

"The Globe," she added significantly, "eet. ees not good."

The newspaper man, now thoroughly puzzled, continued the conversation, but with little success. His wonderment, no doubt, showed on his face, for the old lady at last beckoned him to follow her.

"Come! See!" she said encouragingly, and led him out through the kitchen to the little woodshed behind. There, from behind a nest of tubs, she drew forth a washboard with the corrugated iron rusted and broken in several places. Across the top were the words "The Globe" in large blue letters.

"The Globe," murmured the old lady, as she handed out the board; "the Globe, eet ees not good."

CAUGHT ON THE FIRE ESCAPE.

Persons not belonging to the Fourth Estate sometimes envy the newspaper man the liberties accorded him. He can pass through the police lines at a fire. He can stand inside the fence at a football match. He can often enter a theatre without a ticket. He is a *persona grata* at the railway stations, and in a dozen other ways favors are shown him. But these liberties come, as a rule, from long acquaintance with the men who accord them and the reporter who forgets this sometimes finds himself in embarrassing situations. A year or so ago a Toronto newspaper sent a representative to Goderich to report a Methodist conference in session there. The main report was easy to get and was quickly despatched to Toronto. The stationing committee, however, found some difficulty in completing its work and remained in session till early in the morning. The reporter was conscientious and remained up too. Shortly after one o'clock he secured his news and hurried with it to the telegraph office. Then he started for his hotel. But Goderich streets are not all straight and the finding of that hotel occupied nearly an hour. When the reporter finally reached the door he found it locked, and no amount of hammering seemed to have any effect on the slumbers of the clerk. A search around for other doors to pound at, showed the newspaper man the fire-escape, and up this he started, hoping to enter by some upper window. But just as he reached the second floor a figure in uniform came out from the shadow of a nearby building and called on him to come down. The town policeman had been watching him in his rambles about the streets and was sure he was a burglar. Of course the reporter explained, but it was no use. He had to spend the night in the police station, though he was not put in the cells. To make matters worse the representative of another Toronto paper, who had been "scooped" on the standing committee's report the night before, wired the whole story of his rival's adventures to his paper, and it was published in full.

A SERMON BY TELEPHONE.

The recent religious controversy, which had its centre in Toronto, furnished large amounts of copy for the newspapers and added considerably to the reporters' Sunday work. It was utterly impossible, of course, for any paper to send representatives to every church where the preacher was likely to touch upon the topic under discussion. Many of the men were required to report two or even three churches, and the plan they followed was to attend one church and to get