

The Gripsack.

SAINT JOHN, N. B., - - - - JULY, 1888.

THE GRIPSACK IS OPENED.

“Make it bright, breezy and conversational,” was the usual order of a Boston city editor when he gave a reporter an assignment. It might be anything from a dog fight to a funeral, but the idea was always the same—to make something that people would read.

Some things are not naturally adapted to the bright, breezy and conversational style. A time-table is one of them. Tone its asperities as you will, it is difficult to give it that vivacity which is found in a clergyman’s puff of toilet soap, or a postmaster’s testimonial to the virtues of a kidney cure. Figures and facts detract most seriously from the merits of many an otherwise readable book.

This is one obstacle in the path of making THE GRIPSACK an ideal publication. It must have some facts, as well as some figures. Not too many of them, but just enough to make it useful without being heavy. Like every well regulated gripsack, it will contain what the traveller needs.

Well, what does he need? Some writer of undoubted respectability has said that every man should know where he is and whither he is going. That is what he will find in THE GRIPSACK, without having to carry seventeen time-tables, three guide books, a gazetteer and a chart.

In the gripsacks of some men who have to travel through the State of Maine are articles of an invigorating and enlivening nature. There will be some in this one. There will be a variety to suit all tastes.

Will there be chestnuts?

There will, gentlemen, there will. Every first-class publication has more or less of them. Besides, every good thing is a chestnut with certain commercial travellers who hear it for the first time. But there is no room in THE GRIPSACK for chestnuts that are dessicated and worm-eaten. There will be nothing about La Tour and Acadia, the St. John fire, the Halifax citadel or the tides of the Bay of Fundy. There may be something about Evangeline, for the sake of Conductor Joe Edwards,