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THE PRINTERS' MISCELLANY



AN EXPOSITION OF PRINTING AND THE KINDRED ARTS

VOL. V.

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA, MARCH, 1881.

No. 9.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

The Printer's Miscellany.

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA, MAR., 1881.

The Press and Printers of Pictou, N. S.

The following extract of a letter from Mr. Alex. Lawson (of Yarmouth, N. S.) to Rev. Dr. Patterson gives some interesting information on the above subject:—

“I was born in Scotland, but came to Pictou with my parents when a mere child, so that my earliest recollections are of New Glasgow. I went to the *Patriot* office in the summer of 1828, about six months after its establishment, and left 1st June, 1833. When I entered the *Patriot* office, Jacob Cunnabell was foreman, and, I understood, a joint proprietor, but the following year he left the concern and went to Halifax, leaving his brother William, afterward publisher of Cunnabell's Almanac, in charge of the mechanical department. David Gordon, who began under Jacob Cunnabell, worked on the paper a year or more before going to college. (Mr. Gordon, on completing his medical studies in Edinburgh, commenced the practice of his profession in that city, and is still engaged there in that way.) John Styles began his apprenticeship in 1829, about a year later than myself, and with the exception of a short period, when he was out of health, remained until the discon-

tinuance of the paper. William Cunnabell remained about a year after Jacob left, and was succeeded, as foreman in the *Patriot* office, by James Bowes, the subsequent head of the firm of James Bowes & Sons, Halifax. He filled the position for a year, and then returned to Halifax. When Bowes left I was entrusted with the charge of the mechanical department of the establishment. After Milne's marriage, his brother-in-law, Abram S. Harris, then a boy, began to work on the paper as a compositor, and I think remained until the close of his career. Edward S. Blanchard, Jotham's brother, worked for a short time in the *Patriot* office after leaving college. One son of Milne's, John, who began to work in the *Patriot* office when about ten years of age, is one of the proprietors and editors of the *Fall River Daily News*, and a highly esteemed citizen of that place.”

The Bliss Family Genealogy.

A limited edition—five hundred copies only—of this large and elegant work, has been issued from the press of Rockwell & Churchill, printers to the City of Boston, Mass. It comprises over eight hundred octavo pages in fine type, and gives a comprehensive genealogical record of the family for over three hundred and twenty-five years, tracing back to about the year 1550, in England, whence the first emigrants of the name came to America. It is carefully and beautifully printed on the best sixty-pound paper, and illustrated with numerous portraits, coats of arms, etc., is elegantly bound in muslin or leather, as may be desired by purchasers, and in point of artistic beauty is probably unexcelled by any book ever issued from the American press.

The records given in this work are connected and continuous, and cover thirteen generations

bearing the family name, commencing at about 1550, and have occupied over twenty years in compilation, requiring more than ten thousand letters, and almost unlimited patience and perseverance in their collection, and are as nearly complete and perfect as practicable, treating, as they do, of twenty-two hundred and twenty-five (2225) Bliss families resident in America, comprising about nine thousand five hundred descendants bearing the name of Bliss, and about the same number in other names. That the book will be invaluable as a standard work of reference for all future time to all descendants, and especially to those bearing the family name, the amount of research and labor thus bestowed upon it is a sufficient guarantee. Among the numerous prominent and distinguished descendants embraced in the records are:

Hon. Ralph Waldo Emerson, the poet and philosopher, of Concord, Mass.

The late Hon. Erastus Corning, of Albany, N. Y.

George Bliss, Esq., banker, firm of Morton, Bliss & Co., N. Y. City.

Rev. William B. Sprague, of Albany, N. Y., author of "Annals of the American Pulpit," etc.

Hon. Jonathan Bliss, of Fredericton, N. B.
Judge Lemeul Wilnot, of Fredericton, N. B., the first governor of New Brunswick under the Confederation.

Judge John Murray Bliss, of Fredericton.
Hon. George Bliss, LL. D., of Springfield, Mass.

Hon. Philemon Bliss, LL. D., of Columbia, Mo.

D. Willard Bliss, LL. D., of Washington, D. C.

Miss Caulkins, the celebrated historian, of New London, Conn.

Dr. Nezia Bliss, of Hebron, Conn., originator of the American free school system.

Judge Frederick Bliss, of Georgia, Vt.

Hon. George P. Bliss, of Fredericton, N. B.

Rev. Daniel Bliss, of Concord, Mass., one of New England's most distinguished clergymen, who was called in his day one of the "new lights" in the American church.

Miss Emily Bliss Gould, of Rome, Italy, celebrated as a teacher and philanthropist.

Philip P. Bliss, of Chicago, Ill., singer and evangelical song writer.

Gov. Clark Bissell, of Norwalk, Conn.

Gov. Enos T. Throop, of New York State.

This work also includes brief genealogies of the Blush and Blish families of Barnstable, Mass., the Corning family of Preston, Conn., the Abell family of Lebanon, Conn., and the Porters, of Windsor, Conn. It also has forty-

three intermarriages with the Carpenter family, forty-six with Browns, and eighty-two with Smiths. Among the illustrious connections of the family we may mention:

Hon. George Bancroft, the historian, of Washington, D. C.

Capt. Benoni Trumbull, of Hebron, Conn., grandfather of Rev. Benj. Trumbull, the historian, and uncle of the first Governor Jonathan Trumbull, of Lebanon, Conn.

Rev. Henry J. Van. Lennep, missionary to Smyrna, Asia.

Rt. Rev. Hibbert Binney, D. D., lord bishop of Nova Scotia.

Hon. Arthur Livermore, chief justice of New Hampshire, and M. C. of Holderness, N. H.

Bishop Kelley, of Newfoundland.

Senator Odell, of Fredericton, N. B.

Rev. Dorus Clarke, D. D., Boston, Mass., author, and editor of the *New England Puritan*.

Rev. Joel Hayes, of South Hadley, Mass.

Rev. Moses Warren, of Wilbraham, Mass.

Hon. Andrew B. Peters, of Bradford, Vt.

This work, which has engaged the attention of the well-known printer, J. Homer Bliss, of Norwich, Conn., for several years past, was first undertaken some twenty-five or thirty years ago by Judge Oliver Bliss Morris, Springfield, and in 1848 was taken systematically in hand by Sylvester Bliss, Esq., of Boston, Mass., who died in 1863. Br. Bliss' recent investigations traced the name from the Norman French Blois, through the forms, Bloys, Blyse, Blysse, and Blisse, to the American Bliss. The family is supposed to be of Norman descent, having come to England with William the Conqueror, and is thought by some to have been connected with the Norman Kings. The family coat of arms bears the motto, "Semper Sursum," or "Ever Upward."

