fire produce similar effects; if fire deepen a color, time will produce the same effect; and if it consume or destroy it altogether, time will do the same. But the variety of changes that take place in color are only relative; pure ultra-marine under ordinary circumstances, when used as a color, will endure for centuries, and pass through fire uninjured; but the juice of a lemon or any similar acid will destroy it. Carmine of cochineal, which is fugitive and changeable, when secluded from light, air, and oxygen, will continue good for half a century. It may be, and is so sometimes, that varnishes often yield to atmospheric influence. The durability of colors is, to a certain extent, largely dependent upon this chemical nature in relation to the effect of light, which accounts for the quickishness with which they are found to be sometimes durable and sometimes otherwise.

Great care should be taken as to the action of copper bronze on vermilion and crimsons; if the printer has to print a copper medal, for example, he ought not to have vermilion or crimson near it, as they will rapidly decompose by the action of the copper bronze, and would turn quite black: for the base of vermilion and crimsons being red sulphur of mercury, dissolves in the presence of copper, the mercury mixes with one part of the copper, and amalgamates with it, and the sulphur, on its part, mixing with another part of copper, gives sulphate of copper, which is black, the presence of the oil and varnish not being able to prevent this reaction. Something of a similar nature takes place when you mix or grind carmines, crimsons, and vermilion on an iron slab or inking table; in fact no color should be mixed or ground on any thing but a marble slab if you wish to preserve color in all its purity. Many printers have

learned that the iron tables or disks deaden pure colors, and as a remedy have them nickel plated.—*Newspaper Reporter.*

“Bring out your Dead.”

“Bring out your dead!” was the cry of the scavengers at the time the Great Plague was carrying despair to many a heart and desolation to many a home. Responding to the call, such people as had dead bodies in their houses opened their doors, that the grim sexton might carry out their dead—for they could not. Just at this present time the old blood-curdling cry might once again be revived, and hallo’d into the ears of many a retail stationer. “Bring out your dead!”—the remains of more than one summer season’s stock, and let them find their way to the burying-ground of the third-rate fancy goodsman. Why fill your shelves, drawers, and counters with such a host of out-of-date material? There is nothing gained by keeping these clumsy old pocket-books, black and greasy with age; these old china ink-wells, with their tarnished nickel caps. On the contrary, you lose more every day than those things are worth, simply because, seeing nothing but fossilised fancies in your windows, the probable customer concludes he would but waste his time were he to walk inside to inspect your stock.

Depend upon it, the man who learns which is the right road to fortune is the man who purchases his stock both wisely and well, and not he who rushes into all manner of big speculations, riding in the same rut, not daring or caring to strike out for himself.

We have known country stationers who, if they heard a certain article was having a run on public favor in London, would at once order tons of it, in order to supply the requirements of a little town of about five thousand inhabitants, instead of telling the traveller to send on a “dozen or so of this, and a dozen of that sort.” They seem to lose sight of the fact that those runs are merely ephemeral; that a well-selected stock is much better than a monopoly of one class of article; and that they stand a greater risk of losing good money by thus keeping “idle stock” than they would were they to make up their orders on the variety system. For instance, if a man were to fill his windows and counters with nothing but Eyre and Spottiswoode’s albums in red plush, with Walker and Co.’s shilling packets of stationery, or even

Waterston and Son's little "Pocket Jemmy," who would be attracted thereby? We can confidently answer "No one!" On the other hand, suppose he ordered one of each series of the plush goods—albums, purses, writing cases, portemonnaies, papeteries, cigar and cigarette cases, etc.; a couple of packets of each class of note paper shown by Messrs. Walker and Co., and a gross or so of the "Pocket Jemmy," see what an immense variety he would have, for pretty much the same amount of cash he would have spent on one thing. Here would be ample material for window dressing, and a capital show could be made.

First and foremost, the ground-work of the display could be laid with a piece of oil-cloth or lavender-colored paper, cut to fit nicely all around. The larger class of plush goods should be arranged, with due respect to color or tint, in the bed of the window, the design worked out being semi-circular, by which means a space would be left in the centre. Half a gross of the Jemmy could be taken off the cards and piled up in this central space, being flanked by a pyramid of filled cards. On the flank and back-boards and brackets the smaller plush goods should be arranged, in front of the note paper, which might be conveniently displayed in schallop fashion, after the pattern of a continuous door-screen. Thus, with but three different classes of articles a good display might be made. But why stop at three? Wholesale houses will make you up small sets of any given line of fancy goods, so that you need not flounder about, out of your depth, with huge orders for any one line.

And now a few words as to the best way to entice customers.

Don't crowd your window with goods; let there be just enough to give it a quiet, genteel appearance. Remember that what you cannot put in at one time will serve to attract attention later on. Don't leave one dressing in too long; it spoils the goods and deadens the interest of the public. It is a good plan to strip the window every Saturday morning, that being a time when there is likely to be least "chance-customer." Let every piece of leather goods be well "gone-over" with the chamois-cloth, and let every ornament in nickel and gilt be thoroughly cleaned-up before it is replaced. In re-dressing, see that you "re-dress;" not merely put everything where you took it from; let there be some

novelty about your display—it attracts the eye. But, above all, keep that old material out of sight—it only hinders you from better trade. The accumulation of years, who will purchase it? Why, then, keep it to bar your progress? Look around you, and see what new things are coming out; make out a varied indent for these, using your discretionary powers as to what are best. Have a specialty if you like; consult us if you will; but don't forget to first "Bring out your dead."—*Fred. J. Prouting in Paper and Print.*

Stopping a Newspaper.

