

Presidential campaign, in the interest of Sherman's candidature.

Eugene Schuyler will receive \$8,000 for the right to publish his "Life of Peter the Great," as a serial, in *Scribner's Monthly*, he reserving all rights to publish in book form after its completion in the magazine. The illustrations for this serial will cost not less than \$25,000.

The London *Times* pays five guineas a leader, and three guineas for other matter, but these are only its regular business rates; for an article of special merit or happy suggestiveness or the like is rewarded with a check for ten, twenty, or even fifty guineas. Of course it has its special staff, one of whom receives £2,500 and another £2,000 a year.

A contemporary says: "It is worth noting, that more than 75 per cent. of the failures in business circles are of men who do not advertise, or, if they advertise, do so spasmodically, and, of course, without results. On the other hand, the firms who have successfully conducted their affairs through panics and perilous times, have been bold and systematic advertisers, keeping themselves and their business prominently before the public."

Faber, the celebrated pencil man, who began business in Nuremburg about thirty years ago with a capital of £250, has decided to commemorate the event by setting aside £5,000, the interest of which, at 5 per cent., £250, is to be annually given, under direction of trustees, to some poor but worthy young man who is about to start in business, and is, presumably, a native of Nuremburg. This is an example worthy of imitation by some of the millionaires of this continent.

Mr. Forbes, the great war correspondent, undertook to lecture in Cork, Ireland, recently, but the audience having pelted him with stale hen fruit, he very properly declined to deliver his lecture. On demanding back their admission fee, however, the aforesaid demonstrative audience found that the "hero of a thousand battles" had stolen a march on them, or, in other words, held the key of the situation, and they were minus their money. "You pays your money, and takes your choice."

The Kansas City *Times* devotes four columns to a notice of Miss Emma Abbott, who has been singing at that city. The reporter gives such thrilling facts as that she drinks beef tea

between the acts, likes fried oysters, is tucked up in bed every night by her maid, and goes to a clairvoyant to have her fortune told. But the article reaches a higher plane in descriptive passages like this, about Paul and Virginia's kiss: "Aha, that kiss—that long, low, languishing, limpid, liquid, lingering kiss! It was the calm, holy, ecstatic outbreathing of two fond and trusting hearts, an intermingling of two gentle souls sanctified by love, a communion of the intangible by tangible means, a blending of earth with heaven, in which the latter had a manifest preponderance. 'Twas such a kiss as Troilus, stealing by night into the Trojan camp, might fain have breathed on Cressida's maiden lips, to the melody of the joyful nightingale that sang of love, and in the sheen of the round red moon and the stars that see, but never tell."

Large quantities of printing—lithographic and letterpress—are constantly being smuggled into Canada from England and elsewhere. It generally comes packed in with goods, and, with few exceptions, always escapes the eyes of the Customs officials. We trust the officers of this department will exercise more vigilance in future, both in the interests of the Dominion treasury and the printing fraternity of this country.

#### An Angel's Visit.

She came into the office, smiling and beautiful. George and she were engaged, and George had a case. He had a galley of solid nonpareil on his case, which he was about to lock up and prove. George, blushing like a girl, shook her hand, and called her his darling. She eyed the galley, and smiled sweeter than before.

"Doddy, dear," she said, still eyeing the galley of nonpareil, "are them the things you print with?"

"Yes, darling," said Doddy, feelingly.

She swept her taper fingers over the matter, squabbling the entire galley.

"Bless you, my darling?" said George chokingly, the sweat pouring down his face.

She looked up at him and said:

"Why, Doddy, dear, it's all in little pieces, ain't it?"

"Yes, love," said George, gently taking her hand and leading her toward the door.

"Good-bye, darling," he said.

"Bye-bye, Doddy; be sure you come to-night."

"Dear me," she soliloquized, "how George loves me! He nearly sobbed when I touched those funny little bits of thingummies."

George, moodily—"I wish all women were in—heaven."