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The Printer's Miscellany.

VOL. II.

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

No. 6.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Practical Paragraphs.....	121, 122
Editorials; Editor's Table; Acknowledgments; etc.....	123—127
News of the Craft.....	127—133
Poetry; Correspondence; etc.....	134—141
Poetry; Shorthand; "Devil"-isms; "How the Thing War Done;" An Editorial Brutus; Complimentary Notices; Editorial Correspondence; His First Newspaper Contribution; Births; Marriages; Deaths; etc....	142—146
Press Notices.....	148
"Sorts".....	150

INDEX TO ADVERTISEMENTS.

	Page.
Baylis, Wilkes Manufacturing Co.'s Printing Inks.....	151
Barbour's Improved Irish Flax Book Thread.....	147
C. H. Flewelling, Wood Engraver.....	149
Dominion Type-Founding Co.....	152
E. Banfill & Co., Practical Machinists.....	149
For Sale.....	146
Geo. H. Morrill, Printing Inks.....	149
G. W. Jones, Agent for Printing Paper.....	151
J. Riordon, Merritton Paper Mills.....	151
J. L. McCoskery, Stationery, etc.....	149
J. J. Smith & Co., Printing Inks.....	151
J. R. Pruyn, Agent for Printing Paper.....	151
Napanee Mills Paper Manufacturing Co.....	147
Printing and Bookbinding Machinery.....	149
Richard Heans, Bookbinding, etc.....	151
Wm. Walker, Travelling Agent.....	151
Wants.....	147

THE DEVIL TO PAY.—This phrase, doubtless, originated in a printing office on some Saturday night's settlement of weekly wages. "John," says the publisher to the bookkeeper, "how stands the cash account?" "Small balance on hand, sir." "Let's see," rejoined the publisher, "how far that will go toward satisfying the hands?" John begins to figure arithmetically; so much due to Potkins, so much to Typus, so much to Grubble, and so on, through a dozen dittos. The publisher stands aghast. "There is not money enough by a jug full." "No sir; and, besides, there is the devil to pay!"

PRACTICAL PARAGRAPHS.

Book Work---Preparing for Press.

Continued.

MAKING UP FURNITURE.

Having ascertained that his pages are laid down right, the compositor proceeds to dress the chases, which we will suppose to be for a sheet of octavo. Accordingly he selects a good pair of chases that are fellows as well in circumference as in other respects; and, having laid them over the pages for the two different forms, he considers the largeness of the paper on which the work is to be done, and puts such gutter-sticks between page and page, and such reglets along the sides of the two crosses as will give the book proper margins after it is bound.

To ascertain the proper distance, and to prevent wastage of furniture, he takes short pieces of furniture, or quotations, and quadrats or reglets to fit the space between two pages; then pushing the pages close to them he finds the exact width of the furniture necessary, by trying the ends of various pieces, always measuring from the edge of the lines of type above the page-cord.

By observing a proper method in cutting up new furniture, the same will be serviceable for other works as well as the one for which it is intended, even though the size of the page may differ, provided it agrees with the margin of the paper. The gutters should be cut two or three lines longer than the page; the head-sticks wider; the back furniture may run nearly down to the rim of the chase, but must be level with the top of the page, which will admit of the inner head-stick running in; the difference of the outer head-stick may go over the side-stick, and the gutter will then run up between them. The side-stick only needs to be cut exact, and the furniture will completely justify.

MAKING THE MARGIN.

The next business is to arrange the margin, so that each page may occupy one side of a leaf, and have the proper proportion of white paper left at the sides as well as at the head and foot. The page when printed should be a little higher

than the middle of the leaf and have a little more margin on the outside than in the back.

One mode of making margin is the following : For octavos measure and mark the width of four pages by compasses on a sheet of paper designed for the work, beginning to measure at one extremity of the breadth of the sheet. The rest of the paper divide into four equal parts, allowing two-fourths for the width of two separate gutter-sticks ; the remaining two-fourths divide again into four equal parts, and allow one-fourth for the margin along each side of the short cross, and one-fourth for the margin to each outside page. But as the thickness of the short cross adds considerably to the margin, reduce the furniture in the back accordingly, and thereby enlarge the outside margin, which requires the greatest share to allow for the unevenness of the paper itself, as well as for pressmen laying sheets uneven when the fault is not in the paper. Having thus made the margin between the pages to the breadth of the paper, proportion the margin at the head in the same manner to the length, and accordingly measure and mark the length of two pages, dividing the rest into four parts, one-fourth of which is allowed for each side of the long cross, and one-fourth for the margin that runs along the foot of the two ranges of pages. The furniture on both sides of the long one must be lessened to enlarge the bottom margin for the reason assigned for extending the side margin.

Go the same way to work in twelves, where for the outer margin along the foot of the pages allow the amount of two-thirds of the breadth of the head-sticks, and the same for the inner margin that reaches from the foot of the fifth page to the centre of the groove for the points, and from the centre of the groove for the points to the pages that cut off, allow half of the breadth of the head-stick. The margin along the long cross is governed by the gutter-sticks ; and it is common to put as much on each side of the long cross as amounts to half the breadth of the gutter-stick without deducting almost anything for the long cross, since that makes allowance for the inequality of the outer margin.

Another plan, more simple, is the following : Having laid the pages as nearly as possible in their proper places on the stone, with a suitable chase around them, fold a sheet of paper which has been wetted for the work, or one of the same size, into as many portions as there are pages in the form, and holding the sheet thus folded

on the first or left hand page of the form, one edge even with the left hand side of the type, place the adjoining page so that its left side may be even with the right hand edge of the folded paper, which will leave a sufficient space between the two pages to admit the gutter-stick, which should then be selected of a proper width to suit the form in hand, as follows : In octavos, about a great primer less in width than the space between the pages, as determined by the above rule ; in duodecimos, about a pica less ; in sixteens, about a long primer ; and proportionably less as the number of pages are increased. Having thus secured the proper width for the gutter-sticks, cut them somewhat longer than the page, and holding one of them between the two pages, above the page-cord, close the pages up to it, then open the folded sheet so as to cover the two pages, and bringing the fold in the paper exactly in the middle of the gutter-stick, secure it there with the point of a pen-knife or bodkin ; the right hand edge of the paper thus opened must be brought to the centre of the cross-bar, which determines the furniture required between it and the pages. Having thus arranged the margins for the back and fore edge of the book, proceed in like manner to regulate the head and foot margins by bringing the near edge of the folded paper even with the bottom of the first page, and so placing the adjoining off page that its head may be barely covered by the off edge of the folded paper, which will give the required head margin. All other sections of the form must be regulated by the foregoing measurements, when the margins for the whole sheet will be found correct.

To be Continued.

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

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

HUGH FINLAY,

Editor and Proprietor,

St. John, N. B., Canada.

ADVERTISING RATES.

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

Notices in reading matter, per line, each ins. .25

Inserts of unobjectionable matter, furnished by the advertiser and printed uniformly in size with the *Miscellany*, will be taken at the following rates:—Single leaf, \$15; two leaves, (four pages) \$25; four leaves, \$40; over four leaves to be subject to special agreement.

All orders for advertising must be accompanied by a remittance to cover the same.

The Printer's Miscellany.

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

Notwithstanding the fact that this issue is a little behind time, we extend our hand for a cordial shake, and wish all our friends (and enemies, too,) A HAPPY AND PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR. Eight pages have been added to this issue—making in all a 32-page paper—as a small “New Year's Gift” to our subscribers.

Correspondents are reminded that their real name must accompany every communication. We cannot take any notice of letters when the above rule is violated. Items of news are often sent to this office by friends, no doubt, but they are perfectly useless to us unless accompanied by the real name of the writer.

The Napanee Mills Paper Manufacturing Co., Ontario, have removed their offices to more central and commodious premises.

St. John cannot now complain of the want of light, for it has in addition to a plentiful supply of gas, a *Torch* and a *Penny Dip*. It is to be hoped the great illumination will not make us all blind. We will not attempt a pun in this connection, although the inclination is strong upon us at this moment (these moments with us are like angel's visits—few and far between). It remains only to add that it costs money to print these papers (a truism nobody will deny) and we sincerely hope the public will not be niggardly in their support, for they (the public) will be the gainers in the long run.

Having heard that the stoppage of the Newburgh, Ont., paper mills has been confounded with the Napanee Co. We are authorised to state that the latter company is in no way connected with the mill that is stopped. By referring to our advertising columns it will be seen that the Napanee Company is still doing business. They are so full of orders that double wages was paid to the employes for working on holidays.

That glass type paragraph is going the rounds again, this time hailing from Paris, France. Notwithstanding its long absence, it looks familiar. Here it is: “Toughened glass is being satisfactorily employed as a material for making type; the letters are sharp and distinct, do not wear easily, and can be cleaned with facility.”

The following advice is given to young and new beginners: “When you write for the press do not write hastily, and do not be afraid of frequently re-writing an article to make smooth sentences, which will not tire the reader either by their length or spasmodic gasps of rhetorical flourish.”

Parties in Halifax or vicinity, and Ottawa or vicinity, can subscribe for or advertise in the *Printer's Miscellany* by calling on or addressing G. W. Jones, 14 Sackville street, Halifax, N. S., and J. R. Pruynt, 18 Rideau street, or P. O. box 390, Ottawa, Ont.

Communications from the following have been received, but too late for this issue: “Planer,” “Temple,” “Scribe,” and “Lead-Cutter.”

Female compositors are only charged fifty cents per annum for the *Miscellany*.

The Examination Paper Scandal.

The inquiry into the theft of examination papers from the printing office of Hunter, Rose & Co., last June, and their circulation amongst Normal School students and others, has, at last, been brought to a conclusion. The investigation has been most thorough, and there is every reason to believe that the operations of the parties implicated have been conclusively traced. The principal facts proven are that the papers were stolen by a pressman, and through the medium of several persons, mostly printers, they found their way into the possession of about forty candidates, the majority of whom were students of the Toronto Normal School. It turns out that in addition to the pressman who stole the papers, three other members of the craft in Toronto are implicated in this unpleasant affair. One of the latter is said to have always borne a good reputation, and it is urged in extenuation that he had been out of employment for some time, and doubtless found it hard to resist the temptation to make a little money by the sale of the examination papers. The same excuse is not offered for the others, and it is to be hoped that all respectable printers will frown down any attempt to palliate their offence. Printers, as a rule, are jealous of their reputations, and we hope this scandal will make them purge their ranks of all who are in the slightest degree tainted. If this be not done, the end is not yet. Their work must pass to other and more honorable hands, and soon they will find their occupation gone. But we have no fear that the craft will suffer from this affair. There are too many honest, honorable and educated men in its ranks to allow such a stain to rest, let alone fix itself, upon their calling. Of course, in all ranks and stations of life and in all communities can be found the wolf in sheep's clothing, and why should the disciples of Faust expect to escape the blight brought on by the misbehaviour of a few. This affair teaches a lesson, and has a moral which employers should not be slow to understand. Let them be more careful in the selection of apprentices; taking only those who show superior moral and mental culture. Let them teach none the "art preservative" without they have shown in some way that they have been taught at least the initiatory principles of honor and honesty. And, then, when they enter the printing office, let them receive the proper instruction to render these principles

more substantial and themselves more able to resist temptation. Let them be taught (as we were) that it was one of the first and most important rules of the printing office that "everything in the office should remain in it," or, in other words, that during our communion with the outside world no allusion should be made to anything heard or seen in the office. A boy having this rule instilled into his mind in a proper manner is not likely to depart from it when he arrives at man's estate. If employers will give this moral a little more attention than they have done for some years past, there will be, we promise them, very few examination-paper-scandals to be investigated.

That Agency.

We see Mr. Hugh Finlay underlined as the agent of the Dominion Type Foundry for St. John business! We had hoped to secure Mr. Finlay's services for ourselves. In any "case" we wish him luck.—*Printers' Journal*, Boston, Mass.

Thanks for your kind wishes, brother *Journal*, but we cannot allow the above statement to pass abroad without making a little note thereto. It is simply this: We are *not* the accredited agent for any one article or firm, that we know of, at present. *We are an agent for all who advertise with us.* This latter, we consider our bounden duty, and will be most happy to receive orders for any of them. We will even go out of our way, so far as time will permit, to recommend the articles, firms, etc., represented in our pages.

We publish to-day, among our obituary notices, the death of Mr. Henry J. Cooper, of Charlottetown, P. E. I. The deceased was a son of J. B. Cooper, Esq., of that place. He was only in his 38th year, and had been a sufferer for many years. He learned the printing business with his father in the *Monitor* office, and was, at one time, associated with his brother, James Cooper, in the publication of the *Weekly Bulletin*, in Charlottetown. For several years previous to his death he had been running a general book and job office on Water street. He was a young man of talent and a skillful printer, but physical weakness prevented him from giving that amount of attention to business which is necessary in these days of close competition. He leaves a wife and several children behind him. We sympathize with his family and friends in their bereavement.

The Guelph "Herald's" New Building.

