

municipal and political administration, they should cease publishing degrading and disgusting sensational articles. The details of a hideous murder are found with two column headings, while the disgraceful exposure of some high-stepping and fashionable keeper of a house of assignation receives the same attention. And how long, think you, will this be so? It will be so as long as the people pay for it and read it. The newspapers are not leaders pardon the bluntness of human thought; they are followers. True, when there is a tendency for society and morality to slide down hill, they throw a little grease on the track so as to accelerate the movement, but their activity stops there. The newspaper publisher, in the cities particularly, finds that such sensational items pay, and what pays is condoned. No, this reform will not come from the publisher. It must come from the minister, the social reformer, and the legislator—that is, from the people themselves. Dr. Talmage says: "I could preach a sermon on the everlasting blessings of a good newspaper. A good newspaper is the grandest temporal blessing that God has given to the people of this country." But he does not offer to answer the questions: "What is a good newspaper?" and "Who makes a newspaper good, the editor or the people who read it?"

Suppose a good editor did exist, on a Toronto paper for example, and that this genuinely good man found that two columns about an especially sensational and mysterious murder had been secured by an enterprising reporter, and this same good editor deliberately cut out all the sensational parts and put in a few plain facts. Suppose he did that regularly for six months, while his competitor revelled in double headings, four to six inches deep, and illustrated his paper with hideous-looking cuts of murderous-looking people. What would be the result? The circulation would run down, and so would the editor's salary. The business manager would swear, and say he had done his best, but "our paper is . . . such like a Methodist prayer meeting." And this good editor would quietly take his conscience by the neck and strangle it. He would go out on a jolly ship with the band of marauders, simply because "prize money" is needed for "those at home." The good editor, in these intensely modern days, as he tries to maintain his ideals and his principles, is always between the devil and the deep sea.

When it is known that Hon. G. W. Ross, Hon. T. W. Anglin, Nicholas Flood Davin, Hon. James Young, Col. O'Brien, Lud K. Cameron and Wm. Buckingham have signified their intention to be present at the "reunion" of Ontario's ex-journalists in connection with the annual meeting of the C.P.A. in February, an interesting time may be expected. When it is known that Lord Aberdeen has been invited, and that such men as Hon. McKenzie Bowell, Goldwin Smith, Gordon Brown, Chas. Lindsay and A. Blue, are also expected, the importance of the gathering may be understood. All the "old-timers" are enthusiastic and anxious to do all they can to make the event one which will long be remembered. Over fifty have already signified their intention of being present, and over a hundred are expected. The contact of the new moulders of Canadian thought with those who moulded it in its pioneer days must be beneficial and pleasurable to all. This event will show also that the Canadian

Press Association has attained great strength and now wields a great influence among the members of the craft and with the public generally.

The association has just issued a circular showing that one hundred and sixty-seven members received their certificates in 1894. This, in view of the facts that the issue of the certificate is now limited to members, that membership is now limited to men exclusively engaged in the newspaper business, and that canvassers and advertising agents are not admitted, shows that the association is more representative than it ever was of the body from which it draws its members. Its effect on the tone of the Ontario press is seen in the brighter class of small city dailies and the improved appearance of the country weeklies. Its influence is far-reaching in the elevating of the tone of journalism in this province.

The Union Printer, of New York, speaking of the work of the linotype in printing the Brooklyn Registry List, a job that consisted of over 18,000,000 ems of minion, made up into 3,700 pages, tabular work, and that was accomplished in four days by 76 machines, working overtime after doing their regular daily work in the respective newspaper offices, says: "Taken altogether, there has never been so practical an illustration of the fact that the machines are an unqualified success. It is hard for a printer to acknowledge that his place has been usurped by a piece of machinery, but honesty compels the acknowledgment. Not only have the machines demonstrated that they can beat hand compositors at setting straight matter, but now they have successfully done the largest, hardest, and most trying job of tabular work which is turned out in New York City.

"Contrary to the expectations of many, the job when finished is a neat, well printed pamphlet, fully the equal, if not the superior, in appearance to the hand-set job of last year."

Every man in Canada, Grit or Tory, Jew or Gentile, must have been impressed with the shallowness of fame and worldly honor when thinking over the lamentable circumstances of the death of our late Premier, Sir John Thompson. From a lawyer and journalist, he came to be member of Parliament; then he rose to the rank of judge of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia; he resigned this to take a position in the Canadian Cabinet as Minister of Justice; he was chosen as one of the advisers on a great International Arbitration; he became Premier of Canada, and the leader of this young people, and just as he had received the highest honor in the British Empire, that of being sworn in as one of the Queen's Privy Councillors, the Grim Reaper cut him down, and his fame and honors are but a memory. Sir John Thompson died a martyr to ambition. Yet his ambition was not for himself, but for his country. Since becoming Premier he had worked day and night, often remaining in his office until midnight, toiling and slaving for Canada. The great strain soon told on him, and Canada lost her greatest son, and one of the ablest, cleanest and most patriotic statesmen who have contributed to the development or guided the destinies of this young nation. With new and Imperial honors fresh upon him, with the loving confidence and respect of this throbbing nation of five million souls, he has passed beyond the ken of mortal man.