Captain Dunlap, master of the ship "Steel-field," which left this port March 18th, was at one time a compositor in a country newspaper office in the old country. Becoming weary of newspaper life he took to the sea, and, for 25 years, he has led a sailor's life. During fifteen of these he occupied the position of captain, having command nearly all of that time of the sailing ships of the Allan Line. Four years ago the "Steelfield" was launched at Liverpool, and he was placed in command. Although a quarter of a century has elapsed since he handled the types, he says his right hand has not yet forgotten its cunning, and that he can still stick them up pretty lively. We wish him continued success.—*Globe*.

American Model Printer.
Economical Management.

In the arrangement of small or large printing establishments the importance of a correct knowledge as to what constitutes true economy should be obtained as speedily as possible; for the obvious reason that hardly any other line of business possesses as many loop-holes for waste and loss.

Of course, no one enters the printing business to lose money; but many who are now engaged in it have but a limited idea as to its true method of management, and are in ignorance as to the causes that conspire against their making money. It is to these persons our remarks will mainly apply, hoping that the few practical suggestions here given may be beneficial to them in their future operations.

The waste in smaller printing offices can more easily be looked after by an ordinary competent person than in larger ones. The more general liability of loss in such places lies in the carelessness of the employer, or those whom he employs, to rigidly apply to some good use the smaller parts of perishable stock; keeping material and machinery in cleanly order, and a systematic place for everything in the shape of stock or material, however insignificant it may appear.

It does not require a philosopher to assure us that, in the art of making money, anything that costs money should be measured to an infinitesimal degree, if we would realize a correct value of its fractional parts. Paper stock of all kinds, as well as many of the articles that form factors to the printing business, are bought and sold by weight. The printer is always made to pay per this rule. Let him fix his charges by it; and let him also save by it, by carefully laying away all surplus parts of stock, so as to be made available for small jobs that may come in from time to time. A pound of stock thus saved will often make a profitable job.

Next to perishable stock proper is your item of material. What you have, take good care of; for it will not do to allow careless or incompetent boys or workmen to abuse your material because you can get them to work a little cheaper than more able persons. Perhaps, in this respect, more wanton waste and false economy are developed than in all the other avenues to loss. Look around you, and you will see scores and scores of small offices that have become

almost total wrecks because of shortsightedness in this particular.

Do not buy new faces of type recklessly, or because you want to show everything that is new. This part of the management of a small office is often a trying one; especially if your standard of work and prices are low.

If you must buy a new font now and then, select it with wisdom, so that its addition to the material on hand will not cause it and you to look clownish. It is also a folly to buy anything second-hand, because it is *cheap*. From long experience, we have found it best and cheapest to purchase articles that are new. The owners of the majority of small printing offices are the persons who support the second-hand dealers, and who, consequently, most frequently get victimized. These purchases are made on the score of economy; but they sooner or later demonstrate how false has been the principle. Above all, do not cheat your patrons by giving short count, because you have only been able to get cost price for your work. If you cannot get a reasonable profit on all your work, it is true economy to refuse such orders as do not give a margin. By this course, you will save wear and tear on material, and have your facilities open for the execution of orders that will pay.

In large printing establishments, the liability to loss and the exercise of methods of false economy is often very great. Where there is not a strictly established system in the work-room, as well as in the counting-room, a constant leakage of what should be a large profit is the result. In the stock-room there should be a person of careful and qualified ability—one conversant with the value of every article under his care. Such a person should be liberally paid, especially if he has developed a propensity to save for the concern the smaller or apparently insignificant parts of stock that usually find a place in the waste-bag, or that lay on shelves and never seem to be suitable for anything. We know of an establishment that was so badly managed in this respect by a cheap predecessor, that the new stock-man found enough paper rolled up and laying around in different places to do the poster and circular work of the concern for three months! Another establishment, where the partners of the firm superintended the departments—the stock-room, assigned to one of them, was so slovenly attended to, that when a proper person was ap-

pointed to look after it, there was found stock, in the shape of broken reams, quires and trimmings, to suit nearly the entire small job work of the house for many weeks!

In the composing-rooms of larger offices there is great need for correct economy. The purchase and care of large quantities of valuable material is something that should receive closer attention than most employers are apt to give. In this department is stored almost the most expensive part of the capital invested. A careless foreman, or a lot of cheap and incompetent workmen, are about as certain means as can be employed for its total ruin.

Next to the composing-room is the press-room. Here care, competency, and real interest in the affairs of the concern should be prominent, as a security to the economy of its management. Work can be spoiled; machinery damaged, and many other errors wrought, that to place such a department in wrong hands, because cheap, would be worse than false economy—it would be folly. Yet there are many establishments run just on this basis.

Look into these facts, and give some thought as to why you do not make more money than you do on the capital invested. With the right kind of assistants, we believe a satisfactory result can be obtained. It is in carrying out the more thorough methods of an extensive business, that true economy becomes apparent; and it is by a wise exercise of it, that any of the first-class printing houses have succeeded. Cheap labor, thoughtlessness, and a disregard of values, is a sure precursor of business ruin. False economy will not prevent it. By false economy we mean those petty systems so often adopted because they seem cheap.

Gold Leaf.

Gold leaf, in addition to its use to bookbinders, is required for gilding, in order to ornament different parts of buildings, more especially the interior fittings, such as the mouldings of the joinery, the decorations of the ceilings or walls. It is classed as *singles*, *doubles* or *trebles*, according to its thickness, and sold in books, each containing twenty-five pieces, whose dimensions are three and a quarter inches square. They are placed between the paper leaves of a book, which are rubbed with red chalk to prevent the gold from adhering. The book should be warmed before using, so as

to make the leaves quite dry and easy to detach one from another.

Gold-beating by hand is tolerably simple. The hammered metal, brass, or tin plate, is laid on a massive anvil and beaten with hammers; to produce the greatest expansion of the metal the hammer and anvil must be convex; the convexity of the latter is of great influence. The sheet becomes so thin after a short time that the further beating must be done with the sheets between animal skins. Great care must be taken that the skin is perfectly even, and covers the whole of the sheet, which must be smaller, so as to give room for extension. The beater endeavors never to strike twice consecutively in the same place, and moves the skin after every blow. It requires considerable practice to ascertain when the body of the metal has the required thinness, as a fold will be produced by any doubling, and the separation of the leaves, sorting, etc., must be done carefully between tissue paper, all draught being guarded against during the operation.