The Guelph *Herald* moved into its new quarters on the 10th of November. Perhaps an abridged description of the new building may not prove uninteresting to our readers. Would that some more of our newspaper offices would follow suit in this matter. The health and convenience of the employes should demand a little more attention than appears to be the case, especially as regards ventilation and other necessary conveniences. There is a great lack of these last in nearly all offices. The employes of any establishment will turn out better work and more of it if their wants in these respects receive that amount of attention demanded. But, to the description.

The building is on the north side of Quebec street, east, with a frontage of forty-five feet, and is of Guelph stone, with cut stone facings. It consists of a basement story, ground floor, and three other stories, the roof being of the mansard pattern, covered with slate, surmounted by iron crest railing, ornamentally finished in ultramarine and gold.

The basement is entered by steps and is well lit, one half of the story being above ground. It contains a spacious boiler, engine and press room, vault for paper files, wood cellar and storeroom for paper. All the presses are placed on this floor, which is provided with a tank for washing "forms," folding tables and every other requisite. From the press room runs a hoist, connecting with the job department on the second floor and the newspaper composing room on the third floor. The forms are placed in this hoist and conveyed to and from the press room. The engine, which is of the horizontal slide valve pattern, is 6-horse power. In connection is heaters and adjustable feed pumps. The boiler is 15-horse power. The steam for heating the building is also taken from this boiler.

The ground floor has two front entrances, one at either end. The *Herald's* entrance will be the eastern door. Immediately inside is the business office, in the front of which is ample space for the public, the main portion being railed off by a counter and desks. This office is connected with the engine room, job department, composing room and editorial offices by speaking tubes, and also by a miniature hoist for conveying letters, copy, etc. Immediately to the rear of the business office are Mr. Burrows' private office and rooms. On this

floor is also a spacious vault and a meter room, the latter being so arranged that the gas can be shut off from any flat at pleasure.

The second floor is devoted to job printing, and contains the presses, paper cutting machines, etc. Separate rooms are provided for storage of paper, inks, etc.

A portion of the third floor is reserved for editorial offices, the whole of the remaining space being used for the compositors' room. The most perfect arrangements have been made to secure the greatest possible amount of light, and it is believed that this is one of the best composing rooms in the Dominion.

The fourth or mansard story is not yet occupied, but will probably be required early next season.

The new premises will place at the disposal of the proprietors of the *Herald* facilities they have not hitherto possessed and which cannot be excelled, and they confidently believe that the large business they have secured will be still further and rapidly increased.

The Boston Type Foundry is about to reduce the size of job fonts of type one-half, which will be a great convenience to printers. It has always seemed to us hard on those with small capital, and doing a limited business, to be obliged to buy more than twice the material they actually require, in order to keep pace with the times and have all the novelties of the trade. We believe that Mr. Rogers will realize good fruit from this enterprising move, and is to be congratulated for his efforts to accommodate the trade. The old size of fonts will be delivered as usual; but should the new departure be received with favor, the half-font will be made the standard.—*Printers' Journal*, Boston.

"THEY ALL DO IT."—All the employes in the following offices subscribe for the *Miscellany*: "Times office, Iroquois, Ont.; Frontenac Gazette, Kingston, Ont.; L. Larkin's, book and job office, Montreal, P. Q.; Recorder, Brockville, Ont.; W. A. Morehouse's, book and job office, Sherbrooke, P. Q.

A popular toy this season is the "Typo," a little printing establishment, for good little folks. No doubt the children will be able, by-and-by, to print their own school books, and thus save pater-familias many a penny and hard thought for the schoolmaster.

THE EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE ROLLER GUIDE—A treatise on rollers and compositions by C. P. Stevens, of the firm of Wild & Stevens, 28 Hawley street, Boston, Mass. This little work should be in the hands of every printer who wishes to understand rollers, what they are made of, and how to use and care for them, to make them last the maximum period of time. Mr. Stevens deserves the hearty encouragement and substantial support of the trade for this his last handsome gift. It is printed in a very neat and tasteful style and would make a good addition to any printer's library. Send for one.

VENNOR'S WINTER ALMANAC AND WEATHER RECORD, for 1877-8, is a very useful publication which should be in the hands of every person interested in the weather, and who is not. Mr. Vennor's weather predictions for the past three years have proved to be, in the main, wonderfully correct, and, notwithstanding the fact that he does not suit us at all times, still we are willing that he should continue to hold the important office of "Clerk of the Weather." It is for sale by all booksellers, and the trade will be supplied by Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

THE DOMINION PRESS is the name of a neat little 20-column paper published in San Francisco, California. It is edited by Mr. Henry S. Turner, and is issued weekly. There are a large number of Canadians in California and by this means they will be enabled to obtain news from the land of their birth in a more extensive form than would be furnished by other local papers. The object of the *Press*, as its name implies, is to supply Dominion news.

BARNES' ALMANAC for 1878 has been tabled. It contains the usual amount of useful information particularly adapted to this province. The proprietors certainly deserve credit and the thanks of the public in getting it out so nearly on time. It was printed, this year, at the *Tri-graph* job rooms.

The Christmas number of the *American Booksciler*, published in New York by the American News Company, is a superb production—itsself a handsome souvenir of the season. Neither the art of the engraver nor the printer has been sparingly applied to embellish it.

The holiday number of the *Publisher's Weekly* is very little, if any, behind in beautiful and artistic embellishment, while the reading in both

are choice tidbits. It is published by F. Leopoldt, New York.

The Christmas number of *Bancroft's Messenger* is also illustrated, but will not bear comparison with its older brethren of New York. The *Messenger* is printed and published by A. L. Bancroft & Co., San Francisco, California.

A series of papers on "Shorthand" is commenced in this issue of the *Miscellany*. They are written by Mr. Wm. H. Fry, Corp. 97th Regiment, now stationed in Halifax, N. S., and a Certificated Teacher and Lecturer of Phonography by the inventor, I. Pitman. Mr. Fry has a large class under instruction, and, from all we can learn, is quite popular and successful with his students. We give the articles a place in our pages, because of the close affinity of printing and shorthand, and hope they will prove highly beneficial and instructive to such of our readers as may be interested in this study.

Having lost all our files and back numbers of the *first* volume of the *Miscellany*, we would be thankful to those who do not wish to bind their copies if they would send to our address any they can spare. We would like to get one or two copies of each number, and are willing to pay for them.

PARTIES wishing to buy printing offices, or any material in any way connected with the business, should consult our advertising pages before making their purchases. None but reliable houses and *bona fide* bargains are represented in our columns.

L. R. Simshauser, Bloomington, Ill., will accept our thanks for Nos. 6, 7 and 8 of vol. 1. Also for handsome specimens of note and letter-head and envelope printing from the *Daily and Weekly Leader* office, M. F. Leland, proprietor.

A subscriber wishes to know the name of the oldest paper printed in the town of Marlen, Michigan, U. S. Will some of our friends supply the desired information?

A letter from Guelph, Ont., is too long and personal for our pages; besides, the name of the writer does not accompany it.

Why is a man charged with crime like types? Because he should not be *locked up* till the matter is well proved.

Acknowledgments.

The following have been received up to the 4th January, 1878 :—

John C. Henry, St Stephen, N. B.....	\$1 00
Franklin Howe, " ".....	1 00
John McDiarmid, " ".....	50
W. Sargeant, " ".....	50
R. McCoomb, " ".....	50
Daniel Colwell, " ".....	50
Thomas Alté, Montreal, Q.....	1 00
Wm. Wilson, " ".....	1 00
Charles Greffard, " ".....	1 00
David Talboit, " ".....	50
Richard Dillon, " ".....	50
Daniel Kavanagh, Prescott, Ont.....	50
Joseph Ray, " ".....	50
John Barry, " ".....	50
T. G., " ".....	1 00
Dan. McGilvery, Woodstock, Ont.....	1 00
Halket Rennie, " ".....	50
Donald Cameron, St. John, N. B.....	1 00
John S. Mitchell, " ".....	1 00
James Bowes & Sons, Halifax, N. S.....	1 00
J. W. Doley, " ".....	1 00
George Bryson, Windsor, N. S.....	1 00
C. Wyman, " ".....	1 00
John Smith, Kingston, Ont.....	1 00
Edward Abery, " ".....	50
Chas. A. Rose, Calais, Me.....	1 00
John Webster, Sherbrooke, Ont.....	1 00
Ormond Brouse, Iroquois, Ont.....	50
J. T. White, Brockville, Ont.....	1 00

Thank you, gentlemen!

"No Paper Next Week."

The *Walnut Valley Times*, printed at Eldorado, Butler County, Kansas, in its issue of December 21st, says :—

We give the following good and sufficient reasons why we cannot well issue a full-sized edition of the *Times* next week :

First—It is Christmas week, and our boys want a vacation.

Second—We are compelled to put a skylight in the composing room.

Third—A new building is going up to the north of us and we will have to re-arrange our stairway.

Fourth—A new building is going up to the west of us, and we have to make arrangements for new windows.

Fifth—We all want a rest and a holiday and a good time like other folks.

Sixth—We are getting in a large stock of printers' materials, and it will take all our spare time to put it in place.

Seventh—We are crowded to death with job

work and hope to be able to catch up by missing an issue of the paper.

Eighth—Nobody wants to take the time to read a paper Christmas week.

Wishing all our patrons a merry Christmas and a prosperous and happy new year, we will say good-by till January 4th, 1878.

The old Bible which Luther filled with foot- notes and comments was sold recently among other things belonging to the estate of the late Dr. Kutzg, of Kothen, for the sum of \$2,000. The Berlin Museum was the purchaser. It was published in 1540.

NEWS OF THE CRAFT.

LOCAL.

In view of the long dull winter ahead, one of our boss job printers suggests, as a way to make time pass away quickly, "Make a note for three months."

Editor (on taking his departure at three a. m.) to night foreman: "Pretty well 'set-up' now, Mr. ———?" Night foreman: "*No, sir!*" Editor: "How's that, sir?" Foreman: "I don't *get* set-up, sir!"

Mr. J. W. Bengough, the cartoonist of *Grip*, will give one of his unique and laughable entertainments in the Mechanics' Institute on the 23rd January. All printers, in fact, everybody, should make it a point to attend.

The *Herald* has been changed from a quarto to a folio, and the proprietors have "put a (new) head on it." It looks well and fills a very important place in politics and literature, to say nothing of its influence in local matters. The old Guernsey does well; eh, Tim!

The only changes to note this month are as follows: George Maxwell, who worked on the *Globe*, has gone to Boston; Wm. Newth, who was placed last month in the *Globe*, is now second sub. on the *Freeman*, vice Michael Shanahan, who is working in Bowes & Perley's.

We omitted, in our last issue, to draw attention to the fact (recorded on page 114) that our "binder" had eclipsed all his former exploits—he *bound* himself. Well, Richard, we are extremely glad to see that you had a proper regard for the scriptural injunction to young men, and, in the familiar words of the trite saying, "trust that all your future cares will be little ones."

John H. Fleiger, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., we are sorry to learn, has returned home quite ill. He will be remembered as having worked

in the *Telegraph* office in this city some three or four years ago. He has since visited and worked in many cities in the United States. The last place he worked in was Philadelphia, Penn., in which place he took sick and from whence he went direct home. There is slight prospects of his resuming work at the printing business.

The holidays are over, and so is the rush in and about the job offices in this city. It will be a long pull, and will take a strong one, too, to pull through till spring. Better take care of your sheekles, boys; they'll all be wanted before the snow is gone. However, we do not know as there is any particular reason for complaint yet, as pretty nearly all hands are to work just now. Only let us wish it may long continue so. The two papers (*Torch* and *Penny Dip*) recently started will provide a few hands with work, let us hope. And this taken in connection with the fact that advertising usually falls off a little after the holidays, necessitating an increase of reading matter, perhaps, we may not be half so bad off as we thought at first sight.

As announced in our last number the *Torch* appeared under (perhaps, we should say *over*) the guiding hand of Mr. Joseph S. Knowles. Its birth was a little premature, it is true, for instead of waiting until the 29th December, the date first fixed, it shed its lustre on the 22nd—only a week in advance. However, that was merely taking time by the fore (we came near saying *fat*) lock. The matter of the first number had an original touch about it that must have been refreshing to those who had the pleasure of perusing it. We are not given to flattery in the least, but would just add, if it continues the way it has begun, the boys will no doubt gather to its support in large force. Of its typographical execution it is needless to speak, save to mention the fact that Mr. G. W. Day had the mechanical direction of its issue. It, perhaps, might be mentioned in this connection that Mr. Day has made-up more "skeletons" in his time than any other man that we know of in the business.

The *Penny Dip* is the title of another luminous youngster ushered into existence, without previous announcement or ceremony, on Saturday, the 29th December. There are no names attached to show who are the editors or proprietors, but it is issued from the office of Messrs. Bowes & Perley, two enterprising young men

who are bound to make themselves heard in the city—we were going to say in the world. We cannot say, but presume, that it intends to shed its humble light weekly. The typographical execution is a credit to the establishment from whence it is issued.

CANADIAN PRINTERS ABROAD.

Mr. James M. Campbell, formerly of this town, and son of Mrs. Wm. Ritchie, Scotch Line, has been appointed Superintendent of the Rio Grande District Printing Office. This is a responsible position, but Mr. Campbell, being a good "typo," is well able to fill it.—*Standard*, Pembroke, Ont.

