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BEST GOODS SELLING AT LOW PRICES. F. BEATTIE & CO., DUNDAS STREET.

HUMOROUS.

Everybody wishes to be well off, including the man on a vicious horse.

Teacher—"What is an abbreviation?" Schol—"A shortening." Teacher—"Yes; give me an example." Schol—"Some folks use butter, but mother says hog's head is good enough for anybody."

A village pedagogue, in despair with a stupid boy, pointed out the letter A, and asked him if he knew it. "Yes, sir," "Well, what is it?" "I know him by sight, but I can't name his name."

When a young man in Ohio went to a neighbor's dairy to see his sweetheart, who had charge of the institution, and asked timidly of the old man, "How is the milkmaid?" The old man angrily slammed the door in his face and muttered, "Our milk isn't made; it's got from cows."

"I have little about me, but that little we will share," said a Dublin queen's counsel to an ugly customer who, with a menacing air, asked for rent at night in the Q. C. as he drew it from his pocket, "has six chambers. I will give you three."

A Quincey small boy was looking at some Scriptural engravings, and gazed long and earnestly upon a representation of Adam and Eve in their primitive dress. Turning to his mother he asked, "Ma, didn't Adam and Eve wear any clothes?" "No, my son." The lad reflected a moment and said, "By hokey, though but I'll bet the mosquitoes just made them hump themselves lively."

A Yankee in Paris, who was listening to the boasts of English and French artists, about the wonderful genius of their respective countries, at last broke out and said, "Oh, pshaw! You get out; why there's Bill Devine, of our village, who can paint a piece of cork so 'zactly like marble that the minute you throw it into the water it will sink to the bottom just like a stone."

A story is told of a shrewish Scotch woman who tried to wean her husband from the public house by employing her husband to act the part of a ghost to frighten John on his way home. "Who are you?" said the guinman, as the apparition rose before him from behind a bush. "I am Auld Nick," was the reply. "Come away, mon," said John, nothing daunted, "gie's a shake of your hand. I am married to a sister of yours."

Said Angelina, suddenly heaving the oppressive sigh: "Don't you feel afraid of the army worms, Theodore, that are coming so rapidly this way?" The question was so strange that it caused him to look right at Angelina for the first time in his life. Why did she ask that? he wanted to know. "Oh, nothing," she replied, as she looked at her green fan, "only the papers say they eat every grain that wherever they go."

A drag, driven by an elegant attired lady, with a trim and neatly dressed colored boy perched on the footman's seat behind, was passing through the street, when it was espied by an old negro woman. "Bress de Lord!" she exclaimed, raising her hands as she spoke. "Bress de Lord! I never expected to see dat. Wonder what dat young cullud gemman pays dat young white 'oman for driving dat keridge? I know'd it'd come, but never expected to lib to see it. Dis nigger's ready to go 'way now."

James gave a lawyer a bill to be collected to the amount of \$30. Calling for it after a while he inquired if it had been collected. "Oh, yes," said the lawyer, "I have it all for you." "Oh," said the lawyer, laughing. "I am not going to charge you—why, I have known you since you were a baby, and your father before you; \$30 will be all right," he handing over \$10. "Well," said James, as he meditated upon the transaction, "it's darned lucky he didn't know my grandfather, or I shouldn't have got anything."

A clergyman who had appointed a day for the catechizing of some of his congregation happened to receive an invitation to dinner for the same day, and having forgotten it, just, however, as he was mounting his gig to depart he perceived the first of his class entering the garden and the remainder coming over the hill, and at once became aware of the mistake he had made. Here was a list. But the minister's ready wit soon came to his assistance. "What has you come for, John?" he asked, addressing the first comer. "On 'd'ye no mind, sir, ye bade us come to be catechized?" "Oh, ay; weel, no to keep ye going further," John, was it a horned cow or a hummel cow that Noah took into the ark?" "Beed, sir, I canna tell." "Well, turn back and ask the fiver folk the same question, and if they canna answer it, bid them go home and find it."

An eloquently-dressed young man, with something very aristocratic in his manner, was engaged in posing on the corner of the street for the benefit of the ladies who might pass along. He was standing with a few feet of a lemonade stand, the proprietor of which, in his shirt sleeves and a straw hat as big as a cart-wheel, was

buying trying with a towel to break up delegations of flies that were trying to get possession of the sugarbowl to hold a convention in it. Finally the lemonade man punched the exquisite in the ribs and said: "Now, you want to exodus away from here. If you stand around here much longer you will make people believe you are the boss of this ere temperance saloon and I am only the business manager. That's what you are standing there putting on style for." The young man's father is worth a million, and when he heard of the outrage he said: "That's what comes from not nominating Grant. A strong government is what this country is suffering for."

