

## "SORTS."

"Sickness has impaired his health," said a Wisconsin editor, which led a rival to remark: "Yes; it often has that effect."

The author of "I would not live away, I ask not to stay," is eighty years old, and people have lost confidence in him.

The persuasive straw has given place to the twirling spoon, and the cobbler has retreated before the advance of the hot-Scotch.

There is a rumor that short skirts will be worn, and very small bustles. This will be a severe blow to the newspaper business.

A journalist says that the girl of the period prides herself on "being no larger round than a candle." What he means is that she has a taper waist.

The Philadelphia *Public Ledger* has been enlarged. It was cramped for room for elegaic verse. Now let the sluice-gates of the eye be opened.—*T. Falls Reporter*.

"Bright \* of my xisroce! give me an M ~!" said a printer 2 his sweetheart. She made a — at him and planted her *ss* between his 2 ii's, which made him C \*\*\*.

An editor well known in the vicinity of Irvington, N. Y., a very religious sort of a chap, awoke in church last Sunday morning, and yelled out: "Damn it, more copy."

What, and do they impeach printers, too? Now, in France they'd consign them to the "galleys" for life.—If guilty, better "lock 'em up," and give "chase" if they escape.

What is the difference between a printer who works without rolling up his sleeves and the captain of a base ball nine? The one musses his cuffs, and the other cusses his muffs.

An indignant country editor wants to know on what grounds the Centennial managers propose to keep the show closed on Sundays. That's easy. The Exhibition grounds of course.

Every time George Brown is compelled to write "Sir John A. Macdonald" he kicks the poor little "devil" that is waiting for "copy."—*Herald*. The "devil" gets more kicks than coppers then.

The Local of the *Barrie Advance* has joined a Lacrosse club, and has come to the conclusion that the name originated in the practice of "laying 'em across" when playing.—*Stratford Herald*.

It was a printer who perpetrated this double-barreled, breach-loading, pun-conundrum: Why is an old man's farm in Texas like the focus of a sun-glass? Because it's the place where the sons raise meat.

Stumbling into his room he sat down on the edge of the bed and soliloquized thus: Feet wet, tight boots, a sore on one hand, and a felon on t'other, and no boot-jack in z'house. Sings got to be dif'rent—e'er I must get married or get a bootjack; wishall I do?

Fifty cents a "sweat" is the fine for swearing in Freehold, N. J. After a Freehold editor is bored half an hour by a lightning-rod agent, he slips on his coat, hurries outside the limits of the town, says ten thousand dollars worth in ten minutes, and returns to the office feeling greatly relieved.

Many a good-minded mother has innocently warped her son's character by arguing that gray could be inserted into his black pantaloons without the other boys being able to detect the difference.

There is more philosophy and enterprise in a bee's lower extremity, than there is in that class of stick-whittlers who think their mission upon earth is to button-hole editors and tell them just how to run a newspaper.

The *Huron Signal* informs us that the Muskoka is well watered with capes and streams. The old definition in the geography books will have to be revised. Wonder if we couldn't get a cape or two to water our streets with.—*Stratford Herald*.

The *Wochenblatt* is a new paper that has just begun publication in Essex County, N. J. It appears to have been named after poor old Bloss's manuscript, which came as near being a walkin' blot as anything we ever saw a printer cry over.

Never, except on one occasion, was a certain prominent newspaper man of Norwich known to refuse to take a joke, and that was when the boys inked his eye-glasses and sent him home with a lantern to apologize to his landlady for being out till midnight.

A stranger who called recently at the office of a country newspaper on the day of its publication, was surprised to find a notice on the door saying: "Office closed. Paper will be out to-morrow." Upon enquiry, it turned out there was a base-ball match in progress in the suburbs, and all hands had gone out to witness it.

What an editor is. An editor is described as a man who is liable to errors of grammar, toothache, typographical errors, and lapses of memory, and has twenty-five thousand people watching to catch him tripping—a man of sorrow and acquainted with grief; poorly estimated, yet envied by some of the great men he has made.

The *Herald* tells a touching story of a tramp who, after being supplied with some "cold vittles," surprised the lady of the house by calling for a sheet of writing paper, pen and ink. This being brought to him, he beautified the sheet of paper with an elegant design in ornamental penmanship, and in the centre he inscribed in a clear, bold, legible and handsome style, "God Bless Your Home."

There was once a tired editor, who tried to inform his readers that "To-day is the anniversary of the death of Louis Philippe" and was enraged to find in the proof-sheet the name of some unknown Sam Phillips, instead of the French sovereign's familiar appellation. In a fit of disgust, the editor wrote in the margin, "who the hell is Sam Phillips?" and was rewarded by finding in the paper next morning this instructive paragraph:—"To-day is the anniversary of the death of Sam Phillips. Who the hell is Sam Phillips?"

A fair one in Glengary during the late contest exchanged a kiss for a vote. A delicate though delicious kind of bribery, we would say. The *London Advertiser* remarks, in connection with the circumstance, that the prettiest girls are Grits. We presume the *Advertiser* is speaking only for its own city, as we know that the prettiest girls of Brampton are staunch Conservatives, and, we infer, Protectionists also in the kissing business. No Free Trade in an article of such value in Peel County.—*Conserverator, Brampton*.