Wm. Lorimer, who once held cases in the *Telegraph* office in this city, is working in the *Statesman* office, Concord, N. H. Will. is a working member of a temperance organization at Concord, has a nice suit of rooms rented and, better than all, is assisted in his domestic concerns by "a smart Yankee girl."

DOMINION.

La Minerve, Montreal, Q., appears in a new costume.

A new paper is to be started at Thedford, Ont., about the first of the year.

The *Kincardine Review*, recently burned out, has made its appearance again.

York County, Ontario, has eleven newspapers, while Simcoe County claims fourteen.

Mr. T. C. Patterson, late managing director of the *Mail*, left for England on the 5th Dec.

The Clinton, Ont., *New Era* comes to hand as an 8-page paper in a new dress. It is now printed by steam.

Saturday Night, a weekly literary and dramatic paper, has appeared in Toronto, W. B. Macdougall, editor.

Mr. W. E. Jones, of the *Richmond Guardian*, announces his intention of selling out and vacating the editorial chair.

Messrs. Sancton & Piper, of the weekly *Monitor*, Bridgetown, N. S., are to publish the *Alliance Journal* for the coming year.

Miss Maggie Ross, late of Souris, is now employed in the steam book and job office of Henry Cooper, Charlottetown, P. E. I.

Libel suits for \$10,000, against the *Guelph Herald* and *Mercury*, at the instance of Samuel Davis, of Niagara, have been withdrawn.

Mr. Alex. Bertram, editor and proprietor of the *Herald*, Sydney, Cape Breton, served his apprenticeship in the office of the Summerside, P. E. I., *Journal*.

The proprietor of the *Miramichi Advance* has entered a suit against the publishers of the *Union Advocate* for alleged libel contained in a late issue of that journal.

Mr. Frank Coffee, an old Guelph, Ont., printer, has been presented with a gold watch by his employer, Mr. J. W. Lyon. The present is valued at \$218.

J. G. Lorimer, Esq., late of Grand Manan, formerly editor of the *Patriot*, published at St. Stephen, and still a vigorous press correspondent, is at Concord, N. H.

Mr. W. C. Holland, lately of the Ridgetown *Plaindealer*, has purchased the Bothwell *Times*. Mr. Crate, the former publisher, has retired from journalism to study medicine.

A new daily paper is to be started at Three Rivers, Q., with Mr. Morrisette as editor. It will be printed in French, and be about the size of the *Daily Telegraph*, of Quebec.

The *Canadian Post*, Lindsay, Ont., Charles DeBarr, editor and proprietor, issued, besides their regular sheet, a Christmas number same size and a supplement nearly quarter size.

John Ross, late publisher of *Ross's Weekly*, Souris, P. E. I., is now canvasser in Montreal for the New York Life Insurance Co. Mr. Ross intends starting another weekly paper in Western Canada.

The Woodstock, Ont., *Times* has put in a new Reliance Wharfedale press, supplied by the Dominion Type-Founding Company, and intends to come out as an 8-page paper instead of a four, as formerly.—NEMO.

We have received the prospectus of a new paper to be started in Liverpool, N. S., to be called the *Liverpool Advance* and *Western Counties Advocate*. E. M. & T. Farrell are the projectors. May success attend their venture.

Mr. Allan McLean, one of the proprietors of the Seaforth, Ont., *Expositor*, who went to Colorado about three years ago for his health, is in the sheep business in that place. He has recovered his health and is doing well in his business.

The death is announced of Mr. Thos. White, Sr., of Peterborough; father of Messrs. Thomas

and Richard White, of the Montreal *Gazette*. He lived to a good old age, and died greatly respected and esteemed by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.

After the fruitless expenditure of \$20,000 on a type-setting machine, the inventor, Mr. W. D. Patterson, the Sherbrooke *News* says, has taken a situation on the Quebec Central Railway. But the Sherbrooke *Gazette* denies that the inventor has abandoned the patent.—*Ex*.

The Rev. Father Brown, a member of the Seminary and assistant priest at St. Ann's, has purchased the press formerly used for printing the *Sun* newspaper, from Mr. F. B. McNamee, for \$1,100. It is reported that it will be used for printing a small daily paper.—*Montreal Star*.

The wife of Mr. William Kay, editor of the Wyoming, Ont., *Globe*, has presented him with a daughter. There are some philosophers who say that in 200 years there won't be room in the world to hold all the people. Hold up, Kay, and don't precipitate the calamity.—*Parkhill Gazette*.

Several enterprises in the newspaper business are being undertaken in Montreal, Q. The *Wasp*, under the editorship of Mr. Fleming, followed by the *Hornet*, under the management of Mr. J. Leslie Thom. Both are of the comic class, of which *Punch* is the great progenitor. The *Canadian Spectator* is also announced, with Rev. Alfred J. Bray as editor.

A barrel of potatoes was recently received at this office on account of the *Journal*. The barrel was conspicuously marked \$1.40. On sending the same to St. John we received \$1.25 for it, out of which we paid 25 cents freight; leaving exactly one dollar for the paper. Now, we mention this for two reasons: 1st, to show what the market price of potatoes is; and 2nd, to let our friends know that we don't intend to be fooled!—*Annapolis Journal*, 15th.

The *News of the Week*, Port Hawkesbury, N. S., has abandoned its "patent outside" and is now all printed at home. It presents a good appearance and we wish the proprietor all the success his enterprise deserves. We hope the day is not far distant when a few more of our weekly visitors will find it to their advantage to dispense with their patent "in'ards or out'ards," for this "auxiliary printing" business is not much of a friend to the practical printer.

The Napanee *Beaver* says: "We understand that a new weekly journal, the Mill Point *Echo*, is to be started soon at that village by Messrs. Gould & Blodgett. This part of the country will be well supplied with newspapers. The *Echo* will make the seventeenth within a radius of about twenty-five miles—four dailies and the others well-established weeklies. However, the new venture, with energetic management, may be made to pay. We wish it success and hope that a lack of patronage and Go(u)ld won't o-Blodgett it to leave the field." Oh!

From Guelph, Ont., comes the pleasing intelligence that S. W. Galbraith and Albert Moore have purchased the good-will and plant of the Acton *Free Press* from Mr. J. H. Hacking. They are both very promising young men, and we wish them every success in their venture. The former served his apprenticeship in the *Mercury* office and has won the golden opinions and hearty good will of his late employer as well as his fellow-workmen. The latter, until quite recently, has been foreman of Mr. Hacking's job office. Mr. H., it is said, will continue his business in Guelph.

Grange & Bros., of Napanee, Ont., druggists and proprietors of the Newburgh paper mill, have suspended. The firm has done an extensive business for the last twenty years and gained a large amount of wealth, but having met with heavy losses by numerous failures, in some of which they were large creditors, and in speculations, coupled with the hard times, they have had to suspend. The liabilities are said to be about \$138,000, besides a claim on the Newburgh paper mill of about \$22,000. The assets are not yet known. The firm hopes to effect a compromise with the creditors, and still carry on the business.

An interesting trial took place here this week between T. J. Copp, Esq., of this place, and the *Borderer* newspaper. He made up his mind to stop some of the local papers, and had a writ of ejectment issued against the *Borderer*. The *Borderer* put in pleas that Mr. Copp had been taking the paper over twenty-one years, and on that ground contended that he could not stop the paper. Judgment for *Borderer* with costs, which Mr. Copp paid with the best grace, and concluded to continue the paper. The *Borderer* will be claiming to vote at the next election, as it is past twenty-one years old. We wish our

contemporary every success.—*Maritime Sentinel*, Nov. 22.

James Nixon called into this office last Monday and said that he had walked from Hopeville to Shelburne that day; that he had been induced to go to Hopeville from New York by his cousin, Mr. Scarlett, who said he could get him work there at the printing business. When he arrived, instead of printing, Mr. Scarlett set him to work cutting wood, in which occupation he cut his foot badly. Thinking that he then was a nuisance about his house, Mr. Scarlett turned him out on Monday morning without his breakfast. This is a most painful case. The young man's foot was swollen badly, and the cut which he received is a bad one.—*Dufferin Standard*, Shelburne, Ont., Dec. 6.

The employes of Messrs. D. Bentley & Co., job printers, Montreal, were entertained at the Temperance Lunch Rooms, on Christmas Eve, by their employer. Thirty-one employes and guests partook of the good things so liberally provided. After the "inner man" had been thoroughly satisfied, the programme was opened by the presentation, to Mr. Bentley, of an address—making the third one he has received from his employes. Short addresses were delivered by several prominent citizens, and a very pleasant meeting was brought to a close by singing the national anthem. The above was the regular annual dinner of the establishment, and will, no doubt, have many happy repetitions. The following is a list of the employes of this office: A. N. Webster, book-keeper. *Composing Department*—B. F. Corcoran, foreman; Sam. Belleau, Peter Riva, John Ford, P. H. Lamothe, Geo. Stewart, Frank Stubbs, Fred. O'Connor, Andrew McAllister and E. C. Bentley. *Press Department*—N. Stephens, foreman; Patrick Dillon, Richard White, Lawrence Carroll, Edward Kelley, Edgar Waters, Henry McNeill and Jer. Collins, with J. H. Lynn, machinist.

Mr. Jean Baptiste Camyre, printer, has, through his attorney, Mr. F. X. Thibault, entered an action (*in forma pauperis*) for damages against Mathias St. Pierre, Sergeant of Police at Juror Street Station, for alleged defamation of character, and causing plaintiff to lose his situation. Camyre is a bachelor, and was employed until the beginning of the present month as printer in the office of the *Star* newspaper, and is said to have been a very capable man,

earning a regular salary of \$9 per week, besides additional pay for extra work. It is alleged that the defendant had some spite against the plaintiff, and that a while ago he declared to a lawyer that plaintiff was the paramour of a certain disreputable woman, of whose house he was a regular frequenter, and that he (St. Pierre) was bound to make Camyre lose his place. It is alleged that he carried this threat into effect by going to the proprietors of the *Star* and there laying similar charges against the plaintiff, for which reason he was promptly discharged from their employment. Plaintiff sues to recover \$10,000 alleged damages.—*Montreal paper.*

From our Rambling Correspondent.

L. Laframboise, Esq., publisher of *Le National*, Montreal, is M. P. for Shefford County, P. Q.

A conservative tri or semi and weekly paper is shortly to be printed in Waterloo, Shefford Co., P. Q.

The printing presses in the Stanstead (Rock Island, P. Q.) *Journal* office are worked by water power.

Mr. Samuel Cox Smith, J. P., publisher of the *Messenger Canadien and Gazette*, intends contesting Shefford Co. for conservative M. P.

From our Regular Charlottetown Correspondent.

Mr. Wm. Tanton, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., has gone to Albert to work on the *Pioneer*.

Mr. M. Donald, of the *Island Argus* staff, has been incapacitated for work for some time past through illness.

The *Examiner* office has been removed to Ings' building, (the old *Islander* office) and, in addition to the daily, a weekly is being issued therefrom.

Mr. Nathaniel Mitchell, who worked at the printing in the *Patriot* office, has charge of the book-keeping department in the office of the daily *Examiner*, Charlottetown.

It is rumored that Mr. James Cooper, of Boston, Mass., is coming to Charlottetown to look after and, perhaps, to continue the business in the office of his deceased brother.

From a Stratford Correspondent.

Business pretty brisk, lots of work for the four offices.

A tramp from Mexico visited the *Beacon* office one morning during the last week in November, and was, as usual, "dead broke." He began to blow that he was the most expert

type-setter of any tramp travelling. The foreman of the office asked him to show some of his swiftness. Placing himself before a brevier case, he rattled up a stickful of solid brevier in twelve minutes, which, I would say, is pretty fast for a weary tramp. The boys, thinking he deserved some help, collected twenty cents for him, when, bidding them adieu, he departed rejoicing. Thinking he could enlarge the sum, he wandered up to the *Herald* office, and after talking about his travels for a while, he put the question, "Will you help a tramp along?" Getting no answer, he declaimed in a tragic voice, the echo still rings in the air, but there is nary a response. He then began talking about what a hard crowd he had got into, when he was told that he had the biggest and hardest cheek of any tramp travelling. He answered, "Do you know why other tramps haven't got cheek? Because they haven't got the ability." He was finally landed out of the back door.

SLUG FIVE.

UNITED STATES.

Printers at Rouse's Point, Springfield, and other places in New England, are getting twenty cents a thousand ems. Those in Montreal are getting twenty-seven and thirty cents.

The Cleveland *Herald* has been sold by Messrs. Fairbanks & Co. to ex-Congressman R. C. Parsons and Col. W. P. Fogg for \$100,000. The change took effect Dec. 1st.

The *World* is now enlarged on Sunday. The original Editor of the world rested on Sunday.—*Boston Post*. No, he rested on Saturday. It is well to be exact in matters of history.—*N. Y. World*. Correct.

Publishers of newspapers seldom meet with such conscientious subscribers as one Mrs. Butts, of Dartmouth, Mass. Although seventy-five years old, she is reported to have walked from her home to New Bedford—a distance of fourteen miles—for the sole purpose of paying her subscription to a newspaper of that town.

