

"Why, Mamma!" exclaimed the pretty young lady, "that is not a wax figure at all. See, he breathes, and he has just been making eyes at me. He's a real nice young fellow, and I'll jolly soon bet my bloomin' little boots on it too."

Almost before the pulse of an eight day clock could have had time to beat again, the old lady had me all covered over with apologies. After enjoying ourselves in a good old English laugh, accepting their pre-sing invitation to dinner, we left L' Institution de Madam Tussaud together.

Florence is now taking lessons in Standard Phonography, having placed herself under the guidance and instruction of a handsome and intelligent looking young man. Please reserve space in your next for a marriage notice.

THE CANADIAN SHORTHAND SOCIETY.

It is rather early to say anything definite as to the second meeting of this Society, to be held in August of this year. If possible the date must be arranged coincident with that of the International Congress. As the latter will not convene till Thursday, 16th August, it will probably be deemed best to hold the Canadian Convention on Wednesday, 15th August. There will no doubt be important business to be transacted. This cannot be done entirely by committees; neither, in justice to the International Congress, should it be discussed on one of the days set apart for the Congress. The plan which seems to us most favorable, therefore, will be to devote Wednesday to the Canadian meeting. Business can be condensed, and contributions in the form of "papers" can be handed over to the Congress. The eloquent essayists will be much more highly honored by having the opportunity of reading their productions to the assembled Congress, than if the audience were confined to Canadians.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS.

PREPARATIONS FOR A LARGE ASSEMBLY—A VERY PLEASANT AND PROFITABLE TIME ANTICIPATED—CANADIAN STENOGRAPHERS ACTIVE.

The dates for the sessions of the International Congress of Shorthand Writers for the United States and Canada, are:—Thursday and Friday, August 16 and 17, 1883. The place of meeting: Toronto—the Queen City of the West—the centre of the Canadian Shorthand world—the home of the official reporters of the Ontario Courts—the city of refuge, in the heat of summer, from the scorching glare of the American sun. Here our American Cousins will find Rest, Relief and Refuge, from the Scorching, Sweltering Sunshine of the South. The Canadian Committee who have in charge the arrangements for the meetings, aided by the energetic Secretaries, Brown and Holland, of Chicago,

will, it is hoped and fondly expected, be able to offer very special railway and steamboat rates, special hotel fares, and a list of attractions that cannot fail to draw a very large number. We are planning for a company numbering 300. There were 175 at Cincinnati, last year; but Toronto is as far ahead of Cincinnati, as Canada is ahead of the United States! (Pardon this seemingly uncosmopolitan expression, but remember that it is written on the north side of Lake Ontario.) If our American friends only add 25 to the Cincinnati quota—and they can easily do that without any effort—they will send 200 delegates; and Canada will furnish at least 100 more. Last summer, at the meeting for the organization of the Canadian Shorthand Society, we had 75 delegates, and we shall be surprised if twice that number do not attend the second meeting. It would be safe to estimate on a larger number than 300; but three hundred live stenographers would form a highly respectable assembly, and would impress the Ontario metropolis—and therefore the whole Continent—with the importance of the stenographic profession.

Attractions will be multiplied to a tempting extent; but of these we shall have more to say in later issues.

The Rossin House, in which the sessions of the C.S.S. were held, will doubtless be the headquarters of the Congress.

Representative stenographers from England and the Continent are expected to be present.

Reader! arrange your vacation so that you can take in the Congress. Don't forget it!

HOW THURLOW WEED DRILLED HIS MEMORY.

[Stenographers, who must remember names, dates, phrases, and facts relating to every subject, will be interested in this experience of the veteran journalist and politician—Ed.]

"You seem to remember as well as ever," a friend said to him one day.

"Better than I did once, I hope," he answered with a smile. "If I had not cultivated my memory I should have been a dismal failure."

"Did you make a systematic effort to improve in the regular course of affairs?" "I had to adopt a regular method," he said, "and I hit on one that was very effective. I will tell you about it for the benefit of other young men. I got married in 1818, when I was working in Albany as a journeyman printer. In a few months I went into business, establishing a newspaper for myself, and some of my friends thought I was 'cut out for a politician'—that is, I probably impressed my views strongly on those about me. But I saw at once a fatal weakness. My memory was a sieve. I could remember nothing.

"Dates, names, appointments, faces—everything escaped me. I said to my wife, Catherine, 'I shall never make a successful politician for I cannot remember, and that is a prime necessity of politicians. A politician who sees a man once should remember him forever.'