

It is said that a new Irish paper will be published in Montreal by Mr. Stephen J. Meany, provided the Irish citizens will take sufficient interest in it.

A. Horton of the *Toronto Mail*, and Mr. Fitzjohn of the *Globe*, accompany the Governor General to British Columbia as special correspondents for their respective journals.

The friends of Mr. Wilkinson, of the *West Durham News* have made an appeal for subscriptions to defray the expense of conducting the defence in Senator Simpson's libel suit.

The plant and good will of the *Newmarket, Ont., Courier* have been sold to the firm of Messrs. Oliver & Ratcliffe, of Aurora. The *Courier* will be re-published as the *North York Reformer*.

Mr. T. W. Casey, editor of the *Napanee, Ont., Express*, regaled himself by a seven weeks' tour in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, and returned to duty on the 1st of August.

The *Forrest, Ont., Express* has changed hands again. Levi Massecar, Esq., being now editor and proprietor. William Kay still remains as manager. The politics of the *Express* will be "hereafter thoroughly and unmistakably reform."

Mr. Charles H. Mackintosh, of the *Ottawa Citizen*, and formerly of the *Strathroy Western Dispatch*, paid the latter place a flying visit last month. He had been staying at Mooretown, on the St. Clair, where Mrs. Mackintosh had been for the last two or three months.

Georgé Clark, editor of the *Lively Times*, of Prescott, Ont., was arrested in Ogdensburg, on an order by the special Surrogate on the charge of taking possession of property, which he removed from the country, belonging to a deceased person, whose estate had not been administered upon.—*Tiverton Watchman*.

Mr. Aldrich, editor of the *Northern Light*, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., was recently the subject of a most wanton and dastardly assault by an individual who felt aggrieved by a paragraph which appeared in his paper. It is to be hoped the miscreant will receive his deserts when the trial comes off which will be on the 2d December next.

Mr. Fred. Hamilton, special correspondent of the *Montreal Gazette* has written a series of excellent letters, entitled "A trip over the Intercolonial." They are well worth reading and are not merely a dry recital of facts, being interspersed with sprightly observations. We understand they will be published in pamphlet form.

"Our Home Companion" is the title of a 16-page monthly published by the Companion Publishing Company, London, Ont., at 60 cents per annum. It is a marvel of cheapness and must secure a large circulation. Typographically, it is neat and well printed, but if the matter was leaded it would be more easily, and, consequently, more thoroughly read.

TYPOS ON FOOT.—In Halifax, N.S., on Saturday morning, an interesting foot race took place on the North Common, between two typos, distance 200 yards. They ran well, —ing over the course in a style almost equal to a professional, and their positions at the close were nearly = with the start, as the tallest came in one foot ahead. We see this opportunity of placing a \* in their cap of honor and trust that after this no sal feelings will influence them, but that they may have a long . of rest and peace.—*Reporter*.

The blooming proprietors of the *Kincardine Review* have taken another step towards consummating their happiness. They have not exactly got married, but what is almost as good, they have put down a fine new job printing press, which will print anything from their Desdemona card to a good sized poster.—*Tiverton Watchman*

The death of Gustavus H. Beardsley, a native of Woodstock, N. B., is announced. He was a lawyer by profession and gained considerable local reputation by his connection with the *Colonial Empire* of this city. Afterwards he became editor of the *Reno Times* of Oil City, Pa. He resided in Michigan at the time of his decease and has a brother in Virginia and another in San Francisco, California.

The printing office of the *Cornwall, Ont., Freeholder* was completely destroyed by fire on the morning of the 26th ultimo. On the 28th, the proprietor, through Mr. P. A. Crossby, ordered from the Dominion Type Founding Company one of "Potter's" presses, a Gordon, and a complete outfit for a news and job office. On the morning of the 29th the goods ordered were all delivered in Cornwall. On the 31st the "Potter" was in running order, and the office in full operation; and on the 4th inst., the *Freeholder* appeared as usual, much improved by its new dress.—*Montreal Star*.

The *Western Chronicle*, published at Kentville, N. S., says:—"One of the Applicants" in the *Star* last week, takes exception to our remarks anent the Teachers' Examination, at Wolfville. Yes, that is what we said. We were young once, and verdant,—perhaps as much so as the *Star's* correspondent. We remember the time quite well,—but a dozen years have wrought a change. That's our argument. "Young Un,"—drink butter-milk,—and you'll grow,—and then, then who knows what position you may attain,—perhaps, even, a "Manager of a newspaper." Who knows?

There are sixteen female composers on the *Montreal Witness*, who earn from \$7 to \$14 per week. The office is supplied with a library of over 1000 volumes, which is made up principally from books sent in for review. In addition to this, the hands have organized a glee club, and, what is better, a benevolent fund. The proprietors give each employe who has been in their employ for over two years, two weeks holidays, with salaries paid. They also give periodical literary, musical, and athletic entertainments during the summer and winter months. Since the office was established, 30 years ago, it has never admitted into its column a theatre, liquor, or quack doctor's advertisement.

Ye local of the *Napanee, Ont., Express* gives vent to his agonized feelings in the following strain:—

DULL, FEARFUL DULL.—These are the days when the average "local" of either a daily or weekly newspaper is inclined to be profane. There is not even a respectable dog fight to record whereby we might grapple at an item. The police seem to be on their oars, and the justices are contemplating a trip of some kind, being utterly disgusted with the dearth of business in their line. Even "tramps" have failed to put in an appearance amongst us, and thus rob us of a chance to descant on their dilapidated costumes and haggard looks. All our efforts, in whatever direction, at interviewing, have been signal failures, even Jerry turning his back upon us. Who will get up an excitement of some kind for the poor "local's" benefit?