Mrs. Bella Lynch, who, on her husband's death, assumed charge of the paper at Ukiah, Cal., of which he had been editor, cannot complain that she is not treated with perfect equality and just as if she were a man. Already she has been thrashed by two indignant readers, and the people have solemnly resolved to drive her out of the county.

The Bill Posters' Journal is the title of an

8-page paper started to further the interests of bill posters. It is published monthly by M. A. Watson, at Flint, Michigan. Among its contributors is noticed the name of Claude de Haven, who has been the pioneer of many shows to St. John, N. B., and who is kindly remembered here for his geniality and humor.

Washoe Typographical Union, No. 65, Virginia, Nevada, has the following list of officers for the present term: Geo. H. Sandy, president; R. V. Byram, vice-president; W. R. Carrigan, secretary; J. E. Eckley, treasurer; James D. Murray, sergeant-at-arms; C. J. Copp, Daniel Connell and H. Duffy, board of directors. The roll of "active members" contains forty-four names, with an honorary membership of seven. The secretary says: "Printers contemplating coming to Virginia are earnestly requested to stay away, as work is extremely slack. Tramps, without cards, will receive no encouragement from this Union."

The New York *Evening Mail* newspaper establishment was sold out at auction recently by order of the sheriff to satisfy twenty-five judgments obtained since January 1, 1876, amounting to \$26,409.48. The contents of the composing room brought \$1,500, and of the editorial rooms \$270; Hoe press, \$5,000; engine, \$525; printing paper, \$375; fixtures of the publication office, \$800; right, title and interest in the paper, \$275; total, \$8,745. Mr. Clark Bell was the purchaser, and he gave orders for the issue of the paper. The amount realized is about enough to cover the first nine judgments, three of which are in favor of Mr. Bell, aggregating about \$4,700.

The postmaster at Cincinnati recently detained a large number of copies of the weekly *Gazette*, of that city, which had been mailed to postmasters on consideration that they should circulate the *Gazette's* prospectus and receive in payment a copy of its weekly edition for three months. The Cincinnati postmaster decided that these copies could not go through the mails at the rate of postage prescribed for "regular subscribers." The *Gazette* appealed to the authorities at Washington, and the Assistant Attorney-General for the Post-office Department decides that the disputed copies may be sent under "regular subscribers' rates."

The will of Mrs. Catherine Hanley, who died in New York recently, was offered for probate a few days ago in the Surrogates office by

Councillor John O'Brien, the executor of the will. By the terms of the will all of Mrs. Hanley's property, real and personal, is divided among her four children, Andrew, Edward, Patrick and Catherine. Mrs. Hanley began life about thirty years ago as a news dealer at Fulton Ferry, and her enterprise proved so successful that at the time of her death she owned property valued at \$50,000. She was peculiarly reticent as to her affairs, and at the time the will was filed the executor was unable to ascertain where she had deposited her money and bonds.

Mr. W. W. Dudley, of Salem, employed as a compositor in the *Reporter* office, conceived the project of performing a bit of pedestrianism. Accordingly he started from Beverly post office and footed it to the city of Gloucester, a distance of sixteen miles, passing over the distance in three hours and fifteen minutes, being an average of a trifle more than a mile in twelve minutes. Mr. Dudley had the curiosity and patience to count the steps taken, and found them to number twenty thousand. Our young friend has proved himself a good pedestrian, and we can vouch that he is as deft with his fingers as with his feet, for he can pick up and "stick" type quickly and understandingly. May he live to ride in his own carriage on the road over which he recently travelled on foot. — *Lynn Reporter*.

George S. Bangs, who died at Washington on Nov. 17th, was born at Milan, O., in 1825, and learned the printer's trade. He became a reporter in Chicago, and afterwards published the *Beacon* in Aurora, Ill., being appointed Postmaster of that city by President Lincoln. When Gen. Grant came into office he appointed Colonel Bangs Assistant Superintendent of the Railway Mail Service, and upon the decease of the General Superintendent he succeeded to the position, in which his energy and capacity gained him an honorable reputation throughout the country. The fast mail train of 1875 was the result of his endeavors. In January, 1876, Colonel Bangs became Assistant United States Treasurer at Chicago, which office he held for about a year, when he gave it up to connect himself with the express business.

Detroit Typographical Union, No. 18, has the following as officers for the ensuing term: Thomas O'Neil, president; Frank J. C. Ellis, vice-president; Robt. Timms, recording secre-

tary; T. J. Finn, corresponding secretary; John McVicar, financial secretary; John Taylor, treasurer; John Russell, Theodore Coyle, Ralph E. Wright, James McElroy and F. J. C. Ellis, board of directors; Mark H. Marsh, Joseph A. Sabodie and Henry D. Whitcomb, committee on membership. This Union has an honorary roll of thirty members, while its list of "active members" foots up one hundred and fifty-two. Three deaths are reported, viz.: Mathew Robinson, Lee A. Remley and Sutton B. Williard. The secretary says in his semi-annual circular: "I would warn all printers that Detroit is a very poor place to come to at present, owing to a number of hands being thrown out of employment (in addition to our regular surplus of two or three years past) by the consolidation, a few weeks since, of the two morning newspaper union offices—the *Post* and *Tribune*. I see no encouragement in the way of work for any printer to come here this winter."

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Delane, of the *London Times*, retires on a pension of \$10,000 a year for life.

A public memorial is being raised in Edinburgh to the memory of Alexander Russell, late editor of the *Scotsman*.

Humbug is the title of a new weekly to be started in London shortly. *Humbug* will be pictorially represented on its title page by a man laughing behind a serious mask.

Mr. Archibald Forbes, the special correspondent of the *Daily News*, has received through the Russian ambassador in London the insignia of a Knight of the Order of St. Stanislas, conferred upon him by the Emperor of Russia for his courage and intrepidity at the battle of Plevna on the 30th of July.

The *London Times* staff, from the highest to the lowest, wished to unite in a testimonial to be presented to Mr. Delane on his retirement. But the intended recipient declined the proffered honor, and not even the suggestion that it shall take the form of his portrait, to be hung in the editorial room, will induce him to consent.

A Scotch paper says: "Mr. Wm. Hodgson, editor of the *Fifehire Journal*, was entertained to dinner and then presented with a gold watch, a silver tea service, and a cheque for three hundred sovereigns, by a number of friends, as a mark of esteem and in recognition of his abilities as a journalist." The lucky rascal! But,

who knows, it might be our turn' next. Gentlemen, draw it mild; we are very modest.

New journals continue to appear in London in spite of the failure of many that have gone before them. If, however, there is any truth in what Serjeant Cox—the founder of the *Law Times*—said recently at the annual dinner of the Newsvenders' Benevolent Association, there is a fair chance of success for some of the new ventures that are about to be announced. The learned Serjeant expressed his belief that the greatest mistake of newspapers was to imitate others which were already successful. What they ought to do was to strike out some fresh path of their own, and occupy some vacant field.

An English exchange gives the antecedents of William Gale, the pedestrian: "Wm. Gale was born in Clerkenwell on the 1st of April, 1832, and was consequently some fifteen years older than Captain Allardice when he started in 1809. He was brought up to the bookbinding trade, but left it after having served his apprenticeship. He took to pedestrianism in his early days, when about nineteen years of age, and was soon known as a genuine seven miles in the hour man. In 1852 he walked several good matches at the old Flora Gardens, Bayswater. Afterwards he entered into partnership with that famous printer, George Seward, of America. They started a circus and went starting together. Seward, however, was too extravagant a man for the affair to last, and they separated, Gale settling down in Cardiff. After one or two big exhibition matches, he set up in business, and became in turn a licensed victualler, butcher and photographer. The advent of Weston in this country, and the consequent revival of long distance walking, seems to have revived Gale's old hobby, and hence his re-appearance. He has lately completed the task of walking 4,000 quarter miles in 4,000 consecutive periods of ten minutes each, has obtained such complete mastery over his physical powers that he sleeps occasionally while walking. Medical evidence has been taken on this point, and the fact is beyond a doubt. He stands 5 ft. 3½ in., and scaled 8 st. 6 lbs. at starting.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Guyot Montpayroux, editor of the *Courier de France*, Paris, has become insane in consequence of political excitement.

THE OLD PRINTING OFFICE.

TO MY FRIEND, H. J. D.

By John Alex. Martin, Printer.

Ah, there it stands, an antiquated pile
 Of tumbling ruins fast falling in decay,
 But stop and let me muse awhile,
 It calls me back to boyhood's happy days.
 How oft within those walls have mighty tasks been done,
 When nearly dozing o'er half-emptied case,
 Waiting for the expected proofs to come
 And looking o'er them oft with lengthened face,
 Then with nimble bodkin set to work
 And every wrong thing marked was set aright,
 Revised, corrected and afterwards made-up.
 Thus did we pass o'er many a weary night,—
 Then to the ponderous hand-press quick was borne
 The heavy form of solid-looking type,—
 Made-ready, and, in a trice were shown
 The living words just born in day's clear light
 And when worked off—and every thing was done,
 To breakfast with keen appetites we went
 Then sought our needed rest—nor waked till noon.
 And then an hour or more in distribution spent.
 Ah, oft in yonder ruined porch
 We've sat and read when supper o'er,
 Talking of this—now planning that
 Till evening shades fell on the floor.
 And after Church, on Sabbath eve
 E're scarce had ceased the holy chime
 I've stood by yonder little gate
 Folding a loved one's hand in mine.
 Ah me! but why should I ponder thus
 O'er times and pleasures that can ne'er return,
 But for the old place where he spent such days,
 The printer's heart sometimes will yearn.
 December, 1877.

CORRESPONDENCE.

"The Non-Preservative Art."

PHILADELPHIA, PA., Dec. 12, 1877.

The *Nexas*, a one-cent afternoon paper, started several weeks before the November elections as the workingman's organ, has suspended. It was launched upon the sea of journalism by four compositors from the *Press* office, who expected to make it a success, but failed. They are now, it is to be supposed, looking for another job that is not quite so visionary.

For many days was seen the sheriff's notice posted on the building occupied by the *Evening Herald* and *Sunday Press*, announcing its sale to satisfy parties holding claims against the establishment. The sale has taken place, and the good-will and fixtures of those papers were bought by the proprietor of the *Evening Chronicle* for \$3,300. The *Herald* will be consolidated with the *Chronicle*, and the *Sunday Press* be published as heretofore. The printing machinery, etc., realized about \$5,000. The *Herald* re-

ceived, so it is rumored, \$40,000 from John S. Morton, ex-president of the Permanent Exhibition, and late swindling president of the Market Street Railway, to keep his name before the public as a descendant of one of the revolutionary signers of the Declaration of Independence, yet even the name of Morton and his ill-gotten money did not save it. It was a rat office.

A few months ago I announced the fact in the columns of the *Miscellany* of the collapse of the Co-operative Printing Company, after an existence of eight years, whereby the stockholders (all printers) lost all they put in it—\$300 each. The entire office was sold for \$4,000, which cost \$15,000. The party that bought it, not being successful, (and who borrowed the money for the purpose of purchasing) has had its doors closed and the sheriff's notice placed thereon. Like the *Herald* establishment, it was sold out under the hammer, and realized a very small figure. Thus it will be seen, that an office, started under such favorable auspices as the Co-operative Co., and costing \$15,000, should be brought to such an ignoble end. The whole material of the establishment goes into the hands of a printer's warehouse. The "art preservative" could not preserve itself, although carried on by its followers.

Another. John Haddock, book and job office, has sold out, and the material of his office gone into the hands of another party in the business. Haddock, a short time ago, started *Haddock's Sunshine*, a weekly literary paper. A few numbers were only printed, and it ceased to exist for want of patronage.

Madame Rumor has it that there are one or two daily papers, at the present time, in a shaky condition. There must be some truth in it when it is known that a few weeks ago one of the morning papers failed to pay their hands on a Saturday for want of funds.

Perhaps some of your readers, after perusing the above items, may think, after all, that the heading to this article is put in the right place. Can anything be "Planer," to a mind open to conviction, that such facts mentioned above is proof conclusive that printing is not exactly the "art preservative of all arts." To combat this deep-grounded belief, of course, will be censured by many, yet in the main "Hair Space" will hold to the idea that it is a "misnomer, a delusion and a cheat," until some one can convince him to the contrary.

Amateur printing is largely on the increase

here, to the great detriment of many printing offices. Many of the proprietors complain of the inroads it is making in their business, and with good grounds, too. These small offices are to be found in any section of the city, and their "little bosses" are daily seen traversing the business streets soliciting orders, many of them meeting with satisfactory success. The products of these amateurs are scattered broadcast through the streets by the merchants who patronize them, and their work is easily recognizable by its slouchy and miserable appearance.

The proprietors of the *Evening Star*, a small one-cent sheet, want another reduction in the price of composition. Perhaps if the typos were to do the composition for nothing and board themselves, and pay them for the privilege of doing so, they may become satisfied. Whether the proprietors will get their wants satisfied or not, remains to be seen. The pay of journey-men printers are low enough now, and to reduce them to a still lower rate, will only impoverish and aggravate their present unsatisfactory condition still worse. O, when! O, when! will this cutting-down process stop? is the exclamation of many.

