

The question having been asked by a scribe lately from England as to how long copies of letters made from type-writing ribbons were legible, we have made inquiries with the most satisfactory results. Mr. W. S. Battin, deputy Manager of the G. N. W. Telegraph Co., has shown us letter books in which copies made from ribbons saturated with purple ink, in which aniline plays a most important part, are quite legible after being filed away since 1878. The impressions do not seem to have faded in the least, though the ribbons of those days were very inferior to the Underwood ribbons of today. Stenotypers would score a point by mentioning this fact to their principals.

A Quebec, and following it, a Montreal, newspaper, are deploring the too common use of the English tongue by French Canadians. At public meetings, even when there is a majority of the French element, deference is paid to the English speaking part, and these papers regret to hear their French compatriots speaking the English language when they should be speaking in French. What Parliament cannot effect by one of its potent acts may at length be brought about by letting things work out their own course. That Canada will ultimately have but one language, and that the English, is manifest. But what the present generation would like to see is a step taken in that direction as soon as possible, by having only one official language and one printers' bill to settle yearly.—*Toronto World*.

The *Globe* has had a violent revolution, resulting in the deposition of Mr. Gordon Brown,—who was connected with the paper from its inception, and since his brother's death was Managing Director,—and the appointment, as general manager, of Mr. John Cameron, for twenty years connected with the London *Advertiser*. Mr. Cameron was the head and front of the *Liberal*, which had a brief but very useful career in 1875. He is one of the most genial journalists, and possesses in a very marked degree the faculty of enthusing the members of the staff. He is a friend to all who are in any way connected with the profession, and hob-nobs with the jocular *Telegram* editor (Mr. Alex. F. Pirie) in a way which either of the G. B.'s would abhor. He deserves success, and we hope he will win it; but it is no joke to run a daily newspaper which for nearly half a century has been strongly stamped with the individuality of two opinionated journalists like George and Gordon Brown. Mr. John T. Hawke, one of the best news editors in Canada, if not the best—a phonographer who graduated from the printer's case not many years ago—retires from the *Globe* in consequence of the change in the management.

On the last week-evening of the old year a very pleasant soiree was given by the *Grip* Publishing Company to their employees, in the St. Lawrence Coffee House. About seventy-five guests were present. Nothing stronger than

water was used in toasting—a feature which is rapidly losing its singularity. The toast of the "Press" was accorded its appropriate place—near the head of the list, contrary to custom. Another original feature was that the toast of the Ladies was responded to by themselves—Mrs. Curzon, associate editor of the *Citizen*, and Miss G. A. Fraser, being the speakers. Some interesting facts relating to the early history of *Grip* were for the first time made public by the conductor of the *Writer*, who had the honor of helping in the hatching of the talkative Raven whose name is now so familiar to Canadians. The first issue exhausted the funds of the youthful publishers (some \$27.50, all told), and, despite the motto which had been adopted—"Never Say Die,"—*Grip* certainly would have died but for the timely nursing of a friendly publisher. The bird has now lived for ten years, and is more vigorous than ever. It is worthy of remark that although its artist-editor, Mr. J. W. Bengough, never, or hardly ever, was assisted with suggestions for cartoons, his pencil has not been idle for a single week during the whole period.

## AMERICAN.

Mr. Charles Carleton Coffin, author of a new American history, entitled "Building the Nation," gives the derivation of "Yankee," not as the usually accepted Indian attempt at "English," but as a corruption of a nickname conferred by the New Amsterdammers upon the New England Puritans. Among the latter John was a very common name—whence "Jankins," the Dutch called them in derision, and the name, transmuted into "Yankee," stuck.

The Ohio Stenographers' Association aims to establish and promote a standard of proficiency in the profession. Provision is made for the election of honorary members by a unanimous vote of the members present at any annual meeting, and for a practical membership upon passing a test of 150 words per minute for the "Reporting" class. "Amanuenses" are subjected to a test of one hundred words per minute. The test may be waived in the case of a well-known stenographer whose competency is sufficiently vouched for.

Governor-elect Butler is not one of those orators who complain because the reporters do not get into print every word they utter, or because they sometimes change a word here and there, for the better or the worse. "You workmen of the press," said he at a dinner of a Boston Reporters' Club, "always do your duty thoroughly, and that I have received any portion of the applause of my fellow-citizens comes from the fact that I have received from you accurate and truthful reports of what I have said. And for that fidelity, which has never faltered, whether from men opposed to me or in my favor, I beg to return to each and all of you my most grateful thanks."

Mr. W. O. Wyckoff, for fifteen years one of the official stenographers of the Sixth Judicial