

professionally engaged as such. Thus no member can secure more than one certificate; but business managers and reporters of three years' standing may become members in the ordinary way. Section 4 of the by-laws formerly allowed members to procure, for bona fide reporters, certificates entitling them to such railway and other traveling privileges as were enjoyed by the members of the association, upon payment of \$2 for each certificate. This clause has been expunged from the constitution."

Well, what of all this? The city men, not being able to get a two-cent rate for their men through the Press Association, have adopted a new plan. They now go straight to the railroads, and with what success? **TORONTO AND LONDON JOURNALISTS, CANVASSERS, AND ADVERTISING AGENTS, TRAVEL AT**

ONE-AND-A-HALF CENTS PER MILE, WHILE OTHER JOURNALISTS TRAVEL AT TWO CENTS. This means a loss of revenue to the Canadian Press Association, and a loss of many games that carry considerable weight with them.

These are the circumstances of the case as they appear at present. The causes may have been merely accidental, or they may have been intentional, but the results are lamentable. If the Association is to be entirely composed of representatives of town dailies and country weeklies, the present policy of the Association is correct. If it is to be exactly representative of the press of Ontario including all the policy must be slightly changed.



QUEER THINGS AROUND.

BY SLUG 19.



A WOMAN entered the Boston Transcript office the other day and tried to throw red pepper into the eyes of the city editor because something in the funny column seemed to be an insult to her demented understanding. She didn't succeed, as the gentleman wore glasses. Had she been successful she intended to use a horsewhip on the man

while he was blinded by the ingredient.

This makes me think of some Canadian editors who have allowed party prejudice to come in and throw dust in their editorial eyes, after which they are made to suffer from the lash of public contempt. It is strange how prejudice for one party will lead an otherwise noble intellect to subvert all logical reasoning and sound argument for the sake of upholding something which he would know to be wrong were he not blinded by the pepper of prejudice. This is one of the queerest things around. I think of it by day, I think of it by night - and I can find no explanation.

I see the Toronto World is again pressing for Sunday street cars in the model Christian city of the world. Well, it might be an improvement, and it might not. But one thing is certain, so long as the World continues to advocate Sunday cars in its present language, in editorials brimming with phrases expressing contempt for everything which the Quaker-like churchgoer of this land holds sacred, in sneers, in jibes, in disgusting, hyphenated, personal epithets, so long there will be only harm done to the cause of those who desire freedom of locomotion on the seventh day. Calm reasoning, with courteous regard for the feelings of those who think differently, is the only means of removing opposition to a plan, scheme or reform which one has at heart.

The other day a reporter from Toronto, with a jointed cane fishing rod tied up in a linen duster, a big straw hat and a tired look, dropped off at our station. He came down the hot and dusty main street and entered the office of the only newspaper our town possesses, and asked for the editor. I came. He smilingly took my hand, introduced himself, offered

me a cigar, took a chair and inquired after the fishing. I took him home to tea, and sending two or three of the children out to the back yard to play, my wife and I entertained him at our frugal board. Then what a jolly evening we spent. Next morning we passed through a Scotch mist out along a bush road until we arrived at a rippling stream. The reporter's eyes began to sparkle, and his hushed voice took on the rippling sound of the running brook, and he went back to town about 10 a.m. the happiest of the happy disciples of Isaac Walton's art.

Then I sat me down to think. I was too excited to work. He had come and gone, but he had left me much food for thought. I went over all he said about each paper in the city: how he had left one because every news note he wrote had to receive the bias of party prejudice, and every report colored to suit the leaders' policy. To save his manhood he left. He had wandered around, but had never found his ideal post. Where they did not truckle to party prejudices, they truckled to the labor organizations, to the alderman, to the morality department, to the sensational element in the citizens, to religious prejudices or some other golden calf. But these thoughts passed on, and then came the idea of recreation brightening a man's intellect, cleaning the cobwebs from his brain, giving him new thoughts, and leading him to worship nature and to find something beautiful everywhere. On my mind traveled, and I thought of the benefit of meeting with those who were engaged in the same occupation as I, the benefit of the casual, free-flowing conversation. This led me to value my connection with the Canadian Press Association more highly than ever, and I resolved not to try to disprove in my life that "no man liveth unto himself."

A friend of mine recently forwarded a letter that appeared in a Buffalo paper signed "John Smith." It is one of the queerest things I have seen. Here it is:

"There are editorial writers in Toronto who have all the intelligence and mental vigor of stone hitching-posts. One of them works on the Toronto Evening Star, and in a recent issue wrote as follows:

"Do not get alarmed when you read tales of riot and bloodshed over this strike of railway employees: there's very little of that sort of work going on. The stories are mostly the invention of gifted liars of the American press, are printed in their newspapers and sent broadcast by zealous telegraph systems.