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The Printer's Miscellany.

AN EXPONENT OF PRINTING AND ALL THE KINDRED ARTS.

VOL. IV.

ST. JOHN, N. B.; CANADA, MAY, 1880.

NO. 11.

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*.

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

The Printer's Miscellany.

ST. JOHN, N. B., CANADA, MAY, 1880.

Death of Hon. George Brown.

On the 9th May, the Hon. George Brown, editor and proprietor of the *Toronto Globe*, died at his residence in Toronto, Ont., after an illness of forty-three days, caused by being shot in the leg by a man named Bennett, an ex-employé of the *Globe*, and of which an account was given in the last number of the *Miscellany*.

Mr. Brown was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 29th November, 1818, and was therefore in his sixty-second year. His father was Mr. Peter Brown, who married the only daughter of Mr. Geo. Mackenzie, of Stornoway, Island of Lewis, one of the Hebrides. In 1838, Mr. George Brown, accompanied by his father, arrived in New York, and in 1843 he visited Toronto, for the first time, as a newspaper agent and canvasser for the *British Chronicle*, a newspaper published by his father in New York. In August of the same year his father joined him in Toronto and started the *Banner*, the father being editor and the son proprietor. On March 5th, 1844, the *Globe* made its appearance under the editorial direction of Mr. Geo. Brown. It was issued from the office of the *Banner*, first as a weekly, then as a tri-weekly, and in 1852 as a daily. In 1851 Mr. Brown gained his first election, having carried Lambton, a western constituency, sparsely settled by emigrants, mostly his own countrymen. In 1856 the *Examiner* and *North American* were merged into the *Globe*. He continued a representative of the

people with few interruptions until 1864. In this year he was a member of the Charlottetown Union Conference, of the Conference at Quebec of the same year, and of the Confederate Council of British North American Colonies for the negotiation of commercial treaties, that sat in the latter city in September, 1865. He proceeded to England as a delegate on public business in 1865, and was elevated to the Senate in December, 1873. In the spring of 1874 Senator Brown proceeded to Washington as Joint Plenipotentiary with Sir Edward Thornton, to arrange the terms of a new Reciprocity Treaty, but the result of his mission was unsuccessful. This finishes the open political life of Mr. Brown, though until the day on which he received the bullet of the assassin, it is safe to say that no movement of any importance in the Reform party was undertaken without his cognizance and endorsement.

While on a visit to his native Edinburgh, on the 27th November, 1862, he married Miss Annie Nelson, a daughter of the world-renowned publisher, Thomas Nelson. Mr. Brown, who had policies amounting to \$60,000 on his life, leaves a wife and family of three children—two girls and a boy—the eldest, Margaret, being sixteen, the second, Edith, fourteen, and the youngest, George, eleven years of age.

Mr. Brown was ex-President of St. Andrew's Society, and also of the Caledonian Society, and patron of the Dominion of Canada Four Brothers' Curling Club. He was a member of the Senate of the University of Toronto. He declined the Lieutenant-Governorship of Ontario in 1875, and also declined knighthood at the hands of the Queen.

Mr. Brown's full name was George Mackenzie Brown, but he never made use of it, and invariably signed his name George Brown.

Mr. Brown proved himself to be an enterprising journalist and publisher, and as a speaker Mr. Brown possessed robust, although not highly refined, eloquence. He possessed unflinching energy, industry, earnestness and perseverance, qualities which have frequently called forth the

praise not only of his admirers, but also of his political opponents, as well as a species of uncontrolled enthusiasm which sometimes betrayed him into using words that were perhaps too strong. His manner when speaking was remarkable for daring courage, for he seemed as if he were afraid of no living man. He was fully six feet in height, large-boned and angular, and bore in his demeanor and appearance many of the characteristics which tend to make a prominent as well as an eminent man. He was Scotch in origin, in feeling, sentiment and religion, being a member of the Free Church, and it will not be too much to say that he owed much of his success not only to his great abilities, but to the depth and the intensity of his nationality.

The press of Canada, of both sides of politics, have vied with each other in doing honor to the distinguished dead.

Two Noted Boston Publishers.

Royal M. Pulsifer, business manager of the Boston *Herald*, and Charles H. Taylor, business manager of the Boston *Globe*, are among the best known newspaper men in New England, and as vastly different as two men can be. What Pulsifer is now, Taylor formerly was, except that he did not possess the former's wealth. Taylor is now retracing his competitor's footsteps.

In 1844 the *Herald* was started—a tiny penny paper—by a lot of striking printers. It gradually became the property of E. C. Bailey, now editor of the *Globe*. Bailey made money and wanted honor. He left the city, selling the paper, on credit, to five penniless employes, one a clerk in the office (R. M. Pulsifer), two others were reporters (E. B. Haskell, managing editor, and C. H. Andrews, news manager), and the others were the foremen in press and composing-rooms. Bailey, it is said, never expected the young men could pay for the paper, but they did. After he had received "satisfactory" honors in his native New Hampshire, he returned to Boston. He found that Pulsifer, Haskell and Andrews had the money to pay for the paper. They did so, and Bailey became a disappointed man. He is now wearing out his nearly spent life in attempting to build up a rival against his early success. The three young men, having rid themselves of the other two, built up a business paying immensely.

Col. Pulsifer arrives at the office at 9 and leaves at 4. Everything is push with him, and he only commands, always having money to obey and money to execute. He lives at Islington, near Newton, and is now dabbling in politics. The *Herald* has undergone a great change. Formerly it was the great sporting paper; now it leaves that department to the *Globe*. Its independent political career is ended. It is becoming eminently respectable. When its young printer-publishers were gaining their wealth, the *Herald* was not particular about calling things by their right name, and every laborer swore by the paper. Now, every business man reads it, the best writers are welcomed, and its character has changed. It has improved vastly, but changed immensely.

Taylor began his political career before he became a journalist, or a prominent one. As a Republican, he fought desperate legislative fights and won. He took charge of the *Globe* when it had fallen to the financial basement, far below the golden stair. With Bailey's help, he turned the ponderous, highly-respectable, blue-blooded, four-cent daily, into a two-cent, Democratic, morning and evening paper, the workmen's friend, and now it caters to the very class the *Herald* did 30 and 40 years ago. The *Herald* has grown up; the *Globe* has grown down. It has been a living failure, and has spoiled many a career, shipwrecked many a fortune. But the paper now appears to have floated toward the current of success.