There are several different tints of gold leaf, varying from deep orange-red down to a pale silvery hue. Gold leaf made in England is thicker and larger than in the United States. Pale leaf gold is an alloy of silver and gold beaten into leaf. Dutch gold is copper leaf colored yellow by the fumes of molten zinc. It is much cheaper than gold leaf, and useful for large surfaces, where it can be protected by varnish. Without such protection it becomes discolored. Bessemer's gold paint is in the form of a powder. It is mixed with a little transparent varnish, and laid on with a brush.

— *Exchange.*

How Printers are Made.

There are many men who never were, and never will be, printers, simply because they once thought it too much trouble to thoroughly master the nice little technicalities of their trade. They looked upon rule and figure work as fidgetty, bothersome employment, and thought it waste of time to clean up when colors began to go dirty.

Such men as these are stamped with the word "Failure," and failures they are, accordingly. They may be very good as compositors, reasonably rapid and correct in their style of picking up, and their matter, when on the galley, may be on its feet, evenly spaced, and properly justified. But take a man of this description from the case and put him at the stone—the test will

be almost too much for him, because he has never mastered the duties of a stone-hand.

The probability is, that, if his form exceeds sixteen pages, he will resort to a book, or else he will fold and mark a sheet of paper to make sure that he is right. Even then he is in doubt. And why? Simply because he never thought it worth his while to learn; and, when his term of apprenticeship was ended, he found himself fit only for a frame in a newspaper-office, where he stands not the slightest chance of artistically raising himself to anything above his fellows.

How different is the case with the man who took note of everything that occurred in connection with his trade. His seven years completed, he is welcomed by the firm, until such time as he may see fit to make a change—which he usually does in the course of a few years, and to his immediate advantage. There is a moral in this, which young printers would do well to search out.—*Paper and Print.*

How Printers are Bored.

A LEAF FROM THE DIARY OF ONE OF THE FRATERNITY.

The following leaf, evidently dropped from the diary of a young printer, was picked up in the office by the "devil" the other day, and is printed in the hope that the loser may be able to reclaim his property:—

"Saturday, p. m.—Well, another week has gone by in about the same old way. I've been wondering lately why some people don't know more than they do; why they will persist in talking 'shop' to one of us fellows every time they meet us in society. Now, I am not ashamed of my business, which, I think, requires a considerable amount of brains. The other night I went out for a little while to a sort of social gathering, and I hadn't got into the parlor before a young lady simpered, 'O, Mr. —, you ain't going to put us in the paper, are you?' I had a big notion to say something bad, but I didn't. Then I go to some public exhibition, and every acquaintance I meet says: 'Well, are you getting it all down?' or, 'Got something big to write up now, haven't you?' or, 'I s'pose you fellows got to go to all these things for nothing?' or some equally flat remark. Everywhere it's the same way. Go to church, which some printers do because they enjoy it, and you are met with

the facetous remark: 'Well, you have to be pious once in a while, don't you?' Meet a man on a street car, and he asks you if there is any sensation afloat. People don't seem to think that we fellows ever know anything but 'shop.' Why don't they ask a lawyer, out in society, if he is looking for a case, or a doctor whether he expects anybody will be sick before he leaves; or a bank cashier what the highest per cent. is upon first mortgage loans. I can't understand it. We are just like other folks, and there are times, rare it is sadly true, when we are not on duty, and feel that we would be glad to enjoy social life just as other people do. But I suppose it always was, and always will be, and I'm too tired and sleepy to understand why."

"Mistakes of the Compositor."

Some one has taken the pains to collect for the *Chicago Times* some of the more famous typographical blunders of recent days—the proof-reader on the *Herald* who underscored the line of the hymn, "Hark, *The Herald* angels sing!" so as to give due credit to his own paper; of the *World's* report of a political meeting—"the snouts (for shouts) of 10,000 Democrats rent the air;" of Gath's Fourth of July oration about the effect of the immortal declaration penned by Thomas Jefferson at which "Thomas reeled," he was made to say, instead of "thrones reeled;" a local reporter represented Talmage as reading the well-known hymn thus: "Nearer, by God, to Thee!" Instead of the fiat of the Almighty, a New York paper spoke of the "fist of the Almighty." Another paper declared that the Meeker massacre was caused, not as the dispatch said, "by the farmers pulling down the Indians' tents and corrals," but "the Indians' beets and carrots." Out West the obituary of a right reverend "prelate" was described as the "death of a pirate;" in a sermon a clergyman was announced as preaching about a "woman clothed in scanty," instead of sanctity; and the subject, "Influence of Rome on the Formation of Christianity," got into print as the "Influence of Rum upon the Digestion of Humanity." The compiler should have added to his collection the story of the Connecticut editor who wrote what he thought an unusually fine article entitled, "Is There No Balm in Gilead?" and awoke the next morning to see it read "Is There No Barn in Guildford?"—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Printer's Wooling.

The printer told of the "galley" loved,
To his friend both tried and true;
"And 'Ed, it' may seem 'comma' cal,—
But I'll give the 'case' to you.

"Her eyes are 'Diamond', teeth of 'Pearl';
Her lips are 'read' and ripe;
There's 'Non pareil'—excuse my French—
Of beauty she's the 'type'.

"She's hardly ever out of 'sorts',
In fact, she's good as 'pi'.
She's got 'a gate' that cuts a 'dash'—
My praise she'll 'justify'.

"You ought to 'semi colon' her,
I 'set up' with her nights,
Her 'form' 'locked' in my fond 'M brace'—
She calls that woman's rights.

"I've got her 'solid'. Oh, you bet
I'll 'stick'. She's got the 'quoin'.
I'm 'going to press' my 'chase' until
Both heart and hand we join."

CORRESPONDENCE.

Tidings from Britain.

Our own correspondent.

LONDON, Feb. 22.

Trade appears to be uniformly quiet throughout the country; but there is a steadiness which gives hope of a revival ere long. There are now some two hundred and fifty men signing the out-of-work books of the London Society of Compositors; and the Machine Managers' Association funds are run on rather heavily. Indeed, in this latter connection, in order to avoid the necessity for breaking into their capital fund, the society has, for some time past, extorted a heavy levy from those of its members who are in any regular employ.

The Stationery Trade is just waking up; though nothing remarkably startling has yet been introduced. Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode have issued their specimen books of birthday-cards, comprising some very prettily artistic designs; Messrs. John Walker & Co. have several new things in school stationery; and Mr. J. W. Robinson, of Thoburn Square, Fort-road, S. E., has published a handy reference table for printers and stationers. A comprehensive and capitally got-up guide-sheet, it is well worth the price charged—one shilling.

