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THE PRINTER'S MISCELLANY



AN EXPONENT OF PRINTING AND ALL THE KINDS OF ARTS

VOL. V.

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

No. 7.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

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

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

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

The Printer's Miscellany.

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

A number of subscribers in the United States and in distant points who take the *Miscellany* are in arrears. We would be pleased to keep them on, but unless all payments are made immediately, we must cut off every name. We hope the honesty of those who are far away will constrain them to do the square thing and pay up.

International Copyright.

A meeting of the English committee of the International Literary Association which was held in London on Feb. 1, Mr. Wm. Blanchard Jerrold, journalist, presiding, considered a communication from the Board of Trade addressed to Mr. Jerrold in regard to a copyright convention with the United States. Mr. Jerrold submitted a draft of a proposal for an international copyright treaty, which the United States government had furnished to the British government, together with amendments to the draft suggested by the Board of Trade. It was resolved that a conference of English authors and publishers be immediately summoned to express their opinion on the American proposal and British amendments, and that a prospectus be issued.

Wood Pulp Manufacture in Norway.

An English paper states that the wood pulp manufacture in Norway is steadily on the increase, owing the demand from Great Britain and France. At the commencement of the year there were twenty-one factories at work, the production for the last three years being as follows: 1877, 205,700 cwt., value £78,300; 1878, 386,482 cwt., value £96,000; 1879, 400,000 cwt., value £90,000. Although the production in 1879 exceeded that of the previous years, prices were lower, from the great local competition; but, as esparto grass has risen in value, it will very soon favorably influence the value of wood pulp, the more as the English paper-makers contracted pretty largely for paper pulp during the winter, to the amount of 2,000 tons in excess of the ordinary demand. The wood pulp used in England contains about 50 per cent. of moisture, but the French paper-makers prefer having it air-dried, containing only 8 per cent. There are also four mills employed in making mill board from paper pulp. These are used for band boxes, and are all sent to England. The above showing is very suggestive as to what could be done in this branch of industry in Canada.

The History of the Press in Prince Edward Island, published in the December number of the *Miscellany* is, we are informed, incomplete in many respects. It was to have been expected, and as much was said in the introduction to that article; but it was a starting point for some one else—the main thing was to make a start. Now, we are in a position to state that a competent gentleman has undertaken to prepare a fuller and more accurate history, which we hope to publish at an early date.

Renew your subscription to the *Miscellany*.

American Model Printer.

World's Specimen Album of Printing.

The plan proposed to carry out this project is this: Each contributor is to execute 1000 copies of any really good design, which can be done in any number of colors, and in the size named in the rules set down to govern competition. Out of all sent us for examination, in regard to adaptability and merit, only the very best examples of skill and art will be accepted, to form a part of this great Typographical Album. To every successful artist—those whose specimens are considered worthy of an honor in the choice—a complete set of the selected samples will be sent. Nothing but first-class work will be allowed a place in the Album, even if there is not sufficient to complete it, as more time can be granted to make it so, if necessary. Every typographer in the world is invited to do his best in work, and to use his influence to further this grand collection of typographical art.

RULES.

1.—The contributors must be practical printers, whether masters, managers, or workmen.

2.—Specimens, to insure a place in the Album, should represent the highest degree of typographical art peculiar to the country from whence they emanate; this will also include specimens of letter-press art illustrations by any process of engraving.

3.—Contributors will not be allowed a place for more than two complete sets of specimens, these to be printed in any number of colors; and, as the collection is to be a typographical one, it is desirable that they be executed on letter-press machines.

4.—The size of sheet selected for printing the specimens is $12\frac{1}{2} \times 16$ inches, which may be used either the long or broad way; in the centre of this sheet the design should be printed; and below the design, not less than one inch from the bottom of the sheet, the name, age, city and country of the contributor should also be printed in small or light type. Specimens should reach us not later than June, 1881.

5.—No specimen will be accepted that is not in accordance with typographical usage, and devoid of trade notoriety. This is absolutely necessary, in order that the Album shall be free from unpleasant features, and be a joy forever.

6.—Specimens can be sent to any of the gentlemen named in the two committees, or to the office of the *American Model Printer*, where they will be kept from view until examined by the jury here. Those selected for the Album will be compiled and safely forwarded to the successful contributors.

7.—After the examination, each successful contributor will be notified that his specimen will appear in the Album. He will then have

to forward to the editor of the *Model Printer* the sum of \$2, for re-boxing, shipping, printing of suitable title page, etc. Should a bound copy be required, \$5 more will have to be sent.

8.—Specimens must be strongly packed in wooden boxes to ensure safe delivery, and then plainly addressed to the "Editor of the *American Model Printer*, 22 College Place, New York, U. S. A.," with contents of package marked outside, and delivery charges pre-paid. Screws to be used to fasten the lids of packing boxes.

To form an approximate estimate of the proportions this undertaking is likely to assume, it is desirable that parties inform the editor of the *American Model Printer*, at the earliest possible date, of their intention to send contributions of specimens.

In view of the great expense that many contributors will incur, the committee have decided to sell the surplus copies at a price in keeping with the value of the collection. The profits arising out of such sale will be equitably divided among all contributors, whether successful or not. A financial balance sheet will be published.

"The Use and Abuse of Abbreviations, with an Alphabetical List of those in Common Use," has recently been issued by Henry R. Boss & Co., 232 Irving Place, Chicago. This valuable little work should be on the desk of every editor and proof-reader, as well as on the frame of every compositor, and would be of inestimable value as an addition to our common school text books. Henry R. Boss, the compiler and author, is librarian of the Franklin Society Library of Chicago, and his long experience as a contributor to the press has enabled him to make this work a *multum in parvo*. The price is twenty-five cents.

Bengough, Moore & Co., is the name of a new firm of publishers and general printers, recently started in Toronto, who have taken up quarters in 35 Adelaide street, west. They are proprietors of the *Christian Reporter*, a non-denominational monthly journal, and are printers and advertising and subscription agents for the *Evangelical Churchman* (formerly in the hands of Hunter, Rose & Co.), the *Christian Journal*, *Canadian Independent*, and *Christian Helper*, the latter being ably edited by Mr. Thos. Bengough, the senior member of the above firm.

Chicago is about to inaugurate a newspaper for schools, which will be edited by a lady.

American Model Printer.

THE USE OF TINTS.

BY WM. C. GAGE.

PREPARATION OF THE PLATE.

