

## NEWS OF THE CRAFT.

## LOCAL.

Wm. Hunter, who worked on the *Telegraph* until within a few months ago, when he left for the United States, left Boston for New York about the first week in October.

Messrs. Bowes & Perley have moved into their new quarters on the corner of Canterbury and Church streets, up stairs. Their new premises are very cosy and well lighted.

John C. Irvine, of Haverhill, Mass., who, we understand, served his time on the *Bulletin* of that place, came to this city shortly after the great fire and has been working on the *Freeman* ever since, is about to leave for his home again. Thus endeth his sojourn among the Bluenoses.

In our last number we said that James Porter worked in the *Union Advocate* office, Newcastle, N. B., whereas we should have placed him in the *Chignecto Post* office, Sackville, N. B. We can't swear it on the compositor this time, so we may as well "acknowledge the corn," and say we did it.

Robert Johnston, of the firm of McKillop & Johnston, has, we understand, got up and attached a fountain to their "Peerless" press. It will be remembered that these presses have hitherto had no fountain, but Robert has overcome the difficulty in a very complete and satisfactory manner. Just as easy as dumping a stickful of solid nonpareil with a few brevier spaces through it.

The mailing clerk on one of our daily papers received a postal card from the post office containing the complaints of a subscriber for the non-receipt of his paper. After looking over his list of some eight thousand names two or three times, he happened to look on the direction side of the card and discovered, to his disgust, that it was addressed to another daily paper office. Such is life, Jim.

There is not much change to note in the state of trade. A slight improvement has taken place in the amount of work presented. Some offices are pretty well crowded with work, having to work overtime. Notwithstanding the fact that nearly all hands are to work, we would advise perambulating printers not to visit this city for the present. It's a bad place to get snowed in, should work slacken off during the winter.

Ross Woodrow and Charles Hillman have entered into co-partnership as book and job printers. From Mr. Woodrow's long practical experience in the printing office and Mr. Hillman's very extensive practice—twenty-two years—in the printing office and counting room of Messrs. H. Chubb Co.'s establishment, they should succeed. We hope their last step is well "justified" by the times, and trust they may never lack "c(quo)ins."

Since the 1st of November the *Globe* has been issued from the old stand, the handsome building now being erected by the proprietors on Prince William and Water streets being sufficiently advanced to allow the two lower flats to be occupied. The press room, as formerly, is on the Water street floor. The press used by the *Globe* is a double cylinder Hoe, having a capacity of about 4,000 sheets an hour, and is driven by the Bigelow engine. The composing room, for the present, is on the next floor above. When the building is finished, however, the types will remove to the topmost story—which will be the fifth on Water street and third on Prince William street. The counting room still remains at the bookstore of Messrs. E. Haney & Co., King street.

There was quite a stampede among the printers, etc., on at least one of our local morning papers, at the time (Saturday, Nov. 16th, at two o'clock a. m.) of the fall of the new building in course of erection on King street. It made a great crash, and one of our modest locals—a new hand at the bellows, by the way,—undertook to describe the scene as follows:—

"At two o'clock, the other night, a batch of printers got a fright, they heard a rumbling sound. They thought the end was surely near, and Gabriel's trump, to make it clear, was blowing the last round. Some dropped their sticks and out they fled, without their coats and in bare head, with open mouth and quaking knees. Reporters close upon their track, rushed straight along, not looking back, like embers in the breeze. They had not very far to go, when one and all began to know, the cause of the alarm—a building fallen to the ground, bricks, scarce of mortar, lay around, but its fall had caused no harm. While thus upon the wreck they gazed, some one sung out, tho' still amazed: "'Twas lucky that it fell in the silence of the night.' A small, thin voice, made thin by fright, whispered, 'good 'twas not our crib.'" VIDI.