I had almost forgotten to speak of the change which has been effected at Messrs. Lawrence

Brothers' late premises in Farringdon-road. The Durable Roller Company, which occupied the offices and show-rooms co-jointly with the first-named firm, have now fitted up the entire ground-floor and basement as offices and workshops for their own exclusive use; Messrs. Lawrence Bros. having removed to more convenient offices at 48 Farringdon street. Here, they have now a full line of American pencils and toy-books, together with a general assortment of stationery appliances from the other side, with which they seem to be doing a fine trade.

Mr. Phineas Lawrence, the English partner, has again returned to New York, on a ten or twelve months' trip, during which time it is expected the new house will be got into thorough ship-shape order.

Mr. Otto Telu, who first introduced the Chromograph, the Schmittotypie, and the Black Autocopyist into this country, has been paying a lengthened visit to Germany, but is expected home very shortly.

Mr. Hurd, of Messrs. Chapin & Co.'s, the American type-agents, has returned from New York; and Mr. M. P. McCoy has departed thence, as American representative for Mr. P. Lawrence's new rubber roller.

There are many other "movements" I could record; but want of space forbids. I must, therefore, hurry on with the news in the lines which lie at my disposal.

The weather has been so very severe of late that even the most robust Briton has been full of ailments and complaints. We have had to dig our way through huge snow-drifts in order to be able to get in-doors; and that, too, in London. Our country cousins have been worse off than us, however, so far as this feature goes; but they can scarcely have felt so troubled about it as we, who were shut off from all intercourse with the outer worlds, on account of the snowing-up of mail trains. Now, that it is all over, we can scarcely realise the fact that, where all is bustle and business, but erstwhile there was naught but a dull anxious expectancy. Not that we, any of us, want to see such weather again for a long time to come. Individually, I trust I may never experience another such period of annoyance and vexation.

The foreign mails are always watched with interest by myself; for the loss of a mail-

vessel's precious freight might mean a serious hindrance, if not actual loss, to my business. Imagine, then, if you can, the state of unrest in which, during that brief spell of torment, your correspondent has been plunged. At length, I began to get used to the delays of two to four days; and, although inwardly fuming, I managed to contain myself until, with the break in the weather, my eyes were gladdened by the sight of the postman, who made his visits with his previous unflinching punctuality.

Messrs. George Waterston & Son, of Edinburgh and London, have lately published a book which should be in the hands of every art-designer. It is a *fac-simile* representation of Theodore De Bry's famous artistic alphabet, the original of which was published at Frankfurt-on-Main in the year 1595. In well-nigh every particular, this "reproduction" is magnificently complete.

Another tastefully got up work is Mr. Wm. Blades' treatise on the "Enemies of Books." This is a masterful series of articles on the various powers destructive to books; and as proof of the high opinion in which it is held by bibliophiles, I may mention that the second edition has almost run out, and that a third is in course of preparation.

"The Printing Trades' Diary and Desk-book," (Messrs. C. Wyman & Son, 81 Gt. Queen street, W. C.,) has entered its third year of publication. As a work of reference to the printer and stationer, I can heartily recommend this excellent annual—the price of which, by mail, is 75 cents.

Mr. Robert Dale, the proprietor of the Printing and Stationery Exhibition, has, I am sorry to say, been seriously ill, and consequently unable to attend personally to the preliminary arrangements for this year's show—which, by-the-by, will be a more truly representative affair than the last. Several firms have already applied for space, old positions have been bespoken by many, and altogether the breeze of success seems to have set in rather early in the season. Canadian and American manufacturers will do well to mail on at once to Mr. Robert Dale, 29 Barford street, Liverpool-road, London, N.; for, as the forthcoming show is to be somewhat of an international one, the trade on your side should be well represented.

Just on the eve of closing this, Messrs. Wal-

mesley & Lewis, of Park street, Islington, send me samples of their new colored photographs, for birth'ry and similar presentation. Messrs. Walmesley & Lewis were the first to introduce this class of card to the English trade; and, considering the high character of their work, I am not surprised to find that they have fully maintained the position they took up on first entering the market with their wonderfully artistic wares.

The death list of the past month includes the name of one whom I admired in life, and for whom, in death, I mourn. Mrs. Anna Maria Hall, wife of Mr. Samuel Carter Hall, the veteran journalist, passed away, a few days since, at the advanced age of eighty-one years, having been born at Bannow, near Wexford, Ireland, in the year 1800. Mrs. Hall was a most distinguished authoress, having written, or assisted in writing, over five hundred books, and a vast number of poems and short articles. In 1874, Mr. and Mrs. Hall celebrated their "golden wedding," and upon that occasion a fund was subscribed for the purpose of purchasing an annuity of £100 upon their joint lives. Later on, the Queen granted a Civil List Pension of £100 per year, to Mrs. Hall, at the same time so far honoring that lady as to present her with portraits of both herself and the Prince Consort. During last summer, a Civil List Pension of £150 per year was granted to Mr. Hall, who shortly retired from the editorship of *The Art Journal*, and removed to Devon Lodge, East Moulsey. Writing to me, a few days after the death of his wife, Mr. Hall spoke most touchingly of the loss he had sustained; and again, after the funeral, he referred specially to the circumstances attendant on the interment of her who had—as he publicly acknowledged in his farewell to the readers of *The Art Journal*—been his helpmate in the highest and holiest sense of the term.

Mrs. Hall was buried in the churchyard at Addlestone, near Chertsey, Surrey. The attendance at the graveside was small; but among those present were not a few influential ladies and gentlemen—including Sir Theodore Martin, who was the bearer of a gracious message of condolence from Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen. A hymn was sung by a group of children from the adjacent schools, which had been built by the aged mourner and her for whom he mourned.

Indeed, all around the spot where the remains of Mrs. Hall are laid, are evidences of the interest this aged couple have displayed in the little rustic village and its institutions. Even the ivy with which the church is clothed was planted by Mr. and Mrs. Hall in 1855, having been brought for that purpose from "all-beautiful Killarney." The coffin itself was made from oak grown at Bannow, the scene of the early "Sketches of the Irish Peasantry," written by Mrs. Hall. It was a large keel, brought from Ireland by the family of the deceased lady in 1815. Mr. Hall says she had often expressed a wish to be buried in it; and her wish was gratified.

Yours truly, F. J. P.

Boston Bubbles.

BOSTON, MASS., March 21.

Charles M. Vincent, assistant managing editor of the *Globe*, died of diphtheria. He was born in 1844, and learned his trade as a printer on the *Vineyard Gazette*. In 1862 he enlisted in company D, 40th Massachusetts regiment, was promoted to quartermaster-sergeant, and afterwards attained a lieutenancy. He conducted the *Vineyard Gazette* for a few years, and later became the proprietor of the *Bridgewater Gazette*, *South Framingham Gazette* and *Brookline Chronicle*. Mr. Vincent about two months ago married his second wife. He was a Royal Arch Mason, a brother in the Grand Army, and a member of Brookline lodge, Knights of Honor.

