

"SORTS."

Mr. Swap edits a Minnesota exchange.

Advice to striking printers—keep "composed," but don't get "set up."

The Fillerdelfter Convehghun for revising the spelling of the English langwidge haz ajnerved.

False hair is now made to imitate real hair so closely that it is hardly possible to tell which is switch.

Hamilton was without water for one night, but they never missed it in the *Spec.* or *Times* offices.—*Stratford Herald.*

Our devil said that he was following copy when asked what he was crawling through the window for, after a gust of wind.

The young man who wrote and asked his girl to accept a "bucket" of flowers became a little pale when she said she wouldn't wear it.

A country weekly in cultured Massachusetts has these words under its editorial heading: "Job printing executed with promptness and despatch."

A printer, hard of hearing, at a spelling match the other evening asked the captain to "Write the darned word down so that a fellow can tell what 'tis."

A newspaper biographer trying to say his subject "was hardly able to bear the demise of his wife," was made by the inexorable printer to say, "wear the chemise of his wife."

"Mr. ———, father wants to borrow your paper. He says he only wants to read it." "Well, go back and ask your father to send me his supper. Tell him I only want to eat it."

A correspondent asked if the brow of a hill ever became wrinkled? The editor replied. "The only information we can give on that point is that we have often seen it furrowed."

The *National* twits the *Speculator* on its ignorance of the figures of rhetoric, referring particularly to one called "erotesis." The less "rot" the *Spec.* deals with the better.—*Dundas Herald.*

The "Sceptchina," which is mentioned in our telegraphic despatches from the seat of war, is merely the Servian local legislature. It beats us where that country managed to get all its hard names.

Fahey, of the *Hamilton Speculator*, is writing a serial for the *Montreal Witness*, entitled "the trembling diamond or the shadow of a boot." The scene of the story is laid in the Toronto *Globe* office.—*Strat. Herald.*

He blushed a fiery red, her heart went pit-a-pat; she gently hung her head, and looked down at the mat. He trembled in his speech, he rose from where he sat, and shouted with a screech, "You'er sitting on my hat!"

The *Treeswater News* man has evidently been there. He speaks of the "display of breech-loading rifles, guns, and other breech-loading implements at the Hamilton Provincial Exhibition as the finest we ever saw."—*Brant Union.*

One Ohio editor says of a contemporary who had assumed the part of a mummy in a dramatic performance. "He was obliged to put a little animation into himself to come up with the character, and to wear more recent linen; but that was about all. Nature had admirably qualified him to act the part."

A young printer, having occasion, the other day, to set up the well-known line, "Slave, I have set my life upon a cast!" astonished the proof-reader with the following version: "Slave, I have set my wife upon a cask!"

The *Norristown Herald* contemplates coming out as the champion of the colored race. At least we should judge so by the fact that it gives a receipt to prevent hens from squawking when they are caught at night.—*Strat. Herald.*

An exchange editor who was evidently brought up under a good grandmother, with daily associations of pumpkin pies, exclaims: "The pumpkin-pie season is again breaking upon the nation in full-orbed and transcendent glory."

Lord Byron said "Barabbas was a publisher," and now comes an advertiser in a London paper and proclaims: "Wanted, a situation, either as private detective or as publisher of a weekly newspaper; can be recommended in both capacities."

An editor says: "One hundred years ago we were fighting for liberty. Now we are fighting for bread and butter." He holds his age well; but it must be a sad and painful spectacle to see a man over one hundred years old fighting for bread and butter! We hope his subscribers will pay more promptly.

A Western editor, thinking to stock his depleted larder, advertised "Poultry taken in exchange for advertising." The villainous compositor, seeing his opportunity to pay up a long standing grudge, set it up—"Poetry taken," &c.—and since that time the office boy has been clearing fifty cents a day from the waste paper man.

"Is there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" said a very red-faced youth, with the cork of a bottle sticking out of his breast pocket. The editor with much dignity took the man's intellect in and said, "An opening? Yes, sir; a kind and considerate carpenter foreseeing your visit left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

The *London Advertiser* intimates that the police court in that city is now being held in the old quarters, and the reporters are no longer required to take the reports on their shirt cuffs. We wonder if, in these hard times, newspaper men will afford to wear clean ones, even though police notes are not taken on them.—*Essex Times.*

The *Dresden Times* relates that the editor of the *Ridgetown Plaindealer* had an adventure the other night in which he received a practical demonstration "that love is blind." A couple out driving, ran into his buggy, and nearly overturned it. They never unlocked arms, they never stirred from their position, but a male voice said, "Jane, darling, are you hurt?" And they passed on.

The old man with the scythe and hour glass came shambling up to the editor's couch last week, but passed by without leaving his card. By the aid of a small apothecary shop, embracing the whole list of proprietary medicines, and "yarbs," kindly prescribed by thoughtful friends, he, however, hopes to be able to get around again in a few days. The barren local columns this week, we are ashamed of, but we do not know how such a thing can be helped so long as editors are as liable to be sick as other hardworking mortals, and no one hazy to do their work.—*Turners Falls Reporter.*