An exchange has the following allegory, which we commend to careful consideration:—"A certain man hits his toe against a pebble, and fell headlong to the ground. He was vexed, and under the influence of anger and self-sufficiency he kicked mother earth quite saucily. With imperturbable gravity, he looked to see the earth dissolved and come to naught. But the earth remained, and only his poor foot was injured in the encounter. This is the way of man. An article in a newspaper touches him in a weak spot, and forthwith he sends to stop his paper. With great complacency he looks to see the crash, when he finds he only hit his own toe against a world that does not perceptibly feel the shock, and injures no one but himself." We know some people in this city whom this shoe would fit to a nicety, judging by their actions during and since the late Scott and anti-Scott contest here.

CELLULOID.—A celluloid is said to be obtained from well-peeled potatoes, which are treated for thirty-six hours with a solution of eight parts of sulphuric acid in one hundred parts of water. The mass is dried between blotting paper and then pressed. It is further stated that in France smoking pipes are manufactured with this new material, which are quite equal to meerschaum. By heavy pressure the material acquires such a hardness that billiard balls can be manufactured from it.

PREVENTING RUST.—Rust may be prevented by the application of lard and resin to all steel or iron implements. Take three times as much lard as resin, and melt them together. This can be applied with a brush or cloth to all surfaces in danger of rusting, and they can be easily kept bright. It can be kept for a long time, and should always be on hand and ready for use.

There are a few of our subscribers who have, thus far, neglected to remit the amounts opposite their names on our books. We will be very thankful if they will attend to this matter at once, as we are in need of the money.

NOTES AND NEWS.

A master printers' club is talked of in London, England.

The centenary of the Glasgow (Scotland) *Herald* was celebrated on Jan. 27th, 1882.

It is stated that there are 1,500 female compositors in Boston who earn from \$4 to \$16 per week.

Woodcock's Printers' & Lithographers' Weekly Gazette and Reporter is now in its sixteenth volume.

Leipsic has celebrated the four-hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing into that city.

Chicago has from 25,000 to 40,000 French inhabitants, yet not a single French paper is printed there.

The new *Scientific American* offices are located at 261 Broadway, corner of Warren st., a very central and excellent situation.

Are we ever going to have that Maritime Press Association? It cannot be said that there is no necessity for it. Will no one take it in hand?

The *Chronique de l'Imprimerie* and the Belgian *Annals de l'Imprimerie* are to be incorporated with the *Bulletin de l'Imprimerie*, of Paris.

A novelty in "specialist" journalism is a monthly magazine edited by a lady, and called the *Woodhen*, devoted to the interests of artificial hatching.

Jesse D. Sayles, a compositor, residing at Woonsocket, R. I., committed suicide, March 16th, by cutting his throat. He had been subject to fits for sometime.

Bell's Life has lately changed hands. The new proprietor is Mr. Blakeley, the owner of the Manchester *Sporting Chronicle*, who, it is said, has given £7,000 for the paper.

M. McDade, formerly on the staff of the *Daily News*, this city, is now a member of a real estate agency in Winnipeg, Manitoba. The

firm are styled McManus, Mulhall & McDade. The two first mentioned partners are also New Brunswickers, being from the North Shore.

Copper type is being manufactured in Lyons, France. It is stated that while they are three times dearer than the ordinary metal type, they are said to stand twenty times as much wear and tear.

The *Typographical Circular* (Eng.) is represented as saying that there are "at the present day, men calling themselves printers, who can neither write nor read a sentence, of the simplest construction."

Mr. O'Donovan, for some time the special correspondent of the London *Daily News* in Central Asia, and more recently imprisoned at Merv, has made arrangements for publishing his experiences in that region.

Farmer, Little & Co., 63 & 65 Beekman street, New York, have issued a sheet of new faces, which include Map shade, Latin Antique, Modern Antique and Gothic Condensed. They have other new novelties under way.

The *Boston Advertiser* has begun operations upon a new building on Washington street and extending back into Devonshire street. It will have a marble front one hundred and twenty-four feet high and will contain seven stories.

Boston, Mass., is promised a new Irish-American organ. It is to be an eight-page paper, of forty-eight columns, same size as the *Pilot*, and to be called the *Republic*. It will represent the "land league" movement, in opposition to the *Pilot's* "home rule."

A meeting of the Wrapping Paper Manufacturers' Association was recently held in Toronto by the paper-makers of Ontario; all present signed an agreement, binding for one year, to sell at not less than the following prices: Straw, 2 cents; brown, 4½ cents; unbleached manila, 6½ cents, bleached manila, 7½ cents.

The proprietor of one of our monthly magazines recently performed an act worthy of imitation. Finding the year prosperous, he called together his workpeople and divided amongst them a thousand pounds. Nor was this all—he wrote friendly letters to the principal contributors begging the acceptance of a cheque, the aggregate of which amounted to £3,000.—*London Press News*.

On the occasion of the completion of the two-thousandth number of the *Illustrirte Zeitung*, published at Leipsic, Herr J. J. Weber presented to every member of his *personnel* a month's salary, while £15 was distributed among the printers and others actually employed in the production of the number at Herr Brockhaus's printing office.

We see it stated that rheumatic pains in the body have been cured in a few days by wearing a brown paper (air dried) jacket next to the skin. Wearing a night cap of the same, under a flannel one, has cured many persons of deafness who have been subject to it for years. Also wearing a paper pad round the neck is very good for a sore throat.