The annual meeting and reunion of the members of the Massachusetts Press Association took place at Boston, on February 9, and was attended by about 125 of the editorial fraternity, the country press being largely represented. The annual election of officers resulted in the following choice for the ensuing year:—

President, John S. Baldwin, *Worcester Spy*; vice-presidents, Charles W. Slack, *Boston Commonwealth*, George A. Marden, *Lowell Courier*, Henry Chickering, *Pittsfield Eagle*, Francis Proctor, *Gloucester Advertiser*, Justin Jones, *Boston Yankee Blade*; recording secretary, Luther L. Holden, *Boston Journal*; corresponding secretary, George M. Whittaker, *Southbridge Journal*; treasurer, James Cox, *Cambridge Press*; auditor, J. S. Smith, *Rockland Standard*; historian and biographer, Alphonso Ross, *Boston Advertiser*.

The report of the treasurer, James Cox, showed the receipts of the year to have been \$2,696.45, expenses \$2,592.10. A report upon the question of topics for discussion suggested the apprentice question.

Eleven prizes, amounting to \$1,500, have been offered by D. Lathrop & Co., this city, for the best designs for book covers or magazine illustrations. They may be executed in black and white, or in colors. Rejected designs will be returned, and any one may send as many as he likes.

Messrs. Rockwell & Churchill, city book and job printers, suffered severely by fire February 20. The damage was estimated at about \$25,000, partially insured. The loss was subsequently adjusted with the insurance companies for \$15,210.

COPY DRAWER.

NOTES AND NEWS.

"The York Envelope Factory" is soon to be started in Toronto.

The Ontario Government spent \$30,074 for stationery last year.

The Montreal Typographical Union are organizing a mutual benefit society.

J. Ross Robertson, proprietor of the *Toronto Telegram*, is on a visit to England.

The Boston Franklin Society intend holding a concert at the Boston Theatre, April 24.

B. R. McKennie, one of the oldest editors in Tennessee, died at Edgefield, February 24.

Over \$15,000 worth of presses have been sold by Miller & Richard within two weeks.

Every member of General Garfield's Cabinet but one, is a lawyer, and that one is an editor.

The *Toronto Globe* has just laid in a large size Campbell combination press, at a cost of \$4,000.

Ed. Farrar recently left the *Toronto Mail* staff to take an editorial position on the *New York World*.

The Peterboro, Ont., *Review*, have purchased a single small-cylinder Campbell press, which can be run up to 2,400 per hour.

Walter A. Harris, some fifteen years ago one of the editors of the *Colonist*, of Victoria, B. C., died of heart disease at Port Elizabeth, in South Africa, on the 2nd of January last.

Mrs. Sallie Van Pelt is the base ball editor of the Dubuque *Times*, and is said to be the best authority on the national game in Iowa.

Frank Doherty, who served his apprenticeship in the *Freeman* office, this city, left recently for New York, where he had a situation awaiting him.

A young lad was sentenced, in Toronto, recently, to one year in the Central Prison, for stealing 5 lbs. brass rules and dashes from the *Mail* office.

Dr. Palmer, a newspaper correspondent, has been forbidden the press gallery of the Pennsylvania Legislature, for making false charges against a member.

Grand Manan is to have a newspaper, to be published by John G. Lorimer, Esq. It is to be called the *Island News*, and the prospectus says it will be independent in politics.

It is said that the publishers of the western morning papers contemplate increasing their yearly subscriptions, the *Toronto Globe* and *Mail* to \$8 or \$9, and the others to \$7 per year.

W. H. Waldron, editor of the *Lewiston Gazette*, died, February 26th, at the advanced age of 59 years. He had been previously connected with the journalism of Boston, Mass., and Portland, Me.

Sussex is entitled to have its local newspaper if the statement published in a St. John daily paper is true: that nearly 600 papers were sold at the Sussex post office alone during the month of February.

A. S. Mitchell, an old and well-known journalist of St. Louis, Mo., died at Hot Springs, Arkansas, February 23. Some time before and during the war he was connected with the *New York Times*.

Mr. McMillan, of Hamilton, has the management of the *Toronto Globe* job rooms, with Mr. McKay, of the *Spectator*, same city, as his foreman. Both gentlemen have the reputation of being first-class workmen.

We see it stated that by a new process of plate-printing, a New York house is able to produce bank checks, drafts, notes, etc., as fine in appearance as those of the bank note companies, and at a greatly reduced rate.

Mr. Archibald Forbes will be able to give the English public some very personal information

about the personalities of American journalism—that is, if he manages to get back alive, for he is now undergoing a process of slaying which requires a good deal of toughness to undergo successfully.

F. O. Carnahan, a prominent printer of Cincinnati, Ohio, died February 20. He had been foreman of the *Times* of that city for ten years; but, in 1876, he commenced business on his own account as a book and job printer.

The employés of the Guelph *Mercury* and *Herald* had a match game of curling recently, in which the *Mercury* staff won—they had 18 points while the *Herald* had 5. The *Herald* staff claim that they are champions at base ball.

It is announced that W. D. Howells retires from the editorship of the *Atlantic Monthly* on the first of March, and is to be succeeded by Thomas Bailey Aldrich. Mr. Howells, who retires at his own wish, will continue as a contributor.

J. T. Johns, formerly warder in the Toronto Central Prison, is now a stockholder and business manager of the *Toronto Evening World*. He was recently cutter in the clothing department of Messrs. Pettys & Co., dry goods merchants, Toronto.

It is stated that a Canadian house managed to obtain surreptitiously advance sheets of Mark Twain's "Tramp A-road" from the Hartford printers, and to have had the book on the Canadian market almost as soon as the Hartford publishers.—*American paper*.

Lady Florence Dixie, the young Englishwoman who owns two pet jaguars, and who has lately published a book upon her travels in Patagonia, is going out to South Africa as war correspondent for the *London Morning Post*. Sir Beaumont Dixie, her husband, and Lord Queensberry, her brother, are to accompany her.

Toronto, Ont., has seven wholesale stationery houses, which are estimated to have done a business in 1880 aggregating \$1,750,000. One firm manufactures envelopes at the rate of one million per week. The imports for 1880 of books, blank-books, paper, book-binders' tools, inks, pencils, stationery, etc., amounted to \$414,834.

The rooms of E. A. Simons, a New York city printer, were entered on the 16th March, and about \$1,000,000 worth of railroad bonds and stock certificates, and \$2,000 worth of

jewelry were stolen. Simons had printed the bonds and certificates, and taken them to his residence for secrecy and safe-keeping. They were unsigned, but otherwise complete. The thieves obtained access through the basement and a dumb waiter.

