

States and Canada. Reform demonstrations have taken place in several localities, and at all of them the declaration of principles made by the speakers pointed to an earnest intention of conducting the government in a pure and patriotic spirit.

The Conservatives stand their defeat manfully. This every unprejudiced opponent must concede. And in that fact we note a proof of the continued vitality of the party. But it has done more than hold its own. It has undergone an almost thorough reconstruction. Perhaps there is no more striking indication of the salutary force of public opinion since the catastrophe of the Pacific scandal, than the attitude of the Conservative party in its determination to purge itself of every taint of dishonour. At the late Convention, held in the city of Toronto, the enunciated platform was clear and emphatic on this head. Whatever may have been the errors of the past, the Conservatives declare that they intend their future to be free from any suspicion of intrigue. And it must be said that they have sealed their words by their works. The fall of the late Quebec Government is evidence of that fact. It is no mere sentimentalism to say that the party has given a good example in this unfortunate circumstance. It broke through the trammels of the old slavish discipline. It enforced the almost forgotten principle that the party is not the blind follower of chiefs, but that the chiefs are merely the custodians of the party's influence and good faith and must regulate themselves accordingly.

But what we most welcome in the late action of the two great parties is a spirit of independence not only as to individual leaders, but mainly as to prominent public questions. People are beginning to view national measures, not so much in the light of partizan triumph, or in the light of the greatest good of the greatest number. This spirit has been strikingly manifested in the discussion of the Reciprocity Treaty, to which we refer in other article of the present issue. Those who have followed the course of American politics, during the past two or three years, must have noticed the immense strides which independent journalism has made among our neighbours, and the beneficial results which have ensued in consequence. The very best papers in the United States, such as the *Tribune* of New York, the *Cincinnati Gazette*, the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, the *Chicago Tribune* and the *Missouri Republican*, were the first to take this stand, by a concerted movement, and they have maintained it bravely. Their influence has imparted a wonderful vitality to political discussion and actions. We are pleased to see that much of the same spirit is manifesting itself in our own press, obedient to the remarkable example set by the people themselves.

A WANT SUPPLIED.

It has been for some years past a common complaint that a good, reliable map of the Dominion does not exist; that the few maps published are unreliable owing either to carelessness in the getting up or to the rapidly increasing number of surveys and the frequent alteration of boundaries.

We have great pleasure in announcing that this much felt want has at last been supplied by the publication of JOHNSTON'S New Topographical Map of Canada, containing the whole of the Dominion, Newfoundland, and a large section of the United States, compiled from the latest and most authentic sources, and revised and corrected up to the date of issue. The size of this new standard map is 7 ft. x 5 ft.; extending from Newfoundland to Manitoba and from Hudson's Bay to the latitude of Baltimore; and drawn on the scale of 27½ miles to the inch. The whole has been compiled from the latest astronomical observations, the Official Surveys and Records of the Department of Crown Lands, as well as from county maps, and local and railway surveys. The territory between Manitoba and Vancouver's Island is given from a separate, and supplementary, map on a scale of 50 miles to the inch. This arrangement admits of the old Provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia being mapped on a scale large enough to shew accurately all *bonâ fide* surveys. For the Great N. W. Territory and British Columbia—where comparatively little has been done in the way of actual survey—a smaller scale answers every purpose. The whole map is thus kept within the dimensions best adapted for general office use.

The following are some of the most important details, which have been collated with great care, from the latest Official Plans and Reports:—Recent Explorations and Surveys in the N. W. Territory; New Boundary Lines Electoral Districts and Divisions; New Townships and Mining Locations; all New Railways; Canals and Colonization Roads; the "Free Grant Lands" and New Settlements; Elevations of the Inland Waters and Mountainous regions above the Sea marked in feet and the correct delineation of all prominent Topographical features.

In connection with the general and detail map there are two supplementary maps—one already mentioned, and the other exhibiting the relative geographical position of the Dominion and other countries, shewing the Great Routes of Travel both by Land and Water; shortest lines of communications; telegraph lines in operation and projected; distances, &c., &c., with much other new and valuable information.