The annual election for officers of the Philadelphia Typographical Society took place Jan. 7, with the following result: Clifford Comly, president; Walter W. Bell, jr., vice-president; Wm. F. Lacy, secretary; Wm. Hodgson, assistant secretary; Nathan S. Hales, treasurer; Chas. Brigham, James Montgomery, Eugene H. Munday, Eugene Vallette and Laurence M. Meyer, beneficent fund committee; L. L. Ruédick, Thos. L. Thomson, Geo. T. Knorr and E. W. Robertson, stewards.

Herr Sonnemann, proprietor of the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, has commemorated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the existence of that journal by setting apart £1000, the interest of which is to be paid into the existing sick-fund of the establishment, and to be employed as pensions for compositors who have been in the service of the firm for ten years. The employer's wife availed herself of the same opportunity to present the wives and daughters of each compositor, pressmen, etc., with a tangible gift.

The Elmira Typographical Union struck for an advance of three cents per thousand ems, having properly given the proprietors two weeks' notice of such steps. The *Advertiser* was the only paper that gave any answer to them. This being otherwise than favorable, the *Gazette* and *Free Press* boys "walked out." Their places have been partially filled. And now all the Union men out of work have formed a co-operative printing and publishing company, and from their office issues an afternoon paper that bids fair to crush the *Gazette* and *Free Press* or culminate in their consolidation at any early day.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of "The Progressive Printer," from the author and publisher, Mr. Samuel Whybrew. It is the most concise and practical work that has as yet come under our notice. It contains a great deal of information for pressmen and compositors, and also valuable directions for mixing and working colors. The instructions for general jobbing are illustrated and the work concludes with numerous valuable receipts. Price 75 cents a copy. Copies can be secured through this office.

Printers would be able to produce tasteful labels for the backs of books—more tasteful than those of the ordinary binders—if they only knew how to impress the letters, in gold, on the thin leather, and in such a way that the gilt would not rub off. Here is a plan by which the thing can be accomplished:—Thoroughly beat up the white of an egg, rub it thin over the place to be lettered, put on the gold leaf, and, with type heated sufficiently to coagulate the albumen, press upon the leaf. Remove the surplus leaf with a tuft of cotton.

Although a printer may be setting all day, yet in his way he is a great traveller, or at least his hand is, as we shall prove. A good printer will set 8,000 ems a day, or about 24,000 letters. The distance travelled over by his hand will average about one foot per letter, going to the boxes in which they are contained, and of course returning makes two feet every letter he sets. This would make a distance each day of 48,000 feet, or a little more than nine miles; and in the course of a year, leaving out Sundays, that useful member travels about 3,000 miles.

There are now published in the United Kingdom 1817 newspapers, distributed as follows:—England—London, 375; Provinces, 1013—1388; Wales, 71; Scotland, 183; Ireland, 156; Isles, 20. Of these there are—124 daily papers published in England, 5 in Wales, 22 in Scotland, 16 in Ireland, and 2 in the British Isles. The daily issues now stand 169 against 14 in 1846. The magazines now in course of publication, including the quarterly reviews, number 1180, of which 326 are of a religious character, representing the Church of England, Wesleyans, Methodists, Baptists, Independents, Roman Catholics, and other communities.—*Mitchell's Newspaper Directory.*

Many new designs in brass rule have recently been introduced to the trade in England. The designs are spoken of as being of a very sweet and attractive character, and are, in many or all the instances, made up of two cut brass rules laying side by side. Changing the sides in juxtaposition changes the pattern, and shifting either rule a little laterally can be made to give diversity. A printer with a few of these single rules in his possession, and with the addition of corner pieces, can so change the pattern at will, as to make them suit for a variety of purposes.

Two young ladies have done all the work on the Guadalupe (Cal.) *Telegraph*. They have been writing the editorial articles and the local reports, preparing the general news and miscellaneous reading matter, setting the type, making up the forms, lifting them from the stone to the press, doing the presswork on a No 7 Washington hand-press, and mailing and distributing the papers. This work usually required on the same paper a force of three men. The young ladies are said, moreover, not to represent the muscular type of their sex, but to be gentle and fair to look upon.

The Scott-Act party of this city remind us of what we once saw take place at a retreat for imbeciles. It is the custom there, after the patients have been in the residence for a certain time, to put them to a kind of test to see whether they are fit to leave the asylum or not. They are taken to a trough full of water with a small pipe continually running into it and supplying it. They are given a ladle and told to empty it. Those who have not regained their senses keep laddling away, while the water flows in as fast as they ladle out, but them as isn't idiots stop the tap.

The following are the officers of Montreal Typographical Union, No. 176, for 1882: Wm. Rawley, president; Alfred Clement, vice-president; George Stewart, fin. and cor. sec.; Henry Somerville, English rec. sec.; J. Bureau, French rec. sec.; J. E. Tardif, treasurer; Chas. Beattie, William Wilson, John Ford; S. B. Reed, Hugh McGuire, J. M. Drapeau, Jos. Boucher and J. B. Pelosse, executive committee; Roland Kane and Alfred Clement, auditors. The regular meetings of this union are held on the first Saturday in each month, at the Cartier Club rooms, 212 Notre Dame street.

There is now on foot a project for supplying Europe with a grand cosmopolitan newspaper, to be issued at morn and also in the evening. The size is to be, if not larger, at any rate as large as the largest existing daily journal, and the leading European writers are to contribute to its columns, the news items also being derived from the best sources. Its object is to suppress revolution and to uphold the priest; its will be published simultaneously in London, Paris and Rome; will be printed in English, French and German; will be supported by a "practically inexhaustible" financial capital; and will be backed by an "enormous" advertisement connection.

