

Mr. George Eyvel, chief shorthand reporter of the *Globe*, was married to a Napanee lady towards the close of November. The newly created benedict looks forward with trepidation to the time when he will have to leave his present comfortable quarters to spend his days and nights in the gallery of the House of Commons at Ottawa.

J. Ross Robertson, the enterprising proprietor of the *Evening Telegram*, has been figuring lately as a book publisher. He has issued cheap, popular editions of a number of novellettes, including "Helen's Babies," "That Husband of Mine," "Theo," etc., etc. Jack thinks it pays, and as for the question of international copyright—well it will be a long time before his piracies make up for what the Harpers alone have stolen from British authors.

Mr. J. Gordon Brown, editor-in-chief of the *Globe*, goes to Paris early in 1878 as one of the Canadian Commissioners to the Exposition. It has not yet been announced whether either the *Globe* or *Mail* will send a special correspondent.

"Ned" Clarke has, in partnership with Mr. Hewitt, taken hold of the *Orange Sentinel* and is bound to make it a success. In addition to being one of the best foremen to be found anywhere, "Ned" can write a trenchant article, and is neither a partisan in politics nor a bigot in creed. If he cannot make the *Sentinel* go, no other person need try it. The new dress for the paper has been supplied by the Dominion Type-Founding Company.

The *Toronto Advertiser* has been formally elected as the organ of the Good Templars of this province.

The *Mail* will be represented this year in the gallery by J. Wallis and Wallace Maclean, and the *Globe* by George Eyvel and Albert Horton. Amongst other rumors about the future of the *Globe* there is one to the effect that the weekly edition will be made more of a political organ than it has for some time been, and that a more neutral paper will be issued for the benefit of those who prefer literature and news to the amenities of politics.

Mr. Todd, of the *Monetary Times*, prints the *Canada School Journal*, and does it well. No size of its size in the Dominion turns out more of better work than his.

It looks like old times to have Powell Martin back as advertising agent of the *Evening Telegram*.

Aleck. Dixon, who has been advertising agent of the *Mail* for five years, has given up the post to go into other business.

Charles Lindsey, the author of "Rome in Canada," and registrar of the city of Toronto, is an ex-journalist. His last position in that connection was the editorship of the *Leader*.

"The newest thing in journalism" in Toronto is a Saturday night paper, intended for Sunday morning reading. This makes about the fifteenth weekly, over and above the weekly editions of the dailies.

#### COLUMN RULE.

#### The Craft in Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS., Nov. 22, 1877.

We have a Union here, but the man who brings "unionism" into any of the three offices situated in Cambridge will do well to first secure a travelling card, a railway time-table, and a valise, for he will certainly need them. Except on the occasion of sending a delegate to represent us at the International Union, our meetings are but slimly attended, scarcely ever exceeding *twelve* members. On that occasion, however, we are as noisy and demonstrative as any of the "election meetings." It is surprising to see the large number of "voters" that are brought forward by the different delegates who struggle to obtain the high honor of being sent on a *tour*! I do not speak offensively when I say this about the Cambridge Union, for I believe our condition is no more deplorable than the majority of Unions throughout the United States and Canada.

The following wages are paid: Weekly hands, \$16 a week; time hands \$15 a week; make-up, \$18 to \$20 a week. Piece hands make from \$5 to \$10 a week, or about \$16 a fortnight!

We have had several "changes of heart" among the craft during the past few months. Some of them are very noted in their character, but, as I have not yet "submitted my reason to faith," I will not venture on an unknown sea. Besides, such things would not interest St. John printers. "It seems so funny to have printers good," said an old lady, as six of the typos were received into her church. Dear, good old lady—she keeps a boarding house, and those six typos are "strangers in a strange land." Let us hope her faith will never "weaken."

LEAD-CUTTER.