Mr. Taylor arrives at the office at 11 o'clock, and seldom leaves before midnight. His political aspirations have been laid aside, his social life deferred. Business is his sole object, onward his motto. While Pulsifer commands without a thought of the cost, Taylor is not only counting the cost, but wondering where the cash will come from. He was a compositor on the *Traveller* at one time, and looks carefully at every department. No paper is more cautiously managed in its finances. While it pays liberally for news, it does not lavish money on useless expenditures. The *Herald* says: "Telegraph all particulars, and we will see what we want to condense." The *Globe* says: "Send us the pitch. Do not exaggerate, but send us the whole truth, and as briefly as consistent with facts." Taylor has just commenced to publish continued stories in the *Daily Globe*, and it has certainly increased the circulation, although as yet merely an experiment.

The Wooden Quoins vs. Steel.

We have often, at the risk of being dubbed "an old fossil," recommended and advised printers to stick to the good, old-fashioned, wooden quoin. In confirmation of our views, the last issue of *The Caslon Circular* has an article on "Type Metal vs. Steel," which must carry conviction with it. In quoting the article perhaps it might have more weight if we were to mention that *The Caslon Circular* is a quarterly publication issued by the Caslon Foundry, London, England. This foundry stands second to none in the United Kingdom, and an opinion coming from such a quarter should have a great weight. Patent locking apparatuses are not what they are "cracked up" to be: this is the voice of reason and experience. We quote:—

"There can scarcely be a doubt in the mind of any person as to the inevitable result when types and steel are brought into forcible contact. Type *must* give way.

"The ingenuity of engineers has been taxed to invent powerful mechanical appliances for locking newspaper forms, and the result has been that special chases of enormous strength have been fitted with double steel side-stick apparatus, to be acted upon by steel screws, which, in their turn, are forced to their full power by means of the hand lever or wrench. This terrific force is wielded by the compositor without thinking of the magnitude of the combined mechanical power of wedge, screw, and lever, and, influenced by his natural nervousness lest the page should drop out in lifting, he wrenches round the screw to the full extent of his strength, until he can move it no more. A pressure of some tons is thus brought to bear on the unfortunate type, which, though cast as solidly as possible, of metal composed of the hardest and toughest combination known to type-founders, and mixed on the most approved principles by steam power, succumbs and gives way to the inexorable steel!

"But this is not all. Where stereotype plates have to be prepared for machinery, the form is passed on the stereotyper's hot bed and heated up to boiling point when steam is used—and sometimes to a higher temperature still where steam is not available. Here expansion necessarily takes place; and as steel does not expand in the same ratio as type, the devoted type, crushed already beyond endurance, *must* go

somewhere, and finds vent in elongation. Alas! the type is, in our opinion, ruined—after being subjected to such usage it is no longer correct, either in body or height.

"A remarkable instance of the dire results of severe locking has lately come under our notice. A daily newspaper was supplied with founts, in the manufacture of which special pains had been taken to produce an amalgam of the toughest and hardest consistency—and with remarkable success. Within a few weeks our attention was called to certain appearances in the types which led to close inspection and consultation. The matter was approached by founder, compositor, stereotyper, and engineer, with a sincere desire to ascertain the cause of the serious phenomena, and the evidence led conclusively to but one result—viz., unnecessary pressure in locking. The tremendous force exerted on the columns had been such that the back of some of the types bore, in clearly defined ridges, the marks of the nick on the type against which it stood. In fact, the metal was crushed into the space formed by the nick, and the feet of other types bore like impressions of the bevel of a lead or rule they stood next to. The body of the type was also found to be smaller, when tested by gauge, and, worse than all, they had become longer, or, to use a founder's expression, higher to paper, by as much as a twelve-to-pica lead!

"There is no remedy for this evil after the mischief is once done; but there is a valuable practical lesson to be learnt which all overseers of newspaper offices would do well to enforce. Let the forms be locked with only a moderate force, sufficient to secure safe lifting. . . . We strongly advocate loosening the forms as soon as they are placed on the hot stereotyping bed, so as to allow for expansion. Where possible, lifting the forms at all should be dispensed with; they should be imposed and then slid along on a continuous bed or imposing surface right on to the moulding bed, so as to avoid all possibility of accident. With such convenience at command there would be no necessity at all for excessively powerful locking apparatus, and the ordinary wooden quoin and side-stick would be found sufficient. . . . We strongly advocate the insertion of wooden furniture—say about two-line pica reglet—between the iron side-stick and the type; for, in case of undue expansion of the type in the process of moulding for stereotyping, the wood would give way

before the type-metal, and the latter would therefore be preserved.

"Before closing our remarks on this subject, we venture to express our doubts as to the greater durability of the extra hard metal about which so much fuss has been made during the past few years. We are inclined to think that in this matter, as well as in almost every other, true wisdom lies in the "happy medium." Founders have vied with each other in producing a hard alloy, and the result has been that type has been cast in metal more brittle than tough. It is easy enough to cast a type so hard that it can be hammered into a type of softer though tougher metal, and an erroneous conclusion has often been arrived at that the more yielding type is the less durable of the two. We purpose experimenting on the subject, with a view to ascertaining reliable results; but in the meantime we have no hesitation in expressing our conviction that the most durable type-metal is that which combines *toughness* with hardness, which, when cut with a knife, will not fly off with a grating sound, but which, while it offers a sensible resistance, shows cohesion by coming off in slightly curling chips. No type, however, can possibly stand the undue pressure of steel applied with multiplied mechanical power, no matter how well made."

As It Should Be.

Journalists and others conversant with the workings of the printing office will endorse every word of the following from the Woodstock, Ont., *Sentinel-Review*:

"A person in town who was referred to in a recent letter to the *Sentinel-Review* has attempted to bribe one of the junior apprentices in this office, by offering him \$5, to tell who the author of the letter was. It would be using mild language to characterize such an act as mean and unprincipled. The author of it must know very little about the working of a printing office or the terms upon which printers are employed. As a rule compositors know no more about the authorship of matter received by the editor than outsiders, and if they did, are not likely to disclose it. A printing office is a secret society, whose members are bound together by the strongest chains of honor. Apprentices are bound by written agreement to keep the secrets of the office, and the moral obligations of every printer are quite as binding as a solemn oath.

Any one who attempts to induce a young boy to sell his honor and break these is an unprincipled sneak. We are not afraid of any such attempt as we have referred to succeeding here, as we have never had reason to doubt the fidelity of any employé of this office, but we promise that if another attempt of the kind comes under our notice we will give the author of it such an unenviable notoriety as he will not again court for the rest of his life."

