

4. Candidates are at liberty to take down one, two, or three passages, as they choose. All the passages required by candidates are to be dictated before any one begins to transcribe; and there should be as little delay as possible between the readings.

5. Inform candidates that rapidity in transcribing notes into longhand is essential, *and note carefully on the transcribed copy the exact time taken in transcription.* Candidates must not look at their notes while a passage that does not concern them is being read.

6. Inform them also that the clearness and accuracy of the shorthand notes (which must in every case be sent in attached to the transcript) will be taken account of by the examiner; and that they must not alter the shorthand notes after the dictation is finished.

PASSAGES FOR DICTATION.

(a.) At the rate of 50 words a minute. Takes 10 minutes.

Some new details of the "Stella" disaster are given in a narrative by Mr. Edward Abinger, a barrister, who was one of the party at luncheon with the captain in the public saloon shortly after one o'clock on the day of the accident. A lady asked, "Is it not dangerous to go at this speed through the fog?" and the captain replied, "The man who is now in charge of the vessel can find his way anywhere." "Personally," says Mr. Abinger, "I was somewhat surprised at the great rate of speed at which the vessel was travelling. The whole length of the ship was vibrating by the action of the engines. Just about this time we struck a thick bank of fog, and the vessel was slowed down to half-speed. The fog became less dense, and we went at full speed ahead again. Shortly afterwards, however, we slowed down again, and I noticed that the fog had become denser, and that it extended on all sides of us. Yet, in spite of this fact, the vessel was put running at full speed again. Somewhere about four o'clock, as near as I can fix it, when I was standing on the port side of the vessel, I heard a shout. I ran at once to the taffrail of the port side, and I saw right ahead of us, dead on, a great rock looming out of the fog. I do not think it could have been more than twenty-five yards ahead of us. At this moment the captain was on the bridge, and he with great promptitude starboarded his helm, and the vessel sheered off at a remarkable angle. I leaned my body across the rail, and thought that we had escaped, but a slight rasping, scraping noise soon told me that we must have struck on a submerged rock. There was no shock whatever, and no crash. It was as if we had grounded on a sandbank. The vessel's way was not interfered with. She went on as if nothing had happened—never slowed down. The very moment that the vessel struck the rock I heard the captain cry out, 'Lower the boats away.' This somewhat surprised me, as I did not realise up to that moment that the vessel was doomed. The captain must have realised it immediately. But for this promptitude on his part, in my opinion, every soul would have been lost, as I judge that not more than seven minutes elapsed between the moment of the impact and the time that the vessel entirely disappeared. In less than five minutes the davits and main ropes, some of which had to be cut, were cleared. The vessel had stopped suddenly as if shot, I should think three or four hundred yards away from the spot on which she first struck. The vessel listed right over on the starboard side. . . . I saw Mr. Millis, a confectioner of Oxford Street, take his wife down the gangway."

(b.) At the rate of 80 words a minute. Takes 10 minutes.

A party of musicians the other day were discussing the question of the love of music in various members of the animal creation and particularly among snakes. The majority of them denied that snakes in particular had any idea of music, and scouted the thing as absurd and impossible, when one of them offered to relate a story from his own experiences that would be convincing on the point at issue. As he was reputed to be a good story teller his companions agreed to hear the evidence, however much they might doubt the correctness of his theories.

"Some years ago," said he, "I was the organist in a little country church near the Blue Mountains. The mountains were full of snakes. I used often to go out in the woods and take my cornet along, just to have a little music and practice by myself. One day I was sitting on a log by a spring, playing softly and hardly thinking what I was doing, when I suddenly saw a giant black snake very close to me coiled up and swaying his head to the rhythm of the tune. I am not afraid of snakes, and knew this one to be as harmless as a kitten, so I was more amused than frightened, and continued to play a variety of airs for him, to see the effect. He appeared to enjoy it immensely, and when I played something lively he seemed to become almost delirious in his gyrations. I concluded that if he had legs he would surely dance, and as it was his motions were exceedingly graceful and his ideas of time excellent. His eyes shone with the pleasure it was giving him, and his forked tongue fairly seemed to blaze in the ecstasy of his enjoyment. Suddenly I stopped, and he seemed a very picture of sadness and disappointment. He crawled up to me and asked me to resume just as plainly as if he knew every word in the English language.

"It suddenly occurred to me that it would be an interesting experiment to see if he would follow the music. So I got up, and, playing softly, began to walk away. He followed me at once, and I led him along down to the church. When I unlocked the door he followed me in without hesitation, and came right after me up into the organ-loft. I then tried him with the organ, and he was even more delighted than with the cornet. Finding that he would never get enough of the music I was obliged at length to drive him away by main force.

"The next day I went into the church to practise and had not been long at it when I heard a rustle on the carpet, and, looking down, there was his snakeship taking it in; and