The best material for a tint plate is type-metal, or some of its modifications, such as stereotype-metal, zinc-plate, or other alloy. The use of wood, of any kind, is open to two objections: 1—Its liability to swell or shrink "out of register." 2—Its tendency to unevenly absorb the color, and show the grain of the wood in the impression, especially in fine work or delicate tints. This is true even of the best boxwood. If convenient to a stereotype foundry, the printer can readily procure such plates as he may need, at small cost. [Where metal plate cannot be got conveniently, let the printer paste several thicknesses of Bristol card together, and, while damp, put them under some strong, even pressure, to make them become as one thickness; when dry, he can then transfer such portions of his design as he wants to work in tint. With a sharp knife or eraser he can trim out a good tint-plate on this card for short editions. The plate, so made, must be pasted or glued on a flat piece of wood (such as is used for blocking stereotypes), which can generally be found in every office, by taking off the stereotype and using the wood. The ink must be made quite thin, or it will pull off the surface of the card plate. Where convenient, a coat of shellac put over the face of the plate will make it more durable. It should be rubbed over to make it quite smooth, and give a solid impression.—*Ed. A. M. P.*] If this cannot be done, engraver's wood, of maple, beech, dogwood or boxwood may be used.

To prepare the block or plate for engraving is a very simple matter. Take a fully-inked impression of the job for which the tint is intended, on a hard or sized paper, and while the ink is fresh, lay it upon the block or plate, inked side down, and "offset" (or transfer) the impression with a heavy pull. Do not dampen the sheet, or use a damp overlay, at any stage of the operation, or the impression will be "drawn out of register." If the transfer is properly made, you will have a clearly defined reverse impression of the job on the plate.

It is now ready to be engraved, which means to take a sharp-pointed engraver's tool and carefully outline the particular part of the design

desired for the color, leaving on all sides sufficient shoulder on the outline to lap a little on each color, then cut away such portions of the plate as are to appear white in the work. Although we believe in "every man to his own trade," we are of the opinion that a little skill in the use of engraving tools, sufficient, at least, to cut a tint, is a valuable help to the printer, and it is certainly very easily acquired. Two or three tools are all that is necessary, and these should be in every printing office. [Sufficient tools, with sharpening stone, for any printer to cut his own tints, where he cannot have them done by an engraver, can be procured for \$4 or \$5.—*Ed. A. M. P.*]

MIXING THE INK.

It is inexpedient, and, in fact, impossible, to keep a stock of tint inks on hand, and the most satisfactory plan is to make them as may be required, which any printer of taste can do. The basis of tint ink is white—composing from three-fourths to nine-tenths, or more, of its entire body, according to the depth and character of the color employed in tinting it. For fine work, only the best white ink should be used. This should be made of proper working consistency, by the use of varnish, before adding the color, as the mixing of the latter is thus more readily insured.

Difficulty is often experienced with tint inks, caused chiefly by the use of a poor quality of white; this becomes apparent by a chalky film which accumulates on the plate and rollers while working, and by the work drying with a chalky surface, causing the colors that may be printed over them to "crawl" and otherwise work badly. On some kinds of paper, this is difficult to avoid, even with the best of inks, and in such cases it is sometimes advisable to use magnesia white (sometimes called flake white), or even clear varnish, as a vehicle for the color, the latter, in most cases, working very effectually.

The amount of color used in the tint will depend on the amount of ink required in working the block. It is better to use only enough to produce an even surface, well covered, rather than a large quantity, put on thickly. This will be governed very much by the stock used. If hard and highly-finished paper or card be employed, it will require less ink to cover and make a smooth surface, in which case, it should

be mixed stronger, both in consistency and color.

In a future issue we will give some hints for producing the different shades, and the proper colors to use with them.

NOTES AND NEWS.

G. F. Fisher, editor of the *Reporter*, has been elected mayor of Fredericton.

Laskay, Ont., is to have a newspaper shortly, to be called the *Laskay Lights*.

A company has been formed in Chicago for the manufacture of type-setting machines.

The Hon. A. Shea, Premier of Newfoundland, has entered a libel suit against the *St. John's Telegram*.

Thos. P. Gorman, late proprietor of the *Summerside*, P. E. I., *Progress*, is telegraph editor of the *Montreal Herald*.

The *Bluenose Amateur* is another new addition to amateur journalism. It is published monthly in New Glasgow, N. S.

The Galt, Ont., *Reformer*, announces a change in proprietorship. The present owners appear under the name of Mowat & Co.

L'Avenir, of Yarmouth, N. S., has re-appeared. It is the only French organ of the Acadian population of Nova Scotia.

The *Progress* is the name of a weekly journal published at Kat Portage, Kewatin, by Mr. Jas. Weidman, formerly of the *Selkirk Inter-Ocean*.

Some of the leading newspaper offices in Glasgow, Scotland, have made arrangements for lighting their composing-rooms with electricity.

James Mitchell, of Detroit, Mich., brother of Mr. Mitchell, of the *Ottawa Free Press*, and a practical printer, has purchased the *Goderich*, Ont., *Star*.

The *Montreal Herald* printers struck for an advance from 27½c. per thousand ems to 30c., which was conceded by the general manager of the company.

Lady Florence Dixie, distinguished in the hunting field, is going to the Transvaal, as a war correspondent for the *London (Eng.) Morning Post*.

The *Ottawa* correspondent of the *Toronto Globe* states that Mr. John Riordon, proprietor

of the Merritton Paper Mills and *Toronto Mail*, will be called to the Senate, vice Christie, deceased.

The translating of the *Hansard* debates into French this year is in the hands of Col. A. Audet, assisted by Messrs. R. Tremblay, J. Monier, E. Blain St. Aubin, Chas. E. Roche and Joseph Maire.

An Italian has discovered a method of imparting a luminous quality to printer's ink, and a newspaper is about to be printed with the new ink at Turin which people will be able to read in the dark.

James Murray, who learned his trade on the *Summerside*, P. E. I., *Progress*, and afterwards worked at the business in Charlottetown, and still later was editor of the *Progress* for a short time, is a regular on the *Boston Globe*.

Frank Addison, of the *Monetary Times* printing office, Toronto, was recently presented by his fellow-workmen with a beautifully illuminated address and meerschaum pipe on the occasion of his departure for London, where he takes charge of a printing establishment.

An American is in communication with a prominent citizen of Ottawa with a view to starting a factory for the manufacture of paper pulp from sawdust. There is a good opening in the vicinity of St. John for such an enterprise, the raw material being cheap and plentiful.