HOW THEY DO IT IN P. E. I.—Mr. C. V. McGregor, having recently removed to the "Osborne House," in the neighborhood of the *Examiner* office, showed his fitness for the management of a popular hotel, and his appreciation of the advantages afforded by the "little daily," by inviting the entire staff of the *Examiner* to an oyster supper. The affair took place on Saturday night, at the conclusion of a week of labor. Considering the retiring nature and innate modesty of "ye newspaper man," the office was pretty fairly—though not fully—represented on the occasion. At half-past nine the party sat down in the spacious dining-room of "The Osborne" to an excellent repast. Toasts followed. Among these were "Success to the 'Osborne House' and all connected with it." "The *Examiner* Publishing Company," coupled with the name of the manager. "Our book-keeper and paymaster, Mr. N. A. Mitchell." "Our Host." "The foreman of the newspaper department, Mr. Hugh McInnis." "The jobbing department," coupled with the name of Mr. John Leahy. "Our compositors," responded to by Messrs. Walsh, MacMahon, Harris and Fisher. "Happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again." All hands being teetotalers, the toasts were, of course, drank in cold water. In responding, the several speakers alluded to the thoughtfulness and consideration of Mr. McGregor, and expressed the hope that his enterprise, ability and hospitality might be duly rewarded. As Mr. McGregor is now in one of the best localities in the city, convenient to the wharves, the railway station, the telegraph office and the *Examiner* office, and as trade and travel are again springing up, his success was deemed a foregone conclusion.—Charlottetown (P. E. I.) *Examiner* of 10th May.

The foremen of printing offices are respectfully asked to canvass their offices for subscriptions to the *Miscellany*.

Printers and their Peculiarities.

From our Scrap Book.

The "lightning compositor" is a being of whom all his fellows stand in a certain awe, for he has generally traveled further, seen more, and earned more money, than any of the rest of them. Like Josh Billings' cockroach, he is a "bug at large;" he dictates to his employers, and never allows them to assume a dictatorial tone to him. He arrives some evening just as composition is about to commence, and saunters in clad in black broadcloth, with a huge black slouch hat jauntily perched on his shapely head, and consults with the foreman. If there is an opportunity for him to make an engagement—and there almost always is, for his services are invaluable in the "rushes" constantly occurring in great newspaper offices—he negligently announces that he will "drop in in a day or two" and go to work. He brings the latest news from Louisville, or Memphis, or far New Orleans, and enlivens the room for a time after he comes to work with reminiscences of his travels. Through his nimble fingers slip columns of manuscript in such an agile manner as to provoke the despair of his humbler companions. But he has his caprices, and if bullied or pressed may suddenly request the foreman to "get some one in his place." I once saw one of these lightning compositors deliberately lay down his stick and hand an unfinished "take" to a neighbor, although it was in the midst of a veritable "rush." Then, proceeding to the wash room, he made his toilette, and, saying to the astonished head of the workmen, "Bill, when you measure up my stuff, send me the money for it to Milwaukee;" he added, "Good by, boys," and departed, nonchalantly, to be heard from only months afterwards. But he would have been pardoned had he done a much more desperate thing, for he had few peers in the noble art of type-setting. The existence of such an artizan is happy in the extreme. He considers himself infinitely better off than reporters or editors, and frequently is so, especially in a financial sense. He is open-handed, withal; lends money freely to his poorer brethren of the composing stick and tells them to "pay when they can."

There is an erring, incorrigible, lower type of printer who has much that is extremely ludicrous in his character. He is prone to error, as the sparks fly upward; and joined to his love for

the cup which both cheers and inebriates, there is a delicious vagabondism which, considered from an artistic point of view, is positively adorable. Every foreman has had experience of one or two wanderers who arrive before him clad in remnants of departed grandeur; who, in husky voices, with beseeching accents ask for work, and who are gruffly informed that they may "sub" for any one who is willing that they should do so. To the editor of a paper in a small and prosperous New England city once came two of these woeful wights, who appeared to have sounded the depths of adversity. While the editor was peacefully elaborating an article one summer afternoon, he heard a timid voice at the door saying, "Mister, can I speak to you a minute?" An affirmative answer forthwith procured the introduction of a short, prematurely fat and bald man, followed by an immensely tall, lean party with a tremendous shock of hair. Both seemed to have been for some weeks upon the road from some remote point, and to have slept by roadsides without doffing their garments. Their shoes were in the last stages of disreputable seediness. The short man wore a huge broad-brimmed white felt hat, and the tall man held in his hand a "stove-pipe" which might at some period early in the previous year have been second-hand, but which was now a poor specimen of tenth or twelfth hand. The editor desiring to know to what he was indebted for the honor of the visit, the short man, waving his hand and mustering courage, spoke thus:

"Me 'n my pardner's looking for work, and we just went in to see the foreman, 'n he sent us in here to see you."

The editor endeavored to explain that he had nothing to do with the engagement of compositors.

"Well, sir, that ain't exactly it," continued the short man, whose confidence seemed to increase in alarming proportions. "You see, the foreman said he'd let us come on 'subs,' as he was mighty short of men, and some of the regulars was going off on vacations; but we—was a little hard up, and we sounded him for—a dollar or two, 'n he sent us to see you."

The editor, who knew that the foreman was a wag, and who was, withal, somewhat touched by the desperate plight of the two peripatetic printers, discovered that they had really been taken on as "subs," and advanced them the two dollars. "But, where did you come from," he

inquired, his curiosity quite overcoming his discretion.

"From Chicago. Me 'n pardner has been taking a little promenade. We had a good sit there, but we got a little airy and they lifted us. We got clean dead broke, and had to hoof it all the way. We were going to Boston, but when pardner struck this town he said it pleased him, and we kinder concluded to reform and settle down, you know."

This frank confession helped matters a good deal. The men seemed willing to work, and the foreman found them able. Besides, he needed them. There was some faint whispering among the handsomely dressed and orderly compositors when the couple first made their appearance, but the men speedily began to remove any objectionable features. During the first week, however, they did not resume, owing to a presumable absence of funds, that quality which well-to-do printers are wont to wear. But the second week the short man blossomed into a red flannel shirt, which was gorgeous. "It ain't so heating as linen, you know, boys," he said, apologetically. Then both men had new shoes. Then they went rapidly on from better to better. The editor's two dollars were faithfully returned. Candor compels him to add that the short man said, in a patronizing vein, "I thought I'd hurry and give it back to you, for I know you editors haven't got any more money 'n you know what to do with." This was gratifying. One day, as summer was melting into autumn, the editor saw in the composing-room two richly-appareled men, in whom he had some difficulty in recognizing his shabby friends of some time since. They had attained financial ease, and were at that moment informing the foreman that they couldn't work that evening, and would put on "subs." They were going to indulge in a carriage drive to a suburb. "Must enjoy this weather, boys, you know," said the short man; "it's awful nice."