The first annual meeting of the Canadian Publishers' Association was held in Toronto on the 1st of February and a large amount of business in connection with their interest was done. The main object of the meeting was to get at a proper interpretation and understanding of the copyright law. As the law now reads, an American publisher can reprint a British copyright book, export it to Canada, and on payment of 15 per cent. to the Canadian government and 12½ per cent. to the author, sell the book in Canada; while the Canadian publisher, even if he will pay the 27½ per cent. is not allowed to reprint.

A benevolent act, which well deserves recording, was recently performed by the proprietors of the *Illustrated London News*. These gentlemen on a certain day rented Covent Garden Theatre, and invited about 4000 children attending lower-class schools in London to witness a performance of the pantomime. It was a most interesting spectacle to watch the hundreds of thin faces which were turned towards the brilliant transformation scene, and to listen to the exclamations of delight indulged in as fresh wonders burst upon the visions of the amazed spectators, who, doubtless, will never forget the grand treat thus so kindly afforded them.

A correspondent of the *Hartford Courant* describes a literary association having headquarters at No. 1 Great Jones street, New York, which makes a business of doing the better kind of hack work on a systematic plan. Such work as the following is done: Reading manuscript for publishers, and editing manuscript for the authors; preparing books for the press; jour-

nalistic correspondence for provincial and foreign papers; the preparation of biographical and critical notices whether for independent or newspaper publication; the compilation of books; the preparation of pamphlets for railways, mining and other corporations, and furnishing sermons or speeches to clergymen, congressmen and actors. Many of the brightest writers in the city are connected with the association, although their names for good reasons are not made known to the public. They are driven to eke out a livelihood in this manner, because of the unprofitableness of the higher kinds of literary work.

The British & Colonial Printer & Stationer and Paper Trade Review has taken a new departure. The first number for January appears in the form of a large-sized weekly paper of sixteen pages, full of advertisements and pertinent reading matter. It also continues to show its enterprise in respect to its name, which has been elongated to read *The British & Colonial Printer & Stationer, Booksellers' Circular and Paper Trade Review*. We must say, for ourselves, that we much preferred the old shape and size. We hope it will meet with the success its enterprise merits.

The report of the London Society of Compositors show that the Society, which now consists of 5,400 members, has a fund of £10,396 6s 11½d. The accounts for the quarter ending October 1st show the receipts, inclusive of the £1,195 6s. in hand at the commencement of the quarter, was £3,407 2s. 1½d.; the expenditure was £2,410 15s. 2d., leaving in hand a balance of £996 6s. 11½d. The out-of-work relief absorbed £1,516 7s., there being 770 recipients, representing 2,997 reliefs at an average rate of 10s. 1½d. each. £68 was absorbed by emigration allowances; £176 17s. by superannuation, and £207 by funerals, and the "defence of scale" cost £25 os. 10d. The library fund account shows a balance in hand of £8 13s. 5½d.; the building fund a balance in hand of £3,569 12s. 6d., and the petition fund a balance of £58 9s. 3d.

The Truckee (Nev.) Lumber Company has a printing office of its own in a little room off from the box factory; but instead of printing newspapers, or letter-heads or wedding cards, it prints boards, and is run by two Chinese pressmen, one of whom feeds the pine slabs, and the

other piles them in heaps after they tumble out of the press. The boards are laid on a table so as to press against a little foot worked by a spring. The foot kicks them forward far enough to catch between two revolving cylinders, to the upper of which a zinc plate is fastened, upon which is cut the design to be printed. The lower cylinder is made exceedingly elastic by resting on rubber springs an inch thick. The well is on top and gives out a liberal flow of ink, which is distributed by two rollers that strike the plate at every revolution.

The first meeting of the board of directors of the *Grip* Printing and Publishing Company was held on the 7th March, for the organization of the company. The charter of incorporation, granted under the Joint Stock Companies' Act, was read. The directors were all present, namely, J. L. Morrison, Geo. Clarke, J. W. Bengough, S. J. Moore, and Thomas Bengough. Mr. Morrison was elected president and Mr. Moore secretary of the provisional board. A number of by-laws regulating the affairs of the company were adopted, and arrangements were made for taking over the business of Messrs. Bengough, Moore & Bengough. The secretary reported that stock to the amount of nearly \$28,000 had been subscribed, and it was decided to make calls according to terms of prospectus. Mr. J. W. Bengough was appointed editor of *Grip*, with sole literary and artistic control of the paper. Mr. Moore was appointed manager, and the Quebec Bank, bankers for the company. The first annual general meeting of the shareholders will be held in Toronto, on Friday, 21st of April.

What is an Editor.

An editor is a mule whose bizness is to investigate a nuspaper. He writes editorials, grinds out poetry, inserts deaths and weddings, sorts manuscript, keeps a waste basket, blows up the "devil," steals matter, fites out other people's battles, sells his paper for a dollar and fifty cents a year, takes white beans and apple sass for pay when he can get it, razes a large family, works nineteen hours out of twenty-four, noze no Sunday, gets damned bi everybody, lives poor, dies middle aged, and often broken-hearted, leaves no munny, is rewarded for a life of toil by a short but free obituary puff in the nuspapers. —*Josh Billings*.

A BOY TRAMP.

THE EARLY EXPERIENCE OF A JOURNALIST AS NEWSBOY AND "SHINE 'EM UP."

