

THE EDITOR'S FYLE.

The Editor has been occasionally amused at the simple ideas, which the lay public,—if he may venture, by virtue of his office, to assume the clerical garb for the nonce—have of his daily duties. "It must be awfully nice to be an Editor," remarked a charming young damsel, "to read over all the interesting contributions on your file, make your selection, and scribble off something of your own at your leisure" ha! ha! ha! quite a holiday pastime of course, the Editor replied laughing grimly. How different is the real from the fancied picture! The Editor takes from his file the "interesting contributions" and scans them over. One of them, from a lady, commences "Dear Mr. Editor—I fear my last M.S. must have miscarried; it was a thrilling tale of true love, the hero and heroine drawn from life, and it would suit your paper admirably. Do please look it up, for I had half promised a little treat to mamma who is far from well. Yours Caroline." Alas the tale had not miscarried, it was unreadable. Another contribution is from a man who would like to be funny, if he knew how, but unfortunately "he is not built that way" and the Editor—strives in vain to discover the point or wit of the attempted jokes. Then the printer puts in his head yelling "copy, if you please sir" and the Editor—not having a boot-jack handy—, seizes his pen, and dashes off something "at his leisure."

Occasionally there is a brief respite, a contribution which can be issued, comes in, and the Editor sincerely trusts mamma will have her treat, and the roses brought back to her cheeks. We all require an "Antidote" now and then, and the other day when the Editor asked if any more "copy" was required the answer "No" was indeed a relief. Upon the afternoon of that day, a solitary traveller might have been seen wending his way up the mountain, at the base of which stands the fair city of Montreal. Later on the same man was stretched beneath the shade of a large tree calmly smoking the pipe of peace. Need we say that man was the Editor? Let us be thankful even for small mercies.

Mollie—"I wonder why they married. He isn't rich, nor a foreigner; not even an English Lord."

Dollie—"No, and she hasn't any money, nor been on the stage, nor done anything like that. And her father is only a common American, not even a Knickerbocker. I can't understand it."

Mollie (with a bright thought)—"Perhaps—perhaps they were in love."—Brooklyn Life.

CHARACTER SKETCHES.

NO 12. OUR SOCIETY SONGSTER.

There is an excrecence, with which we are afflicted, a kind of tumor, not dangerous but extremely irritating and which we should like to see expunged. We refer to Our Society Songster, who brings his two or three songs With him—whether asked to do so or not—and expects to be invited to the piano, where for half an hour or so, he interrupts the conversation, while he warbles forth some ditty, which is barely audible at the opposite end of the apartment—perhaps its best feature, by the way. We do not mean of course the man who really can sing, and sometimes does, at concerts, as well as in the drawing room, but the man



who never refuses, indeed often throws out hints, by enquiring whether you have heard a certain song, which he has brought with him; Our Society Songster in fact, than whom a greater pest, in a small way, does not exist. We knew a lady once, an excellent musician, who thought to teach Our Society Songster a lesson, and invited him to meet two or three first-class vocal performers, supposing that the contrast between the good singing of the latter and his own puny efforts would crush him for one evening at least. Not a bit of it; after Brown's magnificent tenor voice, (to which it had been a treat to listen), had died away, up to

the piano went Our Songster with a simpering conceit perfectly marvellous, and casting his eyes up to the ceiling, attempted to sing one of Brown's favorite songs. Oh the weary faces as he perpetrated that murder! How is it that we submit to such bores we wonder? Yet for many a season we have met Our Songster at the houses of our friends with his smirking self-satisfied air, so that we have to check a rising tendency in our foot. Will no one rid us of this incubus? we asked of a lady. "He may marry one day" was the rejoinder "and you know sir, nothing so quickly cures a man of conceit, as a good sensible wife."

Oh, the truth of those words! We recalled the days when we too thought no small beer of ourselves, meanwhile Our Society Songster appears to resemble a matrimonial hand of euchre which those engaged in the game invariably "pass." He is not a bad fellow for the greater part of the day, he is steady at business, and has no small vices. But he labors under the abominable delusion that he can sing, and if anyone will dispel that delusion either by marriage or any other process of snubbing—though we know of none so effective—we shall be ready to head the list for a testimonial wedding present anything you like, in return for your enabling us to spend our evenings without being pestered with Our Society Songster.

A REALIST.

Edwin.—What do you think of that artist who painted cobwebs on his ceiling so truthfully that the housemaid wore herself into an attack of nervous prostration trying to sweep them down?

Angelina.—There may have been such an artist, but never such a housemaid.

—Exchange.

DID SHE WIN HIM BACK.

She (showing her birthday gifts)—And, oh, George, here is such a lovely book on etiquette. I mean to let you read it first.

And now she wonders why he is angry.

HISTORY ALWAYS REPEATS ITSELF.

Mamma, I wonder why George Washington never liked to go swimming.

Mamma—I guess he did when he was a little boy.

Ralph—No, he didn't, or he'd a had to told a lie.—From the Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Curiosity.—All the twenty-six letters of the alphabet are contained in the following sentence: "John P. Brady gave me a black walnut box of quite a small size."