The next day the office was crowded with rumors of their exploits. Filled with seductive and entangling fluids, which they had imbibed in suburban hotels, they had wrecked a carriage and lamed a horse, and, horrified at the idea of having to pay three or four hundred dollars damages, had incontinently decamped, leaving their equipage to be picked up by passers by.

"I knew," said one of the compositors thoughtfully next evening, "that those bloats

wouldn't last long. They were too fresh! And now they're on the tramp again."

Whereupon the dignified artisans who were above the folly of tramping resumed their wonted serenity of demeanor.

A New Lock-Up.

The accompanying cut represents a new, safe, and economical lock-up, recently invented for locking chases, blocks, etc., on the bed of the press. The crude method of locking forms on the press with blocks of wood, furniture, and quoins, heretofore in vogue, is now no longer necessary. Printers have long desired some better, more secure, less destructive, and quicker mode of fastening the chase to the bed of the press. This lock-up accomplishes all this, and is the simplest and best improvement ever made for that purpose. It saves time and labor, is the most secure and even lock-up, and it is one that will not spring nor shrink. As no mallet or shooting-stick is used, it saves the pounding and hammering on the bed of the press, and consequent indentation. It will therefore save its cost in a short time. These lock-ups are in use in many of the printing offices in the principal cities of the United States, and are highly recommended by all who have adopted them. They should cost somewhere about \$4 or \$5 each. To use it, move out until it comes in contact with the chase. Apply wrench into fulcrum hole, keep the pressure against moving lever while you screw up nut with cross wrench. If the edge of chase is uneven, place a strip of reglet between edge of chase and lock-up.

The press of Mississippi propose to erect a monument at Holly Springs to the memory of the editors who died of yellow fever in 1858.

There were 1,013 new novels published in England last year.



NOTES AND NEWS.

The *Winnipeg Tribune* has suspended.

The official list of Russia's periodicals is 608.

George Macdonald, the novelist, is fifty-five years old.

The *Summerside*, P. E. I., *Progress* has been purchased by Mr. Ronald McDonald.

The Canada Paper Co. of Montreal has issued a pamphlet on "Paper Making in Canada."

The number of books published in Great Britain last year was 5,834; in 1878 the total was 5,314.

Forty thousand Germans live in Paris, France, and a German newspaper is to be started for their benefit.

The Armprior, Ont., *Chronicle* is a new candidate for public favor issued by Messrs. John Stunn and John A. Macdonald.

Alabama has 103 newspapers, of which only four are published daily, ninety-two weekly, two semi-monthly, and five monthly.

The *Dominion Printer* for April is on our table. This number is a very interesting one, while the printing is of the usual excellent quality.

A young lad employed in Clarke's lithographic establishment, in this city, lost the tips of two of his fingers while fooling around a glossing machine.

The Parisian shopkeepers don't believe much in newspaper advertising, and the best daily in Paris seldom has more than half a page of advertisements.

It is reported that the new British Government intends to remove the restrictions on the native press of India which were imposed by the vernacular press law.

The *Monthly Advocate* is the title of a neat little 20 page monthly issued in this city by Mr. R. A. H. Morrow. It is devoted to Christian truth and morality.

Whitelaw Reid, editor of the N. Y. *Tribune*, has sent five parties of children to homes in the West. The last party consisted of twenty-one boys and three girls.

Town and Country is the name of a 16-page paper published at Toronto. It is edited by Mr. James Watson, and is devoted to aquatic and field sports, recreations, and the dissemination of news pertaining to live stock.

The *Plain Dealer* is the title of a new weekly issued at New Glasgow, N. S., by Mr. Wm. D. Stewart. Its motto is: "Hew to the line; let the chips fall where they will."

Chas. De Young, editor of the *Chronicle*, San Francisco, Cal., who was shot by young Kalloch, was buried with Hebrew ceremonies, a rabbi preaching the sermon at the grave.

A young man named Trelore, while working at a job press in the *Toronto Globe* office, had his right hand caught between two cog wheels, three of the fingers being badly crushed.

Fifty thousand copies of Samuel Smiles' "Self-Help" have been sold in Italy. King Humbert has shown his appreciation of the book by conferring several decorations upon its author.

The firm of Thos. Taylor & Bro., of the Don Paper Mills, Toronto, Canada, has been succeeded by that of Taylor Bros. Thos. Taylor and George Taylor retire in favor of John F. Taylor, George A. Taylor and Wm. T. Taylor.

Roderick Graham, an old printer of Brooklyn, N. Y., died, in that city, on the 8th of February, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Mr. Graham was a native of England, but came to America thirty-five years ago. For the last twelve or fifteen years he was employed on the *Brooklyn Eagle*.

An Ottawa correspondent writing on May 4th says: "The Printing Committee met this morning, when G. B. Bradley, of the *Mail*, was elected chief Hansard reporter. McLean, Roger & Co. were awarded the contract for printing the Hansard at 40c. per page and one-tenth of a cent for folding."

Mr. George Augustus Sala, the celebrated English correspondent, who has been travelling in the United States, thinks that the Philadelphia newspapers are too sentimental, that those of Boston are too clever in their aims, and that those of Chicago are superior in tone and standard, while those of New York are the best in the world.

The *Erie Sunday Graphic* is the name of a lively sheet started in Erie, Pa., by John F. Boyle and John F. McCauley. The first paper published in Erie, the *Mirror*, made its appearance on the 21st of May, 1808, George Wyeth, printer, editor and publisher. In size it was ten inches by sixteen, and was discontinued after two years' existence.

Mr. Henry Fisher, who made three unsuccessful attempts at newspaper publishing in Nova Scotia, died in Boston a short time ago. He published the *Nova Scotia Farmer* for five years at Bridgewater and two years at Annapolis, after which he established the *Truro Times*, which also proving a failure, Mr. F. removed to Boston, where he worked at the "case" until the time of his death.—*Ex.*

Messrs. Ellis, Robertson & Co., proprietors of the *Globe*, of this city, have added a new double cylinder press to the plant of their office. The press is of the very latest pattern and includes all recent improvements in this class of machines. We congratulate the proprietors on this evidence of prosperity, and the pressman, Mr. Wm. Burke, on having such a handsome and easy-running machine.

