

Our poetry machine gave out at this juncture, and we handed it over to the joint partnership of Edgar & Plumb. Not good enough for us.



HARK TO THE SIGNAL!—Mowat and his men have sprung a surprise on the country in bringing on the elections next month. Now, be easy, after voting according to the dictates of your conscience, the man who neglects his duty is not a good citizen, give your attention to business, don't bother your head with the mangement of election matters when your Christmas trade is on. Your own pocket is of more importance to you than all the Mowats and Merediths in Christendom. Professional politicians, no matter what you do, will manage the matter. We would like to be without these barnacles, but they will stick to the ship, be it political or otherwise.



Ring out ye Bells.

CLARK—CHRISTIE.—Married, on Wednesday, November 17, 1886, at the residence of the bride's father, Queen's Park, by the Rev. D. J. McDonnell, T. J. Clark, Secretary of the Barber & Ellis Co., to Laura daughter of Wm. M. Christie.

A happy surprise was that present of a very handsome marble clock—the finest that could be had in the city—to the bridegroom, a couple of days before his marriage. The employees of the Company, through the Managing Director, made the presentation.

What a happy Thanksgiving Day for friend Clark. We wish you and your bride joy.

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No failure that has occurred of late caused more unpleasant talk than that of H. R. Blackwood, of Brantford.

It will be remembered that B. H. Rothwell rebought the business, and aspersions were cast on the purchaser on account of the manner of transfer.

The trustees of the estate brought a suit against Rothwell to set aside the sale, with the result of having to pay the costs, and fully exonerating the defendant from any possible taint even of sharp practice.

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We have seen a very handsomely bound address (Brown Bros. binders), presented to Rev. F. W. Bayly-Jones before his leaving Toronto. The illumination of the address was done by Miss Shaw, of Parkdale. Except that the picture of the church, St. Philip's, is a little too highly coloured, the artistic work is of a very high order of merit. Too much credit cannot be accorded for the good taste displayed in the execution of the handsome souvenir.

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November 18th, Thanksgiving Day—the holy day of New England transplanted to our Canadian land. An admirable institution, but we are afraid not honoured as it should be.

We render our thanks to the trade by issuing a number double the usual size.

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Our correspondents from Halifax to Victoria all began to make excuse—no, if they had we would have had something from them in this month's issue. We are lonely without you!

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No result, as yet, of the effort to get the big dailies supplied to the trade on an equitable basis. The matter has not been lost sight of, and we will soon know whether or not the grievances that they acknowledge will be remedied.

The other work entrusted to deputations will be attended to. The officers of the Association will leave no stone unturned to find the secreted or openly exposed hindrances to trade, and will strive to apply the remedy.

When the Postmaster General was last in Toronto an engagement was arranged for an interview regarding the postage on periodicals, but his sickness unfortunately prevented it.