Of the 30,000 newspapers published throughout the world, the United States furnishes, in round numbers, 9500, against 3000 issued by Great Britain and Ireland. Notwithstanding the disparity in the numbers of publications, the British presses have issued 1,734,841,956 copies in one year, against 1,836,473,592 copies by the American.

The partnerships existing between J. P. Jaffray, E. Jaffray and R. M. Jaffray, in the *Telegram* newspaper and the publishing business, Brantford, Ont., have been dissolved. Messrs. R. M. Jaffray & Co., assume the job printing department. Mr. J. P. Jaffray will conduct the newspaper and advertising department of the *Telegram*.

A one-cent evening paper is shortly to be issued from the Toronto *Mail* office. Its title will be the *Evening Post*, and it will be conducted by a separate and distinct staff of editors, reporters, compositors, pressmen, advertising canvassers, etc., and also from its own type and presses. A denial, purporting to come from Mr. Buntin, manager of the *Mail*, has been published.

It is the intention of those interested in the Printers' Base Ball Club of Hamilton, Ont., to put up a cup to be competed for next season. Referring to this the Brantford *Telegram* says that the printers of Hamilton will put up a handsome cup to be competed for at base ball by Toronto, Guelph, Brantford, and perhaps one or two other places. The members of the clubs forming the "league" must all be printers.

Beldon & Co., publishers, of Toronto, have just received from Miller & Richard, two of R. Hoe & Co.'s celebrated six-roller patent stop cylinder presses, on which they purpose printing *Picturesque Canada*, which will come out in numbers, to be issued monthly. This work is to be similar to *Picturesque America*, published by the Appletons, New York. It is going to be the finest specimen of book work ever issued in Canada. We may mention that these are the first six-roller presses used in Canada.

A Vienna despatch of Jan. 20 says: "A most unfavorable impression has been produced in Vienna by the raid on the Liberal press. Last night the authorities seized the *Wiener Allgemeine Zeitung*, and this morning the *Neue Freie Presse* shared the same fate. This evening the *Deutsche Zeitung* has been confiscated. The pretext for these stringent measures is the citizenship of the recent nominations to the peerage."

The *Examiner* Publishing Company, of Charlottetown, P. E. Island, has purchased the *Island Argus*, of that city, with all material connected with the same. It has been amalgamated with the weekly *Examiner*, which is now styled *The Examiner and Island Argus*. The subscribers of the *Argus* having been added to the *Examiner's* already large list, makes the circulation one of the largest in the Province.

The ten-cylinder Hoe presses were capable of printing 20,000 sheets an hour and cost \$50,000. By the invention of stereotyping and the perfecting press their usefulness is gone, and the last one now in use—in the *World* office, New York—can be had for \$3000. One was sold in Chicago recently for \$150. It is proposed to present the *World* press to the central park museum. By the instructions of the late Senator Brown the old double four-cylinder Hoe of the *Globe* is standing in some unknown building in the city ready for an emergency, but it will never be used.—*Toronto paper*.

The Brockville *Monitor* says that the scout Charley Thompson, who has become more than half Indian, and lives with Sitting Bull's band, and who recently induced the latter to return to Canadian territory instead of surrendering to the United States government, is a Brockville man. He is a son of Pilot Thompson, of Brockville, by his first wife, and was at one time an apprentice to the printing business in the office of the *Monitor*. He was about the most untractable boy the proprietor ever met with, and eventually had to be discharged. He went to Manitoba with a detachment of the mounted police, got acquainted with the Sioux Indians, and now lives amongst them with a squaw wife, like one of themselves. So much for that "devil."

An editor's life is not a happy one when there's horsewhipping, etc., to be done, especially around Port Hope and Lindsay, Ont. It is not

long since Mr. Wilson, editor of the *Guide*, at Port Hope, was horsewhipped by a low scoundrel by the name of Lowe; and now we hear of Mr. Barr, of the *Post*, at Lindsay, being assaulted, and, from all accounts, in a most cowardly and graceless manner, by a man named James C. Grace. So far as we can learn, the blackguard hid behind a gate in a dark alley and awaited the coming of Mr. Barr, as would an assassin. When Mr. B. did come along, Grace bounced out upon him and took his adversary at every disadvantage; but we are happy to record that Mr. Barr, although notably a very peaceable man, soon turned the tables on the miscreant, and gave him as good as he sent. Grace was afterwards fined \$20 and costs.

To give the readers of the *Miscellany* an idea of the great revival in the printing trade in Ontario, Messrs. Miller & Richard, of Toronto, have recently supplied with new dresses the following newspapers: *The World*, Toronto; *The Free Press*, *The Advertiser* and *The Echo*, London; *Morning Chronicle* and *Wesleyan*, Halifax; *Morning Chronicle*, Quebec; *The Star* and *Huron Signal*, Goderich; *Examiner*, Peterboro; *Review*, Blythe; *Christian Helper*, *Varsity*, *Evangelical Churchman*, and *The Independent*, Toronto; *Guide* and *Advocate*, Watford; *Lightning Express*, Elora; *Telegraph*, Walkerton. They have also supplied several offices with new power presses, in addition to doing a large business with the various job offices throughout the country, which includes a very complete outfit for the *glor* job rooms of this city.

One of the handsomest of publications is the *Illustrated Scientific News*, published by Munn & Co., New York. Every number contains thirty-two pages, full of engravings of novelties in science and the useful arts. Ornamental wood work, pottery, vases and objects of modern and ancient art are finely shown. The March number contains, among various other subjects illustrated, a full description of the manufacture of paper hangings, with engravings; how the deceptive curve is produced in casting the ball by the base-ball pitcher, his attitude, how he holds and handles the ball, all fully illustrated. The number before us also contains engravings of Captain Eads' proposed ship railway across the Isthmus, and a novel hydraulic railway locomotive. In addition to all this it contains many valuable recipes for artisans and house-keepers. This publication will be found instructive and entertaining to all classes, but will be best appreciated by the most intelligent.

