

Then another proof is pulled and sent to the reviser, who compares it with the original proof, sees that the corrections have been properly made, reads the lines above and below the correction to see that the right line has been replaced, and sends back his revise with his corrections marked on the margin. New lines are printed for these, the galley is again hunted up, and the corrections inserted. Then a revised proof is pulled and sent to the night editor for final revision.

This is not the last of the speech's périls. It has still to pass through the hands of the "make-up man," whose duty it is to place it in the columns of the pages to which it has been assigned by the news-editor, who allots space and supervises the entire news service. The "make-up" man has exceptional opportunities for causing trouble. He must read the glaring reversed type, pick it up by the handful and fit it into place, place the proper heading over it, and do everything backwards. Occasionally paragraphs are reversed or placed in the wrong column, a politician's speech may be put in the mouth of his bitterest opponent. Once a dozen June weddings were placed under the heading "many failures." His errors are fatal; there is

no correcting them, for on papers on this continent proofs of pages are not pulled and revised as they are in England.

As each page is made up it is wheeled off to the stereotyping room, where in an immense steam-heated letter-press a cast is taken of it in prepared paper. This is placed in a half-cylindrical mould and a metal cast made of it. This is filed, trimmed, fluted and sent down an elevator to the press-room in the basement, where it is bolted on the proper cylinder to await the crucial moment when the last page has "gone," the lever is touched and the throbbing press throws out a steady stream of perfect newspapers, each containing, wedged in among 40,000 or 100,000 other words that have run simultaneously through the same perilous course, the words:

"I wanted that statement for another purpose. I believed Ontario, if it was true to itself, should enter upon a new era of development. I am a Canadian by birth, a native of the Province of Ontario. I looked over the field. As Minister of Education for sixteen years, my time fully occupied with the work of education, perhaps some of you will say, I was too busy."

LOVE IS LIKE A ROSE

LOVE is like a rose,
One my fancy chose,
Sleeping, folded round with green,
Crimson, touched with dewdrop's sheen,
Love is like a rose.

Love is like a rose,
One my heart well knows,
Op'ning, glowing 'neath my smile,
Gathered to my heart awhile,
Love is like a rose.

Love is like a rose,
Tend'rest flower that blows,
Waking with the morning sun,
Fading ere the day is done,
Love is like a rose.

Isabel E. Mackay