

AROUND THE CITY.

MR. ED. APTED, of Apted Bros., is away on a sailing tour in his neat little yacht. He is accompanied by a party of friends.

J. F. Snetsinger, B.A., is now editor of the News-Ledger.

Dan McGillicuddy, of Goderich, has been parading Toronto streets for the past few days.

The Star office is again occupied by a newspaper staff. That office will see some hard labor during the next twelve months.

The W. J. Gage Co. (Ltd.) have purchased a clearance of book papers at a cut price, and are selling large quantities at decidedly extra values.

James Coulter, one of the leading spirits of the Toronto typos, has changed from the Methodist Book Room to the News-Ledger office. His friends made him a presentation.

Brough & Caswell have a big sign at their new premises on Jordan street announcing that they will occupy them on or about September 1st. Mr. Caswell was across the line recently buying machinery.

The changes in the Empire staff have created quite a lot of chat among the brethren. But last Saturday's edition did not seem to be less brilliant than before—in fact, there were some improvements.

One of the completest stocks of flat papers to be found in Canada is carried by Warwick & Sons. Their brands are all standard and their ranges extensive. Their "Printers'" brand of paper is said to have been a happy strike.

J. L. Morrison & Co. have been replenishing their stock of wire for use in their well known stitching machines. They carry a full stock of both wire and machines at all times, so that printers are assured that all orders will be filled promptly.

Warwick & Sons have a very nice assortment of "Memorial Cards," which they have recently received. The designs are pretty and appropriate, being mostly floral, with neat borders in silver and black. They are quite a new line and will be found adapted to refined tastes.

The Executive of the Toronto Typotheta for last year are having a picture taken of themselves. It is intended as a souvenir, as that particular executive had the honor of entertaining the United Typotheta of America—an honor which comes but seldom to a Canadian typotheta.

Chas. E. Warwick, of Warwick & Sons, is at the World's Fair. The firm's two foremen, Jas. Murray, Jr., of the composing room, and Chas. Johnson, of the bindery, have been at the Fair picking up pointers, the use of which will help to keep their departments on their acknowledged high plane.

Mr. F. D. Porter, the Empire accountant, was married recently, and after a two weeks' retirement from the cares of business passed at Burleigh Falls, yesterday returned again to assume his duties. His colleagues on the Empire staff presented him with a silver tea set of beautiful design and exquisite workmanship.

The newspaper circles of this city were much stirred the other day by the arrest of Lawrence Irwell, an educated Englishman and a one-time candidate for the British House of Commons. He was a walking encyclopedia, a perfect gentleman, an industrious scholar and a valued contributor to many periodicals. But he was a high roller, and when his other resources failed he

stole from his fellow lodgers, and will now spend eighty quiet days in the common jail. He has fallen as many bright intellects have fallen before him—but as the writer is not a moralist, he leaves the rest to the reader.

The Brown Bros. have a full stock of coated paper suitable for work in which half-tone engravings are used. Besides carrying a full stock of domestic printing papers they have a line of English makes which are popular for many classes of work. They are showing a special line of colored cover paper in both plain and antique finish.

Mr. Edward Gledhill, who has been connected with the advertising department of The Empire since the paper's inception, and who for three years has occupied the position of advertising manager, recently severed his connection with The Empire. On his departure Mr. Gledhill's fellow-employees presented him with a small token of their esteem. Mr. Gledhill has accepted a position on the Mail advertising staff.

W. J. Gage & Co., as a firm name, is now a thing of the past, having been replaced by "The W. J. Gage Company, Limited," the managing directors of which will be Messrs. Gage, Gundy and Spence. The business will be pushed on with renewed energy, and the fame of the old firm enhanced by the brilliancy of the new. The two new directors are too well known to the trade to need any introduction, beyond a mere statement that they are two of the most respected and capable men in the book and stationery trade, and have a host of firm friends who will be glad to hear of their progress. Mr. Gage is president, Geo. Spence is vice-president, and W. P. Gundy is secretary-treasurer.

What proved to be a most destructive fire broke out at about 3.30 o'clock on the morning of August 25th in the two-storey building at 49 Wellington street west, in this city, owned and occupied by Rolph, Smith & Co., lithographers and wholesale stationers. The firemen, in answer to a call rung by the night watchman, were soon on the spot, but so fast did the fire do its destructive work that it looked at one time as if the surrounding buildings could not be saved. A general alarm was rung, and it was only after a long and hard fight that the firemen could get the fire under control. When the smoke cleared away it was discovered that the loss to the stock would amount to over \$15,000, and that the machinery was damaged to the extent of \$8,000 to \$10,000. The loss was fully covered by insurance, the building being insured for \$14,000 and the stock for \$39,000. The Industrial Exhibition lost considerable stationery ordered from the firm.

He was big, rough, stout and anxious looking, but assurance was beaming from his countenance as he stepped into the office of the managing editor of one of Toronto's big dailies. It was warm, intensely warm, that momentous day in the first week of August. He had left home just after the hay was all in, and when the prospect of the heavy wheat and oat harvest was too much for him. He had thought, too, of the heavy root crop and the wet, cold days of October, and decided to see the city in company with that long-cherished desire of his. But the managing editor looked him over, and after a very short chat agreed that he had room for him on the reportorial staff, and, calling in the city editor, introduced them to each other and then dismissed both. A few hours afterwards a tired, perspiring, red-faced individual re-entered that office as big, rough and stout as ever, still anxious-looking but with less assurance. The city editor finally gleaned that he had been to all the outlying police