

"SORTS."

Why is a newsboy like a cucumber? Because the older he grows the more of a yeller he'll be.

An exchange is very anxious to know whether poverty is a crime. If it is we shall have to confess that we know some mighty mean men.

A boarding-house mistress, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points, the weak points being her coffee, and her strong points being her butter.

Strips of lead are used by many girls in frizzing their hair, as it does the thing better than newspapers. Thus, step by step, the press is losing its grip.

The editor of the *Weston Landmark* asks his readers to excuse the "looks of his paper," as he is in bed from the effects of a fight with a delinquent subscriber.

Why is it that people boot a dog and shoo a hen?—*Boston Transcript*. And foot a bill?—*Philadelphia Bulletin*. And slipper round the corner when they see their tailor?

"Down here, in summer-time, we take things easy," says a Texas paper; and then, as if to confirm the statement, there appears in the next column an account of "Three men killed at a Camp Meeting."

A Western editor, who doesn't know much about farming any way, suggests that for garden-making a cast-iron back, with a hinge in it, would be an improvement on the spinal column now in use.

What most Canadian newspapers lack in brightness is compensated for in the lengthy string of patent medicine puffs, which invariably occupies the best position in the paper.—*Turners Falls Reporter*.

Fame is tardy in reaching some men, but if a man is deserving it is bound to strike him sooner or later. A Berks county editor has had a blue-and-red canal boat named after him.—*Norristown Herald*.

They were courting clandestinely over the fence, and she had just remarked: "Yes, love, the eyes are the windows of the soul," when suddenly the old man closed in on him with a club, and his soul hasn't been able to see out of doors since.

A news-agent on the Central Road—one of those young fiends who hurl oranges and prize-packages at you—has fallen heir to \$40,000. Thus was it ever, and thus will it ever be. Next we shall hear that a book-agent has struck a bonanza.

"Do you say your prayers regularly every night and morning?" asked a sympathetic lady of a little shoe-black to whom she had just given a trifle. "I allus sez'um at night, mum; but any smart boy can take care of himself in the daytime," was the little rogue's reply.

There is a village in New Hampshire which has produced twenty-six editors, and it was in allusion to this circumstance that a pious old deacon remarked: "Yes, there were twenty-six on 'em, but as they've all left town, I reckon the Lord won't lay it up agin us."

"Newsmania" is a new species of insanity. The persons afflicted bore editors to death, never pay their subscriptions, sponge all the puffs and advertising they can, and generally die a miserable death, cheered in their last moments by grinning imps and miserable printers.

An editor says, in a recent letter to a friend, "At present I am in the country, recovering from fourteen years' editorial life.—bad eyes, crooked back and broken nerves, with little to show for it." Any one would think the three articles enumerated were quite enough to show for it.

The following is a literal copy of an address upon a letter recently mailed in Boston: "For mister patrick Davy Crarston, rhode island in the state of neu york to be Handed to bridget oflaherty teu be handed for her sister ann madigan pautucket rhode island teu remain in the post ofis till called for monday week."

A man will go to his grocer's and buy a barrel of flour without presuming to dictate to the tradesman what color of wrapping paper he shall use; but that same man will subscribe for a newspaper in the belief that his subscription fee has bought the editor, body and soul! Now is the time to subscribe!

Even a newspaper man finds it hard sometimes to believe everything he sees in print. At any rate that's the way it affected us the other day when a nine-year-old boy appealed to our generosity by laying before us a card setting forth in unshrinking double pica that he was a widow and the mother of five children. Now there's no fancy in this—pure undiluted truth—*Cincinnati Breakfast Table*.

My son, there is one thing which agreeth not with the digestion of an honest man, yes, there are three things which his soul abhoreth: To hear a man declaim against the merits of his local newspaper whilst he is yet in arrears to the printer; another taking pleasure excursions with the funds that should have gone towards liquidating his last year's grocery bill; ay, even to see a repentant sinner with a blue ribbon in his button hole and his whiskey bill unpaid; all this is vanity and vexation of spirit.

Part of one of the evenings of the union week of prayer lately, was taken up, by order of the Evangelical Association, in praying for "editors and publishers." The Press of course, gratefully acknowledged the practical attentions of the Association on their behalf, but we think a word should have also been put in for church-elders and town councillors, as apart from the apparent fitness of the thing, the editorial fraternity have no desire to monopolise what is good and purifying in any matters, temporal or spiritual.