

William Walsh, a printer of many years experience in different parts of the United States and elsewhere, and who is a Charlottetown man, is in charge of the mechanical department of the *Alberton*, P. E. I., *Pioneer*.

Mr. Geo. Henderson, of the *Hamilton Spectator*, has relinquished his "frame" at present, and is now on a musical tour of the Dominion, in company with Miss Jennie Watson and Mr. Hardy, the Scottish vocalists.

DEAD BEAT.—The *Moncton Times* cautions against trusting a certain Dr. Allan, phrenologist, who is "doing" the country. Printers and boarding-house keepers will, therefore, make him pay in advance.—*Western Chronicle*, N. S.

Mr. Frank Dougan, of the *Alberton*, P. E. I., *Pioneer* has been in Charlottetown canvassing subscribers for that smart little paper, and met with good success. He looks well after his stay of some five months in the healthy village of *Alberton*.

We see by the *Gazette* that application will be made for a charter to establish a Newspaper and Printing Company in the town of *Prescott*, by a contractor, a jeweller, a printer, a brewer, a physician, a builder, a gentleman, and a barrister. What next?—*Napanee Express*.

A *Perth*, Ont., man threatens to publish under the heading "the short and simple annals of the poor," the names of all who have not paid their debts to him for five years. This is a capital idea. Editors might act upon it with advantage.—*Woodstock, Ont., Sentinel*.

Nicholas Flood Davin, who was the *Toronto Mail* special at Philadelphia during the exhibition, is said to be engaged lecturing in some part of the upper provinces on the "Centennial." It is also understood that he is to edit "Topics of the Times" in Belford's new magazine.

Messrs. Fisher & Fisher, barristers, of *Fredericton*, N. B., have purchased, from the Hogg estate, the *Reporter* of that city. The last issue in December contained a lengthy valedictory, in which is reviewed its career from its first issue, in 1844, down to the present time.

Mr. Robert Matheson, formerly editor of the *New Era*, and now Principal of the *Napanee High School*, was recently appointed editor of the *Canada Casket*, the organ of the I. O. G. T. He has also been elected Worshipful Master of the Masonic Lodge in that town.—*Clinton New Era*.

Wm. Houston, M. A., for a short time, a few years ago, on the staff of the *St. John*, N. B., *Daily Telegraph*, but, now, one of the writers of the *Toronto Globe*, has been compelled by Dalton McCarthy to make an apology to Mr. Wilkinson for a letter he wrote to a Paisley newspaper while on a visit to the county of *Druce*.

The *Echo* is the name of a new weekly advertising sheet which made its appearance in *Guelph*, Ont., last month. It is published by Mr. Houston, of the *Herald*, and is at present printed in that office. It contains a considerable amount of spicy reading matter and has a good advertising patronage. Its size is about a quarter sheet royal, and it presents a very neat appearance. It is distributed gratis.

Cecil T. Bagnall, formerly of *Charlottetown*, P. E. I., but now editor and proprietor of the *Turners Falls Reporter*, *Montague*, *Franklin county*, *Mass.*, has been invited to join an association of thirty-three humorous paragraphists, which Messrs. Bayard and Catlin of the

*Brooklyn Argus* and *New York Commercial Advertiser* are forming. The *Reporter* is one of the two country papers included in the list.

The *Erie Sun*, a Grit paper, published at *Port Dover*, is hereafter to be published at *Simcoe*, and will be called *The Sun*, leaving out "Erie." There will thus be two Grit papers in *Simcoe*—the *Sun* and the *Norfolk K. former*—and one Conservative paper—the *British Canadian*. Our friend *Riddell*, of the *Conservative Independent*, will now have *Port Dover* all to himself, as far as local publication is concerned.—*Ex.*

There is to be a monthly paper started in *Orangeville*, some time during this month, called the *Comic Gleaner*, which threatens to be rather a dangerous periodical, as the publisher, Mr. E. McLean, announces in his prospectus that he would advise intending subscribers to provide themselves with strong clothing, as he intends to make it a "buster." The *Gleaner* will be 9x12 inches, containing eight pages of three columns each.

Mr. John Ryan, an employee of the *Mount Forest*, Ont., *Examiner*, undertook to set 24,000 ems of solid bourgeoisie in twenty-four hours. He commenced at twenty minutes past seven o'clock on Monday morning, and at six o'clock Tuesday morning had completed the task, having one hour and twenty minutes to spare. Since then another employee in the same office has beaten that time two hours and forty minutes.—*Ex.*

The following office-bearers for the ensuing term were elected at the December meeting of the *Hamilton Typographical Union*, No. 129:—Mr. George M. Bagwell, president; Chas. Kidney, vice-president; William Robb, treasurer; Charles Percy, financial secretary; W. J. Duff, recording secretary; William McAndrew, corresponding secretary; William Hooper, sergeant-at-arms; Messrs. Christian, Collier and Foreman, managing committee. Mr. Caleb Buchanan, auditor.

The *Times*, published at *Souris*, P. E. I., by John Ross, is superintended in the literary and mechanical departments by his daughters. They select and set up the stories, poetry, selections, advertisements, &c., oversee the issuing of the paper and making up of mails, while he attends to the editorial matter, news items, job work, proof reading and the canvassing and business branches. The only assistants, outside of his own family, are a pressman and roller boy.

Joseph A. Daignault, Esq., editor and publisher of *Le Reveil*, a semi-weekly French newspaper, died in *Woonsocket*, Saturday evening last, aged thirty-two years. His disease was consumption. He was born at *St. Pie*, province of *Quebec*, *Canada*. In November of last year Mons. Daignault came to *Woonsocket*, and for a season edited the *Canadian Courier*. He then, in company with Mons. N. Gaulin, edited *Le Reveil*. He was a man of considerable talent, well educated, and a forcible writer.—*Providence, R. I., Sun, Dec. 12th*.

A certain editor whose office isn't at the north end of the principal business street in *Peterborough*, would be pretty apt to "bounce" any man who dare hint that his mind is not always deeply interested in his business. Yet, the other day when he locked his desk to go to dinner, he accidentally dropped the key of the treasury on the floor, and, without noticing his loss, put on his over coat, hat and gloves and started for the door, when he called to his junior "devil." "Jim, have you seen the key of my desk anywhere?" It is needless to say that Jim had