The *Leader* is a new Sunday paper started here on Sunday, Dec. 2nd. It is a 4-page paper, seven columns to the page, and its proprietor and projector is Robert M. McWade. For its motto it has "always independent, never neutral." The initial number shows it to be well and ably edited, and is witty and spicy withal. Most of the Sunday papers published here are dull and prosy, and should the *Leader* continue as it has begun, little doubt is entertained that it will reach to the forefront of the Sunday papers. Its make-up and typographical appearance is excellent.

Another Sunday paper was ushered into existence for the Philadelphia public to read and patronize on Dec. 9th. The name of it is the *Post*, and the price thereof one cent. It is a 4-page paper, and the typographical make-up of its columns are good. It is doubtful whether it will have a long lease of life at the paltry sum for which it is sold, the price barely covering the cost of the blank paper upon which it is printed. These penny papers are too cheap to be good or to last any length of time. It is said that competition is the life of trade, but such cutting competition brings many to bankruptcy in the "art preservative," and other callings.

A little spurt has taken place in the printing business, which was to be expected before the holidays. This city, like most others, is well supplied with printers, so much so, that it is impossible for all to find employment, even at the low wages eked out to them. More anon.

HAIR SPACE.

Providence Pencilings.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 22, 1877.

The bulletin boards are well patronised.

An editor in a neighboring town has so much business that he has to carry a club.

Pick up the floor pi, John; it'll all be wanted at the spring target shoot.

A Boston tramp said it was "neuralgia in the knees," but others said it was new rum.

One of our newly married compositors is blessed with parapherna. Lucky man! We knew it was only a question of time.

Jezebel is said to have had a tongue the vibrating capacity of which was equal to the fly apparatus of a twelve-cylinder press.

In youth we calculate the pleasures of life; in middle age we divide them by ten; and in after life we look for the missing quotient.

A Pawtucket merchant "Spitz on Hats." The printers in the place have that man spotted, and are waiting to see if his hats are.

Public speakers (as well as editors and printers) cannot be too careful in the use of punctuation marks and their equivalents. Many excellent speeches and sermons have been utterly ruined by the misapplication of the little dots and pauses which at first thought seem too insignificant to require attention. One of the most amusing instances of their misuse occurred in the clergyman's announcement that "Mr. A. having gone to sea his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation!" Apropos—the fervent grace offered by the good old deacon, who wound up with an astonishing "for Christ's sake John pass the cider!" And we can easily appreciate the juvenile bewilderment in the parish as to why the circumstances depicted in the first announcement should necessitate extra prayers by the whole township.

Mr. William Carroll, late of the *Press* office, is now engaged in the grocery business, with a fair prospect of success. Billy is a good fellow, and certainly deserves it.

The *Taxon and Country*, one of the ablest reform papers published in New England, has

recently changed hands, Mr. L. R. Burlingame (late of the firm of Angell & Burlingame) being the purchaser. We understand the same general management will obtain in its future publication as under the able conduct of the Messrs. Welch, who retire with the best wishes of the craft. Brother Burlingame, we welcome you to the front.

Moody and Sankey have got through subbing for our clergymen, and the regulars are again on their frames. Less stories and more logic.

Mr. A. V. Newton, late editor of the *American Liquor Dealer*, who recently delivered a reform lecture in this city, says: "The General Court of Massachusetts showed great wisdom in enacting a law closing the dramshops in that State between the hours of twelve (midnight) and six a. m., while everybody is in bed and asleep." Does Mr. N. consider the morning paper printer a nonentity?

Read and circulate the *Miscellany*. If you have not subscribed for it, do so at once. No better printer's periodical has ever appeared on this continent. It costs but a trifle, and furnishes all the current news of the craft, and an abundance of other valuable, interesting and instructive reading matter. Let it not be said that the printers of this country are unable to support a first-class trade publication.

A poet says that "music hath charms to soothe the savage;" but it is very evident he never listened to a fourteen year old girl practicing on a 'leven octave piano imported by Mr. Noah, and jerking all sorts of time and movement out of the "twenty-fifth amusement." We dote on variety in our pleasures and pastimes, and must be condoned if nature has supplied us with ears incapable of appreciating the spasmodic melliflence of our very considerate neighbors who only practice seventeen hours a day.

One of the earliest printers on record—Moses: he lithographed the ten commandments and broke every one of them before night during a constitutional spasm of meekness, while his wife's relatives were in the back attic concocting new styles of jewelry.

Supernal joys may not be tasted this side of Jordan, but perhaps the promise of higher wages would act as an incentive to many of our journeymen to cross over. Some of our best tramps have been found dead by the roadside, and the coroner's verdict—"Long Primer did it—twenty

cents a thousand—solid." May not the highest human expirations for a heavenly existence have originated in the consciousness of great injustice done the compositor on earth while excavating long primer cases during the shortest days of winter. True, Methusaleh made his fortune; but then his chronological exhibit is nearly double the average of ordinary compositors; and then, again, he didn't have to fill his cases by candle light. Poor old Methuse—how we pity him—he was doomed to die an old man, notwithstanding several hundred years' solicitude about the matter.

"Longer than a Chinaman's back hair," is rather expressive, but, after all, when a pressman has dexterously deposited a form of fine type in a basket and received the affectionate thanks of the foreman and proprietor therefor, the prolix tendency of his facial muscles is something really wonderful and cannot be successfully imitated or described. Experience, the mother of wisdom, sooner or later gives every one a gentle nudge without the courtesy of a previous announcement, and if you escape with only a handful of pi, consider yourself fortunate in being the recipient of her kind attentions in so mild a form. "It might have been worse," as the culprit said when the hangman's rope broke.

Our Beelzebub entertains a very poor opinion of Gideon since hearing Moody preach about his "buckling on the sword of the Lord" and then fighting with fish horns instead. Beelze. thinks Gideon must have been either a coward or a disbeliever in the efficacy of that sword. Upon further examination he has discovered that "God and Gideon were in partnership in the sword business," but that Gideon run a tin-cart and sold horns on his own hook; hence he concludes that the sham fight and surrender of the enemy was a put up job, a cute advertising dodge of the tinman, who thoroughly understood and appreciated the importance of proper fourth of July celebrations and their principal accessories.

"Stick and Rule" says Dame Rumor "gets fooled so often that it's hardly safe to take much stock in her reports." We don't know how that is; but we have a distinct recollection of a very handsome and amiable young lady, with beautiful blue eyes, who embarked on the train for Norwich, the other night, under his escort, and were told that she is one of the "sweet

singers of Israel." Well, we've been expecting it for some time. *Andante.*

These paragraphs are somewhat disconnected, like the stories in a dictionary. XYLO.

Boston Buzzings.

BOSTON, MASS., Dec. 7, 1877.

The late Colonel Albert J. Wright, whose decease was noticed in the September number of the *Miscellany*, was held in high esteem by the printers of Boston and vicinity, and his loss is deeply regretted. At a recent meeting of Boston Typographical Union, No. 13, a committee were appointed to draft a set of resolutions expressing their regret at his demise and sympathy with the bereaved family of the deceased, and the following were unanimously adopted:—

Resolved, That in the death of Hon. Albert J. Wright, Massachusetts' late honored State Printer, Typographical Union, No. 13, mourns the loss of a true and staunch friend, whose well-known sympathies with the object of our organization have endeared him to all our members; whose love at all times of evenhanded justice blinded him to his individual interests when the rights of others were involved, and whose record for truth, honor and honesty through life has placed him foremost among Boston's honored sons, and impressed his memory deeply in our hearts.

Resolved, That the spirit of justice which at all times governed the action of the deceased, in his business and social relations in life, marked him as an exalted type of manhood; and, conscious of an immortality earned and measured by good deeds, we reverently bow to the Divine summons.

Resolved, That to the widow and children of the deceased we extend our heartfelt sympathy and condolence in their great bereavement and affliction.

Resolved, That our sympathy is tendered, also, to the New England Franklin Club, and to other organizations of which deceased was a member, for the loss of an honored and respected friend.

Resolved, That a copy of the foregoing resolutions be properly engrossed and presented to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the Boston daily papers.

The above were duly engrossed on parchment and mounted in an elegant black walnut frame, with gilt moulding. The work of engrossing was executed by Mr. M. L. Bogart, a compositor on the Boston *Herald*, and is a beautiful piece of penmanship.

Members of the craft throughout the United States and Canada, who may have business with the Secretary-Treasurer of the International

Typographical Union, are requested to address their communications to John H. O'Donnell, No. 267 Gold street, South Boston, Mass., instead of 79 Milk street, as heretofore.

The members of Boston Typographical Union, No. 13, are considering the matter of giving a ball shortly. This Union has the reputation of having given the most successful and enjoyable parties of any trades' organization in "the Hub," and if the one contemplated will equal its predecessors, it will be an affair well worth remembering.

Commander George P. Ryan, who lost his life by the wreck of the ill-fated United States war steamer, "Huron," was a brother of John Ryan, Esq., editor of the Boston *Sunday Courier*. He was an officer of much promise, and his untimely death is deeply lamented by hosts of friends in private and naval circles. His body was recovered soon after the disaster, the remains were interred in St. Augustine Cemetery, South Boston, on December 6th, with full naval honors.

The Boston *Herald* now publishes a mammoth 12-page Sunday edition, and its popularity is continually increasing. A new dress (from the New England Type Foundry) has recently been donned, giving the paper a beautiful appearance.

When "Daddy Beers" received the beautiful rule presented to him by Mr. Thomas R. Wells, of Green Island, N. Y., and showed it to the boys on the *Herald*, he immediately received orders for thirty-nine make-up and composing rules. "Dad." sent the order to the manufacturer, and the rules arrived a few days after. They give unbounded satisfaction in every instance, and a second order for another batch will be sent.

More again.

MAC.

The "C. A. G."

ONT., Dec. 17, 1877.

A company styled "The Dominion Stereotype Founding Company," of Brockville, Ont., and Ogdensburg, N. Y., has for some time past been doing business as advertising agents, as you are doubtless aware. A few days ago the "Canadian Advertisers' Guide," issued by this company, was received at our office, and, I presume, was received by nearly all the newspaper and many business men in the Dominion. Therein were set forth the claims of the firm to

the patronage of the general advertising public, urging as reasons its long experience, facilities, careful attention and systematic promptness.

In this "Canadian Advertisers' Guide" is given a list of all the newspapers in the Dominion (and some which are not) and various tabulated lists for the information and guidance of intending advertisers. It says: "The lists therein contained have been prepared with great care, and in the desire to present to an advertiser in as brief compass as possible a complete list of the newspapers valuable for his purpose, giving the location and, so far as possible, the exact or estimated circulation of each." We shall presently see how exact are these statements, and with what "great care" have they been prepared.

When the writer of this epistle saw the "Canadian Advertisers' Guide" he at once began to look through it, as a printer would most naturally do, noticing the circulations of different journals, observing how they were classed, etc.; and the more he looked, the more ridiculous did the claims of the lists to correctness become.

We will see how many different circulations some of the papers in Western Ontario have. The Amherstburg *Echo* appears in five places, each time with a different circulation, viz., 1,185, 950, 838, 1,200, 1,700. The London *Weekly Advertiser and Liberal* is given circulations of 17,050, 15,000, 15,584 and 16,000. The Strathroy *Western Dispatch* is given 750 subscribers in one place, and in another place 1,750. The lowest circulation of the *Tribune*, Toronto, is 2,300, while the highest is 6,000. The Goderich *Star* is credited on one page with 1,700 subscribers, and on another with 1,200. There is a difference of 2,000 between two given circulations of the Hamilton daily *Times*. Here are a few of the figures given other journals: Ingersoll *Chronicle*, 1,200, 1,600; Strathroy *Age*, 942, 1,800, 952, 1,000; Barrie *Examiner*, 1,350, 1,200, 800; Parkhill *Gazette*, 1,800, 2,100, 2,016; Markdale *Expositor*, 625, 1,200, 635; Brant *Union*, 1,300, 960; Brantford *Expositor*, 2,300, 3,000, 2,000, 3,100; Collingwood *Enterprise*, 700, 1,200; Toronto *Orange Sentinel*, 1,200, 2,000. Many more examples similar to the foregoing might be mentioned, and who can say that the statements of circulations of papers in the other provinces and in the States are not as untrustworthy as are those of papers in this section of Ontario?

Nor is this all! Many papers which are favored with only one circulation are almost sure to have that one mis-stated. Thus an Ontario daily is given more than double its real circulation; and that of a certain country weekly in the West is not more than one-third of the lowest of the three given it.

The newspaper men of the country should be pretty good judges of the genuine article, and they hardly need to be told that a company which will issue such nonsense as "prepared with great care," is good for nothing else than to be laughed at, certainly not to do business with.

But while deriding the efforts of these speculators to "gull" the advertising and newspaper public, it will not be out of place to speak a word for something which deserves the patronage and good-will of every printer and newspaper office in the land.

