

"SORTS."

Recognized rank—Boarding-house butter.

The character that needs law to mend it is hardly worth the tinkering.

Matchless.—Sandy: "Hae ye a licht, Tonal?" Tonal: "Ah; but it's oot."

An advertisement travels and works while the merchant is asleep and his store is closed.

It may not be generally known that editors get one important item of subsistence at a low price; they get bored for nothing.

The girls like the new song, "Put your armour on, my boys." It sounds so much like "Put your arm around me, boys."

Why is an author looking for writing fluid like a coroner discharging the duties of his office? Because he is holding an ink-quest.

When a loafer enters the sanctum of a busy editor, and when the editor says, "Glad to see you're back," what does he mean?

The *Western Whangdoodle*, *Tough Citizen*, *Smooth Coon*, *Sunday Loafer*, and *Baby Mine* are the names of newspapers in Kentucky.

A religious weekly lately published an article "How to take a missionary collection." Show us the collection, and we will find a way to take it.

It is a well-known truism that people learn wisdom by experience. "A man," says Jones, "never wakes up his second baby to see it laugh."

The *Utica Observer* truthfully remarks, when a printer sets on a poem it is bound to be printed, but when an editor sets on a poem it will never be printed.

The Canucks are making a tremendous racket over Lorne and Louise. They cannot correctly be called the Queen's dumb-minions.—*Boston Traveller*.

A Connecticut editor, having been elected fence-viewer, calls on all who have fences to be viewed to bring them to his office, under penalty of the law.

A devoted husband says the phonograph is simply a machine that "talks back," and that he has had one of that kind in his house ever since he was married.

"When a man's chin whiskers turn gray before the hair on his head does, it shows which part of him has done the most work," observed a philosophical exchange.

Mr. Herring, editor of the *Petrolia Advertiser*, is the happy possessor of a pair of twin boys. The local press are in dispute as to whether they are herrings or suckers.

An Indiana editor says: "It is just as easy for a child to fall into a tub of cold water as into a tub of hot water, and yet we never read of a child's falling into a tub of cold water."

When a man lifts his hat to a lady he mistakes for an acquaintance, and discovers that she is a

stranger, it requires a great deal of tact to make believe that he is only scratching his head.

An editor pitched into a judge and called him "a porous *nisi prius* creature, but the compositor set it up, "a glorious, wise, and pious nature." The judge, on the whole, was pleased with the attack.

A compositor, in setting up the toast: "Woman — without her, man would be a savage," got the punctuation in the wrong place, which made it read: "Woman without her man, would be a savage."

An enthusiastic editor wrote after the convention, "The battle is now opened;" but, alas! the intelligent compositor spelt "battle" with an "o," and his readers say they have suspected it all along.

An editor's wife never goes through her husband's other trousers pockets to strike a package of love letters. Editors are not like the wicked, unfaithful men of the world—editors rarely have the other trousers."

"Dinnis, darlint; och, Dinnis, what is it you're doing?" "Whist, Biddy, I's trying an ixpariment." "Murder! what is it?" "It's mesilf that's giving *hot water* to the hens, so they'll lay *bil'd aigs!*"

A good woman lately died in Ohio, whose judgment and christian qualities reminds us of some of our townspeople. She left by will \$113 for the establishment and conduct of a daily paper for one year.

The *Winnipeg Free Press* says: "If you want a notice in this paper to advertise your business interest, insert it as an advertisement. No more 'deadhead' advertising under the name of 'locals.'" Good! Next!

As a note of travel — on foot — the remark of a tramp who was begging something to eat is the best on record. He was so thin, he said, that when he had a pain he couldn't tell whether it was a stomach ache or a back ache.

Last year a country editor offered his paper one year for the largest water-melon. The offer has not been repented this season. Instead of doubling up his subscription list by the grand scheme, the melon did nothing but double up the editor.

The editor of the *Boston Globe* really believes in the theory that the earth's size is increased by meteor dust at the rate of a ton a day. So it is meteor dust, is it, which makes the earth bulge up toward you as you walk home of an evening towards morning?

A tramp printer recently visited Coaticook and worked upon the sympathies of our namesake over there, who believes that "charity begins at home," to the extent of about eight dollars, for which he did a few hour's work. Our conferee announces himself still a believer in foreign missionary enterprize, provided the heathen are kept as far away as possible.—*Cocansville Observer*.