

ODDITIES.

Ministers will have their little jokes like other people. "Come over and preach for me to-night," said a divine to a clerical friend whom he met on the street, not many days since. "I can't to-night," was the reply; "I'm almost down with a headache." "Well," drolly observed the other, "I guess you can do it, for if you preach as you usually do, you won't have to use your head any!" Then they both laughed, and pinched each other in the ribs, and said it was a good one, just as heartily as if they had been the worst kind of sinners all their lives.

Not long since a colored woman obtained a position in a Southern family as cook. A few days afterwards she met an acquaintance, who enquired how she liked her new place.

"Ise gwine to leab em," was the answer.

"Dey 'buses you, does they?"

"Dreffel. Wuss den foah de 'bellion. Dey locks all de pervisions, and asks foah de change from de market money,"

"Why, dat's no better, den stealin'!" was the indignant answer.

A very brilliant success has been attained which was very easily foreseen by the magnificent outlay of furs at Mr. H. L. COTE'S, 128 Rideau Street.

The other day a minister offered prayer at the laying of a corner-stone. A brisk young reporter bustled up and said:

"I wish you would give me the manuscript of that prayer."

"I never write out prayers," replied the preacher.

"Well," said the reporter, "I couldn't hear a word you said."

"I was'n't praying to you," quickly responded the parson.

In Cote's well fitted establishment one can find a very large assortment of Fur Caps for Ladies and Gentlemen, Boas, Muffs and Buffalo Robes, and also a variety of articles necessary to the public in this season of the year.

We take great pleasure in inducing our readers to pay a visit to Mr. H. L. Cote's store, they will surely come out satisfied. No store in Ottawa contains finer and cheaper articles than at the well known establishment of Mr. H. L. COTE, 128 Rideau Street.

"Mother-in-law" is the name of a new mixture of ale. It is old and bitter, and comparatively few can swallow it.

What are they which, though always drunk, are never intoxicated? Toasts.

CONUNDRUMS.

Why is dew like a falling star? One is mist on earth, and the other missed from heaven.

Why is a solar eclipse like a woman whipping her boy? Because it's a hiding of the sun.

What is the difference between the North and South Pole? All the difference in the world.

Why have chickens no hereafter? Because they have their necks twirled (next world) in this.

When will there be only twenty-five letters in the alphabet? When you and I are made one.

Why is a lawyer like a restless man in bed? Because he first lies on one side and then on the other.

Why is a drunkard like a bad politician? Because he is always poking his nose into measures that spoil the constitution.

Why is a compositor like a cripple? Because he can't get on without a stick.

WHAT HE WANTED IT FOR.

Those who attended the sale of animals from Barnum's hippodrome in Bridgeport, the other day, report the following occurrence. A tiger was being offered. The bid run up to forty-five hundred dollars. This was made by a man who was a stranger, and to him it was knocked down. Barnum; who had been eyeing the stranger uneasily during the bidding, now vent up to him and said—

"Pardon me for asking the question; but will you tell me where you are from?"

"I own South a bit," responded the man.

"Are you connected with any show?"

"No."

"And are you buying this animal for yourself?"

"Yes."

Barnum shifted about uneasily for a moment, looking alternately at the man and the tiger, and evidently trying his best to reconcile the two together.

"Now, young man," he finally said, "you need not take this animal unless you want to; for there are those here who will take it off your hands."

"I don't want to sell," was the quiet reply.

Then Barnum said in his desperation.

"What on earth are you going to do with such an ugly beast, if you have no show of your own, and are not buying for some one who is a showman?"

"Well, I'll tell you," said the purchaser. "My wife died about three weeks ago. We had lived together for ten years, and—and I miss her." He paused to wipe his eyes, and steady his voice, and then added, "so I've bought this tiger."

"I understand you," said the great showman in a husky voice.

BRIEFS.

Something that will soon be leaving us—the leaves.

Bakers are a crusty lot of fellows, and fond of loafing.

Carpenters are given to vice—they do so much chiselling.

It doesn't take long for a man with a small mind to make it up.

"Mike, will you come in and take a drink? Mike looked at the man for the space of half a minute, and then rolling his eyes upward very softly said "T'ot it was an angel spaking to me."

X. is sordidly mean, though very rich.

"Mean?" said an acquaintance, "why he wouldn't give you anything—not even a hearing if you were in need."

"I don't know," replied the other, "but he might lend you an ear."

"Is there an opening here for an intellectual writer?" said a very red-faced youth with the cork of a bottle sticking out of his breast-pocket. Botter, with much dignity, took the man's intellect in and said, "An opening? Yes, sir; a kind and considerate carpenter, foreseeing your visit, left an opening for you. Turn the knob to the right."

"What do we call money?"—*Tribune*. Well by several or more names. Some describe it as "spondulux," some as "the stuff," some as "the sugar," some as "rhino," some as "spoons," some as "the ready," others as "brads." The French call it "l'argent," the English "the needful," in Mexico, "casting." In the South it is "rocks," in the East "tin," in the West "rags," in Canada it goes by the name of "spelter." Hereabouts it is "short."

If we may believe the reporter of an Illinois paper, they have terrible autumn gales in that State. On one occasion 'a dog, while attempting to weather the gale, was caught with his mouth open and turned completely inside out.

Bangs wanted to move from the residence of his wife's mother and occupy rooms in one of his tenement houses. "A pretty idea," exclaimed Mrs. B., indignantly, "live with our tenants indeed?" replied Bangs, "I'd rather live with eleven aunts than one mother-in-law."

Just received a great lot of Dry Goods, cheaper than ever, at H. H. PIGEON & Co., 551 Sussex Street.