

## Phonographicalities.

SHORTHAND PATCH-WORK.—The "Complete Phonographer."

A permanent shorthand reporter is to be attached to the Norfolk, Ont., County Court.

A phonetic society has been established by Mr. James Crankshaw in the city of Montreal.

Mr. Jas. D. Davis, conductor of the standard-phonographic department of the Montreal Business College, thinks that the National Policy is a pretty good thing. He claims that he manufactures Grahamites of a quality equal to that which is imported from Yankeetown.

In the Dominion Parliament the supplementary estimates for 1878 were laid before the House on May 6th. Under the head of legislation \$1,000 is asked to meet expenditure for shorthand writers—session of 1878; \$5,364 to meet further expenditures on account of the *Hansard* of 1878.

Editors of English phonographic monthlies, whose names we have been pleased to place on our list of exchanges, and who have been in the habit of requesting extra numbers of the *Miscellany*, will kindly bear in mind that we cannot supply extras unless we receive for the same the sum of 10c. for each copy.

"WORDS, MY LORD, WORDS."—During the last term of the Supreme Court, just adjourned *sine die*, there were over 900,000 words uttered in debate by counsel. This is exclusive of words of reading from transcripts or authorities. This minimum of words is estimated from the pages of the Official Reporter, Charles A. Sumner.—*Student's Journal*, New York.

In the last number of *The Shorthand Review*, Mr. Theophilus, the editor, tells his readers that "anything written according to Scovill's system takes up less room than print." This is either a typographical error or a stenographical misrepresentation. The key to a specimen of the *reporting* style in his *Review* leads us to imagine that Mr. T. meant matter set up in 60-line pica.

A specimen copy of the *Miscellany* will be sent to the address of any phonographer whose name we receive from subscribers. Those of our friends who have already been receiving specimen copies and who have not yet subscribed, are invited to do so at once. Remember our terms: \$1 per year in advance. The *Miscellany* is the cheapest phonographic monthly published under the sun.

For \$2.00, received before July 1st, the *Miscellany* and *Student's Journal* will be sent to any one address. The *Student's Journal* is published by Andrew J. Graham, New York, and contains much valuable and interesting matter. No phonographer should be without it. The *Miscellany* will speak for itself. Standard phonographic publications may be had by sending publisher's prices to the editor of the *Miscellany*.

AN AUTOMATIC PRESS FEEDER.—The Albany *Argus* says: There is reason to believe that an Albanian has invented an automatic press feeder that will serve the fastest press perfectly. It takes the place of the press board and works by machinery in unison with the press. Three tubular fingers lift the sheet from the pile and bear it to the grippers on the cylinder. The suction is caused by a little pump, of which the power is supplied by the machinery of the press. This invention has been patented in Europe, the United States and Canada.

A correspondent writes:

Will you kindly inform us if the Patent Type Founding Company of Red Lion Square, London, is still in existence and if there is any agency for same on this side?

[We think the above-mentioned company is still in existence, but have not their address at hand. They have no agency this side, to our knowledge.—ED. P. M.]

A young newspaper reporter penned a paragraph on a snowfall as follows: "The angels rested their wings at the hour when Aurora goes forth to fulfill her mission, and the earth was covered with a fleecy mantle of white." He thought it was very nice, but the unimaginative editor quietly dropped it into the wastebasket and wrote in place of it, "Snow fell this morning," and roared out savagely, "Condense; why dont you condense?"

Mrs. Muriel took great interest in parish affairs. Last evening she promised to assist in decorating the parish church. One illuminated text she thought would look well over the chancel screen, and she requested her husband to bring it from town. He forgot the text, and wired to his wife for particulars. To the surprise of all the telegraph clerks this message came flashing over the wires: "Unto us a child is born, nine feet long by two feet broad."