The explored route for the *Canadian Pacific Railway* with its connections—East and West—is accurately laid down from data supplied by the Government Engineer; also, the Route of the *Northern Pacific Railway* (United States), of which a correct plan of the actual location, specially prepared for this map, has been sent to Mr. JOHNSTON by the Chief Engineer.

Special information has also been furnished by the following engineers:—SANDFORD FLEMING, Chief Engineer of the Intercolonial and Canada Pacific Railways; E. P. HANNAFORD, of the Grand Trunk; J. KENNEDY, of the Great Western; O. JONES, of the Great Northern; CHARLES LEGGE, of the Northern Colonization Railway, and the Ottawa and Coteau Railway; General SEYMOUR, of the North Shore Railroad; and W. M. GIBSON, of the Northern Pacific RR.

The compiler has also consulted the following authorities:—Sir W. E. LOGAN'S Geological Map of Canada; the Map of British Columbia by the Hon. J. W. TRUCH; Manuscript Map of the North West Territories by Lt. Col. DENNIS, Surveyor-General; Map of Manitoba by the same; Map of Ontario, by THOS. DEVINE, F. R. G. S.; Map of Quebec, by E. TACHÉ; McMillan's Map of New Brunswick; COLTON'S (U. S.) County and State Maps; and the Map of Canada prepared for the Department of Agriculture under the direction of ANDREW RUSSELL, late Assistant-Commissioner of Crown Land.

As a single example of the fidelity of the new Standard Map we may point to the fact that it gives the results of the United States and Dominion Boundary Survey as far as obtained up to July last, and shows the new acquisition of territory by the United States in the neighbourhood of the Lake of the Woods.

Mr. JOHNSTON has been engaged on the compilation and drawing of this map, unremittingly, for a period of nearly four years, and two years have been spent upon the immense labour of engraving and printing. Neither labour nor expense has been economised in the endeavour to gain for this great Geographical and Topographical work the merit of being the Standard Map of Canada for many years to come.

The manuscript has been submitted to the following eminent authorities, receiving their unqualified approval and recommendation:—ANDREW RUSSELL, Esq., Geographer to the Dominion Government; Lt. Col. DENNIS, Surveyor-General; THOS. DEVINE, F. R. G. S., Surveyor-in-Chief, Ontario, and SANDFORD FLEMING, Government Engineer-in-Chief.

The Map, coloured in Counties, Districts, and Provinces, mounted on cloth, varnished, set on rollers, and furnished in the best style will be delivered to Agents and Subscribers complete in every particular, and ready to hang up. Price to Subscribers \$12.00. Intending Subscribers will please send in their names as early as possible. Parties at a distance will receive their Maps free of any charge beyond the price of subscription.

General Agents throughout the Provinces will find it to their advantage to make early application for the sale of this Map, either to the office of the CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, or to J. JOHNSTON, C. E., 39 Notre Dame Street, Montreal.

THE INTERIOR OF A NEWSPAPER OFFICE.

I.—THE GENUS JOURNALIST.

There is one advantage anyhow. I know what I am writing about, when I undertake to describe the inner workings of a newspaper office. At least, I ought to know, for I have passed through all its grades, have viewed its bright sides and its dark sides, have shared in its triumphs and its humiliations, have slaved in it at only a vulgar pittance a week, and have done its lighter and nicer work at a respectable salary. There is many a lawyer knows nothing about law, many a doctor knows nothing about medicine, many a preacher knows nothing about theology, but I know all about my newspaper. And I love it. Dear old newspaper! I love its narrow galleries covered with hieroglyph corrections like a palimpsest or an Egyptian pyramid. I love the music of its presses thundering in the silent hours. I love the sheet when it is made up, still wet from the forms and faintly redolent of diapers or kitchen towels. But I never read it. That is, I never read my own paper. And least of all, I never read my own articles. We all have a trick that way. I mean the older hands. The younger fellows act differently for a while. After writing and rewriting their paragraphs and correcting the

proofs till a late hour of the night, they rise early next morning and rush for a copy of the paper. They retire to a corner where no one can see them. There they rapidly glance over the paragraphs to see that they are all right. Then they read them over carefully. Next they read them half aloud to be satisfied that they are really musical. Finally, they take a stroll down the street, with the assurance that every one they come across has read them too, and is going to stop to inquire who wrote them. But these novices soon learn better sense. After a few weeks, they give over looking at the paper.

