

It will require little or no effort on the part of our constituents to recall to mind a highly flattering notice which we gave, but a few months ago, to a very neatly gotten up work compiled by Mr. Frank Yeigh, of the town of Toronto, Ontario (a remote province somewhere in Upper Canada). This work, the price of which was only twenty cents, sold like corned beef and cabbage on a Saturday night, and the demand continued to increase until several editions were put through the press. The immense sale this little book commanded was unquestionably due to our highly perfumed testimonial, —which, by the way, we have not yet been paid for,—but at the time of endorsing the work we hadn't the slightest reason to suspect that Master Frank, like his predecessors in shorthand book-making, was going to turn out to be a full-fledged phonographic plagiarist of the foremost order. Yet such, we are sorry to say, proves to be the case, and if the three cents worth of ink that we bought on tick this morning holds out for about five minutes longer we will show young Yeigh up in good shape. We'll warm him as he never was warmed since the day he retired from the old slipper and cedar shingle business.

With a view of protecting the interests of the shorthand profession, Chas. A. Sumner, Dan. Brown, and about ten other spider-leg leaders, put their craniums together and hit upon the idea of getting up a National Organization of the shorthand writers of the United States. They decided that a convention should be held at Chicago on September 1st, suggesting as an appropriate meeting place that upper-crust hotel, the Palmer House, where a champagne supper would be in order at 10 o'clock, p. m., followed by sore heads and plain soda next morning at 7 sharp. The programme of these knights of the pothook and hanger had scarcely been in print long enough to dry, when wicked Frank steps forward and plagiarizes what took twelve great men fourteen years to originate, by appearing before the fraternity through the columns of the *Canadian Illustrated Shorthand Writer* and asking in a very innocent way if it would not be well for the professional shorthand writers of Canada to protect themselves by establishing a national association, suggesting that a conference be held at some central point in the Dominion, annually or semi-annually. Now, Frank, we are ready to admit that the idea of a national

organization is a capital one, but, if you will allow us to express our honest convictions, we would say it is certainly a very unfair proceeding on your part to freeze on to what all must acknowledge to be a purely American invention, and make it your own before the originators had time to get their patent for Canada registered at Ottawa, which undoubtedly they would have done had you not stepped in ahead of them.

However, as the saying goes, "a rose by any name would smell the same." So we have made up our mind that a National Shorthand Writers' Association being a much desired thing, we shall vote for it with both hands, whether the credit for the movement is to be bestowed upon the twelve phonographic apostles of the United States or given to our brilliant young countryman, Sir Francis Yeigh, M. P. P. (Mammoth Phonographic Plagiarist.)

#### A Price-List of Some Standard-Phonographic Works.

A young Standard Phonographic student who occupies a high position (on the top of a tall stool) in the office of the St. John Fog Company, and who dines at a restaurant where business is conducted on the go-as-you-please, or European plan, has made the discovery that the ground which the minute fist of an eight-day clock travels over while a waiter is attending to one's order for a three-cent sirloin or a pair of sausages, may be profitably made use of by the young spider-legologist in the way of committing to memory some of the word-signs of the corresponding or reporting style, and he accordingly makes it a point to fill his coat-pocket up with some hand-book every time he starts for the lunch room. Well, the other day, as he sat at the table with both sides of his mind covered over with two or three word-signs that he found to be unusually unmanageable, and which he was straining every nerve to pile up in a corner of his noddle for future use, there escaped, unnoticed by him, from between the leaves of his text book, a copy of Andrew J. Graham's price list of Standard Phonographic works. The young student arrived at the other end of his mid-day meal, paid the damages and departed.

The next customer that walked into the restaurant to take possession of the vacant chair was a little man who wore an imperial and a straw hat. He was from sunny France, and had nothing more than a passing acquaintance