

Mr. Cusset, formerly a foreman, but now a master printer, has been named a member of the Municipal Council of Paris at the last election. The council already counted amongst its members an old foreman, Mr. Leneveux, who was re-elected.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe lately wrote a letter from Bologna, Italy, the city of colonades, wherein she speaks of an interview with Alaida Beccassi, editress of a local woman's journal, and who, though confined to her bed for years, supports a large family by her pen.

In Switzerland, as in several other countries, the employment of female printers is increasing every day, to such an extent that the Typographical Society of Zurich lately proposed to submit them, as regards apprenticeship and salaries, to the conditions of the tariff. After a warm discussion the motion was rejected.

The Paris press is thus divided among the political parties. The Republicans possess twenty-two newspapers, with a circulation of 200,000 copies; the Legitimists, six newspapers, with a circulation of 25,000 copies; the Orleanists, five newspapers, with a circulation of 30,000 copies; the Bonapartists, seven newspapers, with a circulation of 70,000 copies. The *Figaro*, which has the largest circulation of any Paris newspaper, cannot be classed under any head.

A TYPOGRAPHICAL VETERAN.—The new Prefect of Sarthe, France, in visiting the principal industrial establishments of Mans, made it a specialty to examine the printing office of Mr. E. Monnoyer, founded by Antoine Monnoyer, in 1618. In enquiring about the situation of the employés, he was happy to shake hands with an old typo, Mr. Etienne Fauquet, 72 years of age, who entered the Monnoyer printing office 11 years old, being in the establishment for 61 years.

The Princess Souvaroff has returned to Paris, and proposes bringing out a book describing her recent visit to the United States. The first day the Princess was in New York a Western lawyer tried to sell her some Texas lands that he didn't own; the next day an enterprising journalist wrote to her that unless she paid him \$25 he would "write her up" as a card-sharper, a spy, and a runaway wife; on the third the article came out, and on the fourth the *Sun* declined to print her naturally indignant protest against such treatment of a stranger, a woman, and an invalid. The Princess' book will be full of incident.

A Good Job Press—"The Kidder."

There are many printers in Canada who are, no doubt, unaware of the many advantages and mechanical conveniences possessed by the Kidder press, and we would counsel all, who have any intention of buying presses, to write to Mr. W. P. Kidder, 117 Congress street, Boston, Mass. We will guarantee a courteous reply and a good fair and square business-like offer. We are in receipt of a large number of testimonials and references from all parts—from Maine to Texas. The testimonials are all very strong, speaking in the highest and most laudatory terms of the "Kidder" press. If you want a job press, don't forget to ask Kidder for terms, etc., before purchasing elsewhere.

THE RAGE FOR REPRINTING.—No sooner (says a writer in the *Athenæum*) is the death announced of any prominent writer, poet, or presateur, than every scrap of his writing—no matter how worthless—is ferreted out as though it were an utterance from Delphi. Not long since, some one seriously suggested reprinting all Charles Dickens' Parliamentary Reports; and Mr. Blanchard Jerrold has actually reprinted some of his father's contributions to *Lloyd's Newspaper* and Father Prout's Italian letters to the *Daily News*. Now, as literature is only printed speech; and as man's gift of speech is practically infinite, two-thirds of what most writers can utter must of necessity be truism or nonsense.

SIX MILLIONS OF IMPRESSIONS.—The type now used to print *The Star* is the product of the Dominion Type-Founding Company. The type recently discarded by us was purchased from the same establishment, and from it we printed 5,999,882 impressions. We believe this entitles the Dominion Type-Founding Company to rank, for merit of work, with the oldest and best foundries in the world.—*Montreal Star*.

If there is a blush of shame that can come to the cheek of printers it should rise at the thought of how they have supported the journals of their fraternity. Some of the most beautiful specimens of the "art," veritable teachers of typography, have been allowed to live, wither and die, without so much as a sympathetic word from those for whom they were issued.—*Press News, St. Louis, Mo.*