

First of all he must be a weather prophet of no mean dimensions, being careful to predict just the opposite of what Prof. Wiggins does. He must be a baseball enthusiast (for further information write to Joe Clark, of Toronto Saturday Night.) He must know all about the creamery and cheese business (write Andrew Pattullo, Woodstock). He must be well posted on dogs (write Andrew Laidlaw, Guelph). He must know all about the highest workings of some secret society (write John Ross Robertson, Toronto). He must be a society man among the best classes in town, and know the latest improvements over Hoyle's rules for whist (write J. S. Brierly, St. Thomas). He must be capable of governing the town when his turn comes (write R. Holmes, Clinton). If there is a regiment in the city, he must be connected with it (write L. W. Shannon, Kingston). When he goes to Hamilton he must appreciate the "13th Band" or be written up (write A. F. Pirie, Dundas). In fact he must be familiar with and well versed in all the movements, the sympathies and the prejudices of the society in which he lives, moves and has his being. He must be a veritable encyclopædia of information about every industry, every society and every individual in his municipality.

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But there are other higher attainments which he must possess. I have been much struck during the past six months and perhaps the same thing may have struck the readers of PRINTER AND PUBLISHER years ago with the varied attainments of the leading British statesmen. I knew that Gladstone was a great man, for I read it in the Globe, but I was not aware, until during the last few months, that Balfour and Salisbury were scholars of no small calibre. Forsooth, this has been noticeable for some years, but I had failed to notice it. Mr. Balfour sets himself up as knowing something about socialism, and talks glibly of "collectivism," "individualism," and "socialism." Mr. Salisbury points out for the benefit of the British Association some unsolved problems, especially that very great one which defies biologists: "What force is it that makes the ordinary earthy part of animals or vegetables do obedience to it—What is that which we call Vital Force?" Even in Canada we have some men who are really statesmen. Perhaps the best example is Hon. David Mills, who discourses in a most learned way on Evolution, and International questions. The publisher of a newspaper must be built after such models. His knowledge of all the questions of the day must be such knowledge as comes from a broad education and from a careful perusal of the best articles in the leading magazines.

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Some will say that this ideal is too high for a country publisher. Perhaps it is. But I was glad to see the way the editor lashed into us fellows in the August PRINTER AND PUBLISHER, in his leader, "Shooting Over Their Heads." The publishers of newspapers in Canada have ideals which are too low altogether. I have long felt the debasing influences of a monotonous exist-

ence, and have had long battles to keep myself from grovelling in the dust of living for three meals a day. To resolve not to live to eat, but to eat to live, has had a most beneficial effect upon me; and I give my experience just as willingly as if I had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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One of the queerest things around lately is a news paragraph from The British and Colonial Stationer and Printer, which has been sent me by a friend. I suppose the facts are O.K., for there is a Broadview in Assiniboua Territory. However, the paragraph will make the many prosperous journalists of Manitoba and the Territories smile down to the bottom of their vests. It should be an especially good paragraph for Nicholas Flood Davin, and I hope to see it reproduced in the Regina Leader, from whence it will undoubtedly work its way to the Parliamentary reports of next session. Here is the par.:

"A PRESSMAN ON THE PRAIRIE. Two years ago Thomas Powell, reporter, left Preston for America, and began farming on the prairie in the great Northwest Territory. His experience goes to prove that the prairie is not the place for pressmen, as they don't make good farmers. Mr. Powell took a farm at Cotham, near Broadview, and in the first year contrived to lose all his little capital, saved in England by long denial of many comforts, and earned by assiduous work. Therefore he abandoned farming, and got an appointment as shorthand writer in a money-lender's office, at Grenfell, where he had not only to sweep out the office, but was also expected to milk the cows. Being unequal to the latter duty he left. Just at that time a newspaper was started at Broadview, a town of not quite fifty houses and nearly a hundred inhabitants, including women and children, and Powell was appointed manager, editor, sub editor, reporter, compositor, machinist, printer's devil, and office boy of the Broadview Sentinel. In short, he is the sole and complete staff of the paper, two pages of which, however, are printed at Winnipeg. The total circulation is 125 per week. For filling the above plurality of offices Mr. Powell gets nearly 30s. a week, which amount is subscribed by four shopkeepers, one horsedealer, and the proprietor of the drinking saloon, who each pay four dollars a month. The other expenses of the paper are met "anyhow." But as these many offices and meagre pay are not enough to keep the pot boiling for the family, Powell has been assisted in other ways, for there is a good deal of help-one another feeling on the prairie. Mrs. Powell is employed at the railway station dining-room, and the eldest son, who is a good shorthand writer, is a farm hand at nearly half the wages of an agricultural laborer in England. From these three sources the necessities of life are periodically forwarded to the younger son, who still sticks to the farm, trying what he can do with a plough and a yoke of oxen. The Northwest Territory seems to be a queer place, and Mr. Powell is having some queer experiences. The emigration agents should get him to write a pamphlet."