And why? Because they find out that the paper is a humbug. That is a queer thing to say, but alas! it is the truth. *Experto crede Roberto*. Newspapers are humbugs and no mistake. If the people only knew what we knew. There is that venerable old party sitting on the porch of his hotel, with spectacles on nose, deeply absorbed in a leading article, every word of which he takes for gospel. If he knew that that leader was written by a beardless youngster who knows little and cares less about politics, and who dashed off the article only upon "a few hints" of the manager. "Pitch into them lively," was the last thing the manager said when they parted for the night. There is that sentimental young damsel getting into ecstasies over the account of a theatrical or operatic performance and then and there making up her mind that papa or Jimmy must take her there to-night. If she knew that that account was wrenched out of a bored reporter by a suppliant actor or a wheedling actress, or, still more frequently, by the business manager who orders a "big puff," in requital for a lot of "jobbing" done in the office. There is that solemn clergyman reading a pious and learned dissertation on this, that or the other subject of religious controversy. If he knew that the paper in question was dished up, in the dearth of more exciting topics, by a fellow who either does not belong to his church or else to no church at all.

I have sat in my sanctum—I call that a "sanctum," reader, which you would most likely call a den, a room about twelve feet by eight, with a few rickety chairs, a bare table that will rock on its three good legs, and a gazetteer about ten years old, which has the amiable peculiarity of always being minus the one page which I want to consult.—Well, I have sat in my "sanctum," and written letters from Ottawa which were either so good or so bad, that several people have asked me to tell them who the Ottawa man was that wrote them. I have written flaming notices of concerts, readings, lectures and bazaars, at which I was not present, nay frequently before they took place. I have seen long and eloquent *ex tempore* speeches in type, with the "cheers" and the "hear hear," at the right or wrong places, twenty-four hours before the speeches were delivered. More than once, when an alderman in Council or an orator at a public meeting, had made a fool of himself, I have put a really decent speech in his mouth for the morning paper and been heartily thanked for it. On one occasion I saw an alderman accept with much complacency the compliments of a friend on the nice speech I had made for him. After all this, who can wonder that the journalist laughs at the humbug of his profession?

The newspaper man need not necessarily be a cynic or a sceptic, but he sees so much of the secret, selfish ways of men that he cannot possibly pass for an optimist. I doubt whether the priest or the doctor knows more about the miseries and mysteries of life than does the journalist. He has to do with all sorts of people and almost always under exceptional circumstances. The dreadful weapon of publicity which he wields brings suppliants to his feet who carry their heads high in the thoroughfares of men. There are sinners who come to him with confessions that would make the town run wild, if they were published. People talk of the Beecher black-mailing. There is no journalist of any experience who can not tell of the multitudinous and insidious forms of that obsession. The black-mailer sticks at nothing. He has a sliding scale of endearments, from a hundred dollar bill to a glass of whiskey; of menaces, from a six-shooter to a back-bite. And then the favours that the newspaper man is called upon to dispense. Why, his dingy little den is thronged like a throne room. Sardanapalus could not be imagined more bountiful. See the courtiers coming in. There is the intriguing politician—a plague on the scurvy tribe; the begging clergyman; the theatrical manager, with his greasy tickets; the circus agent, with his passes; the patent medicine man; the man with the wonderful new discovery; the poetical contributor; the commercial traveller; the man who wants his name out of the Police Court; the rival insurance agent; the man who is a "particular friend" of the proprietor and last, and, worse than all put together, the female canvasser. Every one of these wants something and wants it for nothing. He or she comes in just when you are the busiest, when you are writing an important article, when your imagination is about to take unto itself wings for a flight into the empyrean. And he or she stops in spite of your hems or your yawns, evidently believing that he or she is called upon to keep you company in your idleness. The best part of the joke is that when you have allowed your good nature to be imposed upon to the extent of granting every one of the favours, these people will not thank you for it and when next they meet you on the street, they will forget all about having ever seen you. How can a journalist be goody or spooney with such experiences?