The following forceful and pathetic plea for homeless boys was written by J. H. Woodward, long known as the "Jayhawker" of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. A recital of his personal experiences as a newsboy thirty years ago is touching in the extreme: from the lowest he succeeded in raising himself to the highest rank in the profession. His pen was always aggressive and he delighted in impaling flatulent folk. He was addicted to catching shams like flies, tying an editorial line to them and letting them tug at their tether and buzz with rage to their heart's content. His was a directness of purpose, a keenness of discernment, and a waspiness of terms, tempered with quiet humor, that is seldom combined in any one man. He has proved himself a valued member of the *Enquirer* staff, and we would commend as very interesting the subjoined letter to his friend the editor of the Indianapolis *Review*:

My Dear George:—To-night I sat smoking in our little parlor (I can smoke all over the house), when my wife came in and having finished the supper work, sat down at the piano and played that sweet German air, "Longing for Home" (Heimwer). Its sweet chords broke in upon the stillness of my reverie like the plaintive wail I once heard of a gray-haired, homeless woman who sat beside a lamp post on the old wooden bridge across the river at Philadelphia, I don't know why I thought of that old woman, or why I associated her with that sad melody, unless it was that I was once homeless—a tramp. I have a home now, so happy that I sometimes fear it is a dream, and when I forget my fears, I go back over the long, long road upon which memory has marked my footsteps. I never told you of it, did I?

I was a boy tramp. My mother died before I knew her. The West was newer then than now. My father found a new wife; I never found a new mother. Our home was in the woods by a road which led away off across the prairies toward where the sun sets. We went there to live in the fall of the year. I was five years old. In the hazy days of Indian summer I would lie upon my back catching glimpses of the blue sky through the openings among the leaves. Some one had told me that God had

taken my mother up into the sky, and I thought she might be watching for me, and that some day I would see her. But I could see only the whirling leaves as they came earthward to cover the grass upon which I was lying. Often my childish reveries would be broken by the passing wagons of "movers" to the far away land, the West, and I would wonder if the men and women who went by me had left mothers and fathers away off somewhere in the East. I knew that graves were made for those who died, but I did not think God left the dead there, and thus I came to look upon the little mounds on the hill near the old church in the woods as something which marked the road to God's home.

The Indian summer, with its red sumach and golden maples, passed away, the trees were bare, and soon the cold snow had covered my pretty little grass spot, and the rabbits left their homes and came there to play where my first reveries were born. The covey of quails came across that way from the wood beyond the cornfield, and on that little knoll my father placed the cornstalk quail trap into which they were enticed by the few grains of wheat thrown on the snow. Five summers and winters passed while we lived there. The great forest in front of our cabin had been hewn down, the cabin itself had been taken down, and a better one built in its place. It had come to be my father's home, but not mine. I did not know why the shadow had fallen upon me; I knew my heart longed for something to love beside the great old trees and the animals on the farm; but the love did not come to me. My father's calling took him away from his home a great deal of the time, and then I was homeless and alone, and as the years went by an invisible wall grew up between us. Other children came in his home, and when they were held in his arms, or received his caresses, I knew that the place for which I yearned in his heart was filled, and that I was homeless, alone in the great wide world that reached away out, I knew not where.

When the leaves began drifting earthward in that September when I was ten years old, I walked one day down that dusty road which led into the unknown to me, and I was a tramp. I know that I did not look back, and that there were no tears in my eyes or heart. The bruises on my tender flesh had recently brought tears, but the fountain in my heart was scorched and

dry. I knew not where the road would lead me; it did not lead me away from a caress or love I wanted to live; I wanted to love some one, to have some one love me.

A boy tramp in those days excited sympathy; now he would be provided for in the house of refuge. I mounted a Western bound wagon, and when night came I was in Illinois—at the shanty of a farmer. Some cattle men had encamped near the shanty with a drove of cattle which they were driving overland to Toledo, to be shipped thence to New York. They hired me as a driver—wages, board and lodging. I lodged usually on the ground. Nothing was said about "washing," but as I had no change of clothing of any kind the omission was not important. The entire trip occupied twenty-one days. I liked New York, and decided to utilize my capital and go into business there; and my first strike showed my inclinations for literature. I had a cash capital of one dollar, and I became a newsboy; to which lucrative calling I added the boot-blackening line.

Looking back twenty-eight years, I feel a degree of pride over my associations in journalism at that time. The elder Bennett was in his prime; the world knew of Horace Greeley, while Mr. Raymond was fast coming to the front. Mr. Bryant, the elder Noah and Mr. Brooks, were the conservative veterans in the profession. The bulk of my assistance was given to building up the *Herald*, *Tribune* and the young *Times*.

My dress in those days was unique, comfortable and of a peculiarly easy style. The suit which I wore from home became dilapidated, in fact not at all suited for the drawing-room. One cold morning I sold a *Herald* to a benevolent-looking gentleman at the Astor House. The near approach of my dress to that of Adam seemed to impress him, and he asked me where my parents lived. I answered, "in Indiana." He then told me that he had lived near my birth-place, and his name was Hannegan, Ned Hannegan. He took me up to his room and gave me a suit of old broadcloth clothes—that is, pants and coat. The pants were all right in the waist, and by sawing off the legs at the knees I made a very comfortable fit. The waist came up under my arms and answered for both shirt and vest. The coat was a "swallow-tail." Previous to owning it my nom-de-plume, among the boys, had been "Freckled Jim," but with

that appreciation of the fitness of things which characterizes most newsboys they changed it to "Swallow-tail Jim." A roofless hat and a pair of gossamer boots completed my outfit. I discovered that the tails of the coat dragged the ground, like a modern ulster, but the style was novel and I did not eliminate them. When the sloppy, freezing weather came on, a nice little ball of frozen slush accumulated on each tail, giving to the garment something of the general features of the Roman coats only seen in this age on the stage.

