

friends the benefit of special and very much reduced rates, viz.: two and a half cents per yard, double width; but we are afraid lest these low figures for such an excellent quality of goods should arouse the suspicion of the shorthand world and lead our best friends to regard us as a propagator of literary larceny.

#### A Story of the Period.

In some parts of the United States of New Brunswick opinion is pretty much divided as to the advantage to be gained over the cross period by the use of the long right-inclined stroke, but we are very happy, indeed, to be able to say that no such unsatisfactory state of affairs exists in the immediate vicinity of our editorial stump, for there may be found perfect unanimity so far as the question as to the most desirable form to be employed to represent, phonographically, a full stop is concerned. Yes, be it not forgotten that the bald-headed old chap who makes his pen perform tricks for the monthly amusement of the readers of our phonographic department is always to be found unanimously unanimous in declaring that the promiscuous use of cross periods is a dangerously dangerous piece of business. Ah! well do we remember that unhappy afternoon, just forty-seven years ago to-day, when we met Susan's papa and a cowhide on or about the corner of Black-and-Tan and Old Jerusalem streets. We did not have any inclination or opportunity to take the old man's speech down *verbatim*, but his words left about as deep an impression on our mind as the cowhide left on our — well, never mind; and, of course, we have never forgotten any of the unhappy hits that the old snoozer made. A pen and ink sketch of the full particulars connected with the sad affair would cover both sides of all the cream-laid fool's-cap that now covers the spinal column of our mahogany quadruped, and as serving out copy on more than one side of the paper is an unpardonable breach of penny-a-liner etiquette, which, in our establishment, means sure death with hard labor to the offender, our readers will have to content themselves with a sort of a tucked up or Knickerbocker account that some may consider as being a little too short. However, as the girls say, we hope it won't be so short as to reveal any of the underskirt.

This is how it happened: We met Sue for the first time at old Pickwick's tooth-picking picnic,

and we didn't take many minutes to make up our mind that she was a Superior gull, and of course we proceeded without any delay to make her one of our dearly beloved friends. There was nobody on the picnic grounds whose acquaintance Sue and myself could both claim, consequently, to perform the operation of making ourselves known to each other was, or, rather, would have been, a piece of up-hill work had we been anything else than a newspaper man. We spent a most enjoyable afternoon, and time skipped by as it never skipped before. When the steamer whistled "all aboard," Sue's papa didn't happen to turn up and she smilingly accepted our kind offer to accompany her home. We don't profess to know much about the geography of a steamboat, so our readers will kindly pass over, as pleasantly as possible, any misplaced nautical terms. Anyhow, to continue in our own way of telling a story, Sue and her paper man, or, we should say, with all due respect to ourself, her newspaper man, found comfortable quarters in that part of the ferry boat which, had it been a family carriage, would have been called the back seat, and "Eros reigned supreme." Our conversation hopped about from one subject to another, until it had touched upon everything to be found between the North Pole and picnic lemonade, which, of course, included the winged art, a fair knowledge of which, we were fairly delighted to learn, our fair one was in possession of. Sue was a divine conversationalist, and we could just live on anything that flowed from her sweet lips. Our *tele a tele*, which we kept up until the steamer touched the landing place, was too awfully utter for anything; or, rather, it might so have been, had some miserably mean wretch not created a disturbance by crying out "Man overboard!" which alarm was, as a matter of course, followed by a grand stampede of all hands in the direction of our back seat, from which quarter the scoundrel declared he was positively certain that a noise as of some person tumbling overboard and suffering from a hopeless case of whirlpool suction had proceeded. Upon receiving from us the assurance that nothing unusual had occurred at our end of the boat, the intruding ones retired to their respective places. We observed, however, that one of the crowd exhibited something of a tendency to hang around and lend us his company, but we didn't suspect that this individual was our prospective