The London *Telegraph* has a daily circulation of 200,000 copies; the *News* 125,000; the *Standard*, 175,000; the *Times*, 385,000. The *Times* is valued at £5,000,000, the *Standard* at £2,000,000, the *News* at £1,000,000, and the *Telegraph* at £1,000,000. The advertising patronage of the *Times* is greater than that of the other three combined, while the *Standard* surpasses the other two in this particular.

Recently Mr. Huxley found a check for £1000 in his morning letters, the bequest of a Bolton admirer. Charles Gibbon, the novelist, recently received a legacy of £1000 from a Scotch lady who had read his books and wished thus to show her appreciation of them. Mr. Wrixley, the famous paper-maker, has just bequeathed £9000 to the wife and family of James Payn, the novelist. We will not be surprised to wake up some fine morning and learn that we have had a legacy of several thousands of dollars left us by some of our admirers or friends. Hem!

A printer doesn't rush to the doctor every time he gets out of "sorts." Nor to the baker when he gets out of "pi." Nor to hell when he wants the "devil." Nor to the wood pile when he wants a "stick." Nor to the Bible when he wants a good "rule." Nor to the gun shop when he wants a "shooting-stick." Nor to a cabinet-shop when he wants "furniture." Nor to a bank when he wants "quoins." Nor to see his girl when he wants to "press." Nor to a lawyer when he has a "dirty case." Nor to a butcher when he wants "fat." Nor to an old cheese when he wants "live matter."

By a bill introduced into the United States Congress, and reported upon favorably by the Committee of Ways and Means, the duty upon wood-pulp has been reduced from 20 to 10 per cent. *ad valorem*; upon jute butts from \$6 to \$3 per ton; upon unmanufactured flax and all other fibres or fibrous material for the manufacture of paper from \$20 to \$25 to a uniform rate of \$10 per ton; upon sized or glued paper for printing, from 25 to 20 per cent.; upon unsized paper for books and newspapers exclusively, from 20 to 15 per cent.; upon manufactures of paper, or of which paper is a component part, not otherwise provided for, from 35 to 25 per cent.

The *Rapid City Enterprise* is the title of a new paper which comes to us from the territories. It is published by Pim & Carruthers, at Rapid City, N. W. T., about 150 miles west of Winnipeg, on the Little Saskatchewan River. Mr. Edward Pim is a Torontonian, and was connected with the Montreal press for several years, while Mr. James Carruthers is a native of Brockville and a practical printer of sixteen years' experience. He has been successively connected with the *Brockville Recorder*, *Bowmanville Statesman*, *Syracuse Evening Journal*, *Chicago Tribune* and *Detroit Post*. For the past five years he has occupied the position of mechanical manager of the *Ottawa Daily Citizen*.

The *Tuscarora Times* gives an account of the death in the snow of Richard Chamberlain, recently, a compositor in that office. He and Joe Delaney started from Tuscarora for Falcon City, and when they had got part of the way, Chamberlain showed signs of giving out. His companion tried to cheer him up until they could get to a wood-chopper's cabin, five miles distant. He could not move forward and seemed to expire without a struggle. Mr. Delaney went on and procured assistance, causing the remains of the unfortunate man to be interred a few days after. He had a narrow escape himself from perishing on the way back from Tuscarora. The deceased was a native of St. John, and had been on the coast for 20 years.

A religious daily newspaper, known as the *Witness*, published in the city of New York, has succumbed to the high price of printing paper. The editor mourns for it earnestly and sincerely. He says: "The *Witness* was to us as Isaac to Abraham, and yet we had to slay it in the dark days of 1877 for the want of means to carry it

on. We trusted that the Lord would raise it from the dead, and, after much consultation with its former friends, we began it again in the fall of 1878, in the expectation of better times, which never came to it." It seems that the editor of the *Witness* has at last arrived at the conclusion that the Lord doesn't take much stock in newspapers. The only thing that will keep a newspaper on its legs is cash. The editor of the *Witness* ought to have known that fact. Anyway, he knows it now.

Mr. Henry Burr, of New York, is said to have invented the most perfect type-setting and distributing machines as yet before the public. He has twenty-six of them in daily operation in his printing establishment in that city. In both machines steam power is used—in the type-setting machine merely as an aid to carry each letter forward to its destination, in the distributing machine as the sole power. This machine distributes 70,000 ems per day with absolute accuracy, and requires nothing but feeding of dead matter by an attendant, who from time to time places about a square foot of type on the galley attached to it. The composer is capable of being worked at the rate of 60,000 or 70,000 ems per day, and sometimes 75,000 have been attained. The two machines, type setter and distributor, cost about \$3,000. Mr. Burr has placed two of each in the office of the *New York Tribune*, and is organizing a company to enter into their manufacture on a large scale.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Notes from British Columbia.

VICTORIA, B. C., April 15.

Seldom noticing correspondence from this remote corner of the earth, perhaps a few jottings in your very excellent journal may prove acceptable.

Job printing and advertising, though not as brisk as during the past winter, are pretty fair, though of the latter there is nothing to boast.

The following changes have taken place within the past few months: Mr. Holloway, formerly "local" of the *Standard*, has a temporary "sit" in the Government Printing Office. Fred Shakespeare, who has held slug 1 on the *Standard* for a few years past, has also accepted a situation in the G. P. O. The latter's place has been filled by Bob Bland, a wandering "sub", who has lately been employed on the

Colonist. Bob, I may add, is as deaf as a gate-post. The boys miss "Shakey's" countenance, as he was a jovial typo and companion. Mr. Joseph Russell, foreman of the *Standard* job-room, has quit the "biz." and is devoting his attention to a gin-mill, which he hopes to make an equally profitable venture. Mr. Crain, a "nice" young man, has been employed as "local" of the *Standard*. He is an acknowledged "masher," as it were, among the fair sex. Earnest Robinson, one of the fastest typos in the city, is keeping company with Bro. Shakespeare, in the G. P. O., during the session of the Local Legislature.

An action for libel has been entered against the *Colonist*, by a citizen of Victoria, whom the former imagined to be the leader scribe of the *Standard*, and finished up by calling him a jail-bird, etc.

The Local Legislature is in session and the typos are kept pretty busy.