A fire took place in the Penobscquis Paper Mills, owned by Messrs. Harris & Breeze of this city, on the 18th January, by which the machinery, etc., was considerably damaged. The fire originated in the boiler room, and it and the retort house, adjoining, were both destroyed. The loss was amply covered by insurance.

J. B. Traves, editor and proprietor of the *Port Hope Times* and *The Canadian Craftsman and Masonic Record*, is also President of the Canadian Press Association. His brother, W. H. Traves, at present employed on the *Boston Globe*, is a prominent member of the typographical fraternity, having been elected to the responsible position of secretary-treasurer of the International Typographical Union last June.

A correspondent, writing us from *Summerside*, P. E. I., under date of January 29th, states that the latest item of newspaper news there is the purchase by W. A. Brennan, from the owners, Patrick and Simon Delany, of the

Progress plant, good-will and subscription-list within this month, and his transfer of the same to the "Progress Publishing Company," of whom S. Bairnsfather is their manager.

Mr. S. N. D. North, of the Utica, N. Y., *Herald*, is the special agent appointed by Gen. Walker, Superintendent of the Census, to gather and compile the statistics of the publishing interests of the United States. This is the first census in which such special provisions have been made in the interests of this important branch of industry, and, with the prompt and cordial assistance and co-operation of the publishers themselves, much useful information may be gathered in a compact and accessible form. Mr. North is said to be the very man for the important duties entrusted to him.

The paper and board mills situated at Ellershouse, N. S., are standing idle for the want of a good practical paper-maker with some capital. A portion of the mill where the wood pulp is made was burnt down about three years past, and has not been rebuilt. About \$15,000 would replace the pulping machinery and building. This is the only paper mill in the province of Nova Scotia. The consumption of paper in this province alone would keep two mills going all the year round, let alone the market of Great Britain and Prince Edward Island, Newfoundland and the West India Islands, where easy shipment can be made from Halifax and other seaports. The paper mill was formerly run by Mr. Ellershausen, the celebrated Newfoundland copper ore miner, and some Halifax gentlemen. It is likely that we shall soon hear of some enterprising paper-maker starting the mills.—*Ex.*

A handsome illustrated book, entitled, "The Life of Edward Hanlan," has just been issued by Richard K. Fox, publisher, New York. The work is embellished with portraits of the great Canadian oarsman and some of his most noted competitors, as well as illustrations of some of the famous rowing matches in which he has taken part. The story of his life is told in an interesting manner, the most salient features being his aquatic achievements, both as an amateur and professional. In addition to his life are short biographical sketches of oarsmen who have contended with him for boating honors. No admirer of native pluck and physical manhood should fail to secure the history of a man who has done so much to make Cana-

dians proud of their country as the home of physical wonders. The work will be mailed on receipt of 28c., by the publisher, Richard K. Fox, 183 William street, New York.

Alexander Gibson, the noted lumber king of New Brunswick, is about to establish a new and large industry in that province. He has sold out his shares in the New Brunswick Railway, and will hereafter turn his attention to something that will eventually add largely to the commerce of his province. In the spring he will erect large paper mills at the village of Marysville, on the river Nashwaak, a tributary of the St. John river, emptying into that stream opposite the city of Fredericton. He will employ a considerable number of workmen in the manufacture of the finer kinds of writing and printing papers. He has recently made a trip through Massachusetts, and inspected the principal paper mills in that state, with a view of profiting by their experience and improvements. Mr. Gibson is thoroughly able to put large capital into the concern, and its establishment and success as an industry is certain. When the New Brunswick Railway is completed to the Riviere du Loup, to connect with the Intercolonial, Mr. Gibson will be able to compete with the Quebec and Ontario paper makers.—*Ex.*

The East Lambton Printing Company, (lim.,) Watford, Ont., of which W. W. Buchanan is the editor and manager, have certainly developed an extraordinary amount of vitality and energy in the extension of their business and improving their paper—the *Advocate-Advertiser*. It will be borne in mind that on the 5th of November last, the East Lambton *Advocate* office was totally destroyed by fire. The East Lambton Printing Company, its proprietors, immediately purchased the plant and business of the *Forest Adviser*, and amalgamated the two papers, under the name of the *Advocate-Advertiser*. A new office was immediately erected on the site of the fire, and sixteen days after the disaster the *Advocate-Advertiser* was printed and published in an enlarged form, from its new office. The plant is all new, and is said to be one of the largest and best west of the city of London. The steam presses are, we believe, the first imported to the riding, and the one on which the newspaper work is done, strikes off two thousand an hour. The plant formerly used in the production of the *Advertiser* is retained in Forest, in connection with a branch office, for the execution of job work.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Tidings from Britain.

Our own correspondent.

LONDON, December 18.

My first duty this month is to wish my readers a "Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year!" and a pleasant duty it is, as I can honestly assure them. But what a pity it is we cannot pay "Christmas court" at the proper time. I'm sure my readers and I would enjoy ourselves immensely could we but meet together and pass a social Christmas Eve in the same room; and yet, for no fault of our own, we are divided by a stretch of water which, by its most magnificent point—its very vastness—interferes materially with our chances of keeping up the festival as we would like. But then, what wisdom is there in a man who growls at the sea; and it is an ever-present evil from which springs much good, and a man might just as well try to stop the mighty volume of Niagara's falls in their downward course, as attempt to remove that boundless waste of water, yclept "The Atlantic." Seeing, therefore, that we cannot "grip palms," we will, metaphorically, shake hands across "the little brook," wish each other joy in the following chorus, which I had the pleasure of hearing rendered, in all its originality, by a party of tough North countrymen. Standing around, in a semi-circle, these hearty lads held aloft their tankards of foaming ale, and lustily sung their rough but well-meant ditty, making the place resound with

"A Merry Kris'mas, plenty 'o cheer—
Roast beef, plum-pudden, and jolly good beer;
Punch with roast crabs, to make us feel queer;
A jolly good host, and a Happy New Year."

But, whilst wishing my readers all and more of the good things referred to by the originators of the above little poetical effusion, I would go further, and wish for them a lot of other goody-goodies, including plenty of business, money and luck, with a minimum of bad debts and dishonored bills.

And now to "wish something" for my editor. Wait a minute, whilst I crack this Wishing Nut. Right. Now then, here goes.

"May he live a long life, a happy life, a prosperous life, and a serviceable life. A prudent life I shall not wish him, for, truly, he is Prudence itself.

"May his subscribers increase in the land, and his dead-heads be removed from off the face of the earth.

