

## THE FATAL INK.

“LET physicians rail at the horrible consequences of drink, of excessive smoking, of opium, of chloral, and of morphine the most terrible of all stimulants is ink, the hardest of taskmasters, the most fascinating of enchanters, the breeder of the sweetest dreams, and of the most appalling nightmares, the most insinuating of poisons, the surest of destroyers.” This quotation from one of our latest works of fiction—“The Three Fates, by F. Marion Crawford” is surprising. Surprising because it is found in a novel, surprising because written by one who should know, more than surprising, even startling in its truthfulness. Many have tried to earn a living with pen and ink, and of that many, but few have succeeded; but this is when we consider the author class. The newspaper man never knows when his work is done. His is the profession which destroys the life of the one who engages therein by the long-continuing, never-ceasing brain worry which it entails. As the author says, “He cannot escape the devil that drives him, because he is himself the driver and the driven, the fiend and the victim, the torturer and the tortured.” When the artizan leaves his labor, the merchant his store or the banker his counting house, they leave to a great extent, almost wholly, their work behind them. But with the man who writes with an ambition, the place makes no difference, his work is always with him. There is in his labor an utter absence of mechanical effort. It is all brain work and it is so omnipresent in his mind, that he never rids himself of the idea that he should be writing. Rest seems idleness. Perhaps it is because the reward is meagre, especially to the young writer, the writer who is only beginning to become known, that the work is such a driving, never-ceasing task. Few writers ever take any rest, and when disappointment follows disappointment, and when success never comes, instead of seeking another work, another profession, the writer seeks oblivion. He cuts the thread of life abruptly; or, worn out by his long efforts, he becomes a physical wreck. The few gather the sheaves and the happiness, but even then the labor never ceases. The incentive grows still stronger, the busy brain causes the pen to move on until the machine is worn out and utter exhaustion alone brings a ceaseness.

But the fatal ink draws a man on into the intoxicating work of writing. Success is bliss, non-success only means harder work; it never means a change of work. As the snake holds the bird with its deadly fascinating power, so the printer's ink holds a man long used to writing in its power. This power may or may not be soul-destroying but at least it carries a man away from a taste for any other kind of work.

## AMERICAN VISITORS TO HALIFAX

A LARGE number of the members of the New England and New York press enjoyed an excursion to Halifax, and after spending a few days as the guests of the provincial government and city press left on Saturday evening, the 2nd inst., for home. Mr. Wasson, of the New York *Tribune*, seems to have delighted the Halifaxians with his after-dinner speeches, as did also Mr. Cobb, of the Boston *Home Journal*. Hon. Mr. Longley did the honors for Halifax in the speaking, but many other prominent gentlemen took an active part in entertaining the visitors. Among these were Mayor Keefe, Recorder MacCoy, Stipendiary Molton, and Governor Daly. All the principal attractions in Halifax were visited and several excursions to pleasant points were taken. Before the visitors left they expressed their appreciation of the princely manner in which they had been received and entertained by the citizens of Halifax by the following offering:

“Resolved, that we shall ever retain as one of the happy events of our lives our visit to the city of Halifax, whose unstinted hospitality to us, as shown in the extending of heart and hand, with a welcome that has been unparalleled in its manifestations of deeds as well as words, claims our deepest expression of gratitude and fraternal acknowledgment. And especially would we give expression to our heartfelt thanks for the courtesy and hospitality so freely shown us by His Honor Governor Daly and his most estimable lady, the proprietors of the Halifax and Queen hotels, the city government, the provincial government, the press of Halifax, the owners of the steamboat Whitney, and the Canada Atlantic S. S. line and Plant Steamship line. By all nothing has been omitted that could tend to make our visit of the most delightful character. May the fraternal bonds that have thus been cemented between us be as lasting as our lives, and may the choicest of Heaven's blessings ever rest upon all who have helped to make this week so bright an oasis in our great field of labor and duty, and ever increasing prosperity be the lot of the city of Halifax with all its grand and romantically beautiful surroundings.”

ADVERTISING is the secret of success. Edward W. Bok, of the *Ladies' Home Journal*, is said to be engaged to marry a daughter of the late Lydia E. Pinkham, who is worth half a million dollars made by her mother in judicious advertising of patent medicines.

THE Paper Trade Club of Chicago, representing nearly all the paper manufacturers of the city, is arranging for an interesting display at the World's Fair. The Club expects to put up a complete paper mill on the grounds and show the process of making paper from the pulp into a finished card in the shape of a World's Fair souvenir.