Of late I have heard of several typos contemplating coming here from Ontario to try their luck, and, having resided here myself for a considerable time, perhaps a few words on that point may not be amiss. To one and all I would say, stay where you are. There are plenty of idle persons in town to do what little extra work there is, and any printers that may be thinking of coming to this province could turn their little \$100 (the fare from Ontario here) to much better advantage.

Harry Handerson, who came to this province from Ontario a year since, still holds slug 3 on the *Standard*. SCRUTINEER.

Dots from the "Old Dominion."

RICHMOND, VA., April 11.

Thomas T. Hurdle has been unanimously re-elected our delegate to the International Typographical Union.

Booth is kept quite busy editing the secular department of the *Religious Herald*.

T. R. Dickinson, editor of the *Planter and Farmer*, after committing forgeries to the extent of \$50,000 has left for parts unknown—the *Planter and Farmer* has not since been published.

The first number of a new monthly, the *Breeder and Planter*, made its appearance in February, with Frank G. Ruffin, jr., editor.

The *Monday Morning Herald* has suspended. The *Whig* and the *State* will both appear in new dresses next week. SEMPER IDEM.

Notes from the Capital.

OTTAWA, April 9.

In the *Miscellany* of March there appeared an item which stated: "The Ottawa Typographical Union has decided that the employers can have as many apprentices as they please." This item, I am happy to state, is untrue, as no motion to that effect was ever made in our society. I know such a report was circulated throughout the country, but it was also officially denied by our President, which denial was not so thoroughly circulated; and further, to prove that that report was not correct, on Monday, 22d March, our men were to strike if our rules in respect to apprentices were not complied with, and the surplus boys in all the offices were discharged. By giving this publicity you will confer a favor, and set us in our proper place before your readers.

Work in this city has been very good this session, and good men were not to be had, even by advertising. But when the boys in the country offices saw the ads. they rushed in and filled the vacancies, thus adding a goodly number more to the already over-stocked list of *jours*. But, as usual, in all probability, there will be considerable *skipping out* as soon as the session is over.

Mr. Thos. Kinsella, a comp. in the Parliamentary, was united in the holy bonds of matrimony to a young lady named Miss O'Brien, on the 6th April, he being the third typo who has joined the benedicts in this city since the New Year.

The Grand Duke is in town once more, and laboring on the Parliamentary. STET.

Advertising Canvassers.

OTTAWA, April 20.

How is it that the proprietors of newspapers in Canada have seemingly but one single aim, and that is to work for the sole interest of the manufacturers of paper, presses, ink, type, etc. If the proprietor of each newspaper had efficient advertising and subscription canvassers, they would stand better financially and otherwise. The canvasser is an acquisition more valuable than proprietors think of. They are the educators of a class of business men who never advertise, but have to be educated up to it. What would the Montreal, Toronto, Hamilton, and London daily papers be at the present time, if it had not been for the efforts of such advertising canvassers or contractors as Messrs. Griswold,

Martin, Walker, and others. If such valuable men were more numerous, advertising rates would be paying ones, and would result in better wages and salaries to the employes of newspaper offices.

It is an undeniable fact that daily newspapers which have no canvassers have ruinously low rates for advertising; those that have paying rates have canvassers, and valuable ones at that. This is a matter that newspaper proprietors should seriously think of and ventilate among themselves before it is too late. There has been too much depending on political subsidies, instead of real commercial value, for the use of the advertising columns.

Trusting to hear from some other correspondent on the same subject,
I am, etc.,
TYPO.

Napanee District Notes.

NAPANEE, April 20.

From our own correspondent.

A new paper has been started at Picton, called the *Sun*. It is non-political and shines for all. Melbanks & Davis, both practical printers, are the publishers.

Mr. Robert Henry, of the *Standard*, has dropped the stick, and is editing "ye local" of that journal.

Mr. G. M. Ackerman, late foreman of the *Picton Times*, has severed his connection with that paper, and secured a situation on the *Express* staff.

Mr. M. Richardson, a typo turned out under *Standard* auspices, has secured a more lucrative position, at Mill Point, in the telegraph and post offices of H. B. Rathbun, and commenced his new duties on Monday last. He is a rapid and clean copyist, and his place will not easily be filled.

Mr. Foster Howe has recently added appliances for book printing, in addition to his job office, and, we understand, is doing some very creditable work in that line.

Quebec Advertising Rates.

ST. JOHN, N. B., May 1.

The following is a copy of a quotation sent to St. John for advertising, from the office of the leading newspaper in that city:

2 inches.....	1 mo. \$10	3 mos. \$20	6 mos. \$30
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The rates for the leading paper in St. John are:

2 inches.....	1 mo. \$12	3 mos. \$30	6 mos. \$50
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How do you account for the wide difference, and how are wages in Quebec?
Yours, etc.,
COMPOSITOR.



CONDUCTED BY T. WILLIAM BELL.

Duties of the Newspaper Reporter.

Reporters' Guide.

Political meetings are usually reported more fully than any others, special prominence being given to meetings and speakers favorable to the party which the paper represents or supports. It need not be said that the reporter's political opinions—if he has any—should never influence him in the discharge of his duties. He should identify himself, as far as possible, with the paper which he represents, without, however, misrepresenting the opposite side. Few papers report both sides at equal length and with absolute impartiality; and the reporter must be in a measure guided by the known sympathies of his journal, in selecting the speakers to be the most fully reported. This remark applies alike to religion and politics.

It is usual for those who conduct public meetings to hand to the reporters copies of resolutions and other documents; but it sometimes happens that these are not to be obtained, and reporters who possess sufficient skill in shorthand will do well to take them down, and thus render themselves independent of other aid. It is, perhaps, too much to expect a reporter to take a shorthand note of a long document read at a rapid rate by a voluble secretary; but resolutions, which are commonly short, may be taken down without much labor, and the reporter who has them in his note-book may be spared a good deal of time and labor in endeavoring to obtain copies.

Sometimes an undignified struggle takes place between several reporters for a solitary copy of some document which has been read. It is customary for the fortunate possessor to lend it to his brethren of the press to copy, or to undertake to forward them printed "slips" as soon as it is in type; but an unamiable scribe, representing perhaps some influential paper, will

sometimes take possession of every document that is accessible, and decline to render the slightest assistance to his *confreres*. This is very unprofessional, and highly reprehensible; but it is done nevertheless. A habit of taking down documents of importance may often save the young reporter some mortification. None, however, but a very accurate note-taker will like to rely on his shorthand for documents, quotations, and the like. The ability to secure even these is one of the incidental advantages of great skill in shorthand, and this consideration should stimulate the student to attain, if possible, a high degree of proficiency.

