

NEWS OF THE CRAFT.

DOMINION.

The *New Era* office, Charlottetown, P. E. I., was recently entered by burglars. They secured no booty worth mentioning.

Gilbert S. Fletcher, a Woodstock, N. B., typo, was the victor in a 24-hour walking match at Fredericton, N. B., on the 1st July.

A printer named Williams had his foot badly smashed while boarding a train, on July 16th, at New Glasgow, N. S., by being caught in the car couplings.

J. H. Fletcher, formerly editor of the *Island Argus*, Charlottetown, P. E. I., has been announced as having arrived at Colorado Springs, where he intends to make his home.

Friend Lipsett of the *Agriculturist* of Fredericton, N. B., must be a "solid" man. Notwithstanding the fact that the hose-cart which ran over him—some time last winter—weighed 2,560 lb.—sufficient to crush any ordinary man—those who have seen him recently speak of him as looking as fresh and hearty as ever.

UNITED STATES.

The compositors of the Indianapolis, Ind., *Journal* have backed down, accepted the *dictum* of the employers, and left the Union. At least, so says the *New York Herald*.

The following officers were elected at the last annual meeting of Typographical Union No. 18, Detroit, Mich.: Frank J. C. Ellis, president; Thomas Sherritt, vice-president; Edward A. Stevens, recording secretary; James McElroy, financial secretary; M. J. Canning, treasurer.

The entire composing force of the Boston *Post* were locked out, on July 12th, by the proprietors, and a new set of hands brought from New York and Philadelphia. The proprietors assign no reason beyond that of economy and a desire to be independent of the Typographical Union.

Richmond Union No. 90, has again been honored in the election of one of her delegates to office in the International Typographical Union, T. T. Hurdle being chosen corresponding secretary. Tom is a level-headed fellow, and one of the most consistent men we ever knew. Be sure you're right, then go ahead, is his motto.—*Fredericksburg (Va.) Recorder*.

Renew your subscriptions to the *Miscellany*.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Norwich Notes.

NORWICH, CONN., June 20.

"Touch us up again!"

C. D. Rice's new paper has "cumflumexed."

The *Fair Journal* had an existence of four weeks.

The delegate reports an enjoyable time at Washington.

"Al." Bentley keeps his elbow in motion on *Cooley's Weekly*.

Charlie Draper, after a brief engagement at Providence, has returned home.

"Steadman's Directory" was issued from the office of the *Bulletin* the latter part of May.

Frank Aldrich has returned from the South and will locate at Watch Hill for the season.

Ed. Thomas wishes it to be understood that he is "the head, tail and in'ards" of the *Observer*.

The *No License Advocate* is the name of the temperance campaign sheet. H. W. Brown, publisher.

Mr. Cooley's paper is no longer run up by contract. He has secured an office of his own, employs his own help, and issues one of the neatest papers in the country.

A picture-book, containing the names of residents hereabouts and designed for the use of people who would just as lief read last year's almanac as a daily paper, is reported to be in course of construction in this city. It's a "new idea"—original—and it would not be surprising to hear that even the almost-forgotten Mohegan, who has for years been quietly resting in his grave, should rise up and demand a copy.

The Norwich patrons of the *Miscellany*—or, at least, a large portion of them—will please bear in mind that the year is about up. The canvasser will be glad to take your names and dollars for another year, and also to add the names of those who have not as yet subscribed. Notwithstanding the dull times, but very few remain in arrears, and he hopes to be able to send in a larger list this year than heretofore.

"They met by chance," and it was in a barber's shop. The stranger took a seat while the city publisher occupied "the chair." It was a good chance to insult the stranger, so the fellow with the three hairs on his chin opened fire.