

"SOBTS."

It is said that the Brantford *Expositor* has on hand a new spring suit—a libel suit.

A sentiment for printers: May you always be able to justify yourselves by giving clean proofs of your actions.

If editors printed everything they are asked to print, and suppressed everything they are asked to suppress, how little their journals would deserve to be called *newspapers*.

"Mamma, I know why papa calls you honey," triumphantly cried a youngster. "Because he thinks I am sweet, dear!" "No, it's because you have so much comb in your hair."

They say that the Indian name for editor is "Worak-to-che-nesh-he-kaw-haw." That's what we always thought it was. It means "tired and hungry," probably.

The author of a work called "Three Words to the Drunkard," asked Theodore Hook to review it. "Oh! my dear fellow, that I will do in three words—"Pass the bottle!"

Mr. Gough and Mr. Murphy says we must not drink malt and spirituous liquors; Dio Lewis says coffee and tea are poisonous; the *Herald of Health* cautions us against drinking ice-water. What can we drink, anyhow!

A person who had obtained a free railway pass, asked the road agent if "he could not embrace his wife." "Probably," the official answered, "but I prefer to see her before promising positively."

It is when a dry goods clerk of ninety-seven pounds weight attempts to help from a farm-wagon a farmer's wife of two hundred and three pounds weight, that the reporter seats himself contentedly on the curbstone and waits for the catastrophe.

How is it that people can never see for themselves what is in the newspaper. You may bet your boots if any one has occasion to write to a newspaper about something personal to himself he will commence: "Sir, my attention has been called," &c.

The Lowell *Courier* says so much trash has not proceeded from the pen of any other writer of the present century, as from the pen of Jules Verne. The *Courier* does gross injustice to some of our writers for boys, though we suppose it is unintentional.

An exchange informs us that "an Iowa school mistress has been discharged, because, for the amusement of the children during recess, she stood on her head. One of the trustees chanced to see the feat." He must have been blind if he had not seen her feet.

Somehow or other, says the *Hawkeye* man, there is something in the expression in the eye of a venerable William goat, as he lurks around

a livery-stable waiting for an incautious customer to come in and order a rig, that makes you think of the Russian army at Constantinople contemplating the movement of the British fleet.

An exchange received the following answer: "Stop sending me the jernel enny more ass you dident notis the bigg hog me husband butchered sunday and it dont fit my pantry shelvz ennyhow. The husb—no, the "hogg" weighed 387.

COUNTRY JOURNALISM.—Editor to Amateur Reporter (and it was a fact, too): "Well, how much will the report of the meeting make?" Novice: "Eh! Well, maybe a column." Editor: "Too much. Give half." Novice (with perfect *sang froid*): "Yes, Sir—*which half*."

A man, to whom some wonderful story was told on the authority of a penny paper, declined to believe it, saying he distrusted all he saw in "cheap prints." "Why shouldn't you believe the cheap papers," he was asked, "as soon as others?" "Because," was the ready answer, "I don't think they can afford to speak the truth for the money."

The art of advertising is being brought down to a decidedly fine point; and when an agent sends you an inch advertisement to insert at your very lowest rates, and accompanies it with a six inch local notice, which he wants put in for nothing, you can't help but admire his acreage of "cheek," and wish you had a gun that would shoot a hundred miles, and kill the fellow you are thinking of, without taking aim.

Nine o'clock, a. m.—"I lay my hand on my heart and forever forswear the use of intoxicating beverages."

Ten a. m.—"No, thank you. I lay my hand on my heart and forever forswear the use of intoxicating beverages."

Eleven a. m.—"Nuck, don't drink. Laid my han' on m' heart's morning, an' forever forswore the use of intoxicating beverages."

High noon.—"Norrahit. Laid my han' on my heart 'sh morning and frever forswore th' use of intoxicating beveragesh."

2:00 p. m.—"Firsh time doeshn't count. But 'sh morning laid m'—hic—hand ommy heart, and forever forshwore use of intoxicating bevalages."

4:00 p. m.—"Settemudpagain! Thish lasht time. Laymy han nommy—hic!—heart, and fullvever foshwear use of intoxicatated bellavages."

10:00 p. m.—"Lamrod, fill th' fuf—fuf—hic!—fuf—flowing bo—hic!—owl! He'sh jolly goo' ful-feller! Lesh felllever f'shwear use of tockshicadel bevalages."

11:00 p. m.—"Whoop pee! I'm al' n'! 'Smatter 'ith 'em on. Lesh fever f'ahwear hic—tocksh—f'shwear tockshy—tocksh—tocksh—head!"

(The bell strikes twelve. Mr. Duffy takes no note of time.)