Modern Journalists.

Uncle Sammy's most enterprising journalists seem to have accepted as a thing of truth the old saying, "To save time is to lengthen life," for we find that they have introduced into their different establishments the time saving machine—Phonography. We learn that America's leading commercial paper (the *Boston Journal of Commerce*) has phonographic writers in all its departments. The editorial bench of this reliable journal is straddled by one whom we know to be a pre(y)minent Standard phonographer. By employing shorthand in preparing articles for his paper, Mr. Thos. Pray, jr., is enabled to turn out in one hour more matter than blue-nose editors (excepting, of course, the *Miscellany* man) can shake off a goose quill in a whole forenoon.

The first number of *The Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer* has been received. All that our space will allow us to say in its favor is that it is certainly a thing of beauty, and ought to have the support of every Johnny Canuck that can make a shorthand sign, from the lightning Grahamite down to the three-wheeled stage coach Pitmanite. This new phonographic magazine is under the editorship of Mr. Frank Yeigh, who certainly deserves much credit for the able manner in which it is being conducted. The only faulty feature about the number of the *Canadian Writer* before us, lies in the editing of the "Phonographic Gossip," which seems to have been prepared without the exercise of proper care, for we find therein a statement credited to the *Miscellany* which we are glad to say never appeared in it. We know that the *Miscellany's* young phonographic companion will make the necessary correction as early as possible.

Adventure of an "Official" in the Wilds of Phonography.

Continued.

The breeze was changed. Yielding to the soothing influence of a new-born thought, the quill-driver's effervescence suddenly subsided into one of the calmest of calms. This sterling idea which he so timely conceived suggested the advisability of confining his shorthand report to a skeleton article, or mere sketch, and recommended the practicability of supplying the missing links when making a transcription of his notes at home, where he might avail himself of all the heavenly comforts which invariably surround those exalted beings who breathe the ethereal atmosphere which escapes from the outer world to seek the protection offered by the chairless chambers on the top flat of an eighteen story boarding-house, and where, too, he would be likely to enjoy an exemption from anything calculated to disturb the stillness of the starry night, save, perhaps, the merry music flowing from the swelling throats of a little band of feline warblers that periodically held forth upon the canopy of a neighboring woodshed for the purpose of displaying their vocal agility and pugilistic ability in the presence of a very fashionable audience, composed of that fair-haired old gentleman, who, notwithstanding his dyspeptic complexion, faulty figure, and penniless pockets, manages to move in a very high circle indeed. We mean that very popular personage who occupies the front room in the moon, and who amuses himself during nocturnal seasons by looking out of the window and witnessing the performances of the many tom-cat variety troupes who usually offer a first-class show for a remarkably moderate admission fee. The happy idea which invited Mr. Steno. to try this easy-going way of "taking down" a witness apparently met his approval, for collaring it by the coat tail, he lost no time in towing the thing ashore, and immediately proceeded to put his newly invented phonogalleviator into operation.

To say that it worked like a charm would convey nothing more than a very faithful idea of its merits. The words, Oh joy! Oh rapture! unforeseen, seemed to be playing on the smiling lips of the subject of our sketch, ready to hop off at a moment's notice; and no doubt they would have performed that little feat had everything proved so propitious as the prospects had prefiguratively promised. But fortune did not

feel like favoring the phonographic official, for many minutes had not emigrated into the past, when a dark-complexioned cloud rolled over and roosted on his prominent proboscis. This change was the production of a dispute that sprouted up between the learned lawyers about the nature of the witness' answer to a certain question, in the early part of the direct examination, which, of course, could only be adjusted by referring to the notes of the shorthand man.

To be continued.

How Phonography Pays.

The following clipping will serve to convey to those who have neglected to join our little shorthand band a faint idea of the amount of dollars and cents that is yearly salted down by the honorable members of our noble profession:

"On April 12th, John H. Kerrison, phonographer, entered an action in the Superior Court, Montreal, against Lous Allard, contractor, for \$2000 damages. This proceeding is the outcome of the disgraceful scene in the Board of Chairmen, as reported in our Saturday's issue, when Alderman Allard exhausted his Billingsgate on Mr. Kerrison, who reported the Council committee meetings for the *Herald*."

This case should have been entered as shorthand vs. long tongue.

The current number of the *Student's Journal* is heavily freighted with valuable articles which studious young men could not very well afford to lose. This excellent monthly is from the publishing house of Andrew J. Graham, New York, and is devoted to Phonography, Music, Hygiene, Philology, Bibliography, etc. The number on our table contains some advance pages of the Standard Phonographic edition of the New Testament. The characters, which are beautifully printed, are produced by Mr. Graham's Stereography.

The obituary of a phonographic mendicant which appeared in our last issue was somewhat premature. We are glad to say that the magazine has not yet kicked the bucket, and that there are some signs of its recovery, for we have since received two numbers of it.

James E. Munson intends to visit Canada this summer. Should he favor us with a call we will take pleasure in showing him all around the *Miscellany* headquarters for eight cents.

MARRIED.

BERRY—HENNESSY.—At St. Malachi's Church, Philadelphia, on the 13th May, by the Rev. E. E. Prendergrast, James Berry, of this city, to Sarah T., third daughter of the late Jeremiah Hennessy, of Fredericton.

FISHER—ROBSON.—At the Methodist Parsonage, Summerside, P. E. I., on Monday, the 10th May, by the Rev. T. J. DeinStadt, Mr. John Fisher, foreman of the *Journal* office, to Miss Henrietta C. Robson, second daughter of Mr. John Robson.

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DOUBLE CYLINDER DISTRIBUTION.

Two-Color, Bronzing and Ruling Attachments.

SPEEDS FOR FIRST-CLASS WORK :

Half Medium..... 1400 to 2400 per hour.
 Quarto " 1800 to 2700 " "
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Quarto, with all attachments, now ready.
 Half and Eighth will be ready soon.

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

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

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 Only \$1.00 a year, 10 cents a copy.

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 NAPANEE, ONTARIO.**

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

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P. O. BOX 121.

1-11-1 f

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MANUFACTURER OF

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INKS manufactured expressly to suit climate.