How I lived through that winter God only knows. I was cold and hungry all the time. When spring came I longed for the green grass and the trees. My business investments were not in such a shape as to necessitate my staying in the metropolis, and I determined to go out West. I would make a summer tour of it, taking in the principal cities. The Fourth of July found me in Pittsburg. I had enjoyed Quaker hospitality at Philadelphia, Pennsylvania Dutch living across the country, and the splendid air of the Alleghanies, to which was added a bath in the Juniata. The stage road over the mountains was good.

At Pittsburg I took passage on a steamer for Cincinnati. I don't think I was one of those cheap passengers who are sent up near the roof of the boat. I had a saloon on the lower floor, in fact the largest room on the boat.

Cincinnati in those days was a "hog-town," though the trade was dead in the summer, and I again entered upon a literary career. Business was not good, but when night came the boys could raid the gardens and orchards adjoining the city, and by active foraging could live reasonably free from hunger. But a dread of winter in a city started me adrift again. I embarked on a steamer for the South, but owing to a little difficulty between myself and one of the officers, I went ashore at Madison, Indiana. From there I came by rail to Indianapolis; that is I walked by the rail. The village was too small for a newsboy and too large for a farm boy. Yet friends came to me here. John R. Elder secured a place for me to work in a livery stable for my board, Dr. Mothershead gave me a suit of clothes, and Uncle Jimmy Blake arranged for my schooling at the "Old Brick Seminary."

When the spring days came again I "hoofed" it across the country to the Wabash, and my

days as a tramp were ended. Since than I have walked thousands of miles, but always with an object in view. But I have a sympathy for tramps, and especially boy tramps. In His name who was a tramp on earth, I ask the men and women of the country to be kind to the homeless boys.

J. H. WOODARD.

The Art Typographic.

A printer doesn't rush to the doctor every time he is out of "sorts."—*New York Times*. Nor to a baker when he gets out of "pi."—*Winstead News*. Nor to hell when he wants the "devil."—*Patriot*. Nor to the wood pile when he wants a "stick."—*Hawkeye*. Nor to the Bible when he wants a good "rule."—*Muscatine Journal*. Nor to a gunshop when he wants a "shooting-stick."—*Pilot*. Nor to a cabinet shop when he wants "furniture."—*Colorado News*. Nor to a bank when he wants "quoins."—*Sherman Chronicle*. Nor to see his girl when he wants to "go to press."—*McKenney Advocate*. Nor to a lawyer when he has a "dirty case."—*Waco Examiner*. Nor to a butcher when he wants "fat," nor to an old cheese when he wants "live matter."—*Detroit News*. Nor to a jeweller when he is looking for "pearl." Nor to a carpenter when he wants "a gate." Nor to a water side when he wants a "turtle." Nor to a store when he wants a "table."—*Punch*. Nor resort to padding, as girls do, when making up a "form."—*Toronto Graphic*. Nor to a policeman when he wants a "lock-up."—*Cobourg Sentinel-Star*. Nor to a carpenter for a "rule."—*Ottawa Free Press*. Nor to a quarry for a "stone." Nor to a pedestrian when he wants a "dash." Nor to the sky when he wants "stars."—*Ottawa Citizen*. Nor to the garden gate for the galley loves. Nor to the outside world to learn imposition. Nor to a monastery for a monk.

An rural editor being short of editorial copy, or drunk, or something, cut a huge leader out of the *Times*, clapped thereto a one-line introduction, "What does the *Times* mean by this?" and sent the paper to press. Some ten years ago a Montreal paper announced, "Editorial—there is no editorial to-day," and not long afterwards when an awkward religio-social question came up that it was dangerous to handle at all, began, "With reference to this vexed matter we must say that"—and then left half a column blank.

Breaking a Proud Spirit.

A mistaken idea obtained with us the other day, viz., that we could set type. We had seen it done almost daily for years, and if we could not do it ourself, we felt that we would like to know the reason why.

Selecting a time when the eye of man was remote from our composing-room, we armed ourself with a stick, preparatory to a composition that should produce a clean proof and open our foreman's eyes. We couldn't help chuckling, as we thought how astonished he would be. We felt so business-like and capable, as we thus meditated, stick-in-hand, that we caught ourself contemplating the advisability of discharging the printers and doing our own type-setting. Why not? We could set, say so much every day, and six times that would be—however, we would throw a half column of paragraphs together to show what we could do.

Why it was, we don't know, but we must have got to thinking about something, at any rate we had only succeeded in getting a two-line idea up when we were interrupted by the return of the boys from dinner; two lines in an hour, that knocked our calculations cat-west, and we temporarily abandoned the idea of discharging the typos.

When the proofs were handed to us, we locked ourself in from the cold world and hunted out our maiden efforts in type setting.

We found it, and then we knew how different everything seems when a man finds out that he doesn't know what he has been talking about; then we appreciated the fact that our devil could have stood on his head in front of the case and picked out a better job of work with his toes. Since then we have been more lenient with our compositors. When we find a comma upside down, we refrain from threatening to discharge every man in the office, and when our foreman comes to us for advice we find ourself meekly requesting him to do whatever he deems best. Our proud spirit is broken, and this is what busted it:

The Son of the circus saw—i'w s'w'dust
W'q'n I sin'—*Cin. Sat. Night*.

Literary young man at a social party—"Miss Jones, have you seen 'Crabbe's Tales?'" Young lady (scornfully)—"I was not aware that crabs had tails." Literary young man (covered with confusion)—"I beg your pardon, ma'am; I should have said, read 'Crabbe's Tales?'" Young lady (angrily scornful)—"And I was not aware red crabs had tails, either." Exit young man.

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Dangers of a Printing Office.

A WARNING TO VILLAGE BOYS WHO ARE WONT
TO CONGREGATE IN THE COUNTRY
PRINT-SHOP.

