

Boston Letter.

BOSTON, MASS., Aug. 23.

The *Transcript* recently stated that its Court street contemporary, the *Advertiser*, intended adopting the *Transcript's* principle, and enlarge to eight pages.

Albert E. Ransom, for the past two years a compositor in Dwyer's job office, 106 Sudbury street, enjoyed a vacation of three weeks, "way down in Maine," during August.

The Cambridge *Chronicle* appeared as a daily morning and evening paper on Aug. 14.

The *Daily Telephone*, issued from the office of the Cambridge *Weekly Chronicle*, has terminated its brief career, at the age of six days. Mr. G. Dexter, of the Cambridge *Tribune*, however, hopes to enter the field soon with a similar enterprise, and there is ground for belief that another weekly paper will be ushered into existence within a few months.

John Mason, for many years night foreman of the *Advertiser* office, died Aug. 9th, at his residence in Somerville.

The Hartford *Courant*, which now rejoices in a superb new office, was established by Thomas Green, who issued the first number Oct. 29, 1764. For 116 years the work that he begun has gone on. It is the oldest newspaper of continuous publication in the United States.

Rockwell & Churchill, city printers, gave their employés an excursion down the harbor on the 21st August.

Joshua S. Hayward, an old and well-known Boston compositor, died of paralysis at the Jefferson House, on the 22d August. He was a native of Bridgewater, and was 77 years old.

George P. Rowell, the advertising agent of New York city, has purchased a valuable farm south of Mt. Prospect, Lancaster, N. H., his native place, which he will make his summer home.

COPY DRAWER.

We inadvertently omitted to notice at the time that *Hubbard's Advertiser*, published by H. P. Hubbard, advertising agent, at New Haven, Conn., has changed its name to *Hubbard's Printer-Advertiser*. It has been enlarged and improved typographically, and is full of fresh and spicy newspaper gossip.

We were misinformed as to the position of the Rev. Mr. Handford on the Toronto *Telegram* some years ago, before he achieved much of a reputation. He was simply proof-reader—a corrector of others' mistakes.

Pollywogs.

BY PETER PERIWINKLE.

Paper collars—Newsboys.

Reel estate—A bottle of whiskey.

Writs of attachment—Love letters.

Portable injuns are usually built in wigwams.

Corner's stores that are patronized by dead heads—Morgues.

A paper that was well filled with dead matter last month—Sticky fly paper.

Something which our customers always renew at maturity—Subscriptions to the *Miscellany*.

In composing-rooms a thousand ems may be had for twenty-five cents, but we have an Em that gold can't buy.

The quill is mightier than the sword, particularly when there happens to be a porcupine on the other end of it.

A dark-complexioned young lady, the wife of a King street hairdresser, was asked by a newly formed acquaintance what business her husband was engaged in. Having, like her better half, a weakness for polysyllabic words, and failing to get her tongue around "tonsonial artist," she informed the questioner that her husband was a barbarian.

Because John Timber married Annie Pine, recently, the Des Moines *Register* calls it a "regular wooden wedding to begin on." We suppose they will board while the honeymoon beams on them, for rather that they will decide weatherboarding or housekeeping is preferable. *Burlington Hawk-eye*. We hate to lumber up this column, but must really ask, Will the first boy be a chip off the old block?—*New York News*. We are rejoist to hear that they still a-door each other. Shebangs but does nothing that woodshed reproach upon their household.—*Yawcob Strauss*. We hope their children will be spruce and seldom require a shingle.—*Hubbard's Printer-Advertiser*. We pre-fir knot to say anything, but we would like to know if we maplease inquire whether people can beecherful under such circumstances?—*Oil City Derrick*. Yew may take the elm, as this has gone fir enough.—*Erratic Enrrique*. Oak come, now, give the boys a chance and we willow you ear thanks.—*Yawcob Strauss*. We concedar that one rod of this stuff wood make about five and a-half lumber yards.

Canada has thirty paper mills, fifteen of which are in Ontario, fourteen in Quebec, and one is in New Brunswick. They are capable of producing fifty-two tons every twenty-four hours, and make, principally, wrapping, manilla, news, and book papers. One manufactures straw-board, and two leather-board. Only one, Messrs. Buntin & Co., at Montreal, has tried writings, and that to a small extent.