"May he never have occasion to write muchly with the steal pen; may his contributors be regular in their habits, and mail on their communications with practical punctuality, so that the editor may have the fat of the news, and so outstrip those who run against him in the race

"May he never be attacked by that fell disease called poverty, and from which so many good "Men of our Times" suffer; but may his pockets ever be filled with silver, his cash-box with gold, and his bank-book with tangible evidence of the value of cheques.

"May his advertisement columns ever be fully occupied; his paper be published with regularity; and

"May he live happy ever after, as do the heroes and heroines in the usual class-novels."

And now, having said so much, I must throw sentiment on one side for a time, and take up a firmer pen, that I may write of sterner things with becoming gravity, and record the doings of the business world here in England.

First, then, the wholesale fancy trade, which has been doing such a grand stroke of business during the last five or six months, has become practically inactive, there being little beyond the ordinary every-day business in hand. Where all was bustle, and, to the outside world, hopeless confusion, serenity and calmness reigns supreme, and one no longer hears the constant "whirr" of the lit-wheel as the precious packages of goods were consigned to other departments or to the shipping agents' vanmen. No longer is the show-rooms littered up with straw and other "packings." Everything is in its place, and the natty clerks and salesmen stalk about the building with such an air of magnificent clerical grandeur as to impress one with the fixed idea that they are well-nigh devoid of animal spirits, and could not rush up and down the stairs in business excitement for any consideration. Indeed, they would not now be recognized by people who witnessed their strange antics during the whole of the three months ended November 30th.

The retail trader is the man who is doing the business just now, for everybody who has any friends or acquaintances—from little Tim Brown, ætat three years, who lives in Slater's alley, right up to Lord Doughty Oldboy, ætat 92, who resides at Doughty-Oldboy Hall, Doughty-Oldboy street, Doughty-Oldboy town, Doughty-Oldboyshire—has been, or will be

the purchaser of some trifle, more or less costly, for presentation to some friend or dear one.

I could write for hours about the stationers' shop windows, as they appear to-night, and as they have appeared for the last seven or eight days. I could sing loudly in praise of many a fair face I have seen reflected in the plate-glass which protects those frail-looking pictorial pasteboards from the amorous but beauty-destroying hugs and fervent kisses which, I feel sure, would be bestowed upon them could the utterers of some of the exclamations of rapture but get a little closer to the objects of their adoration.

"How pretty!" cries little two-foot Toby, as Sue is assisted to a glimpse, by her elders. "How sweet!" chirps Gertrude, who has been two years at a boarding-school. "Oh! mamma! These *are* beautiful!" This from Percy, a sturdy youngster of ten; whose remark is greeted with a babel of tongues, in opinion raised. "That *is* a lovely verse!" is Ethel's opinion, as she excitedly motions her brother Edward to her side, in order to point out the card which has "taken her fancy." Ted hesitatingly admits that it is very good; adding, however, "but that holly-bough business suits me; and that girl under the mistletoe looks jolly!" "Go away, Ted. How can you?" is the reproach with which he is greeted after the laughter has subsided. "But really, now," chimes in Miss Dignity, "although I fail to appreciate Edward's taste as regards that horrid creature, who allows herself to be kissed—and before all those people—I really do think—now don't laugh, Ted—I do think that water-color sketch is superb!"

And so the banter goes on, until a rough, uneducated voice cries out, as a rough, uneducated man clutches a companion's arm, and points to a comic sketch, "Lor, Bill, 'ere's a guy! Ole Father Kris'mas, wi' a plum-pudden for a nose!" and forthwith indulges in a violent paroxysm of what sounds like cackling, but which, I subsequently learn, is intended to represent something altogether different, for, his companion—probably less appreciative of what the other considers a specimen of good genuine humor—sulkily exclaims, with a rough gesture of disgust, "Hang it all, Jim, why don't you come on home, nor stand grinning there like a great fool? Come on home, now!" Jim obeys this summons; joins Bill, after one last

lingering look at "that good joke." I watch them as they disappear into the darkness, and then—shameless scamp that I am—turn to where I had seen that interesting group of well-bred young gentlemen and delicately-nurtured damsels. I am much disappointed at not finding them there, for I had experienced a strange feeling of satisfaction in listening to their harmless badinage. Doubtless, the advent of Bill and Jim was the signal for mamma and her children to beat a hasty retreat. Whatever the cause, the result is unalterable—they are gone. Never mind, their places are taken by an eager crowd of grimy-faced youngsters and shabbily-dressed girls—beings of quite another school, whose remarks are quite as varied as were those of their predecessors. I will watch them, and compare notes as I watch.

"But, look here," I fancy I hear my readers cry, in tones of remonstrance, "How about business? Come, now; you said you weren't going to be sentimental; and yet you go on about a lot of young people of whom we know nothing whatever. And, now you want to compare notes whilst you watch a lot more—this time a lot of young blackguards and nurse-girls, most like! Not that we care much, so long as you tell the truth, and give us news as to how England looks now; for England's the place where many of us were born, you know, and we want to know something of our Mother Country!"

I stand with bowed head, whilst two thousand voices chant in solemn chorus the above reproach. Then, as a supplement is added, I raise myself erect, and stand "at attention," listening, with kindling eye, to the voices as they continue, thusly:—

"Now, just you look here, Mr. Special Correspondent, who should bring us 'good' tidings from Britain; if you want to go on in this style all night, just you say so, and then we shall know to what we have to listen. We don't mind your dull 'tinge of melancholy sadness,' provided you say you're going to treat us to it. But we do object to being imposed upon."

Well, really, gentlemen, it was not my intention to offend in this respect; but I rather fancy that I have caught the Christmas infection of the ladies who are now busy with the manufacture of Christmas confections, and, therefore, I crave your gracious indulgence whilst I prattle on in this way that suits me best just now, for

to be candid I cannot give my mind to such a dry subject as business. I have tried; but who could think seriously whilst a party of pretty women were bustling to and fro, or peeping over shoulders to see what one is writing? Some men may be able to keep cool under such circumstances, but I cannot—and, what's more, I don't want to. Why, I should soon become a miserable misanthrope were it not for cheerful company, and the soothing influences exercised upon me by that excited little minx in the pale blue mob-cap—that piece of pert prettiness standing on tip-toe that she may properly stir that strange but savory mixture she is preparing for my Christmas dinner.

Chatter, chatter, chatter! Oh! how the ladies' tongues can wag. I can hear a confused jumble of orders and advices; but what it all means I know not. It might be a revival of some pre-historic tongue. Sure enough, it isn't French; it doesn't sound like Russian, German, Turkish, or any other modern language; and I'm sure it can't be what is called a "dead" language—it's far too lively for that to be possible.