THE WORKINGMAN'S NOBILITY. AN ELOQUENT AND IMPRESSIVE DISCOURSE BY THE FRENCH DOMINICAN FATHER MONSIEUR.

"How should the workman not love his calling, if he understands all the honor he derives from the Divine humiliation, all that the apostles, whose ministry Jesus only exercised for three years, he receives upon his humble and laborious life the direct reflection of thirty years of the Saviour's life. Whatever he may do, to whatever side he may turn, he meets with the remembrance and adored image of the Divine laborer. He loves his children, the objects of care so tender and such keen anxieties, and since he has no dwelling that is his own, often driven away by adverse seasons, he is obliged to carry from one place to another these poor little things, of whom the youngest may be still in its cradle. The necessity is cruel. But he remembers that

his God, the SON OF A WORKMAN, like his children, born in a stable and cradled in a manger, was not permitted to rest for long in this wretched shelter, and that they were soon forced to carry Him into exile, in order to withdraw Him from a jealous king's persecution. He is condemned to struggle for long hours together with some coarse substance that resists his hands; but his God has done as much. He earns his bread, and that of his family with painful efforts, but his God has earned it as he does. The wages of his work are disputed with him; but they were disputed with his God. He lives from day to day, abandoned to Providence; but such was the life of his God. In presence of the laws human and divine which deny and circumscribe his limit and hinder the exercise of his strength, of the patron who command him, of the rich whose unreasonableness torments him, of the callings whose superiority is honored by the world, he feels himself in a state of continual dependence; but it was the will of his God, the Sovereign Master of the Universe, to submit himself to His creatures. *Etiam subditus illis.* His God willed! His God willed! Ah! if by nature, sometimes too much oppressed, murders and grumbles, he can say to it:

"BE SILENT, I AM NOT MORE THAN A GARDEN! Let me garden like Him, to seek comfort in the bosom of my Heavenly Father, and lean tranquilly on His all-powerful arm; for if Jesus deigned to ennoble the workman, by making of himself a workman, He will know how, when it is necessary, to come to the help of the glorified companions of His toil." Unfortunately, the language as this from the laborer. The Christian spirit has vanished in the revolutionary that overwhelmed the religious corporations, in which the remembrance of Nazareth overshadowed the humblest trades, in which the laborer identified by spirit of *carpe*, protected by laws that regulated his wages and his labor, respected by society, learned to respect himself, and to be content with his likeness to God. Since then the laborer, without traditions and without support, has become the prey of pitiless rapacity that makes use of his strength, of the very which gives him, and of ambitious men who excite his anger, and urge him on to murderous attempts by representing to him in the blackest colors his oppressed life, and by enticing his covetousness with lying promises.

UNFORTUNATELY, YES! REGRETTABLE! he has become wretched so that, in the midst of Christian civilization, he recalls the abjection of pagan centuries. They have been moved by his misfortunes, gentlemen, and have thought that it was time to apply Christian principles to the solution of this formidable question: How can the laborer which has subjected itself upon anxious and troubled epoch. I congratulate you on your resolution, and I pray God to bless your efforts. This is not the place to trace a programme for you; permit me only to advise you. If it be your design to ward off a social danger, occupying yourselves with transforming the camps, exalting the sentiments, and ameliorating the condition of the workman, it is well. If you yield to that generous compassion which inclines Christian hearts towards those who suffer, it is better. But you will only reach perfection when you mingle with your anxiety for the public good and your charity, the religious respect that

JESUS THE WORKMAN asks for those whose life he ennobled and sanctified during the fruitful years of his sojourn in Nazareth. Of all civilized acts that is the most efficacious. The best intentions, which are great benefits, can be spoiled by a lofty pretension. On the other hand, the workman will return so much the better and more quickly to a sense of his dignity, and he shall see it more sincerely respected by those who are those times they call barbarians, the Church accomplished the education of the laborer. High and powerful lords, of their own accord, come down from the summit of greatness, donned the monk's frock, and condemned themselves to labor with their hands in order to honor the laborious and hidden life of the God of Nazareth.

ONE OF THEM, COUNT ERMANNFROY, never met a rustic or a handicraftsman without feeling himself deeply touched as if by a divine apparition. He went and took his hands respectfully, kissed them and watered them with his tears. "Ermannfroy, like him a monk and a friend of the laborer, I should not think that I humiliated myself by initiating him, for my faith shows me in all those hands that labor has bruised the adorable hands of Jesus the workman."

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