Mr. Editor, that *something* is the *Printers' Miscellany*, which is a great credit to you, because of the model neatness of its typography, the excellence of its matter from the first page to the last, and the "great care" manifest throughout.

May you go on and prosper, is the wish of
ARGUS.

Montreal Letter.

MONTREAL, P. Q., Dec. 20, 1877.

Now, as the new year is approaching, business is considerably picking up; work for the "honest printer" is more plentiful, which maketh many of the disciples feel glad. This Lower Canada winter of ours is a rather "tough customer" for typos out of work to deal with; but, I fear, many in Montreal will be idle this winter.

At an adjourned regular meeting of the Montreal Typographical Union, No. 176, last Saturday night,—the first meeting held under the new charter—the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Thomas Alty; vice-president, Alphonse Mondo; recording secretary, Alphonse Clement; assistant recording secretary, Con. Maguire; financial secretary, Roland Kane; treasurer, — Daniell; corresponding secretary, David Taylor; sergeant-at-arms, James Gallaher.

The new Catholic 'daily, so much talked of here lately, has not been issued yet. The prospectus was printed about a month ago, and that

appears to be all we are to get of it. There seems to be a weakening somewhere.

The prospectus of a new weekly paper—*The Canadian Spectator*—has been issued. This new journal will appear on the 4th of January next. The proprietors are Messrs. Osburn & Co. It will be edited by the Rev. Alfred Bray, Congregational minister.

A "dead beat," from Troy, N. Y., came to Montreal about two months ago, and played a first-class engagement here. The last play on his programme was "James skins his boarding house out of three weeks' grub." He proved to be the meanest specimen of a tramp printer that has visited Montreal for a long time. When he had no place to sleep and no means to buy food with, one of the compositors on the *Gazette* took him to his own house. When he had been fed up for three weeks he received from Michigan a money order for \$40, with which he left the city without even thanking the good-hearted *Gazette* comp. for his kindness.

There are sub. lists on all morning papers here.

The Montreal *Witness* has a larger circulation than any other evening paper in the Dominion—16,000.

When a *Herald* regular lays off four days straight, his sub. presents him with a chromo. Charles Brown is the artist.

Where is Baldy Sours?

THE AGILE TYPE-LIFTER.

"There are some who set like lightning,
And some—well, as slow as a snail,
That, for all I'm worth, put me in mind
Of a hen lifting mush from a pail.
Some that bob as if hinged in the middle,
And describe monograms in the air,
Others scramble and dive 'round boxes
In style to make any one stare.

"In the course of my peregrinations
(And I've travelled a furlong or two)
There's many a strange, awkward motion
Been brought within range of my view;
But of 'whips' my experience is scanty,
Though accounts of their exploits are rife;
And, though I've heard of 'em by dozens,
I never saw one in my life—

"Save one chap—and he was a slasher,
A fair gormandizer of type;
Like the throb of an engine his action,
As the crocodile's snap was his gripe.
Raised up in a small country office,
Where the job type was kept in a bag,
And they'd 'chalk out a case on the floor'
When they had a big rush on their rag.

"When he felt in an extra good humor

His cases he'd turn up side down,
And set up as much in that fashion
As any two men in the town.
Waugh! Talk of your slow Montrealers!
Suppose their performance was fin,
Sim's stickful would be on the galley,
Before they had set their first line.

"But, you see, this yer rushin' so racked him,
He sickened at the 'proach of the Fall,
And, one day, when he felt much disgusted,
He 'threw up' his cases and all.
He went to the country, health to recover,
When he took in the farm for twelve weeks;
He couldn't stand it to work much harder
'Than to fish ev'ry day in the creeks.

"Yes, poor Sim quit the biz from that time,
And we pitied his fate very much.
He now makes a stamp in a kind of way,
Peddlin' aprons, an' bodkins an' such.
Now, take the advice of a float, boys—
Don't hanker for what's past man's power;
Though you hear now and then of 2000 'whips,'
Be content with twelve hundred an hour."

* * * * *
So saying the tramp got down from the stone,
Had a yawn, gave a hitch to his clothes,
And said he would "shas-say" along and see
What luck the next town would disclose;
And, taking a "chew" from "Jack" Allen—that
youth,

Who in quoting this muse flatters high—
He picked up his bundle, waltzed out of the door
With "Be good to yourselves. By! by!"

Wishing you a merry Christmas, a happy New
Year, and success to the *Miscellany*, I remain,

Yours fraternally,

SLUG TWENTY.

Maine Notes.

BANGOR, ME., Dec. 10, 1877.

Paul R. Seavey has sold his job printing office to Mr. Walter Barker, of Belfast. Mr. S. intends to move to Albany, N. Y., where he will be connected with the *Albany Argus*.

The "devil" of the *Rural* office came into the composing room of the *Commercial*, the other day, and asked one of the young lady compositors for an "em brace." He says he never got such a hugging in all his life.

Mr. John H. Bacon turns out some of the best job printing in the city. He never learned the trade, but he beats them all on job work.

Travelling printers will do well to give this city a wide berth.

Job printing is very good, most of the offices are busy all the time.

E. M. Blanding, city editor of the *Commercial*, made about a hundred dollars out of the Boston English Opera Co. Advertising did it.

R. O. Robbins, of the *Dexter Gazette*, has taken Mr. J. Herring into partnership with him, also added new type, and made many improvements in the office. They will issue a holiday edition of the *Gazette*.

One of our State papers says: "The Bangor *Daily Commercial* and *The Democrat* are now among the most neatly printed papers in the State."

Samuel L. Stevens, a typo, is secretary of the Bangor Reform Club.

Thurlow S. Chandler, is now telegraph correspondent for the *Daily Eastern Argus*, Portland, Maine.

The annual meeting of the Portland Typographical Union was held last Saturday evening, and the following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Melvin W. Higgins; vice-presidents, Geo. W. St. John and Geo. D. Loring; corresponding secretary, Chas. W. Bean; financial secretary, Stephen D. Brown; recording secretary, Frank W. Green; treasurer, Isaac Cobb; executive committee, Daniel Hamblen, Alfred M. Kimball and F. A. Drinkwater; sergeant-at-arms, Geo. H. Owen. The association is in a very prosperous condition, the benefit fund especially being large.

I am, yours fraternally,

DIXIE, No. 2.

Notes from Ottawa.

OTTAWA, Dec. 7, 1877.

The printing business has been rather dull during the past season, but is picking up some.

Tramps don't visit Ottawa often. It is rather out of the way. The *space* between places makes them feel "out of sorts." George Moore and "Jac" Johnston (who wasn't killed by a railroad train in Michigan) were the only veterans who struck this city during the present year.

The *Free Press* and *Citizen* both publish morning editions.

The new morning paper, the *Herald*, is pulling along, but it is a question whether it can live or not.

The city has plenty of "subs." who are satisfied with earning board wages until the session comes around.

"Wabagoosh," (G. H. Fox) of the *Free Press* staff, summoned a Council-of-War of the "Braves" of that office, at the Windsor House, on Thanksgiving Day. The "condition of Turkey," etc., was considered by about twenty-

five persons. Daniel's presented a good bill of fare.

The staffs of the various city papers are composed as follows: *Free Press*—J. H. Brock, editor; T. H. Preston and Geo. H. Fox, locals and reporters. *Citizen*—C. H. Mackintosh, editor; W. J. Cugner and T. G. Hawker, locals and reporters. *Herald*—W. H. Nagle, editor; Jas. Rowan, reporter.

Mr. C. W. Mitchell is proprietor of the *Press*, and he spares no expense in publishing a live paper. The other two are published by companies. PICA.

Newmarket Notes.

NEWMARKET, ONT., Dec. 3, 1877.

The printer's friend—for such I term the *Miscellany*—is a welcome visitor to this part of the country. The last number arrived the other day, and, as usual, stocked with valuable information and interesting news from almost all parts. As an advocate of the "Art Preservative" I consider it has no equal, and is a credit to the publisher and the craft in general for having such a journal to represent them.

Since writing my last, the *Sutton Times* has put in an appearance, and, judging from the advertising patronage, is likely to be a success. It is a double royal 32-column paper, gotten up in very good style, and a credit to the publishers. Long may it live.

It is with regret I record the demise of the *Schomberg Journal*. It is said that "Bond's Bitters" is the cause. "Sam." is a good-hearted soul, but as a newspaper publisher he is a failure. Seems to be too fond of the "slug."

Steam is now up in the *Era* office, and business is rushing. The old-time system of twisting the crank is played out, and the boys say they are not sorry. A new devil has been added to the staff.

Mr. Fred. H. Searle, an apprentice in the Richmond Hill *Herald*, has now turned out a "full-fledged" jour., and is foreman of the *Stouffville Alert*. Fred. is a smart little fellow, and will no doubt make his mark in the world.

There is great excitement here over the Gospel temperance movement, or "Blue Ribbon Brigade," over six hundred (600) have signed the pledge. Among that number there are seven (7) printers. Imagine the noble six hundred—"snatched from the jaws of death and the mouth of hell, the noble"—printers. Who can say now, that printers are a set of "topers?"

Tramps are scarce around here now. It would be advisable for them to keep away from this section of the country. They are not wanted.

The news I have sent you this time does not amount to much, but what more can you expect from the "DEVIL."

Guelph Gleanings.

GUELPH, ONT., Dec. 11, 1877.

The Manitoulin *Enterprise*, a 20-column weekly, independent in politics, has appeared at Gore Bay, Great Manitoulin Island.

If appearances are not very deceiving, the Guelph *Herald's* business is looking up since it went into Acton Burrows & Co.'s hands. The daily is now published every week day, no holidays being observed, the job hands have been increased, a permanent traveller has been put on, and things are being rushed generally.

The Guelph *Herald's* building was brilliantly illuminated on the night of the recent defeat of the Dunkin Act in Wellington. Twelve candles blazed in every window, Chinese lanterns adorned the balcony and transparencies surmounted it. The procession halted and cheered the proprietors, Mr. Acton Burrows briefly replying.

Advertisements from persons wanting employment are now inserted free in the Guelph *Herald*.

A large portion of the \$500,000 stock is said to have been subscribed for carrying on the Toronto *Globe*. It is stated that Hon. George Brown will receive \$10,000 fee a year as managing director, and that Mr. Gordon Brown will continue managing editor.

C. W. Bunting, the new proprietor of the *Mail*, is pushing ahead fast. Already a new dress has been put in and several improvements have been made, especially in the local department.

G.

Our Trust in Providence.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Dec. 17, 1877.

Saturday morning last, after a three hours' ride, your correspondent found himself walking through the streets of this "village" in search of a place where he could purchase a fish-ball or a plate of beans. Having appeased the cravings of hunger, we began looking for "the boys." About the first one we struck was our old friend, "Bobby" Brannen, looking, perhaps, a shade older than when last we met him,

but still retaining all the vigor of former days; the hearty shake of the hand and the cheerful greeting attested to that fact. In the *Journal* office we also discovered Doherty and Willard, both of whom, in times gone by, have worked in your city.

In looking through the *Press* office, of which Mr. George E. Cooley is foreman, we noticed several familiar faces, but could not place all of them. In this office we found our worthy friend, Mr. Joseph B. Levens, secretary of the Providence Printers' Union, who has very kindly consented to receive subscriptions for the *Miscellany*, of which all have a good word to say. We failed to find Amos at work, but expect to have better luck next time.

On the *Star* we found "Billy" Cook, who is not, at present, in very good health. When last we met "Billy" he held in his hand a "fat take," which he declared he would "shove up" in no time, even if it was a painful operation. We do not wish him piles of it. That gentleman of whom the boys all speak so highly, Mr. Asa Brown, still retains the foremanship of the *Star*.

Thus far our visit to the Providence typos, among whom are many jolly good fellows, has been a pleasant one indeed; and as a number of them propose taking a deeper interest in our little friend, the *Miscellany*, no doubt we shall ere long hear from them through your columns.

STICK AND RULE.

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

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

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

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

A TYPOGRAPHICAL ERROR.

BY B. POLE.

My name is Rocky Moutain Bill,
And I'm a terrible sinner,
I can set my "six thousand solid"
Before the midnight dinner.

I'm six foot high and over,
Measure many yards around.
I can tease myself in pieces,
And shake the earth for miles around.

One hundred and fifty is my weight,
I'm a form that's justified right,
And when I let 'em in on the phiz
You may bet that phiz is a sight,

I can eat more nor a dozen men;
And can drink more any day,
And my string agin any man's,
And "Sancho Pedros" the game I play.

I'm worse nor a wooly goat
When I get chuck full of beer.
And these "lunch-hooks," called fists,
Make one feel most awful queer.

You can bet I've ne'r been licked—
Nor there's not a "kid" who kin—
I make one feel like a mule had kicked,
With the top of his head stove in.

I've been a "dead beat" all my life,
But I've a soul as big as a horse—
But when I get on one of my drunks,
There is fun for some one, of course.

I tumbled in the creek when a lad,
My mamma my back she barked,
She stood me in the sun to dry,
And that's how I got so warped.

I'm crooked, knotty and ugly to see,
Red headed, big-hearted and white;
A rusher and a terrible old bloat—
A rough hair-pin in a fight.