"That's English, anyway!" exclaim I, as I hear them shout, in shrill unison, "Here they come!"

I jump up to find out what can be the matter, just in time to hear a host of "kiss-sounds," followed by a clatter of thick-shod feet up the steps. Goodness gracious! Why, here's the children coming home from school! Oh, well! I suppose I must put up with it; but, farewell work for a time. These young specials will soon disperse my every idea; and, if I don't look out, they will also make hash of all I have written—just as if I had not made hash enough of it already.

"Here they come!" As though I didn't know they were here, by their chatter and laughter! And what a din they make. Oh, lor! I know I shan't have any peace, now; so I may as well desist from my task, or very soon I shall not get a chance to talk of business or anything else, much less wish my readers—as I do, at this, the last opportunity I shall have this side of New Year's Day—a Merrie Xmas, with appetite to enjoy the Xmas fowl, and health to take advantage of the opportunities for good, I trust, will occur to them in what, if my will were law, should prove to them "A Hearty, Happy, Prosperous New Year."

Yours truly, FRED. J. PROUTING.

Notes from the "Old Dominion."

RICHMOND, Va., Jan. 11.

It has been some time since my pencil was last employed in your service. Other duties have so fully occupied my time that I have had but very little opportunity to indulge any *cacoethes scribendi* which may have possessed me. But now I have secured a few moments in which to drop you a few lines, to wish you a "Happy New Year," (if not too late,) and to give you an item or two of news from this section of the world.

The reports which we hear of encouraging revival in trade in nearly every section of the country, finds no echo in our neighborhood. While it is true, I believe, that more job work has been done in this city during the past six months than for the same period of several years past, yet there are so many small offices (amateur and professional) competing for the work, and it is taken at such ruinously low prices, that no one is benefited. To lookers-on, who have no direct interest in the matter, it has long been a source of surprise that the employing printers of the city did not unite in an effort to induce the Municipal Government to put a comparatively heavy license tax upon printing offices, and thereby break up all, or nearly all, the "one-horse" offices, which are now ruining a most profitable class of work. The "regular" offices could well afford to pay a tax of, say \$100, in order to secure this end. They would make more money, and would be far better able to keep up the standard of workmanship.

Little is being done in this city, this winter, in the way of book work. The State Legislature now having biennial sessions, and this being "off" year, but little State work is being done.

Among our newspapers, there have been but few changes recently. The *Southern Intelligencer* (weekly,) which has been rather weak from its birth, is dead. Two new monthlies have been started: *The Southern Pulpit*, edited by two ministers of this city, and the *Crusader*, a sixteen-page paper, devoted to the interests of a temperance reform, and edited by Dr. W. W. Bennett, President of Randolph Macon College.

The *Dispatch* printed their usual double number on the 1st inst., brimful of useful information and statistics of the city for the past year.

From it, it appears that there are in Richmond 17 printing offices, employing 269 hands, having an invested capital of \$177,300, and making annual sales amounting to \$318,325; one type foundry, with four hands, \$10,000 capital, and \$25,000 annual sales; three engraving and lithographing establishments, with 24 hands, \$25,100 capital and \$60,823 annual sales; two paper mills, with 95 hands, \$105,000 capital, and \$175,500 annual sales; five blank book and paper box factories, with 452 hands, \$31,500 capital, and \$127,300 annual sales.

The following officers of Richmond Typographical Union, No. 90, have been installed for the present year: Henry Meyer, president; G. W. Wilde, vice-president; Thos. T. Hurdle, recording secretary; Wm. E. Wood, corresponding and financial secretary; A. W. Tyree, treasurer; C. A. J. Hill, sergeant-at-arms.

Some of the readers of the new year edition of the *Dispatch* were a little surprised to learn that there exists in the city another printers' organization besides the Typographical Union. Among the colored unions reported appears the "Printers' Union—Richard L. Hewlett, president—membership, 4." This organization is, I suppose, composed entirely of negroes employed on the *Virginia Star*, a weekly newspaper, published, edited and printed by negroes.

A new job office has been recently started by Clemmitt & Andrews, both of whom were formerly in the office of W. Ellis Jones. Andrews enjoys the reputation of being the best fancy job printer in this section, and Tom Clemmitt is a good printer and a popular fellow. They are determined to do only good work, for which they will expect fair pay, and leave the "slop-shop" patronage for others to scramble over. They deserve well of the craft and the public, and their success, so far, is, I hope, but prophetic of the good things in store for them.

The catalogue of the late Judge Greene's library—printed by W. E. Jones—makes a volume of 210 pages. The library, which contains 10,000 volumes, is being sold at auction in this city.

I can think of but little news from other sections of the State. The West Point *Star*, under the management of Messrs. Bagby & Stubbs, is flourishing. It is one of the neatest "country" papers I have seen lately. The office of the Burkeville *Sentinel* was burned down

recently. The Norfolk *Day-Book* has suspended. The Fredericksburg *News* has recently put on a new dress. Danville, with a population of about 8,000, has been trying to run two dailies and two or three weeklies. The *Post* (daily,) was recently sold out by the sheriff, and, I believe, one of the weeklies has suspended.

It may not be *news*, but will nevertheless be of interest to some of your readers to know that the first paper published in Virginia was the *Virginia Gazette*, which was started in the town of Williamsburg, (then the Capital of the State,) in 1736, and was printed on a half sheet of foolscap paper. The "Declaration of Independence" first appeared in this paper. A copy of the paper, dated January 3, 1780, contained the following announcement by the publishers: "All persons may be supplied with this paper at \$50 a year, and have advertisements (of moderate length) inserted for \$10 the first week, and \$7 each week after."

More anon.

TEMPLE.

P. S.—Since the first portion of my letter was written, inquiries in regard to the state of the trade lead me to the conclusion that more job work is being done in this city just now than at any time for several years past. In conversation with an employing printer, he informed me that the employers felt the necessity of an effort to break up the amateur offices, but that no one would take the lead. Several had talked with him on the subject, but none had made any effort whatever to accomplish the much-to-be-desired end. I am every day more and more impressed with the desirability of some such move—both for the good of the employers and of the journeymen—and I hope the day will soon come when those who have capital invested in the business will move in the matter.

Ottawa News.

OTTAWA, Dec. 30.

Kemptville, North Leeds, has a new paper. It is called the *Advance*, and G. E. Watt is the proprietor. The publisher intends to insist on "advance" payment of subscriptions, hence the name adopted.

