

The newsboys here have thrown away their tin trumpets and adopted a quieter way of heralding their appearance with the morning papers. The vocal is much preferred to the instrumental music they used to give.

It is thought by some that our dailies here will die out for want of news to fill them during the winter months, and, no doubt, that will be a serious drawback in this island for some years to come.

*Reichford's Daily*, which started with the motto "Feed me till I grow," has grown from a single page to a four-page paper, and is still laboring with the same motto. It is quite a unique production, and is certainly *sui generis*. There is no paper like it in existence at the present day, and if anything like it ever existed in past ages, history is silent on the point. It generally has some able editorial matter and the news of the war, but its chief attraction is found in the portion devoted to what is called "yanks." These "yanks" are inserted at the rate of 25 cents each, and are generally jokes got off on all sorts and conditions of people. The best behaved young lady in the city is as likely to have herself introduced to public notice as any one else, if any one, through jealousy or love of fun, or from any motive at all, chooses to get up a "yank" at her expense and to pay for it at his own. These personal paragraphs are generally so put that any one knowing the parties "yanked" can easily identify them, and is then at liberty to enjoy the joke, or swear at the outrage committed. The one whose pet corn is tramped on has also two or three courses open to him (or her). One course, is to tear around and call down vengeance on the head of the offending editor; another is to go to his sanctum and abuse him soundly; and a third course, is to treat the matter with silent contempt, and pretend not to feel annoyed at all. Some young men who have suffered at the hands of the editor, and who were more fertile in expedients than others, and braver in carrying out a purpose when formed, tried the experiment of meeting the offending editor as he came around a corner and planting a doubled fist in his eye. All these plans have been tried at different times and with varying success. Another excellent plan was to present the irate editor with a few dozen of eggs bearing marks of age and signs of decay. By means of this latter plan he has been, in some cases, brought

off, and the parties seemed satisfied with the arrangement.

There is one feature in connection with the business here that has not developed in the printing offices of St. John and Halifax yet, and that is the female feature. Female compositors do well on papers where there is little or no night work required, such as weeklies and semi-weeklies. They are passionately fond of the business, and one of them has never been known to leave it for any other, with the exception, perhaps, of one, and that was to get married. But for this purpose, of course, any calling that stands in the way has to be abandoned. Some go so far as to say that the anticipation of such a contingency prevents females, in general, from attaining that degree of perfection in any mechanical calling that is arrived at by male artisans. This seems strange, and yet it is likely to be true. However, they are very industrious workers, and have the advantage of storing their minds with such an amount of useful knowledge as will fit them to adorn almost any position in life; and, perhaps, that is one reason why they are so eagerly sought for by young men, and taken away just when they begin to be of most service in these spheres of labor. But there seems no remedy for this annoyance, and it must still continue to go on.

The Charlottetown, P. E. I., *Daily Examiner* is to be issued as a weekly after the winter sets in.

Souris, P. E. I., is now without a printing office or a newspaper, Mr. John Ross having left the field. Some one ought to give the place another trial. It may awaken to a sense of its need before long.

The Charlottetown, P. E. I., *Herald* has dropped to the rear, and fallen out of the ranks of journalism.

The editor of the P. E. I. *Argus* has just been paying his annual visit to the United States.

Thomas Crowley, who used to work in the *Herald* office, Charlottetown, has returned to the island after an absence of nine years. He will be welcomed by those of his acquaintances who are still found in our midst.

Two of the stalwart hands on the staff of the Charlottetown *Daily Examiner* have issued a challenge to any two printers from Summerside for a friendly boat race—double sculls. Success to their oars, and may they always be able to "Paddle their own canoe." JAY.