You can bet your "dupes" I'm a bad crowd,
The winning card in the game.
The girls all call me "horrid ugly,"
But Rocky Mountain Bill's my name.

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

Written for the Miscellany.

Shorthand.

PAPER NO. I.

The utility, or rather the necessity, of shorthand has long been recognized, and it has been practised more or less in every civilized community. It is a well known fact that the Romans employed a system of shorthand, Tyro, the freed-man of Cicero, being a proficient in the art. Tyro's system was slightly improved by Seneca, and introduced into the Roman schools; we are informed of the rapidity by which it could be written in the epigrammatical writings of Martial, who says:—

"Though fast a speaker's words may flow,
The tongue is for the hand too slow."

And Seneca himself says: "We have a system of writing which has been carried to such perfection that a writer may keep pace with a rapid speaker."

There is no record showing that the Greeks practiced it, yet we may come to the conclusion that a people so well versed in every other art would not neglect this one. The Roman system is lost, and so would the art of shorthand itself seem to have been during those dark ages of which so much has been written, and, art, so little to be thankful for; yet in our day it has been brought again to the light, and attained a perfection never dreamed of. The most popular systems are (English) Pitman's, with several American modifications, by Graham, Munson, and others; and in Canada we have the French system of Duployé, and the stenography of Scovil.

The advantage of a practical acquaintance with this art to persons in every station of life, but more particularly to literary men, is strikingly shown by those who have used this art, either as reporters, or authors, and have thereby obtained a reputation world wide. Dickens, Burke, and others, may be cited as instances where a knowledge of this art was the foundation on which all their fame rested. The following enumeration of the advantages to be derived from the practice of the art, taken from the "Manual of Phonography," will be read by all with interest, and maybe light the spark of enquiry wherever it is read:—

"Shorthand is capable of imparting so many advantages to persons in almost every situation of life, and is of such extensive utility to society, that it is justly a matter of surprise that it has

not attracted a greater share of attention and been more generally practiced. Even those who look with the utmost indifference upon it, are daily reaping the fruits of its cultivation. It is scarcely necessary to mention how indispensable it is in taking minutes of public proceedings. If all the feelings of a patriot glow in our bosoms on a perusal of those eloquent speeches which are delivered in the Senate, or in those public assemblies where the people are frequently convened to exercise the birthright of Britons—we owe it to shorthand. If new fervor be added to our devotion and an additional stimulus be imparted to our exertions as Christians, by the eloquent appeals and encouraging statements made at the anniversaries of our various religious societies,—we owe it to shorthand. If we have an opportunity, in interesting judicial cases, of examining the evidence and learning the proceedings with as much certainty and nearly as much minuteness as if we had been there—we owe it to shorthand." W. H. F.

To be Continued.

"Devil"-isms.

BY HAIR SPACE.

Times innumerable has it been said that Geo. Washington never told a lie, and many doubtful people shake their heads and accept the assertion with mental reservation. "Our devil," however, says he knows of a man, for certain, who never told a lie. We were about bringing him to task for making such a rash remark, believing such a man never lived, when he told us, with quizzical look in his face, that the man has been *dumb* from his birth.

Thursday, Nov. 29th, being Thanksgiving Day, "our devil" was given a holiday. A friend invited him to a turkey dinner, which he gladly accepted. After getting through with the noon-day meal, he astonished the party by propounding the following: "In what way do I resemble the turkey just eaten?" None could answer satisfactorily. "Because we were both well *stuffed*," he said.

"O, see the butterfly, see the butterfly," was the excited exclamation of "our devil" as he entered the culinary department of his boarding house the other day. All present instantly cast their eyes around the room, but could not see anything resembling a butterfly. "What do you mean?" asked the cook. "Why," said he, "ain't you frying beefsteak in *butter*, and don't

you see the *butter-fly*?" His exit was sudden from the kitchen, many broomsticks being in his rear.

A friend of "our devil" met him the other morning on his way to the office, and accosted him with the morning salutation: "Rather *fresh* this morning," giving him to understand that it was cold. "Yes, indeed, it is," said "our devil," "so much so, that it won't do to retail any *stale* jokes for fear they might become *cracked* with the frost."

A person was recently complaining to "our devil" with having a "fit of the blues." "I see you have; and a very nice fit it is, too," said "our devil." He wore a blue suit, and he felt better after the "devil's" remark.

The Biblical whale that swallowed Jonah, "our devil" *thinks*, ought to have been well *whaled*.

"Our devil" wants to know if the Prince of Wales is giving to much *blowing*. He knows other whales are.

For his general good conduct and faithfulness we gave "our devil" a silver watch. He thinks so much of it, that when he retires he puts it under the pillow for safety. He thinks it queer, though, that his slumbers should be disturbed by its *ticking*, when he is not at all annoyed by the *bed ticking*.

"Our devil" to another young "devil" across the way: "Good morning, little imp; how do you find yourself, and how do you pick up type now; improving any?" Reply: "Found myself getting out of bed this morning as usual; pick up type like any other printer—with my fingers." They parted.

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

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

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

"How the Thing War Done."

BY INDEX.

At one time I worked on a country newspaper not a thousand miles from this city. One day a green-looking hoosier wandered up stairs and looked sheepishly around him. He said he "jest wanted to know how the thing was done. He was always sot on larnin' how to print the news and things." He watched carefully the process of setting the type, and thought he could "larn that kinder easy when he jest knew where to put his fingers on the letters." I informed him that it would take years to get perfect at it, at which he laughed me to scorn, and said he could "do it as fast as you kin after larnin' the places where the letters come from, and that he could larn that 'in half an hour." I offered to bet him a V greenback that I could fill the stick three times to his once, at which he remarked: "Wal, sonny, I ain't got no scrip about me jes' now, but if you will allow this 'ere timer to lay along with your fiver, I don't mind tryin' to take the consate outer you." After some preliminaries, a bet of the above nature was effected, and greeny spent one solid half hour "larnin' the places where they belonged," when he professed to know where every letter was as well as I did. I handed him some reprint copy, a stick and rule, showed him how to hold the stick, and we started. In just seventeen minutes, amid the open-mouthed wonderment of the rest of the boys, greeny dumped a stick of solid brevier, and I was *sold*.

He was only a poor tramp that wanted a lift on the road, and choose this as a means of satisfying the demands of the railroad.

An Editorial Brutus.

An editor out West indulges in the following talk to his subscribers and patrons. The famous speech of Brutus on the death bed of Cæsar, as rendered by Shakespeare, is made to do service in this amusing travesty: "Hear us for our debts, and get ready that you may pay; trust us, we have need, as you have long been trusted, acknowledge your indebtedness, and dive into your pockets, that you may promptly fork over. If there be any among you—one single patron—that don't owe us anything, then to him we say, step aside, consider yourself a gentleman. If the rest wish to know why we dun them, this is our answer: Not that we care

about ourselves, but our creditors do. Would you rather that we went to jail and you go free, than that you pay your debts and keep us moving? As we agreed, we have worked for you; as we contracted, we have furnished the paper to you; but as you don't pay, we dun you. Here are agreements for job work, contracts for subscriptions, promises for long credit, and duns for deferred payment. Who is there so green that he don't take a paper? If any, he need not speak, for we don't mean him. Who is there so green that he don't advertise? If any, let him slide, he ain't the chap either. Who is there so mean that he don't pay the printers? If any, let him speak, for he is the man we're after."

Complimentary Notices.

The Napanee *Beaver* thus discourses on complimentary notices: "Popular opinion seems to have settled down to the fact that space in a newspaper is of no value, and consequently the general public has no idea of recognizing the use of such space with any compensation. We have hitherto made no charge for notices of tea meetings, picnics, festivals, re-unions, concerts, etc. The avowed intention of these affairs is to make money, yet in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred we have not received a cent for a space, which legitimate advertisers consider it a favor to secure, even at high prices. Not even a complimentary ticket is forthcoming, and a newspaper man is looked upon as a "dead head" if he gets free admission to an entertainment to whose success he has contributed by a free—not dead head, oh, no—notice to ten times the amount of the price of admission. Thus the newspapers contribute more to the glory of God, as implied by the erection of churches, endowment of Sunday schools, purchase of the musical machinery of the worship of heaven, etc., than any other class of the public, and yet these people wonder that he is lean and hungry of look, and wears a threadbare coat, when his sheet has the benefit (?) of *their* patronage, as witnessed by the numerous dead head 'notices' they contribute to his 'valuable columns.' With all reverence we submit a paraphrase of the injunction of One, recognized at least, theoretically as the great example of his followers: 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto the printer the things that are the printer's.'"

The printing press is said to make a good impression wherever it goes.

"Editorial Correspondence."

Owing to numerous misdeeds, we were recently treated to the primitive method of discipline—a ride on a rail. It was no sinecure, we assure you. The lightning-like velocity of the vehicle and its gentle undulating motion rendered strict attention to business and locality somewhat imperative, lest through inadvertence we might be compelled to retrace several hundred miles—the distance traversed during a possible three minutes' absence of mind. Need we say that we must reach Willimantic that night, or die. We are in the flesh yet. Early next morning we embarked on another rail still more celestial, if possible, and quicker than you can say "trap-sticks" were landed at a small but pretentious one-man-power village, where the distant clatter of a wagon load of machinery told the will of an autocrat and absorbed the wonder of gaping passengers. "Change rails for Manchester!" "Carriage to H——!" "Have a hack?" "Carriage, sir?" "Wheelbarrow to the poor-house?" "Right away, sir!"—all came to our ears in a breath, as from a hundred mouths at once. A hurried glance at the crowd revealed the fact that we alone were the distinguished object of all this labored oratory, and it well nigh overcame us; we are not accustomed to such overwhelming attentions, and our native modesty forbade the supposition that we had merited such disinterested consideration from a community of entire strangers. Bet get to H—— we must. And of necessity we entered the elegantly appointed ark bound for that place. A minute and a half was consumed in the passage—three miles. So quick is the transit accomplished that passengers are seldom able to "view the landscape o'er," or even to inspect the gorgeous upholstery and furnishings, or the antique architecture of the commodious vessel in which they are being transported. The magic tapestry and the enchanted horse in the "Arabian Nights" were slow affairs compared with the modern appliances for transportation used on this line. But here we are, at the hotel.

H—— is really a historic place, and has probably furnished more public men than any town of its size in the country. Governors, Congressmen, and numerous State officials have grown up within its borders. It is blessed with a patriotic population, and when no cannon can be found with which to celebrate the fourth of

July, they have recourse to some old fashioned wooden pump which answers the purpose (very) temporarily. The place was founded about 1704—but why, passeth human understanding. We are told the first settlers came here for the purpose of "worshipping God according to the dictates of their own conscience." Unlike some of their descendants, they were well supplied with the latter article.

After the conclusion of sundry business matters a hasty inspection of the principal points of interest—the mill-pond and hearse-house—was very refreshing. They command the admiration of people for miles around.

In conclusion, we must return our sincere thanks to Mr. and Mrs. H. F. P——, at the hotel, for numerous courtesies and the best of entertainment, during our brief stay. "Mary is one of the best women that ever lived," is no panegyric—it is the truth; and all who have occasion to pass through H—— soon discover the high esteem in which she is universally held.

P. S.—We had almost forgotten to state that the several transportation companies over whose routes we traveled utterly refused to be recompensed for the very eminent services rendered us, evidently considering themselves well repaid for their trouble and expense by the prestige of having as a patron of their particular lines the Hon. D. Ed. Head, editor, a person of the strictest business integrity, an upright, conscientious and God-fearing man, who was never known to write a ten dollar puff for a fifty cent railroad ticket. XYI.O.

His First Newspaper Contribution.

He was a friend of mine, and used frequently to drop in and give me advice as to how I ought to run my paper.

He was a minister, and consequently thought I should devote a little more to the cause of religion, and not quite so much to politics.

He said it could be made a power for good in the Western land, in which we had cast our fortunes.

He was a lover of the original, too, and said he disliked to see reprint, and thought I should write more—take the time, in fact, to fill the paper up with good, new stuff. That seemed such an easy thing for him that one day I ventured to say:—

"Brother, you had a glorious meeting at the school house last night, I hear—suppose you write it up for me?"

He didn't seem to act as though he wanted to.

I urged.

He flushed a little, and stood around awkward-like. He had never been honored with an invitation to write for the press before.

I still urged.

Then he took off his gloves and his overcoat. Then I gave him a seat at the table, with paper and pencil.

He sat down to editorial work.

He had always been talking about how it should be done, and now he was at it.

He started in.

I went about my work, and having written a column or two of matter for the week's paper, left him still writing, while I went out to solicit some advertisements.

I was gone an hour or two, and when I came back he was still at it.

He was sweating awfully.

The table and floor were white with copy-paper, and the pencil in his hand was much diminished in length.

I went to dinner.

When I returned he was at it yet.

There was more paper scattered around, the pencil was shorter and he wetter. It was summer.

The hours dragged along until the middle of the afternoon.

Great cords stood out on the preacher's heated brow.

His eyes were bent on the dazzling white paper before him, and his fingers moved nervously, and the pencil was a stub.