A very pleasant and enjoyable gathering of knights of the pencil and note-book took place recently in the Senate Dining Chambers, Ottawa, the members of the Press Gallery having determined to dine together and have a good time. The chair was occupied by J. E. B. McCready, of the *St. John Telegraph*, President, who was supported by Mayor Mackintosh, ex-president, and the vice-chair by Carroll Ryan, of the *Ottawa Free Press*, vice-president. Amongst those present were the following: A. A. Campbell, T. J. Richardson, J. T. Hawke, H. M. Matheson of the *Toronto Globe*; A. Wallis and J. A. Lumsden, of the *Toronto Mail*; T. J. Bell, *Hamilton Spectator*; Archie Bremner, *London Advertiser*; J. A. Phillips, *Quebec Chronicle*; George Ohren, *Montreal Gazette*; G. B. Bradley, E. J. Duggan, Albert Horton, and John C. Boyce, of the Commons Debates; Andrew Holland, Senate Reporting Staff; C. H. Mackintosh, *Ottawa Citizen*; T. H. Preston, *Walkerton Telescope*; Aubrey C. Hamilton, *Charlottetown Patriot*; George Johnson, *Halifax Herald*; W. Gibbons, *Rapid City Standard*; R. McLeod, *Cape Breton Advocate*; W. J. Cuzner, *Ottawa County Dispatch*; Thomas Harper, *Aylmer Times*; Geo. H. Fox, *Ottawa Free Press*.

We want a reliable correspondent and agent at St. John's, Newfoundland.

Rest and Comfort to the Suffering.

"**Brown's Household Panacea**" has no equal for relieving pain, both internal and external. It cures Pain in the Side, Back or Bowels, Sore Throat, Rheumatism, Toothache, Lumbago, and any kind of a Pain or Ache. "It will most surely quicken the Blood and Heal, as its acting power is wonderful." "Brown's Household Panacea," being acknowledged as the great Pain Reliever, and of double the strength of any other Elixir or Liniment in the world, should be in every family handy for use when wanted, "as it really is the best remedy in the world for Cramps in the Stomach, and Pains and Aches of all kinds," and is for sale by all Druggists at 25 cents a bottle.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it: there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere at 25 cents a bottle.



CONDUCTED BY T. WILLIAM BELL.

"Playing Smart."

D. L. (Scott) Brown(e)'s "Christmas number" was received about three weeks ago and we have been in the general hospital ever since. We'll just tell you all about it. Brown's "Christmas Chromo," and the "Crusty Career of An Old Chronic Critic," tickled us so very much that we tumbled into a red-hot fit of double-X laughter, and, we laughed and laughed and laughed, till we couldn't laugh any more. The last ten or fifteen yards of that laugh, some how or other, went down the wrong way, and then we coughed and sneezed, and played hop, step and a jump around our sanctum, and hollered for some of the hands to come up at their earliest convenience, to hold us together, that anything in the shape of an explosion might not be allowed to take place. Yes, for three whole weeks—for twenty-one days and twenty-one nights—we have been unable to hold our quill steadily enough and long enough at any one time to pen this article, or anything else in the way of a notice of the Christmas or grand holiday number of the organ of the Calatographic profession. However, we are glad—indeed, very glad—to be able to say that we are ourselves again, and now hasten to acknowledge receipt of the "organ."

This grand holiday number contains what the editor of the *C. I. S. Writer* presumes to be a portrait of Brown's grandfather, whom Brown introduces to his readers as the greatest statesman of modern times, the noblest and most sublime artist since the days of Raphael, and the most dexterous stenographer since the Babylonian period. The eight-column biographical sketch which accompanies the chromo deals chiefly with that period of the old man's "sublunary" existence when the object of his highest ambition was to become a city councillor. And an exceedingly interesting and well written ac-

count is given of the memorable campaign when the old gentleman ran as an "independent" for a district, the name of which seldom finds its way into the columns of Sunday School magazines.

On pages 236 and 237 of the organ are given *fac simile* specimens of reporting notes (?) for a correct transcription of which the editor offers a ten years' subscription to his paper. These notes, says Scott Brown, Scott Jones, or Scott Smith, or whatever the editor's name is, are written in Graham's Standard Phonography, and are from the reporting pen of the phonographic editor of the *Printer's Miscellany*, having been handed to him by the *Miscellany* man for publication.

We rise to inform the honorable gentlemen of the House of Phonography, that when D. L. Scott Beelzebub publishes a statement of that kind he publishes what he knows can't even claim to be a forty-second cousin to the truth, for the specimens are neither Standard nor any other phonography, and were never handed to Mr. B. by the phonographic editor of this magazine.

It is a widely-known fact that this man Brown, if man we may term him, has for the past five years been industriously endeavoring to show up Standard Phonography as a system that is utterly worthless as a means of accurate reporting, in consequence of its illegibility, and this is his latest movement in that direction.

We are always ready and willing to enjoy anything in the way of a first-class practical joke, even though it be played at our expense; but we think that Mr. Brown has gone just a little too far this time.

Of course we admire very much the good judgment displayed by Brown in the selection of his subjects, for in this case he well knew that the good nature of his victim would secure him against anything unpleasant in the shape of criminal proceedings.

On page 269 of the same issue we find the following: "Mr. Walker, A. M., D. H., of St. John, N. B., who said he was an 'old subscriber' (probably wanted to *subscribe* to all he could get without pay), made a pleasant call at our office last month, with his 'grip sack,' rubbers, and umbrell all in one. He was on his way to Washington, probably to 'subscribe' for something there on the same terms. Sorry we were

out, Brother W., but when you call again bring that promised article. Ta-ta."

It has always been our fondest hope that the day might not be far distant when the phonographic fraternity could boast of being exempt from that curse brought upon societies in general by the presence of that class of people who live for the sake of slandering and vilifying their fellow creatures, but it would seem that these unfortunates, who are, indeed, the meanest specimens of depraved humanity that an all-wise Providence permits to exist on the face of the earth, are not to be exterminated so easily as one might be inclined to imagine. What, in the name of phonography, actuated the writer of that paragraph to pen such a libellous "personal" is something that we fail to understand. Mr. Walker is referred to as "an old subscriber," and we have good reason to believe that he was for a year or two a subscriber to the *Monthly*. We have never known Mr. Walker to give utterance to anything derogatory to his vilifier, but, on the contrary, he has always spoken of Mr. Brown in glowing terms, and we have no doubt that Mr. W.'s visit, if he did so honor Brown, was made for the purpose of having a friendly chat; but it seems that because the visitor did not choose to leave a two-dollar bill for a year's subscription to a paper not worth a pipefull of soap-suds, he is savagely attacked by this monster of the mud.

Instead of being "on his way to Washington to subscribe to something there on the same terms," Mr. Walker's trip to the capital was for the purpose of attending a law university, where, we are informed, he successfully passed an examination, and was within a few weeks prepared to return to this city.

Perhaps Mr. Brown will smile and tell his dozen and a half of readers that the "personal" was only one of his little jokes, but the dozen and a half will very likely think, with the editor of the *Canadian Shorthand Writer*, that Brown's idea of humor is about as curious as his notion of decency.

