

"SORTS."

In the editorial profession many are galled but few are chosen.

Female compositors are continually setting their CAPS for the editor.

A diligent newspaper reader in Lindsay, Ont., subscribes for twenty-two different journals.

If Lorne's "low neck" order keeps in force we see why Canada was termed the Nude Dominion.

A Peekskill beau has just made the startling discovery that a girl's ribs run up and down. Of corset so.

When the printer put it: "'Tis sweet to die for one's county," some way or another he spoiled the poetry of the line.

"Brevier," "Long Primer," "Small Pica" and "Pica," are the names of the four children of the editor of the Hawkinsville, Tenn., *Dispatch*.

He was twitted of his baldness and retorted quite sharply, "Well, there are two things you never saw in this world, a red-headed negro or a bald-headed fool."

Food digests more rapidly if fat be mixed with it. This is particularly true in the case of printers, who get twice as much out of phat as from anything else.

The Hindoos have been figuring again, and they now make out that the earth is 4,000,000 years old. What we most care is to know if it is going to stand about fifty years longer.

Three New York printers have drawn a prize of \$15,000 in the Louisiana lottery. It would be interesting to know how much money New York printers pay yearly for lottery tickets.

It must be rather funny in a London newspaper office to hear the managing editor call out to one of his Baronets in waiting, "Sir George, boil that story about Gladstone and the hatchet down."

A young man wrote to an editor asking where hell is. The editor replied: "Don't know; was never there. Ask your minister." And he wondered what made the minister so cool towards him afterwards.

Men admire their opposites. Your parson admires a soldier; a musty lawyer, the curled darling of fashion; and a newspaper reporter cannot conceal his respect for the man who gets up a first-class oyster stew.

An exchange says the stocking of streams with fish will encourage idleness among the people, who, being furnished with free food, will neglect agriculture. Only an editor brought up on gars and tadpoles could write that way.

An exchange says: "You can't advertise enough in a week to last a whole year, any more that you can eat enough in seven days to last 365; and yet some so-called business men and boarding-house keepers seem to think so."

Mrs. Manorama Mozoomdar, wife of Baboo Grish Chunder Mozoomdar, Minister of the Braisral Brahmo Somai, is the first female pracher in India. We are bound to print the news, if it twists and ruins all the types in our office.

It is entertaining to note the variety of opinion that prevails regarding perfect happiness. The printer, for instance, imagines that the millennium means a time when he will get fifty cents per 1,000 ems and bedstead slats will be used instead of leads.

"Do hogs pay?" asks an agricultural correspondent. We know of some that don't. They subscribe for a paper, read it for a few years for nothing, and then send it back to the publishers, with the inscription, "Refused." Such hogs as they are pay no body if they can help it.

An editor wrote a leading article on the fair sex, in the course of which he said: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are rather fond of beaux." When the paper was issued, he was rather shocked to discover that an unfortunate error had made him say: "Girls of seventeen or eighteen are fond of beans."

"Now, John, do you always, when you are down town engaged in the worry and hurry of business—do you always think of your darling at home?" said the affectionate young wife as she reached up on tiptoe for the parting morning kiss. "Yes, my dear, always." "What always?" "Well—h-a-r-d-l-y always."

A Western editor has discovered that ten acres of sunflowers will supply a family with fuel through a long winter, the wood of the stalk and the oil of the seed making roaring and cheerful fires. But it is going to puzzle a man who only has a yard 20x30 feet to raise ten acres of sunflowers on it in one season, unless he can suspend it in the air and plant on all four sides.

The walking mania, which has been raging in England and the United States for some months past, has reached the Maritime Provinces. Here country editors have a glorious chance to win undying fame. It is only ordinary labor for one of this fraternity to travel a thousand miles in as many hours to raise a thousand dollars—and then return to his hometown with \$49.75 in his wallet.

To newspaper editors, and hare-brained people in general. If you are desirous of keeping your faculties from rusting, I would suggest the adoption of Barff's new method of superheating by steam. This process, amongst other advantages, combines the following: It is warranted not to impair the quality of the article so treated; will resist all ascetic influences, and superinduce emotional feelings of the highest order; promoting a smooth exterior susceptible of an easy polish. It is cheap, simple and effective; and warranted to withstand any reasonable amount of literary rasping and filing!