

CUNNABELL'S NOVA (7) SCOTIA ALMANAC.

Random Readings.

Exciting Sympathy.—Wot, Charley, my rum 'un, said a street vocalist to a friend in a smock frock and woollen nightcap, whom he had just met, Wot do you mean by that ere dress? You havn't,—no, it can't be; I ain't going to think so meanly of you—you havn't took to work, surely? Work! said the friend, evidently stung to the soul by the base insinuation, do you take me for a ass? No, sir, I have not took to work, neither is my intention sick. Then Wot's that 'ere short smock frock and nightcap for? Wot for? Why, to excite sympathy, as they calls it. I'm a doin' the *Henglish hoperative* turned out of *France*, and it's one as pays uncommon well.

Boarding-house Wooing.—A love-sick swain, desirous to indicate the extent and character of his love for the empress of his heart, cried out—Ah! Miss Brown, Miss Brown, my affection for you is as strong as—as—as—the butter they gave me for dinner! She was satisfied, as she boarded at the same house. The bargain was struck, and they were married.

'Taint like.—A certain lawyer had his portrait taken in his favorite attitude—standing with one hand in his pocket. His friends and clients all went to see it, and everybody exclaimed, 'Oh, how like him! it is the very picture of him! An old farmer only dissented—'Taint—no it ain't, responded the farmer. Don't you see he has got his hand in his own pocket? 'Twould be as like again if he had it in somebody else's.

Good.—You are from the country, are you not, sir? said a dandy clerk in a Book Store to a homely dressed Quaker who had given him some little trouble.

Yes.
Well, here's an essay on the rearing of calves.

That, replied friend —, as he turned to leave the store, thee had better present to thy mother.

Quite a Flood.—A lady in a paroxysm of grief was said to have shed torrents of tears. Poor thing remarked an unfeeling punster, she has had a *cataract* in each eye.

Reflection.—A wise man of Gotham, who chanced to be a little deaf, looked into the glass while speaking, to see how his voice sounded to other people.

Always perfect.—In the hurry of a daily business, little mistakes will happen now and then. Nothing is perfect except one's baby.

CUNUNDRUMS.

Why is a dog moving without feet like perpetual motion? Because he goes without paws (pause.)

We have often found it a difficult matter to preserve beef steak soft and tender for any length of time after procuring it in market, the ordinary method of salting is sure, more or less, to harden it, and render it less palatable. Speaking of this matter not long since to a friendly friend of ours, she remarked that she had heard it said that beef enveloped in corn meal would keep for a considerable length of