

The *National* has a large staff for a weekly paper—Messrs. W. F. Fraser, G. Brooks, and A. W. Wright, being the writers. Owing to the success of the National Policy party, it is probable that the paper will shortly come out as a daily.

Mr. Geo. Eyvel, chief stenographer for the *Globe*, and Mr. Harry Gorman, assistant editor of the London *Advertiser*, have gone into partnership and purchased the *Sarnia Observer*. Both are accomplished journalists and live men. Mr. Gorman is also a practical printer.

The *Mail* has Mr. Thos. Gregg for city editor; Mr. Wallis, chief parliamentary reporter; and Mr. Johnson, a learned Gaelic scholar, for chief proof-reader. Mr. Shepherd, son of the Rev. Mr. Shepherd, of Aylmer, Ont., has recently been added to the local staff; also Mr. Lowry, late of the *Leader*.

HAMILTON.

Mr. Josh Buchanan has resumed his old position as chief "local" on the *Evening Times*. Joshua is a "b'hoi."

Mr. Clarke, late on the London *Free Press*, is doing "local" for the *Spectator*. And now, at every dog fight or other matter of public interest, he is like the paper he represents—a "spectator." This pun is to be patented.

OTTAWA.

Mr. Geo. Burden, late of Montreal, is the new editor of the *Free Press*. Life to him is not like his name—a "burden."

Mr. A. G. Gilbert, the steam-fire engine man, lately connected with the Montreal *Gazette*, is now on the staff of the *Free Press*.

Mr. J. H. Brock, late editor of the *Free Press*, is doing "local" on the *Herald*. Mr. Carrol Ryan, who is a poet of some repute, is editor of the sheet named.

Mr. J. T. Hawke—"Tomahawke" for short, by which name he scalps conservative politicians—is here as special correspondent of the *Toronto Globe*. He is not "a night-hawk" (on a morning paper), but a respectable married man with a family.

GENERAL NOTES.

It is probable that a weekly paper will be started at Buckingham Village, Ottawa County, in the spring.

The *Ottawa Citizen* is now published as a morning paper, and the *Free Press* has discontinued its morning edition.

Printing is very dull at the present time in Toronto, some offices working on short time and others with few hands.

Mr. E. W. Blackhall, foreman of Adam Miller & Co.'s bookbinding establishment, Toronto, has invented and patented a postage stamp which cannot be detached and used again after it has once been cancelled. He is endeavouring through promoters to get it introduced in the United States and Canada. Mr. Blackhall is at present in receipt of a comfortable income from the sale of a patent perforator.

The "amateur aerialists" on the Canadian Press now located at Ottawa are as follows: Alex. Pirie, of the *Toronto Telegram*; Geo. H. Fox, of the *Ottawa Free Press*; W. Gibbons, of the *Ottawa Citizen*; and Hiram Moulson, of the *Montreal Witness*. The three latter went up during the present year, in the order named at different periods, with Prof. Grimley, of New York. They found that they could not get to heaven that way, so they all returned to mother earth again to live among the angels here below.

This is the time of year when the country printer turns up in Washington, D. C. He has served a year or two on a village newspaper, and considers himself first-class. He comes with bright hopes and great expectations of a "phat" sit in Uncle Sam's employ. He haunts "his member" at the Capitol, and at his lodging, night and day, until the aforesaid M. C., getting desperate, takes him down to the Government Printer and insists on putting him to work. He gets \$3.20 a day—more than double the amount he has actually earned—and at the end of the month pockets more money than he ever had in his life. This is all well enough as long as the Government can stand it; and he should take a back seat and keep quiet. But when he undertakes to regulate the wages of all the private offices, and insists on keeping their hands out of employment on a strike for the same wages he gets, but does not earn, he presumes a little too much.

We find the above paragraph going the rounds credited to the *Washington Daily Telegram*, a little gutter-snipe of a paper about the size of the e box. It pretends to be a daily (!) but is only published semi-occasionally, or whenever the proprietor can find a tramp printer hungry and sober enough to get out an edition and earn money enough to purchase hash and beer. The editor and proprietor is not a printer, but insists on publishing a paper which commands as much respect and influence as a handbill.