The Canada Central Railway authorities intend to give the members of the press in this section an excursion trip to the Western Extension shortly. The Bohemians will vote them "jolly good fellows."

Mr. Corry, a printer recently employed in the *Perth Expositor* office, has become assistant minister of the Canada Methodist Church at Lynn. Who says that no good can come out of a printing office? It is said that the party named was once an in-Corry-gible "printer's devil."

A Toronto printer by the name of Lightfoot has a family of fifteen. It is stated he feeds them on "pi" in order to make them pi-ous.

W. J. Cuzner, of the Ottawa *Citizen* staff, has begun the publication of a weekly paper in Ottawa county. It is called the *Dispatch*, and is an eight-paged sheet, well edited and neatly printed. Hull is the place of publication.

Richard Uglow, a typo, who went into the news, stationery and fancy goods business a couple of years ago, in conjunction with W. McGiffin, is succeeding admirably.

J. H. Brock, formerly editor of the *Free Press*, is now managing the Peterboro *Examiner*, and is making a live weekly of it.

The Press Gallery men have a Parliament of their own. It meets often—to adjourn to the restaurant below, for—inspiration, or something of that kind.

The *Free Press* issues a double number every Saturday, owing to the press of advertising. The paper named is proving highly successful under the management of C. W. Mitchell, the proprietor.

W. H. Nagle, proprietor of the Ottawa *Herald*, is spending the winter in Colorado, being in poor health. As a one-cent daily the *Herald* is not much of a success.

The well-known "intelligent compositor" in the London *Advertiser* office made the Ottawa correspondent of that paper say that Sir Charles Tupper turned the House of Commons into a "beer-garden." The correspondent would have been satisfied had the typo made it a lager-beer garden. As it is, he cannot "bear" it, and the i. c. who made the change will be promptly placed on his *bier* when he returns home.

The following are the members of the Press Gallery, with papers represented, during the present session of Parliament: A. Wallis, J. A. Lumsden and M. J. Griffin, Toronto *Mail*; T. J. Richardson, A. C. Campbell, H. Mathewson and J. T. Hawke, Toronto *Globe*; T. J. Bell, Hamilton *Spectator* and London *Free Press*; Geo. H. Fox, Hamilton *Times*; J. G. Creighton and Fred Bradley, Montreal *Gazette*;

T. H. Preston, Montreal *Herald* and *Witness*, Archie Bremner, London *Advertiser*; C. Regan, Halifax *Chronicle*; W. Dennis, Halifax *Herald*. A. J. Weir, Montreal *Star*; Carroll Ryan, Ottawa *Free Press*; C. H. Mackintosh, Ottawa *Citizen*; J. A. Phillips, Quebec *Chronicle*; W. Gibbons, Winnipeg *Times*; J. E. B. McCready, St. John *Telegraph*; A. C. Hamilton, St. John *Globe*; Jas. Johnston, Kingston *Daily News*; with six French Canadian representations. The Bohemians have a good time during the session, although there is lots of work for them.

Mr. Charles Belford, Secretary to the Dominion Board Appraisers, died in this city on Sunday evening, Dec. 19th, at the age of 40. He was formerly editor of the Toronto *Mail*. The members of the Press Gallery passed a resolution of condolence and attended the funeral in a body.

The following are the officers elect of the Press Gallery for the ensuing year: J. E. B. McCready, of the St. John, N. B., *Telegraph*, President; Carroll Ryan, Ottawa *Free Press*, Vice-President; J. A. Lumsden, Toronto *Mail*, Secretary; T. H. Preston, Montreal *Witness*, J. T. Hawke, Toronto *Globe*, H. Dennis, Halifax *Herald*, W. Gibbons, Ottawa *Citizen*, and M. Duhamel, *Courier du Montreal*, were appointed the Executive Committee.

WABAGOOSH.

Boston Bubbles.

BOSTON, MASS., Jan. 6.

C. H. Crosman, who learned his trade on the *Pioneer*, P. E. Island, came to this city the last of October, and is working in Cannon's job office, 712 Washington street.

Harry Caldwell, of St. Stephen, N. B., who just finished three years at the trade on the *St. Croix Courier* previous to coming to Boston—about the first of December—is plying his vocation in one of the city job offices.

The *Globe*, with its usual enterprise, issued with its regular edition of Jan. 1, 1881, a copy of the *Globe* for 1981, and if we are to believe the one-hundred-years-ahead edition there will be great changes during the next century. In 1981 the American republic will contain 139 States, and a population of 300,000,000. Railways will be a thing of the past, and aerial cars and air lines will be the prevailing mode of transportation. The success of the *Globe* will be so great that it is calling upon inventive

geniuses to get up a press capable of 1,000,000 impressions an hour.

The annual election of officers for the Boston Typographical Union took place on Dec. 15th, and resulted in the choice of the following: President, Daniel N. McMullin, of the *Globe*; vice-president, Sherman Cummin, of the *Herald*; recording and corresponding secretary, William C. Hurll, of the *Herald*; financial secretary, Frank M. Butters; treasurer, Stephen Booth, of the *Globe*; sergeant-at arms, George H. Polston; trustee, G. Learned, jr.; delegates to the International Union, William B. Traves, of the *Globe*, and George F. Clark; alternates, Theodore B. Somers and Murray C. Upham; delegates to the Central Trades and Labor Union, H. T. Elder, James Pym, George B. Perry, S. K. Head, James E. McCormick, B. B. Newell, Robert A. Pierce.

The men employed in the composing-room of the *Evening Star* left, on the morning of Nov. 17th, on account of differences between them and their employers. They claimed that they had been working for 25 cents per 1000, and when they demanded an increase to 30 cents per 1000 it was refused. They also demanded more type, as on account of its scarcity they were obliged to work nights in order to distribute type to be used on the following day. On the 16th the gas was shut off from the establishment, and oil lamps substituted. The light being insufficient, the compositors complained to the proprietors, and asked them to come up stairs and see for themselves. No attention being paid to their request, the men reiterated their previous demands and received from the managers a refusal to comply, and also an intimation that if they were not suited with their treatment they could vacate the premises. The entire force, eleven in number, then left the place.

The *Mirror-Journal*, of Marlboro, Mass., is the only hyphenated newspaper in this state.

Charles Follen Adams ("Yawcob Strauss") has severed his connection with the Boston *Journal of Commerce*, and will hereafter contribute to the columns of the Cambridge *Tribune*.

JAN. 31.

