

man's friends recognized him when the paper came out. But the story doesn't end here. A heartless contemporary saw immediately what had happened—perhaps it had narrowly escaped itself—and next day it published the portraits of the two Murphys and between them a picture of the Murphy shaven with the chisel.

AN OVER-LONG REPORT.

An Ontario district judge who died not long ago was, in his younger days, a reporter on the *Toronto Globe*, and occupied a place in the press gallery of the old legislative buildings. At the same time he was studying law, and often when he had a few minutes to spare, or when things were dull in the House he would spend his time pouring over some law book in the Assembly library. One day he had carried some notes on a speech down to the library, and, after writing his report there, spent an hour or so over some learned volume, making copious notes and thoughtlessly numbering his pages right on from the report he had written. He remained in the library so long that he was compelled to make haste to the office. He handed in his copy, but the city editor was busy and sent it on to the compositors without reading it, and it was put into type. The proofreader into whose hands the report fell, was one of those human machines who read for errors in punctuation and spelling and give no heed to the sense of the matter. He passed the "story" and when it came out next day, the honorable member from the back townships, who had spoken for some fifteen minutes on agricultural fairs, was, no doubt, somewhat surprised to learn that he had delivered a learned dissertation of a half column or so on the difference between a tort and a crime.

THE SINS OF THE GLOBE.

Another story on the *Globe* may be worth the telling. Some years ago a staff correspondent made a bicycling tour through Quebec province, stopping at out-of-the-way villages and farm-houses and sending a letter now and then back to his paper. One evening he reached the home of an old maître d'école to whom a curé in a nearby village had recommended him. The schoolmaster had a fair knowledge of English and the newspaper man had no difficulty in conversing with him. After a time, however, the old man was called out on some business, and the task of entertaining the stranger fell to his good dame, whose proficiency in English was none too great. Her courtesy would not suffer her to allow her guest to sit in silence, so she began talking to him in a curious mixture of French and English. She had heard her husband mention "The Globe" several times in the course of his conversation and she took up the same theme, assuring her visitor with many gestures and volumes of words that had no meaning to him that she did not like the *Globe*. Wondering, he asked her why, and another avalanche of words followed, chiefly French, but he managed to pick out the oft-repeated sentence: "Eet ees not good! Eet ees not good!"

"But why? How?" he persisted.

"See," said his hostess, and she held out her hand with a long, jagged cut in it, stretching almost from the point of one finger up into the palm.