

always took delight in pulling off buttons. The needles and thread are in the work box, on the shelf, in the left hand corner of the "wardrobe, if Susan has not put them in the cellar". Poor, long suffering Mr. Smith then perhaps makes elaborate attempts to button his collar to nothing, and failing miserably, cautiously feels his way down-stairs. A journey among the catacombs would scarcely be a matter of more uncertainty or attended with greater danger, than a trip from the upper to the lower regions on house-cleaning days. These are, at least, Mr. Smith's sentiments, as he begins the descent. He climbs manfully over a huge pyramid of chairs, struggles heroically over an intervening wash-tub, nearly sets his foot into a misplaced custard, and, horrified at the narrowness of his escape, allows the other boot to fall with crushing force on the tail of the slumbering feline, who, true to her melodious instincts, immediately executes an unearthly symphony in A minor, materially increasing the general harmony.

Brought to a sudden standstill, the unfortunate man gazes disparagingly at the multitude of tin pans, sauce-pans, frying pans and every species of pans known to civilization, surrounding him and, confessing himself unequal to the situation, sinks despairingly into a pail of hot soap suds. But why dwell on the harrowing scene? Let us leave Mr. S. thus comfortably seated, meditating upon the unhappy condition of mankind in general, and the Smith portion in particular, and with glass in hand, let us take a sweeping glimpse of the world from some Serene height—say Parliament Hill—and beckoning to the host of strong-minded females expounding their views on 'womans rights' beg, entreat, implore them to raise their sweet voices for the abolishment of house-cleaning from the face of the earth.

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