Thos. Kirwin, who established the *Commonside*, P. E. I., *Progress*, is a reporter on the *Herald*, of this city.

Daniel Dwyer, who commenced business about eight years ago by establishing a job

office on Sudbury street, died on the 20th inst., after two months illness, aged 34 years. He was well known among the craft, and was at one time a pressman on the *Herald*. During the time he was in business he had established quite a thriving trade, and the office is now conducted by two of his brothers.

The annual dinner of the Boston Press Club was eaten at Young's Hotel, Nov. 6th. All the various walks of journalism were represented, and a good time was had by the fifty that were present. The officers of the ensuing year were announced as follows: President, B. P. Palmer, managing editor of the *Globe*; secretary, Wm. B. Alexander, of the *Transcript*.

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

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

Whitby, Ont., has two free weekly papers—the *Free Press* and *Saturday Night*.

DIED.

At Hartford, Conn., on Dec. 29th, Charles A. Knodell, printer, in the 36th year of his age.

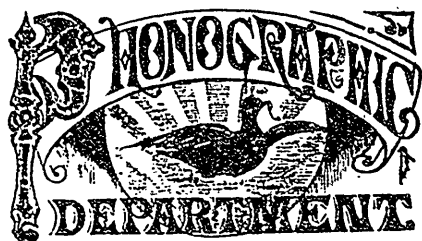
At Boston, Mass., after a lingering illness, William, second son of Richard and Honora Nagle, aged 23 years.

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 every where at 25 cents a bottle.



CONDUCTED BY T. WILLIAM BELL.

We feel gratified to be able to say that present indications point towards an early introduction of phonography into the law courts of New Brunswick. His Honor, Mr. Justice Duff, in addressing the Grand Jury at the opening of the York sittings, once more referred to shorthand reporting, dealing with the subject at considerable length, and strongly advocating its adoption on the grounds both of economy and efficiency. A committee composed of Messrs. G. G. Gilbert, C. N. Skinner, and C. W. Weldon, have been appointed by the Barristers' Society to confer with the Government with a view to the drawing up of a bill to be presented to the Local Legislature at the coming session, to secure the advantages so ably advocated by His Honor, Mr. Justice Duff. The Legislature will meet on the 8th of February, and we strongly commend the subject to the attention of the law officers of the Government, as we feel thoroughly convinced that the introduction of a shorthand system will prove of inestimable benefit in the speedy administration of justice in the Supreme Court.

A correspondent sends us a specimen of shorthand notes, accompanied with a transcription, written in Lindsley's Tachygraphy, and invites us to express our opinion of the system. We firmly believe that the contractor who tendered for and secured the job of constructing Tachygraphy, must have been paid by the mile.

Holland Bros. are reporting the Senate proceedings for the session, and Mr. A. Bradley has the contract for the House of Commons debates. Messrs. Eyvel, Horton, Abbott and Duggan are the reporting staff of the latter, with Charley Boyce as proof-reader.

If a phonographic student can attain a speed of 155 words a minute in three months, how fast should he be able to write in five years?

The climate of the phonographic world evidently agrees pretty well with our young friend, the *Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer*, for it continues each month to grow more and more healthy-looking, and instead of living with us merely as a sojourner, we are happy to say that the chances are very much in favor of its becoming a permanent resident, D. L. (Scott) Brown(e)'s opinion to the contrary notwithstanding. The December number is "simply immense," only a little more so. The spider legs, which occupy eight pages, are brought out very clearly. The letter-press portion of the magazine has a very neat appearance, and gives the "latest news."

Under the heading of "Some American Phonographers" are given biographical sketches of the following leading shorthand writers of New York State, all of whom are members of the N. Y. S. Stenographers' Association :

C. G. Tinsley—Grahamite.

W. O. Wyckoff—Grahamite (formerly a Benn Pitmanite).

Dan'l C. McEwen—Isaac Pitmanite.

Theo. C. Rose—Grahamite.

S. C. Rodgers—Grahamite.

Chas. B. Post—system not given (presumably a Grahamite).

Hudson C. Tanner—Grahamite.

Worden E. Payne—Grahamite.

Jas. M. Ross—Benn Pitmanite.

H. C. Lammert—Grahamite.

F. J. Morgan—Grahamite.

Mr. Charles Flowers, a Detroit attorney, is mentioned as an accomplished writer of Graham's Standard system. The names of the gentlemen who reported the proceedings of the General Conference of the M. E. Church, held at Cincinnati, are also given; they are C. J. Hudson, Wm. D. Bridge, G. G. Baker, and M. M'Lean—all gentlemen and scholars, and good judges of Andrew J. Graham's Standard Phonography.

Mr. Baker was Benn Pitman's private secretary for five years, but is now a Standard phonographer all the way round.

How does this list harmonize with the statements of Don Pullus de Bazan, who tells his little circle of readers that there are no Graham reporters of any standing upon the face of the earth, or anywhere else!

The reporting notes given in this number of the *Canadian Shorthand Writer* are those of

Theo. C. Rose, a beautiful writer of Standard Phonography.

Brother C. G. Tinsley, whose name was mentioned in the list of prominent phonographers, occupies a place in the picture gallery.

The cartoons, five in number, are genuine rib-ticklers.

This excellent magazine, the price of which is one dollar a year, will be clubbed with the *Miscellany* for \$1.50. Every shorthand writer on the continent should subscribe, if they have not already done so.

A Funnygraphic Innocent.

He was a Bank Offisaw, or what, in the reporting style, would be called a Bucksaw. He wore a portable flower-garden in his button-hole, and always carried a double-barreled walking-stick—one which looked like something that was originally intended for a mainmast. His snowy hands were encased in lavenders, and his tiny feet were covered all over with a two-dollar pair of patent leathers, which were constructed on the musical box plan, and could turn out three or four very familiar airs. For the benefit of those of our readers who have never been in Yankeeville, or those that are not very well posted in the matter of American fashions, it would, perhaps, be well to say that musical boots and shoes are "all the rage" now. Shoemakers are, therefore, expected to supply an article that may be said to be amusing as well as useful. As a rule, these shoes are arranged to squeak alto and soprano, that of the left foot taking the first-mentioned part. This musical boot business has opened up a new field for second-class piano-tuners, who, when they cannot hunt up a villager that is willing to pay them a dollar and fifty cents to murder his Chickering or Steinway, whichever the case may be, can always find employment within the limits of New York City, in the way of tuning-up high-heeled and copper-toed calfskin musical instruments.