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If so, subscribe immediately to the

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It is full of Wrinkles and labor-saving Practical Ideas. Subscription, including Postage, to any part of the world, SIX SHILLINGS per annum. A specimen copy free upon receipt of 10 cents. Each number contains sixty pages of matter. Published on the 1st and 16th of each month by W. JOHN STONHILL, 5 Ludgate-circus buildings, London, E. C. 3-9-tf

"SORTS."

Kissing goes by smacks.

Talk is cheap—unless a lawyer does the talking.

A cat down south eats onions. As if its yell wasn't bad enough.

After man came woman. And she has been after him ever since.

A novel cross—the marriage of "George Eliot" to Mr. Cross.

Men are geese, women are ducks, and birds of a feather flock together.

When a farmer puts a ring in a hog's nose he strikes at the root of the thing.

A good batter can be made of buckwheat flour, but a good catcher cannot.

A gap in the carving-knife betokens that a spring chicken has been in the house.

Live business men advertise in newspapers, dead ones on the graveyard tombstones.

Two souls with but a single thought—a married couple. Each wants to boss the other.

"Waiter, a newspaper." "Which one, sir?" "The handiest." "We do not subscribe for it here."

Salt water will prevent the hair from falling out, but to prevent its being pulled out get home early.

A new species of fowl recently discovered in Alaska is called the "plumber," because it has such a big bill.

Head in a Chicago paper: "The pimple quintette." "Five children in one family have the small pox."

A female writer asks: "What will my son be?" Why, one of the boys, of course, you foolish woman.

"I am a broken man," said the poet. "So I should think," was the answer, "for I have seen your pieces."

"Paper bricks" are spoken of in a Western article. We have 'em here—fellows that pay their subscriptions in advance.

When Joseph's brethren put him into that little excavation we read about, did he remark, "A pit it is, and true it is a pit?"

The simplest cuss word in the Chinese language would more than fill this line, but the Chinese have plenty of time and lots of alphabet.

The question is, how much did Tennyson get for his lines on the birth of the baby elephant—if that was what his recent poem referred to?

Many a timid, shrinking maiden, who last summer swung upon the gate with her lover, is now engaged in half-soling the same individual's pants.

The idea that gunpowder and whiskey will make a soldier feel brave is all nonsense. Put him behind a stone wall if you want to see his spine stiffen.

Some one inquires: "Where have all the ladies' belts gone?" Gone to waists, long ago.

"God bless our home," worked in different colored silks on cardboard, would be a good motto to hang over the desk of the judge of the divorce courts.

Sankey has written a new hymn entitled "Is Your Lamp Burning?" We burn gas, so the conundrum doesn't interest us. It is addressed to wicked people.

New spring bonnets and lavender pants got a set-back recently, owing to a heavy hail-storm, but we noticed that the boom in beer seemed to go on all the same.

A young lady just home from boarding-school, on being told by the servant that they had no gooseberries, exclaimed, "Why, what has happened to the goose?"

Play spades if you would win potatoes; play clubs if you would deal with a ruffian; play hearts if you would win friendship; play diamonds if you would win a woman.

A stranger from Union City, stopping at a prominent hotel, being asked by the waiter if he would have green or black tea, replied that he "didn't care a darn what color it was, if it had plenty of sweetenin' in it."

A confectioner advertises "Fifteen kisses for ten cents." Too dear. In these days of returning prosperity, a young man can get more than a hundred kisses by simply carrying her a pint of peanuts on Sunday evening, 'tis said.

A drunken Scotch parishioner was admonished by the parson. "I can go into the village," concluded the latter, "and come home again without getting drunk." "Ah, meenester, but I'm sae popular!" was the fuddled Scotchman's apologetic reply.

"What earthly use is it," exclaimed a languid Washington swell the other morning, "our twying to be awistocwatic, monarchical, and that sort of thing, when a Senator of the United States eats peanuts when riding in the street cars."

A contemporary says: It is all right for church choirs to serenade newly-married people, but there are more appropriate hymns for such occasions than "What shall the harvest be?" "Ninety-and-nine" wouldn't be just the thing either. It is too many.

It has been proven that the strength, care and thought expended by the average housewife in coaxing a weak-chested, hollow-backed, consumptive geranium up two inches would lift a ton weight three-quarters of a mile and raise a \$1000 mortgage out of sight.

"How came these holes in your elbows?" said the Widow Smith to the irrepressible small boy. "Oh, mother, I hid behind the sofa when little Jack Horner was sayin' to our Jule that he'd take her, even if you had to be thrown in; and he didn't know I was there, and so I held in and laughed in my sleeves till I burst 'em."

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Bookbinders' Thread.

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

Gauge Pins and Feed Guides.

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

Paper Manufacturers.

NAPANEE MILLS PAPER COMPANY, Napanee, Ont. See advt.

J. RIORDON, Merritton, Ont. See advt.

"Peerless" Presses and Paper Cutters.

GLOBE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Henry Johnson, Vice-President, 44 Beekman street, New York.

Printing Inks.

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

Press Manufacturers.

W. P. KIDDER, 115 Congress street, Boston, Mass. The "Kidder" Job-Printing Press. See advt.

CAMPBELL PRINTING PRESS & MANUFACTURING CO. Office, 51 Beekman street, New York. Factory, Wythe Ave. & Hewes st., Brooklyn, E. D., N. Y.

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

Printers' Machinist.

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

Type Founders, etc.

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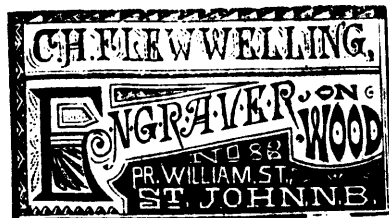
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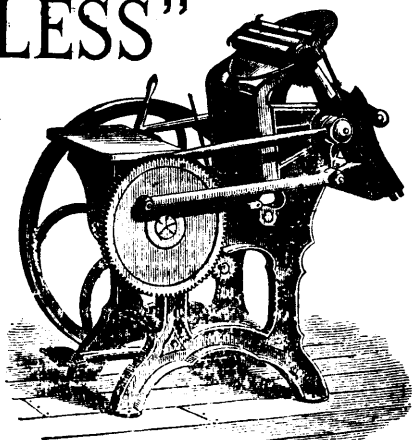
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Boxing, \$10.00, \$7.00, \$6.00.—Steam Fixtures, \$15.00. Fountain for either size, \$25.00.

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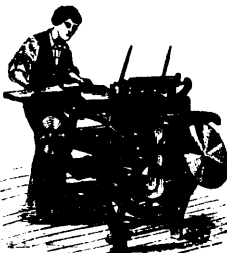
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