

Exciting Times Around a Printing Office.

The dastardly attempt, on the 25th March, to assassinate the Hon. George Brown, proprietor of the *Toronto Globe*, by George Bennett, a fireman, or "greaser," in the *Globe* press-room, who had been dismissed for neglect of duty—having nearly blown up the establishment—was by far the most exciting topic of conversation for the month, not only in Toronto but all over Canada. The particulars are summarized in the daily press as follows: A few minutes after 4 p. m., while sitting at a desk in his private room in the *Globe* office, Mr. Brown was accosted by an employé named George Bennett, who wanted him to sign a certificate, which Mr. Brown refused. After urging the matter a few minutes, Bennett drew a five-chambered pistol, fully charged, and was in the act of raising it to fire when Mr. Brown seized his hand, the ball going through the fleshy part of the thigh. He made a desperate struggle to fire again, but was foiled because he was prevented by Mr. Brown from cocking the pistol. Cries for help brought printers and editors down stairs, when the fellow was seized and handed over to the police. The shooting was most cowardly and unprovoked, and would probably have proved fatal had the would-be assassin been a man of more nerve and physical strength. Bennett bears a most unenviable reputation in his social relations.

ANOTHER FELONIOUS ASSAULT.

While the employés in the *Globe* office were still excited over the attempt at murder, one of the press feeders, named McKenna, slipped out and partook of an unusually large quantity of whiskey. When he re-entered the press-room his hat was set jauntily on one side of his head and he puffed lazily at a ten-cent cigar. The superintendent of the department explained to McKenna that he was violating the rules of the office by smoking, but McKenna replied in a gruff tone, using sundry filthy epithets. He became so abusive that Mr. Furlong, a mail clerk, undertook to put him out. A struggle ensued, in which McKenna received a cut over the left eye. He proceeded to the wash-room and after attending to his injury returned to Mr. Furlong and apologized. It was thought that this ended the matter, but McKenna picked up a monkey-wrench which he concealed in his coat sleeve, and seizing a favorable opportunity, hurled the deadly weapon at the head of the unsuspecting

mail clerk. The wrench struck Mr. Furlong on the thigh of the right leg and inflicted a severe and painful wound. The assaulting party then retired with exceeding speed.

AN ACCIDENT.

In removing the old press in the *Globe* office to make room for the new one, Mr. Martin, the superintendent of the job, undertook to lower one of the heavier pieces of the shafting, and for this purpose fastened a rope to a heavy piece of iron. He placed his shoulder to the weight, intending to hold it up, but the iron proved too much, and Mr. Martin was borne to the ground, the shaft on the top of him. He was released from his awkward position, and was conveyed to his residence, where he was medically attended to. It was at first reported that his spine had been injured, but fortunately this was not the case, the injury being confined to the shoulder, which was severely bruised.

Warning.

We have been shown a postal card, sent by a concern calling itself "The International Printer's Supply Company," of Ogdensburgh, N. Y., which announces, *confidentially to shareholders only*, that they have completed arrangements with us to sell our goods at a discount of 25 per cent., and a party who communicated with them in consequence has received the following reply: "You will have to send the order to us for the goods from the Dominion Type Foundry, Montreal, to get the 25 per cent. We will ship the goods from Montreal to you."

We have to warn the public not to be taken in. The assertion that such an arrangement has been made with us is a deliberate and transparent falsehood, and if any person is foolish enough to remit money across the lines, on such pretences, it is likely they have seen the last of it. The whole thing looks like a swindle.—*Dominion Printer*.

Yes; just so. This is the same perambulating concern from which we were forced to defend ourselves nearly two years ago. We said then that "time would tell;" and so it has. At that time it was the "American Stereotype Founding Company (!), Ogdensburgh, N. Y.," with which J. W. Nicholson, late of Annapolis, Ont., late of Brockville, Ont., now of Ogdensburgh, N. Y., is connected. Now, it is "The International Printer's Supply Company (!!!!!) of Ogdensburgh, N. Y.," The printers of the United States, England, Canada, France and Germany, no doubt, draw their supplies of printing material from this gigantic International Supply Company!—in a horn.