

well as the first—Jul. has been an active member of the Typographical Union, and has filled the chair as its President for two or three terms, leaving it of his own accord. While he was always firm in his decisions as President, he aimed to be fair; and those decisions were generally—if not always—sustained by the Union. While a member of Columbia Union, he filled a position on the Business Committee, which did credit to the union and to himself. He never had a decision reversed. The records of that body attest his usefulness.

Jul. has a large and open heart. No one who knows him can cite a case where he ever refused a needy applicant for charity, whether he was a tramp or one of his own fellows stricken by sickness and poverty. His charity, too, is dealt with no niggardly hand. One of his most prominent traits of character—and one which makes for him some enemies, as well as many firm friends—is his whole-heartedness, and his consequent impatience with half-hearted men and measures. He throws his whole mind and heart into whatever he undertakes. This trait is so well developed as, at times, to lead to radicalism in maintaining what he deems to be right and true, and in opposing what he considers wrong and false.

Devil-isms.

BY HAIR SPACE.

"Our devil" says the man who stands at the head of his profession is—the barber.

He also says that the man who is to be found at the foot of his business is—the chiropodist.

Further, that if you spell the word "lived" backward you have his nickname.

He has, at times, an inquiring turn of mind.

The other day he wanted to know of us why most people give up a conundrum when propounded to them, when they never had it to give up. We couldn't satisfy him on that point.

He tells us that he recently found out the dimensions of *an acre*. It is, he says, a small object on his girl's foot, which does often *ache* there.

He says the first stickful of type he set-up resembled somewhat the Welch language, and was almost as intelligible. His boss thought the quickest way to correct it, was to have it distributed and set over again by somebody who knew how.

In a fit of absent-mindedness he went home to his dinner the other day, and his boarding-house lady asked him if he would have some pie. In an abstracted manner he answered: "No more pie for me, throw it in the hell-box." The rest of the boarders were horrified.

"Deers may now be shot with impunity," was the commencement of an article he essayed to read the other day. Throwing the paper one side, he was heard to remark: "With impunity, indeed, who ever heard tell of deers being shot with impunity, when it takes powder and ball to do it; what a stupid editor."

On rambling through the woods of Fairmount Park, a few weeks ago, he saw the falling leaves being twirled hither and thither by the capricious wind, and was led to exclaim: "They are the wayward, undetached, and many-hued fly-leaves from the Book of Nature."

Spoiled Papers for Exchanges.

During Christmas week several members of the staff of the *Toronto Globe* were chatting in the clipper's room when one asked Fleming, the compiler of that ancient column of news in the *Globe* headed "Canada," if he had "Eyvel's paper." He said "yes," and turning up the exchanges the well-known heading of the *Sarnia Observer* was brought to light. Of course, all present were anxious to see how Eyvel—who had only left the *Globe* a couple of weeks before and had associated himself with Harry Gorman of the *London Advertiser*, in purchasing the *Observer*—and his partner were getting on. Outside, the paper was all right; inside, it was a "spoiled sheet." A blank space a foot square in the centre of the second page was displayed, while all round it was a border of "muggy," illegible reading. A feeling of sadness at once took possession of the gathering, and one after another, under the heading of "Observations," wrote the following in the blank space:

If country editors wish clippings to be taken from their papers they will send the best printed ones they have.—A. F.

Is this a new kind of patent inside?—E. R.

The blank patch is probably the most interesting part of the paper.—W. F. M.

Call in the village blacks.—A. H.

Kill Gorman and hire a boy.—A. F.

Get a Novelty press and be your own printer.—W. H.

The worst printed paper in the—world.—W. F. M.

Worse than the *Alberton Star*.—A. H.