

J. A. Spaulding has assumed the business management of the Hartford, Conn., *Post*, and not of *The New England Agriculturist*, as was stated in the August number of the *Miscellany*.

The *Railroad Directory and Commercial Advertiser* was in town this week. It is a little amateur paper, published by Ballard & Chapman, Putnam, Conn., and is quite an infringement on the art. M. J. T.

Providence Pencillings.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Sept. 20, 1878.

Several new papers are talked of, to appear this fall.

Ned Angell says that item about him in *Sunday Telegram* is a d—d lie.

"Doctor" Rose is now foreman of the *Journal*, with E. Quinn (no horse) for as. do. Merrill is on sub-list.

Charlie and Frank Corbett of *Sunday Telegram* are engaged to carry buckets in jail. Result of criminal libel.

The festive sub. now revelleth in wealth, while the weary regular seeketh the balmy shade of the autumnal woods, to recupe.

The *Greenback Courier*, though changed in color—green to black,—survives. It was said all the pay received by its employés was paper, but this does not appear to be correct upon inquiry.

An ad. in N. Y. *Sun* reads:—"Compositors Wanted.—Terms, board and lodging, and two dollars a month. Apply at —." Cheap enough! What microscopic souls some human forms enclose!

As chill north air begins to stir, the indulgent typo, clad in slim linen garments born of the heated term, may be seen forsaking his rural residence (State farm), and with a gloomy air, climbeth the narrow stair of the morning newspapaire, to borrow ten cents to get a—drink.

The following occurred in the writer's hearing: "Paterfamil. Print. to his four-year old son—"Whose boy are you?" "Your boy; but when I'm a man I'll be nobody's boy." "What will you do, when you are a man?" "Oh, guess I'll be a blacksmith, like you!" The old man wilted.

Won't somebody get up a subscription of

\$100,000 or so—ten cents at a time, no less, thankfully received—as yellow fever prevails in some of our offices, to-wit.: About time to close up. "Well, now, whose got yellow fever?" yells the frantic foreman. "Here!" "Here!" "Here!" comes from many parched throats. Contributions may be sent to any responsible print. Io.

Lines from Listowel.

LISTOWEL, ONT., Sept. 10, 1878.

Craft news scarce at present.

Business is looking up a little in the printing line as fall approaches.

Embro has a new paper in the place of the *Planet*, recently destroyed by fire.

The *Freeman* is the name of a paper started in Eagansville, county of Renfrew.

The *Standard* is the name of a new paper issued from Oakville, county of Halton.

The *Toronto Mail* now issues a Saturday supplement.

PRINTERS' COUNTY UNIONS.—Having noticed in the *Miscellany*, for the last few months, correspondence on the above subject, perhaps a few words from this quarter would not be amiss. County Unions, no doubt, would be a valuable acquisition to the craft, providing enough journeymen would be found in a county to commence operations; but when you pass through offices in this county (Perth), you generally find about one journeyman to every five or six apprentices, and often more. The craft well knows, or at least ought to, that something must be done in the way of introducing an apprentice system, and that shortly. When an apprentice has served three or four years, as the case may be, he is turned out, and another apprentice takes his place. I heartily agree with some of your correspondents on this subject, to the effect that both apprentice and employer should be bound. The former to do his work faithfully and well, the latter to see that the apprentice is learning his business properly and thoroughly. In conclusion, I would suggest that each office furnish to the *Miscellany* the names and number of the journeyman and apprentices employed in the same. Perhaps some abler and older writer in this county, would take the matter in hand and give his views on the subject. Assistance will be cheerfully given from

A TYPE-SLINGER.