A striking example of the dangers which are to be found in the average country printing office was afforded in *The Messenger* office recently—those mysterious dangers which lurk amid its machinery, ooze from its ink kegs, lie in wait in its paste pot, and scintillates from the editorial scissors. Mr. Horace Edmonds, colored, aged 13, has long had a "pudding" on this office for wet days, and cold days, and dry days, and hot days, and, particularly, publication days. On Saturday he paid us a customary visit, and while a job was being made ready on the jobber, incautiously placed his hand upon the impression arm where it was instantly caught between the impression and roller arms, which pass within about one-quarter of an inch of each other. There was a howl to which a Comanche war-whoop would be a murmur, a whisper, a sigh; and then, as he was released, when the arms "cleared" themselves, Mr. Horace Edmonds, colored, age 13, stood not upon the manner of going, but he flew, shedding howls and blood, profanity and finger-nails at every jump. He now appears with the lower extremity of his left upper limb looking much like a sugar-cured ham in a white canvas jacket.

And in this connection, we wish to add a word of solemn warning to the boys who are apt to make a loafing rendezvous of the country print shop—some solemn facts not generally given away by the profession. Such has become the adulteration of type metal with strychnine and paris green that to exposed youth it is a deadener. Cases are known where apparently robust young men have gone straight from their cases to the beer, leaving an unprotected landlady to mourn the loss of cases. This has often happened. And, moreover, it is notorious that an uncorked barrel of ink is extremely inflammable and tremendously explosive—much more so than even Mrs. Mary Livermore at a female suffrage convention. Then again, the practice of some editors of keeping the original poetry in a pot of three-months-old paste produces a sublimate compared to which nitro-glycerine is a baby powder. Instance: Some 346 years ago, the explosion of twenty-seven barrels of ink and the editorial paste-pot in the Greenwich *Observer*

office blew up and mashed nineteen boys who were playing seven up in the sanctum. Among the mashed, unfortunately, was the favorite son of Mrs. Susan B. Anthony—hence the wherefore she has ever since blown up the newspapers. This phase of the catastrophe Cantwell be too seriously deplored.

We trust the boys will take warning. But they won't. If the press keeps in repair, and our present stock of boys holds out, we shall start a nail factory in the spring. We wish it to be distinctly understood that we pay neither personal damages nor doctor's bills; nor, while we keep lots of "sorts," we don't agree to "sort-up" lots of boys who may choose to sacrifice minor attachments at the shrine of the art destructive of boys.—*New Canaan (Conn.) Messenger*.

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The Proof Boy's Vengeance.

He was the worst little galley-slave that ever haunted a composing-room. He would take a proof off with a vicious twitch of the slip from the type, and he gazed at a revise, as he trolled around with it in his hand, as though it were a personal enemy. He was very small, but there wasn't a man about the room, from foreman down, who didn't have a sort of fear of him, he was so venomous. Only one man dared to cross him, and that was the lunch vendor, who came up with a huge basket of indigestibles at twelve o'clock every night to satisfy, at exorbitant rates, the needs of hungry compositors. This man had refused to trust the proof-boy for cranberry pie, and the little wretch determined upon revenge.

The plan conceived by the boy was simple, but certain in results. The forms ready for the press-room were conveyed to the elevator by means of little stands on wheels, and after the forms had gone down, it usually devolved upon the proof-boy to run the vacant stands back to their places—a work which he invariably performed with great gusto and much danger to legs in the vicinity. The lunch man, in reaching the place where he sold his pies in the composing-room, had to pass close by the elevator, and here the proof-boy laid his trap. Securing unperceived the basin of concentrated lye used in washing off the forms, he smeared the floor about the elevator with the soapy stuff until it was as slippery as ice. Then at about twelve o'clock at night, he stationed himself beside an empty stand at the elevator and waited. The lunch man entered the room, staggering under the load of his huge basket of pies. As he neared the edge of the space so treacherously soaped, the proof-boy darted forward with a whoop, rolling the stand along before him. Instinctively, the lunch man jumped forward to get out of the way. His feet struck the soaped surface, they shot fiercely apart and forward, his arms went up spasmodically, and the basket of pies described a grand curve and came down with a spat, but right side up, behind him. Frantically the lunch man struggled for his equilibrium, but in vain, his feet, away before him, played upon the soaped floor like trip-hammers, his arms whirled about like weather-cocks in a cyclone, and down he came like lightning upon his own provender! Down, through seventeen thicknesses of pie he bored

his way, until the seat of his pantaloons fairly ground against the wickerwork of the bottom of the basket! It was awful! When the man finally crawled off the soaped space on the floor and raised up, \$3.25 worth of pie was clinging to him, and the proof-boy was dancing about in an ec-tacy and shouting:

“Hi, yah, Mr. Foreman! Yere's a galoot has been and gone and pied a form! Hi, yah!”

And then the little demon slid away among the ca-es, and for a week afterwards went about chuckling to himself like an insane boy. He had settled accounts with the lunch man.

A Magic Table.

