

CORRESPONDENCE.

Norwich Notes.

NORWICH, CONN., Jan. 27,

In the case of Cooley against Park, the latter was sentenced to pay a fine of \$1 and costs—in all, about \$20. Park appealed to the Superior Court.

A pair of well-filled stockings, hung across his gas-bracket, was what attracted and pleased the eye of an apprentice when he came down to sweep out his office on Christmas morning.

Wm. A. Carroll, late of the *New London Telegram*, has become attached to the editorial staff of the *Hartford Post*.

Among those who have passed away during the past year, but few will be more missed among their friends and associates than Mrs. Hortense L., wife of Fred. W. Manning, of the *Bulletin* job office, who died in December, and at the youthful age of 21 years. She was of a lively and amiable disposition, and consequently much beloved by those with whom she associated.

Cooley, jr., makes oath to an average circulation of 7,453 for the year 1880: a large circulation for a Norwich weekly paper, but the figures are scarcely high enough to make it the leading Norwich paper for 1881.

Coasting is so good in other parts of the country that tramp printers find it unnecessary to steer this way. Haven't seen one this winter, which is something unusual.

Mr. Wm. F. Faulkner met with a severe accident by tripping up on the ice.

"The Bliss Family in America," by J. Homer Bliss, of this city, is now on sale at Burnham's, and, judging from the large number of letters passing through the post office, there must be a great demand for this work, which is neatly printed, and as nearly correct as it is possible to make such a book. Five years of incessant toil has left its mark upon the compiler, and that he may be amply rewarded for the time and money thus expended is the wish of his friends. That Mr. Bliss did not tie himself up to the nearest tree before accomplishing his task is more due to a well-balanced "nut" than to a want of provocation. The price is the same as that usually charged for such works, and no typo. a member of that family, need longer hesitate about purchasing a copy. It's a good thing, well vouched for, and worth all it costs.

STICK AND RULE.

Montreal Notes.

MONTREAL, Jan. 23.

Business is rather slack in our job rooms, but newspapers are having all they can do. In the *Star* office several journeymen are constantly employed setting "ads," and I will not be surprised if we will soon see the *Star* a first-class eight-page paper.

It is with deep regret that I inform you of the death of two members of the Montreal Typographical Union—John Leckie and Wm. Hickey. The former died of consumption on the 4th of this month, aged 29 years, and the latter died on the 5th, also of consumption, aged 31 years.

Alexander Walker, a native of Quebec, of late years a resident of Montreal, is now night foreman of the *Herald*, and is well able to fill the position.

Charles H. Read, a first-class printer in every branch, has gone out of the business, and is now in the piano and organ trade in Brantford, Ont. Charles says if any of his old "pals" should happen to slide through Brantford at any time, he hopes they won't forget to call on him and see him knock "Sweet By-and-bye" out of the Weber.

I have undertaken to get some subscribers for the *Miscellany*, and the next time I write I will send you their names and the cash. I feel confident every reader of the *Miscellany* wishes to see it a grand success, and it would be a good act if we would all do what we can to swell the subscription list of a periodical devoted to the interests of the craft throughout this country.

TAB.

"Yes," said Mr. Profundity, "it is the silent forces in nature that are the most potent. It is the silent strength of gravity that binds the world together; it is the silent power of light that gives life and beauty to all things; it is the silent stream that is deepest; it is—" "It is the still sow that gets the most swill," Mrs. P. put in, seeing her liege lord had got to the end of his rope and similes. It was kind of her, but it somewhat spoiled the effect of his dissertation.

Barker's face yesterday was a map of a bad cold. His nose wouldn't stay up and his eyes were full of tears. "This is a terrible blow to me," said the poor man, as he finished polishing the peak of his facial cutwater. "In fact, I'm all broke up—my nose is a regular double-runner, but"—and his voice died away on a sort of sliding scale—"but, it's no longer on common; I've plenty of company. These colds are sleighing thousands."