

Personal Paragraphs.

GEO. CURRY, printer and stationer, Cobourg, called on us recently.

MAJOR MARKHAM, of the St. John, (N.B.), Sun, and Mr. Stewart, of the Halifax Herald, paid a flying visit to Toronto recently.

W. E. SMALLFIELD, Renfrew Mercury, received the gift of a son from his amiable spouse on October 17th. THE IMPRINT extends congratulations.

GEO. YOUNG, Trenton, recently made extensive additions to his jobbing plant in the shape of a number of the latest designs in type faces, purchased from the Toronto Type Foundry.

BURGLARS entered the residence of Lee A. Riley, on Gould street, Toronto, on Thursday night, and carried off all his cutlery and spoons. Lee says he will have to use chopsticks in future.

HENRY E. BYWATER, late of Warkworth, has established a newspaper at Westport, Ontario. The office is furnished complete with point system type and material, from the Toronto Type Foundry. The name of the paper is the Westport Mirror.

JNO. A. COWAN, one of the old-time comps of Toronto, and now of Her Majesty's Customs, was recently elected Grand Commander of the Knights of St. John and Malta, this being the highest office in that well-known order. We congratulate our old friend on his elevation to this distinguished position.

W. D. HOWELLS, in Scribner's, says the magazines pay well for their literature; they pay from five or six dollars a thousand words for the work of the unknown writer, to \$150 a thousand words for that of the most famous, or the most popular, if there is any difference between fame and popularity. . . . Usually, the price is so much a thousand words, a truly odious method of computing literary value, and one well calculated to make the author feel keenly the hatefulness of selling his art at all. It is as if a painter sold his picture at so much a square inch, or a sculptor bargained away a group of statuary by the pound.

THE IMPRINT is an excellent specimen of typographic art. Besides, every number is well supplied with items of interest and valuable suggestions for printers and publishers. THE IMPRINT is always a welcome visitor in the World office.—Cobourg World.

THERE seems to be a growing tendency among a certain class of compositors, in this city, to go into business for themselves "in a small way." This, in itself, is not altogether to be found fault with, if, *through the introduction of typesetting machines*, they find it impossible to secure employment. But the truth is, that the majority of these men who have come under our notice, are printers who are holding situations in down town offices. Now, this is nothing more nor less than straight breach of confidence. A compositor cannot fail to become acquainted, to a certain extent, with the run of work in the office in which he works, and will naturally take advantage of such knowledge in doing work for himself. Aside from this, the opening up of "bedroom" offices in different parts of the city, cannot but work unlimited harm to those who have established a legitimate business by the investment of capital, and exercise of brain power, such as none of these small fry can ever hope to attain. This, like the "amateur" evil, should be frowned down, and the Toronto Type Foundry will lend them no countenance.

GOLDWIN SMITH, in his recent Outline of the Political History of the United States, says of Benjamin Franklin: "His commercial shrewdness, his practical inventiveness, his fundamental integrity, his public spirit, his passion for improvement, were native to his community in the phase which it had now reached, no less than were his 'Poor Richard' philosophy of life and the absence in him of anything spiritual or romantic. He it was who in his boyhood had suggested to his father that much time might be saved by saying grace at once over the whole barrel of red herrings."

A copy of the Daily Globe of October 22nd, 1860, is before us. At the top of first column, first page, the editor announces that "in order to sustain the typographical credit of the establishment, a new and beautiful font of copper-faced type, cast specially for the Globe at the celebrated foundry of James Conner's Sons, New York," had been ordered.

—Twenty years ago Emile Zola was a clerk in a Paris shop at \$16 a month; now he is a millionaire.

—Tolstoi hopes to live long enough to complete one more novel, "God in the Man," dealing with society under present conditions. Literary gossip says it will be very socialistic and communistic in its sympathies.