

"SORTS."

A Printer's stick—Pine 0.

You can't tell the age of an "old saw" by looking at its teeth.

1 of 10 h-8s a k-g. — *Whitehall Times*. & e o 2.—*Syracuse Times*.

Sam. Ward, the eater, say it takes two to enjoy a canvass back duck—you and the duck.

When the contribution box comes round, if you don't give a cent you should nod, and nodding is assent.

Sam—"John, do you think my poetry makes music?" John—"Don't know, Sam, but it makes me sick."

There would be little use for a skylight in a composing room if we had no skylight. Do you see it, my sun?

When is a compositor like a careless post office official? When he distributes the letters in the wrong boxes.

When the British began to make the Afghans smoke, some cruel paragraphist arose and said the whole war was Ameer-sham.

Water twenty-five cents a barrel.—*Sydney Telegram*, Nebraska. Can't afford to use much of it in your whisky, at that rate, eh?

The Brockville, Ont., *Recorder* wants eight cents per line for publishing original poetry. Most papers would ask eight dollars.

When a boy becomes ashamed to sit on his mother's lap, he's probably in business for himself—holding somebody else on his lap.

An exchange asks: Why is it that editors never commit suicide? Likely it is because the druggists won't sell strychnine on long time.

An old lady being asked to subscribe to a newspaper declined on the ground that when she wanted news she manufactured it herself.

The *Turners Falls Reporter* man talks about a \$15 pair of pantaloons just as glibly as though his overalls passed current for that article of wear.

Charitable lady.—"Poor man! If it were possible to procure work, what situation would suit you best?" Tramp.—"Lady's companion, mum."

Some fleshy people are throwing away money on this anti-fat medicine. Why don't they start a newspaper and reduce themselves.—*Wheeling Leader*.

A woman can't put on any side-saddle style when she goes in swimming. She has either got to kick out like a man or get drowned.—*Wheeling Leader*.

With four metallic qualifications a man may feel pretty certain of worldly success. They are gold in his pocket, silver in his tongue, brass in his face and iron in his heart.

The foreman of the *State Democrat* is a lady. She can make up a form in as good style,

with as little bustle as anybody. Of corset it is understood she has no pullbacks.

Peach brandy enters into the mucilage composition on postage stamps; so when you see the next drunken man don't lay it to whiskey. He may have just mailed a letter.

An old man in Virginia City, Nev., having regained the power of speech after five years of paralysis, does little else but swear. It is said that he is making up for lost time.

We hear of a paragrapher who has so far reformed as to become a boarding-house keeper. If he is like some of his former journalistic congeners he can bring a ripe experience to bear on the "hash" problem.—*Stanford Advocate*.

The *Washington Post* knows Maud Granger, and knows that she used to be a type-setter. As a type-setter Maud might have been a success, but it strikes us she don't understand padding well enough to make a good night editor.

A Pittsburg Alderman, being dunned by a newsboy for a 35-cent bill, made him swear that the bill was correct, and charged him 50 cents for administering the oath. This experience may save the newsboy thousand of dollars when he grows up.

An Irish editor, claiming the invention of everything from potatoes to potheen for the Green Isle, gravely claims the pianoforte, and he does it thus: "The pianoforte of the present day is simply the Irish harp, placed horizontally in a long box, and played by machinery."

An editor in Michigan thus bids farewell to his readers, his paper having expired: "Good-by! Toll the bell gently! This is your last kick. Handle us with care! Lower us gently to rest! We die a natural death! The wolf is at our door! Bury us under a rose bush! Listen to the mocking bird!"

A bright school girl claims that by analogy Phtholagnyrrh, is the proper mode of spelling Turner, and gives this table to explain her theory:

First—Phth(as in phthisis) is.....	T
Second—olo(as in colonel) is.....	UR
Third—gn (as in gnat) is.....	N
Fourth—yrrh(as in myrrh) is.....	ER

The compositor who was told he might, when setting up a speech, insert "loud applause" or "cheers" in order to fill out a line, was summarily discharged when he made the application general and set up an obituary notice as follows: "The announcement was made yesterday that our highly respected citizen, Mr.—, fell down dead in the street—(loud applause)," etc.

One of our newspaper forms—the third page—was made into "pi" after our last week's edition was worked off, and we have seen many things which cause more pleasure.—*Ingersoll Tribune*. This is a nice way of putting it. Why not confess that the air was blue around that office for the space of half an hour, and that there was a greater display of "pi" than pi-ety?—*Sentinel Review*.