There is a good deal of amusement in the following table of figures. It will enable you to tell how old the young ladies are. Just hand this table to a young lady, and request her to tell in which column or columns her age is contained; add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is to be found, and you have the great secret. Thus, suppose her age to be 17, you find that number in the first and fifth columns; add the first figures of these two columns. Here is the magic table:—

1	2	4	8	16	32
3	3	5	9	17	33
5	6	6	10	18	34
7	7	7	11	19	35
9	10	12	12	20	36
11	11	13	13	21	37
13	14	14	14	22	38
15	15	15	15	23	39
17	18	20	24	24	40
19	19	21	25	25	41
21	22	22	26	26	42
23	23	23	27	27	43
25	26	28	28	28	44
27	27	29	29	29	45
29	30	30	30	30	46
31	31	31	31	31	47
33	34	36	40	48	48
35	35	37	41	49	49
37	38	38	42	50	50
39	39	39	43	51	51
41	42	44	44	52	52
43	43	45	45	53	53
45	46	46	46	54	54
47	47	47	47	55	55
49	50	52	56	56	56
51	51	53	57	57	57
53	54	54	58	58	58
55	55	55	59	59	59
57	58	60	60	60	60
59	59	61	61	61	61
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“Anything new or fresh this morning?” a reporter asked in a city office.—“Yes,” replied the occupant of the apartment. “What is it?” queried the reporter, whipping out his note book. Said the man, edging toward the door, “That paint you are leaning against.”—Such are the loads a re-w-paper man must bear.

TO PRINTERS.—MILLER & RICHARD are now selling their own Celebrated Extra Hard Metal Scotch Type, as well as American Job and Fancy Type, of any make, at latest list prices, free of Duty. HOE, COTTRELL, CAMPBELL, and other Power Presses can be purchased from them more advantageously than from the manufacturers. Special Agents for the celebrated "PEER-LESS" Job Presses and Paper Cutters. Lithographers and Bookbinders' Tools and materials supplied promptly. Second-hand Job, Hand and Power Presses always in stock, and taken in exchange for new. Agents for MATHERS and SMITHS' Printing and Lithographic Inks. Send for Estimates.

"SORTS."

Not amiss—A pretty widow.

A hard thing to sharpen—The water's edge.

An ex-spurt—A dilapidated public fountain.

Design for a policeman's monument—A jack of clubs.

Speaking of lamp-posts, is a whipping post a lam post?

A vessel resembles a reptile when its toad into port.

Those we shall Miss—Our daughters till they are married.

No first-class hotel will let a guest wash his shirt in the china pitcher.

When business it good, carpenters are always sure to come-plane the most.

Have a care, girls, have a care! A French maiden has been hugged to death.

Samson was an eminent tragedian in his day, and his last act brought down the house.

A married man sometimes finds himself to be an April fool soon after the wedding March.

"Buy your leave, sir," as the landlord said when he paid an undesirable tenent to vacate.

Blessed is the mother-in-law who never reminds you that you married above your station.

What word is that composed of five letters from which if you take two one remains? Stone.

The climate of England is favorable for brewing, they have so much "muggy" weather there.

The schoolboy manages to be more perfect in "recess" than any other exercise of the school.

The *Alexandrian*, of Thayer county, Nebraska, advertises for 2000 bushels of corn at that office. It makes the bristles rise to think of it.

An Irish paper, describing a late duel, says that one of the combatants was shot through the "fleshy part of the thigh bone." Fatal, of course.

Men are like a cold: Easy to catch, disagreeable to have about, and hard to get rid of. So says Jerusha Green, on the authority of her married sister.

An editor with nine unmarried daughters was recently made justly indignant by the misconception his contemporaries put upon his able leader on "The Demand for Men."

It was a Vassar girl who, when a sailor of forty years' voyagings had been pointed out to her as an "old salt," subsequently alluded to him as an "ancient chloride of sodium."

When a Chinaman makes love to a girl he doesn't rave about his heart panting for her, etc. No—He simply tells her that he loves her better than he does rats, and she believes him.

A Norristown girl, who was vaccinated with virus from the arm of a certain young man, is acting very strangely indeed. When sitting on

the sofa she is seized with an irresistible impulse to place the innoculated arm around her own neck. One of our leading physicians says it is the first case of the kind that has ever come under his observation.

"Never leave what you undertake until you can reach your arms around it and clinch your hands on the other side," says a recent publication for young men. Most excellent advice, but what if she screams?

"Set 'em up again!" as the irascible foreman said to the unfortunate print who made a wrong font of the whole "take." "Oh, in 'case' that's the 'rule,' I'll have to 'stick' to it, I suppose," replied the unlucky comp.

The *Elmira Gazette* recently published an article headed "An afternoon in the poor-house." Even an editor gets homesick sometimes, and likes to visit his home, if he can't stay longer than half a day.

When the Pilgrim fathers arrived with the *Mayflower* they took her to the village editor, as being the first of the season. The editor returned thanks, and the custom of bringing the first mayflowers has been continued ever since.

Proof positive: A small boy testified in an Austin justice court that the affray took place on a Sunday. "How do you know it was Sunday?" Because I had to go to the back door of the saloon to get beer instead of the front one."

A number of writers in New York papers are claiming that heaven will contain more than two thirds women. If they wrangle up there as much as they do in getting up church entertainments on earth, the few males will have a nice time of it.

Law Professor—"What constitutes burglary?" Student—"There must be a breaking." Professor—"Then if a man enters your door and takes \$50 from your vest pocket in the hall, would that be burglary?" Student—"Yes, sir, because that would break me."

Nothing undermines one's faith in a man's liberality to the church so much as to see him stick his hands down deep into his pockets as the contribution box is traveling his way, look astonished, and then remark to his next neighbor, "I've got on my other pants."

There are certain times in the life of a country newspaper man when he is compelled by the most contemptible circumstances to ask his proud soul J. Madison Wells' conundrum: "Am I a vassal or a peer?" And his consumptive-looking pocket book seems to say, "Ask us something easy!"

A boy had always declined to eat oatmeal, although his mother had urged it upon him as a strengthening diet. Suddenly he surprised her by one morning eating a liberal plateful and calling for more. When she asked for an explanation, he replied. "I'm bound to eat oatmeal till I get strong enough to whip Georgy Scott."