Let us now go back a stickful and attend to Mr. Bucksaw, whom we left a minute or two ago. This young man of the period had come over to New York from Vermont for the purpose, we are told, of finishing his phonographic education. He very wisely placed himself under the guidance and direction of the inventor of Standard Phonography, who, in a very short time, polished up the handle of his shorthand

pen so that he could shake out spider-legs at the rate of two hundred and forty in every sixty seconds, making one hundred and twenty strokes a minute, using no rudder, and turning his own stake boat every time.

Mr. Bucksaw had often heard some funny things about the "College of Phonography" across the street. Things that were "very funny, not too funny, but just funny enough." So, a few days before he returned to his little low log cabin in Vermont, he thought it would be a good idea to treat himself to a visit to the *Pullosophical* College, and, with this intention, he departed from the hotel at which he was "putting up." It was a smiling Saturday afternoon, at an hour when the slowest moving hand on the face of the post office clock was threatening to crawl over the figure three. A few minutes later he had gained Broadway, and was multiplying steps in that direction which was most likely to lead him to the phonographic curiosity shop. He had walked but a short distance when his gaze was met by something whose colors were even more obstreperous than those that nestle in the plumage of a New Jersey belle. It was a sign-board, and the expression which it wore on its face was one calculated to impress upon the mind of the beholder (art critics excepted) that either Michael Angelo, Raphael, or Sarah Barnyardt had been there, individually, if not collectively. This work of art of many colors bore the following inscription: "College of Phonography."

To be continued.

How Beecher was Taken Down.

The world has produced some very lively orators, but Henry Ward Beecher is said to be the fastest man in the business. It has always been claimed by the Standard Phonographic fraternity that no living creature outside of a Grahamite could take up his pen and follow Beecher. Some time ago we read an article in the *Student's Journal* which referred to Mr. T. J. Ellingwood as the only man, excepting Mr. Graham, that had succeeded in taking Henry Ward down *verbatim et literatim*. This is a statement to which we do not feel at liberty to give credence, for there is, to our certain knowledge, an individual that used to work on a phonographic plantation, who was by no manner of means a Standard Phonographer, and who once upon a time took Henry Ward Beecher down, if not *verbatim et literatim*, certainly, *very-bad-um, at-any-rate-um*. According to our remembrance, the reporter in question went by the name of Theodore Tilton.

"SORTS."

Many a man without principle marries a woman to get principal.

The only sin that mankind is not likely to be falsely accused of—Sincerity.

A design on wood—Prowling around your neighbor's kindling pile after night.

The young lady who married her father's coachman says she was driven to it.

Of course women can keep a secret, but it takes a good many of them to do it.

Freckles on the daughter create more noise in the house than spots on the sun do outside.

Lampton thinks "the man who white-washes ceilings is in a sublime business." This is a kiln-joke.

A cruel-hearted man says his wife's new bonnet isn't nearly as big as the roll of bills that bought it.

Charley de Flukey has discovered why gospel tents attract so many sinners. They mistake them for circuses.

The boy who has the wood to saw is ever ready to encourage any strivings after muscular development on the part of his fellows.

"I will now treat of the tariff issue," said an orator in the last campaign. "Be jabbers," said an Irish hearer, "ye'd bether trate the crowd."

It is all very well to talk about the immense advantages of St. John as a great shipping depot, but, for terminal facilities, the wasp takes the cake.

Mr. Thomas thinks it is one of the most touching things in life to hear a Western hog singing to its youngest, "There's a litter in the mire, baby mine."

A Deadham minister asked one of his female parishioners if she was "a mother in Israel," to which she responded, "Oh, land sakes, no! I have never been married."

The late husband, when he finds that somebody has stolen the keyhole out of his door, and diffidently rings the bell, knows exactly who the "Coming Woman" is.

Emma Abbott says that the stage kiss is a "cold, dim, pale phantom—unsatisfactory, elusive and empty." At five hundred dollars a night we don't see how it can be.

Mamma—"And David was able to kill that great big man Goliath because God helped him." Harry (aged six)—"Well, I don't call that fair, mamma; that is two to one."

An old lady who has several unmarried daughters feeds them on fish diet, because it is rich in phosphorus, and phosphorus is the essential thing in making matches.

The editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, an influential Liberal paper, has been knighted. How imposing it will be to hear the printer's devil come in and say, "Sir 'Enery 'Amilton, ve vants more copy."

A little Irish boy fell down and bit his tongue. He arose from the ground, crying and sobbing, and said to his brother, "Oh, Stephen, do ye think I will ever spake agin?"

Beaconsfield ascribes all his greatness to woman. Adam laid all his trouble to the same source. Adam, we are ashamed of you. Beaconsfield, you are a gentleman.

Small boy, watching his sister iron a piece of work with bird's nest of eggs done in crewels on it—"I say, sister, if you keep the iron so long on those eggs you'll hateh 'em."

A bookbinder had a book brought to him to be rebound. After the job was finished, he made the following entry in his day book: "To repairing the 'Way to Heaven,' twenty-five cents."

When a boy walks with a girl as though he were afraid some one might see him, the girl is his sister. If he walks so closely to her as to nearly crowd her against the fence, it is another fellow's sister.

An exchange recently remarked that the Christmas goose was the one who bought more presents than his means would allow, but it might be added that on such an occasion it is better to be a goose than a pig.

A New York man offers to teach men to be polite in six lessons. Go you a heap better, sir! Send along the worst case you know of, and in one lesson we'll teach him to be polite, or we'll beat the life out of him.

A professor asked his class, "What is the aurora?" A student, hesitating, replied, "Professor, I did know, but I have forgotten." "That is sad, very sad," rejoined the professor. "The only man in the world that ever knew has forgotten it."

"J'u'nalism," he observed, as he rested unsteadily with his back against the wall, while the moonbeams toyed coldly with his flushed but intellectual countenance, "j'u'nalism's gran' and gorg'us rainbow (hic) wi—wi—wiz one foot in er gin mill an' tuzzer foot i—i—in er poor 'ouse."—*Temperance Journal*.

THE FREEDOM OF THE PRESS.

Around her waist I put my arm,—

I felt as soft 's a cake;

"Oh dear!" says she, "what liberty

You printer men do take!"

"Why, yes, my Sal, my charming gal,

(I squeezed her some, I guess);

Can you say aught, my chick, against

The freedom of the press?"

I kissed her some, I did, by gum!

She colored like a beet;

Upon my living soul, she looked

Almost too good to eat!

I gave her another buss, and then

Says she, "I do confess,

I rather sorter kinder like

The freedom of the press."

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