



"AT LAST! AT LAST, SHE'S NAMED THE DAY!"

HUMORS OF THE PRESSMEN.



THE daily papers having followed their dreary traditions in reporting the meetings of the Press Association, (upon which traditions we have something to say elsewhere in this number) it is left for Mr. GRIP to print a few of the many bright things that were, of course, carefully omitted from the so called "reports."

At the first session Mr. H. P. Moore, of the *Acton Free Press*, was giving his experience in the matter of establishing the payment-in-advance system. "At first," said he, "I found great difficulty; I was obliged to cut off about four hundred names."—Just here Pirie, of the *Dundas Banner*, with an air of seriousness becoming to the occupant of the presidential chair, stopped the speaker to enquire—"Did you still go on publishing the paper?" This upset the meeting for a time, but Moore duly recovered himself, and went on with his talk. "In conclusion," said he, "I consider the new system a success. I don't know how it would work in the case of papers whose circulations go up to three or four thousands, but in the case of small country weeklies like the *Dundas Banner*—and here the laugh broke just as heartily over Pirie's devoted head.

At the open session on Thursday evening, the President of course occupied the chair. He came forward with a programme in hand, looking as solemn as usual. "I observe," said he, "the first thing called for is the chairman's address. The chairman's address—is Dundas, Ont." He added a few words, however, as to the Association, for the benefit of the visitors present. "We meet every year in convention," he remarked, "for the purpose of getting amendments to the libel law, and taking other steps towards keeping out of jail." Commenting on the newspaper as an epitome of the doings of the whole world, "is it not wonderful," said he, "that you should have all this laid, as it were, in a small parcel on your breakfast table—those of you who get breakfast." Sam Hunter's paper on "Pictorial

Journalism" was full of good things. He described the way in which newspaper cuts are now produced ready for printing in a few minutes of time. "This enables the editor to give his readers portraits of notable persons of the moment. He is no longer obliged to use the old Lydia Pinkham advertising cut to represent Sarah Bernhardt one day and Queen Lil of Hawaii the next. He can have the portraits done by his own special staff artist, and although the likenesses may be no better, there is more variety about them." Mr. Arthur F. Wallis dealt with "Journalism as a Profession" in a very witty paper. He thought the editor had a right to call himself a professional man if the latter had success in both these professions depended upon being expert with the shears. In days of old the subject was not at liberty to criticise the King, but times have changed. If some of those old kings could look down upon us—or up toward us—now, they would realize this. He gave it as his opinion that Bismarck's failure was due to his disregard of the advice so often and freely tendered to him by Canadian editors. "The impression prevails in some quarters," said he, "that Canadian papers are partizan. This is probably due to the habit of reading the editorials—and taking them in earnest." He strongly repudiated the assertion that the Canadian editor did not use his great powers for the noblest purposes. As an illustration of a noble editorial, he referred to an article which he said he had read in the *Dundas True Banner*. And here to the great amusement of the audience he summarized a patent medicine reading notice which was familiar to everybody. "Who can say after that," he exclaimed, "that Canadian journalism does not seek to create public opinion, and to make it healthy?"

THE LOST JOKE.

BY AN IRISH MINSTREL.

LIKE every joker of jokes,
My big and my little I mix;
But the big one I'm sure to forget—
The little one sticks.

Thus a Koh-i-noor gem of a joke
Came into my head in the night,
The darkness it fairly illumed,
But fled with the light.

Now this is my wish:—Should a niche
In the Temple of Fame be my lot,
May the joke I'm remembered by be
The joke I forgot!

BAD ALL ROUND.

The Senate's taken Wilson's Bill,
And made of it a muss—
The free list they are bound to kill—
Which is bad news for US;
And not for US alone, but for
Themselves as well, we guess,
So put a period in and say
'Tis bad news for U. S.

CHEESE IT.

THE fellow who referred to the great Canadian cheese at the World's Fair as a Mitey effort of Dairy Science, was only comparatively right. The cheese is but little decayed even yet. Mr. Rowson who is now in charge of it in London, Eng., says the great mass of it is still of the highest quality—six feet high.

BE PRECISE, GENTLEMEN.

IT is of course open to the Trades and Labor Council to criticise Staff Inspector Archibold, and even to agitate for the removal of that public officer. But the agitators ought to be careful about the form of words they use. It sounds very shocking to hear them assert that Toronto can get along very well without any Morality Department.