

## "SORTS."

Why is a good compositor like a rooster? Because he hardly ever "lays."

"Take away women and what would follow?" asks a writer. Stag-nation of course.

Isn't it almost time for the fleshy old girl in the Anti-Fat advertisement to begin to get thin?

The right kind of a man will always have his life insured. It gives his wife's second husband such a good start.

Cass county, Mo., it is said, will raise \$50,000 worth of castor beans this year. Her physical resources are good.

A Newark printer, who recently married a woman nearly twice his avoirdupois, explained that he never could resist a "fat take."

When children get a few cents they generally spend them for candy. When they get older they learn to save their money to buy a § of 1&.

We read very often of money being sent to the Treasury Department as conscience money; but we never yet heard of a delinquent subscriber being conscience-stricken.

When a man reaches the top of a stairway and attempts to make one more step higher, the sensation is as perplexing as if he had attempted to kick a dog that wasn't there.

A talkative woman, with a subscription list in one hand and a lead pencil in the other, will clean out our composing-room quicker than a case of yellow fever.—*Elmira Gazette*.

There isn't as much fuss made over the inauguration of a boy's first pants pocket as there is over the laying of a corner stone, but there are more things put in it.—*Fulton Times*.

We have been often told that there was a future in store for us, but we have never found the store where it was kept. It must be one of those establishments that do not advertise.—*Koekuk Constitution*.

Some men will spend \$15 per week to send an advertising wagon around the streets for the benefit of corner loafers and school children, and then curse a newspaper because "advertising" doesn't pay.

A newspaper having said, "The book agent's days are numbered," an anxious correspondent hints:—"Let us know the number, please. If it runs out in a month or so we shall abandon negotiations for a bull dog."

An excursionist to the White Mountains gave an old lady a drink of cold tea, and she died next day and left him a legacy of \$20,000. Such things are occurring every day, yet some men hate to be seen with a bottle.

Medical experts say that the use of fluids at meals is a hindrance to digestion. But you just attempt to get a square meal at a free lunch counter without imbibing some fluid, and see what the bar-keeper will say—or rather what he will do.

An American tourist was visiting Naples and saw Vesuvius during the recent eruption. "Have you anything like that in the New World?" was the question of an Italian spectator. "No," replied Jonathan, "but I guess we have a mill-dam that would put it out in five minutes!"

A flea is a lively and sportive little creature—so little, in fact, that it requires a good eye and quick sight to catch more than one glimpse of him in a lifetime—but mathematical science feels itself a toddling infant when it undertakes to figure up and explain how big it would be if it could be photographed with its mouth open.

They were sitting together, and he was ardently thinking what to say, when he finally burst out in this manner: "In this land of noble achievements and undying glory, why is it that women do not come to the front and climb the ladder of fame?" "I suppose," said she, biting her apron-strings, "it's on account of their pull-backs."

Next to chasing a street car, with the thermometer at 100°, the best way to amuse one's self is to try to pick a knot out of a shoestring. A man jerks away at it for a moment, then says, "Darn it!" hauls out his knife and cuts it. A woman picks away with a vindictiveness that only a well regulated female possesses; the quieter she is, the madder she is getting. When she gets through she rocks very fast, and it is not a good time for George to ask her if the buttons are on his shirt.

As nearly all other industries have sent deputations to Ottawa, asking protection from the Government, why should not printers press their claims for fair play? The *Mitchell Advocate* suggests that a deputation be appointed to go to Ottawa and demand the following changes: That every man be compelled to take a newspaper; pre-payment of subscription to be compulsory, or, in default, imprisonment in the common jail for one year, with hard labor; no paper to be published in a town with a less population than 2,000; cheating the printer to be a capital offence; and that no man over six feet in height be allowed to run a hand-press.

The *Scottish American* says: The following is said to be the prayer of a disappointed Scot-man on his arrival in Canada from Scotland:—  
O Lord, we thy disobedient children approach thee this night i' the attitude o' prayer (an' likewise o' complaint). When we came tae Canady we expectit tae fin' a lan' flowin' wi' milk an' honey. Instead o' that we f'und a place peopled wi' ungodly Irish. Scoor them oot; drag them ower the mooth o' the bottomless pit; but ye needna let them drap in; drive them tae the ootermast pairts o' Canady. Rather mak' them hewers o' wud an' drawers o' water; but, O Lord, ne'er mak' them magistretes, members o' Parliament, nor any kind o' rulers over the people. An', O Lord, gine ye hae got ony lan' tae gie awa' gie it tae thine "ain peculiar people"—the Scotch. An' the praise an' the glory will be a' thine ain—Amen.