I began to grow frightened. I knew I had only a small weekly, and that its fourteen columns of space (one side was a patent jin'ard) would not hold the contents of the Bible, and a supplementary message from heaven besides.

At last the man looked up, and timidly advancing with a piece of paper in one hand, suddenly turned and went back to change a word.

Then he came on again, and, like one who had passed through a vision, held out the paper and feebly asked:

"Will that do?"

I looked.

There were just seven lines of it, advertising measure!

He was a large man—weighing over 300 pounds then, but when I met him three weeks later, he weighed less than 125.

He had been sick.

The seven-line-nine-hour effort was too much for him.

But it was not all lost. He never advised an editor again.

Neither did he ever compose for a paper again.

It was hard work for him to write, and he saw he was not cut out for an editor.

BIRTHS.

At Napanee, Ont., on the 29th Oct., the wife of J. R. Scott, Esq., managing director of the

Napanee Mills Paper Manufacturing Company, of a son.

At Napanee, Ont., on the 7th Nov., the wife of W. F. Hall, secretary to the Napanee Mills Paper Manufacturing Company, of a daughter.

In St. Mary's, Ont., on the 25th Nov., the wife of Mr. T. J. White, *Argus* office, of a son.

At the Grange, Whitby, Ont., on the 10th Dec., the wife of W. H. Higgins, editor of the *Chronicle*, of a daughter.

In Stratford, Ont., on the 13th Dec., the wife of Mr. T. J. Thompson, foreman of the Stratford *Herald*, of a son—weight 10 lbs. 2 oz.

In Wyoming, Ont., on the 22nd Nov., the wife of Mr. Wm. Kay, editor of the *Western Globe*, of a daughter.

In Bowmanville, on the 23rd Dec., the wife of Mr. P. Trebilcock, of the *Observer* office, of a daughter.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's father, on Dec. 25th, by the Rev. W. Jolliffe, Mr. Richard White, foreman of the *News* office, Milton, Ont., to Miss Jane, the only daughter of Francis and Elizabeth Talling, of Bowmanville, Ont.!

DIED.

On the 17th Dec., beloved and respected by all who knew him, Mr. Henry J. Cooper, printer, in the 38th year of his age.

FOR SALE.

ON SALE—One of Miller & Richards' Paper Cutters, will cut 26 inches. Too small for present owner. Cuts well and is in good order. Address "W. F. H.," office of this paper.

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

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

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE.—A MILLER & RICHARDS WHARFEDALE PRESS, almost new and in perfect order, size of bed 23x15½. Press wanted in exchange to be at least 29x42 bed of press. Only reason for selling—press too small. Address

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

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

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

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

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

WANTED.

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

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

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

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

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

"STYLUS,"

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

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

\$777 is not easily earned in these times, but it can be made in three months by any one of either sex, in any part of

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

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

WANTED.

WANTED.—A large Paper Cutter suitable for a paper mill. Printing paper given in exchange if required. Address, stating lowest price with highest trade discount, etc., "W. F. H.," office of this paper.

WANTED.—A situation as Printer; Job Office preferred. No objection to go under instructions. Four years experience. Address "Printer," Bowmanville, Ont.

WANTED.—Agents and Canvassers are wanted in every city and town throughout Canada and the United States to forward news items of interest to printers, canvass for subscriptions, etc. To those who are willing to undertake to thoroughly canvass any city or town for the *Miscellany* we are prepared to offer special inducements.

NAPANEE MILLS

Paper Manufacturing Co'y.

NAPANEE, ONTARIO.

W. F. Hall, - - Secretary.

ORDERS SOLICITED FOR

Nos. 2 and 3

PRINTING PAPER.

P. O. BOX 121.

BARBOUR'S IMPROVED



BOOK THREAD.

Spun from Best and Purest Fibre.

WARRANTED UNIFORM IN STRENGTH AND SIZE.

For Prices and Particulars apply to
Walter Wilson & Co.,
1 and 3 St. Helen Street,
MONTREAL.

THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY

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

Subscription—\$1.00 per annum—50 cents to apprentices. Advertising rates on page 123.

PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.—We are pleased to observe, by the receipt of a copy, that this welcome, interesting and instructive periodical to all connected with the "art preservative" is again revived, having suffered the fate of a great many other printing offices at the great fire of St. John, N. B., during the past summer.—*Advertiser*, L'Original, Ont.

THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.—It is with very great pleasure we acknowledge the receipt of the October number of this very popular monthly. It is neatly printed and contains a vast amount of interesting matter. As it is devoted to the interests of the craft, every printer in the Dominion should feel bound to give it their hearty support; only \$1.00 per year, a small sum, considering the expense of the publication.—*Watchman*, Lachute, P. Q.

The **PRINTER'S MISCELLANY** is out again after the fire, and will be heartily welcomed in the host of newspaper offices to which it finds its way. Brother Finlay has issued this number in the face of many difficulties and while actively engaged in managing the mechanical department of the *Daily Telegraph*. He deserves and should have the substantial encouragement of every printer in the land.—*Barrier*, Sackville, N. B.

The **PRINTER'S MISCELLANY**, published at St. John, N. B., for the month of August has made its appearance. Mr. Finlay, the publisher, is determined that his patrons will lose nothing by the recent disaster in which he personally was a considerable sufferer. The numbers will be issued as rapidly as possible until they catch up with old Father Time. The present number is as interesting as any previous one, and every typo who has seen the **MISCELLANY** knows how excellent that is.—*Plaindealer*, Prescott, Ont.

The **PRINTER'S MISCELLANY** comes with its usual neatness of execution and freshness of matter. It is not easy to say what more could be required in a printer's journal. Its practical articles are excellent, and its "News of the Craft" forms a valuable means of communication among the printers of the Dominion, while its contributed articles are generally racy and entertaining, embracing old reminiscences and illustrating many humorous phases of the business from the editorial to the composing rooms.—*Miramichi Advance*, Chatham, N. B.

PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.—The first number of the **MISCELLANY** since its dreadful "baptism of fire" at St. John, N. B., has just been received. Phoenix-like it has risen from its ashes, looking better even than it did before the great conflagration, which overtook the city of St. John, N. B., in the month of June last. The **MISCELLANY** is always eagerly looked for by us, and when received read with pleasure. Mr. Hugh Finlay, the proprietor, has our sympathy in his late calamity and our good wishes for his success in the future.—*Victoria Warrier*, Lindsay, Ont.

The first number of the **PRINTER'S MISCELLANY** published since the fire in St. John, N. B.—when the whole effects of this establishment were destroyed—is just to hand. It contains, as formerly, an abundance of live, interesting and instructive matter, and will, as ever, be a welcome visitor to our sanctum. Mr. Finlay, its editor, deserves every praise and support for his energy in again placing so promptly before the staff one of the best and most instructive journals a printer can have. Welcome to the **MISCELLANY**! May no such misfortune again befall you is our sincere wish.—*Express*, Oakville, Ont.

PRINTER'S MISCELLANY.—If we were not afraid of startling the reader with an original expression, we would say that the **PRINTER'S MISCELLANY**, of St. John, New Brunswick, has risen like a phoenix from its ashes. It has come out again in as neat and tasty a style as ever. Its crisp, racy news of the craft, and its invaluable practical suggestions, and its correspondence, principally from printers, is to be noted for pointedness and brevity. Printers know what a correspondence should be, and do not bore the reader with prosy and verbose platitudes, but come right to the point like a tramp in the last stage of hunger, or, more probably, thirst. We sympathize with the proprietor in his loss—for we've been burnt before—and congratulate him on the energy and perseverance that has brought to the surface once more one of the neatest printers' journals on the continent. We hope the craft will appreciate Bro. Finlay's enterprise in a practical manner, and give well deserved encouragement to an undertaking that is a credit not only to Canada, but to the journalistic and printing art.—*Beaver*, Napanee, Ont.

SECOND-HAND PRESSES.

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

For particulars and terms apply to the
Dominion Type-Founding Co.,
 MONTREAL AND TORONTO.

BOOKBINDERS' MACHINERY
 NEW AND OF THE BEST MAKE.

- Tangye Hydraulic Press; platen 22x32; tested to 30 tons.....\$325
- Patent Backing Machine (Sanborn)..... 450
- Shears and Table for Millboard (Hoe)... 70

For sale by the
Dominion Type-Founding Co.,
 MONTREAL AND TORONTO.

SECOND-HAND CUTTERS, &c.

- 1 30-inch Gage Paper Cutter, in good order. Cheap at.....\$100
- An English Ruling Machine, nearly new, only..... 75

For sale by the
Dominion Type-Founding Co.,
 MONTREAL AND TORONTO.

PERFORATING MACHINES.

- JUST RECEIVED FROM ENGLAND:—
- 1 20-inch Treadle Perforating Machine...\$100
 - 1 13-inch Lever Perforating Machine.... 50

For sale by the
Dominion Type-Founding Co.,
 MONTREAL AND TORONTO.



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It tries a man's patience and faith in human nature most sorely to buy a coal stove and then see all his neighbors lay in a lot of wood for the winter.

Possibly it is true that Dr. Mary Walker chews tobacco; but we are confident that she hasn't stooped so low as to borrow her entire supply.

An 8-page newspaper will kindle a fire better than a 4-page, because there is more paper in it. That is the only advantage now claimed for the octavo form.

It is this lying awake nights trying to determine whether to leave your fortune to an orphan asylum or a home for old men that makes the newspaper editing business so wearing.

Country editors are so busy thanking people for big beets, squash, cabbage, second-crop potatoes, beans, etc., that they have no time to ask subscribers to send on that "little \$1."

"In the sentence, 'John strikes William,'" remarked a school teacher, yesterday, "what is the object of strikes?" "Higher wages and shorter runs," promptly replied the intelligent pupil.

The journals of Denver have formed a Press Club. The objects, of course, are mutual improvement, the cultivation of literature, art, and cheap, co-operative drunkenness.—*San Francisco Mail*.

The Haverhill *Daily Gazette* is a good looking new daily, published by the proprietors of the *Weekly Gazette*, but somehow it has an air about it suggestive of the fact that whom the "gods love die young."—*Boston Herald*.

Blessed is he that advertiseth, for he shall inherit much greenbax, and men will rise up and call him bulleeboi; for by this name do the multitudes know him who scrabbleth together greenbax—which being interpreted, meaneth spondulix.—*Josh Billings*.

"Canvas suspenders," remarks the *Detroit Free Press*, "now seem to be worn by most ladies." That is a very strange remark. We shall ask no questions, but that is a very strange remark. Is the author of it attending strictly to business?

"Embrace every opportunity to help the poor," advises an exchange. Thank you, we will, and if that clothes line is full to-night when we go home, we know of one poor, unfortunate editor with a large family, whose heart will be made glad with a clean shirt to-morrow morning.

He told the editor that he had read proofs for twenty years, and he obtained a situation. When he spelled "introduction" with a big "I" and a "k," and Jehovah with a little "g," the editor dipped him in the ink barrel, wrung him out

between the rollers of the press, and hung him out in the alley to dry.

A Harrisburg paper informs us that "when a gentleman and lady are walking upon the street, the lady should walk inside of the gentleman." We shall not discuss the practicability or impracticability of this feat, but we may refer to the theory as illustrating the general disposition of men to harass and oppress the gentler sex.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—A few weeks ago among the arrivals in the *Telegraph* was the following: "On Tuesday evening Mrs. Foot of a son." In last Saturday's issue we are informed that "Mrs. Inch has a daughter." Twins and triplets by Messrs. *Furlong* and *Miles* will probably appear next.—*Borderer*, Sackville, N. B.

A Washington letter writer accuses Murat Halstead's wife of having eleven children, and hair seven feet in length. If he had reported the lady's hair as eleven feet long, and cut the children down to seven, it would have been a better story; but who ever knew a Washington correspondent to improve a story at the expense of the truth?

A correspondent asks: "Do you think it is wicked to smoke?" "Oh, dreadfully, awfully, sinfully wicked. Send your cigars to this office and let us burn them up for you, while you swear off and reform before it is too late. It is already too late for us. We went to swear off last week, but the office was closed and the man had gone to a tea party."

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* would like an expression of the views of editors as to the relative degrees of their animosity against three classes of correspondents: (1) People who punctuate with dashes; (2) people who "quote" every phrase they have heard before, including all proper names; (3) people who underscore all their so-thought strong points.

"Say, what are you paying for poetry, now?" "Eh!" "What are you paying for poetry?" ! ! ! ——— ! ! ! ∞ † ! ! * * * His friends pretended to be kind of sorry when the corpse was brought home, but it was easily seen to be a mere tribute to the conventionalities of society, and several of them have since subscribed to the paper.—*Boston Traveller*.

The death of a fashion correspondent is reported from Grand Rapids, Michigan. She tackled a stray copy of Euclid, under the impression that it was a sewing machine company's book of patterns. She struck proposition 5 in spherical trigonometry, and gazed on it once and said, "I know what a fichu basting on a purple polonaise is, and I have met with barege cretonnes cut bias, and when it comes to making dresses for humpbacked women, and trimming them with isosceles and perpendiculars at right angles to the plane AEG, then, indeed, I feel that I am not fitted to solve life's terrible mystery."

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