

"SORTE."

A celebrated case—the printer's.

People of many errors—compositors and proof-readers.

A funeral pyre—a printer who "pies" a funeral notice.

What is the difference between a delinquent printer and a mad landlord? One tramps the track and the other tracks the tramp.

Josh Billings says he don't care how much a man talks if he says it in a few words. Good idea for those who write to newspapers.

Spring is upon us, and the young man's fancy will be lightly somersaulting toward thoughts of love just as soon as he can shake his ulster and his influenza.

Most anyone would rather be shot with a rifle than be talked to death by a smooth bore. If you can't see the perfume of that "mild witticism," why just musket.

At a printer's festival the following was given: "The editor and lawyer—the devil is satisfied with the copy of the former, but requires the original of the latter."

The Canadians don't want the Queen to appoint a new man for the Governor-General's chair. They propose to ask her to keep the present Dufferin. Ahem!

Contributors will take notice that we have already more spring poetry than we need. What we want is a liniment that is a dead certainty on rheumatism.—*Rome Sentinel*.

A Brockville, Ont., editor offers to bet \$50 that he knows more about grammar than a local confrere. The confrere declines the verb to bet—that is, he parses.

A farmer was asked why he did not take the newspaper, "Because," he said, "when my father died he left me a good many newspapers, and I have not read them through yet."

The Ladies' National League for the Protection of Indians ought to be called "The Squawlers." We merely say that it was the New York *Telegram* man who said this, and leave him to his fate.

Doctors don't believe in advertising—it's not professional, you know—but let one of 'em tie up a sore thumb for John Brown, and they'll climb up seven pairs of stairs to have a reporter "just mention it, you know."

The foot on the cradle and the hand on the distaff is the sign of a good wife, but we have our doubts about its being a good sign by which to choose a wife, particularly the "foot on the cradle" part of it.

A writer once, in attempting to compliment a certain general as a "battle-scarred veteran,"

was made by the compositor to call him a "battle-scarred veteran." In the next issue the mistake was so far corrected as to style him a "bottle-scarred veteran."

March is marching a—but no matter. We swore a solemn oath not to print that round shouldered old joke this year, and must not, can not, and will not violate our dread compact, let the populace howl for it as they may.

When you hear a man railing at a newspaper because it don't suit his peculiar ideas in its treatment of public matters, you can bet your bottom dollar he stole the reading of every copy he ever read. We never knew it to fail yet.

If a man is to be baptized it ought to be done thoroughly. The other day a convert was immersed, and when he went home he took with him the minister's pocket-book. If he had been held under water for half an hour this accident would never have occurred.

A Western paper has improved on the original plan, and now says: "No communication will be published in this paper unless accompanied by the full name of the writer and a five-dollar bill; these are not requested for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith."

Since weddings are published with "No cards, no cake, nobody's business," affixed, we would suggest that the engagement announcements, which are now appearing in the papers, be supplemented as follows:—"No caller; no company; nobody but Charlie."

The editor of a Western paper is reported to have discovered a Bible on his desk the other day. He at once wrote an elaborate review of it, and was very much disappointed when the foreman brought his copy back and told him it was not a new book.

A newspaper clerk some time ago sold fifty papers to a negro, who promised faithfully to pay for them very soon. The other day the clerk encountered and dunned him. "Look here, you freedman, when are you going to pay for those papers?" "Don't trouble me, boy, don't trouble me," replied cufsee, assuming an air of business, and at the same time getting out of the way. "*I've taken with the bankruptcy—no use to say nuffin more on dat subject.*"

The editor of a rural newspaper wandered to this city the other day and dropped into a church while the Sunday-school services were in progress. He fell asleep, and woke to find a child's paper on his lap. With the true journalistic instinct he picked it up, and he had read through a column and a half of assorted Bible texts when the officiating minister lighted on him, and, laying a patronizing hand on his shoulder, inquired how he liked it. "First rate," was the reply, "and I'm glad to see you credit. But where did you strike your exchange list?"