The *American Shorthand Writer* is the name given by Messrs. Rowell & Hickey to their new phonographic monthly, a magazine devoted to the "winged art" and spelling reform. American baked beans, American elevated railroads, and American cheek, are perhaps to be referred to Canadian brands, but by all means give us the *Canadian Shorthand Writer*. While

we are pleased to know that the publishers of this newly started magazine do not wish to mislead the public, yet we consider it very little less than bad taste in them to give their paper a title which is so apt to cause confusion. For instance, we might sometime have occasion to refer to the editor of the *Shorthand Writer* as a resurrected patriarch, fit subject for a Murillo; a prototype of a pre-historic petrified pigmy, a perjured villian, or a horse thief, and our American friends might get the benefit of epithets that were intended for our Toronto cousins. However, we are very glad to have the *American Shorthand Writer* on our list of exchanges, and no doubt will occasionally find something in its pages worthy the attention of our scissors. This monthly, the price of which is \$1.50, consists of twelve octavo pages.

Articles like the following, which is a Montreal *Star* editorial of recent date, are well calculated to bring phonography into general use. It is to be hoped that other widely circulated journals will copy the good example of the *Star*:

"Shorthand is becoming more essential every day. Any man who can write shorthand need not fear about travelling the world. He can make a living wherever the English language is spoken. Shorthand is as good as a trade, as sure a means of livelihood, and as an accomplishment it will yet rank high. The wonder is that more people do not write it. And of those who do write it the marvel is that so few become experts. Out of 10,000 shorthand writers in the United States, there are said to be only 300 verbatim reporters, and the same may, we opine, be said of the shorthand writers in England and Canada. But it is odd that our schools do not turn out more experts, for shorthand is both an accomplishment and a trade.

The spicy phonographic items in the widely circulated *Printer's Miscellany* have given pleasure and instruction to its many phonographic subscribers. It has helped to arouse the printers' fraternity to the subject of shorthand; and this is well, as the day is fast coming when those who can set from Standard Phonographic copy will be in demand, and, of course, all the private advantages of the art are as useful to printers as to any class of men.—*The Student's Journal*.

"A Funnygraphical Innocent" is crowded out. He will be crowded in next month, weather permitting.

Stenographers are signiphic men.

"SORTS."

A great bore—the knat.

A good prophet—100 per cent.

A practical choker—the hangman.

Marriage is a life sentence. The pardon board is the divorce court.

Jones, who is engaged to an heiress, calls her Economy, because she is the road to wealth.

A German, lately married, says: "Id was yooست so easy as a needly cood valk out mit a camel's eye as to get der behint vord mit a voman."

Bob-tailed coats, it is said, will be all the style this summer. This reminds us that there ought to be a great deal more kicking done than last season.

A clergyman meeting an inebriated neighbor, exclaimed: "Drunk again, Wilkins!" to which Wilkins, in a semi-confidential tone, responded: "Sho am I, parson!"

A lady called at a drug store the other day and said: "I want a tooth brush—a real nice one. I want it for a spare bedroom."

A Boston man is going to lecture on "What Disturbs Our Sleep." If he lives in a boarding house, we are willing to bet that it is bedbugs.

It would be far cheaper for the Irishmen who want to blow up the Lord Mayor of London to slip a love-letter into his pocket: then his wife would blow him up all that is necessary.

A French chemist can take sugar, flour and other substances and make a nicer egg than any hen ever left in a nest, and now the only excuse for keeping fowls is that they may annoy the folks next door.

The ~~of~~ of the Yonkers girl of the . are small, tapering and beautifully shaped, her I I are as brilliant as * *, and she is without a ll; her frown is a †, and her figure excites !!! of surprise and a hankering — her.

"I understand," said a Galveston recorder, "that you are a confirmed drunkard." "Dat's whar you is too soon, jedge, I ain't been con-confirmed in no church yit, but the blue light Baptists is gibben Satan a heap of worry about me."

"A collection will now be taken up," said the minister; "Deacon Swipes, will you pass" — and the good man waking suddenly, with his hands full of hymn books, responded: "No, I'll order it up, by thunder," and minister dealt him a dreadful look, and the good man passed out.

"This is a nice time of night for you to be coming in," said a mother to her daughter, who returned from a walk at ten o'clock. "When I was like you," continued she, "my mother would not allow me out later than seven o'clock." "Oh! you had a nice sort of a mother," murmured the girl. "I had, you young jade," said the mother, "a nicer mother than you ever had."

A woman's rights advocate asks: "Is there anything man can do that a woman can't do?" Is there? Why bless your dear soul, ma'am, a man can see a cow without wanting to climb a fence.

"Did you find Mr. Spriggins, Patrick?" "I did sorr." "What did he say?" "Niver a worrud, sorr." "Not a word? Why not, Patrick?" "Because he was out, sorr." "Out? I thought you said you found him." "I did, sorr; I found him out."

A famous surgeon advises one of his patients to undergo an operation. "Is it severe?" asks the patient. "Not for the patient," says the doctor; "we put him to sleep; but very hard on the operator." "How so?" "We suffer terribly from anxiety. Just think, it only succeeds once in a hundred times."

"My friends," said the political speaker, with a burst of ingenious eloquence, "I will be honest —." There was a large number of his neighbors present, and the terrific outburst of applause which followed this remark entirely upset the point which the orator was about to introduce.

A card has been distributed in our streets headed "Two Roads," and conveying the information that the broad road leads to death, misery, hell, while the narrow road leads to life, happiness and heaven. One of them recently came into the hands of a wicked wag, who endorsed upon it: "Since this card was printed, both roads have been consolidated."

Two Bohemians meet: "What are you doing, now?" "I'm making up a 'Travelers' Guide.'" "But there are plenty of them already." "Yes, but not such as I am making" "One gets a lot of advertisements, yet I imagine hotel proprietors don't give much simply for a puff." "Don't fret about that. I only put in my Guide the names of houses which are not recommended, and places where one should not stop. Those only who want me to scratch them off the list have to pay."

An Albany editor was just writing an editorial entitled "Gentle Woman," when his wife came in and said she had found a perfumed note in his other coat. After he induced her to go home, he crawled out from under the lounge and wiped the dust from his eyes and caught sight of the editorial and stuffed it in the stove, and then went and looked at himself in a mirror that he might see the man who wasn't fit to write editorials.

A young lady visits the milliner to order a hat, and the artist shows her some startling and attractive combinations, none of which, however, suit the lady, who says, "I want something more simple than that—something in better taste." Milliner, (with a haunhty sneer,) "O, you want something to wear when you are out walking with your husband. Here, Jane," (to youngest apprentice,) "show this person something cheap and virtuous."

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