



MONS. L. A. SENECHAL.
SOLE PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER OF THE
PROVINCE OF QUEBEC.

BUT WHERE IS THE MORAL.

"You all remember Jim Dulmage, I suppose," said the stout, red-faced man, as some of the members of the Down-on-the-Demon Temperance Club met in their hall, prior to the evening's business.

"Aye, aye; poor fellow!" ejaculated several; "used to belong to us; couldn't do anything with him."

"Yes," continued the first speaker, "he used to say there was no harm in moderate drinking, though I did my level best to point out the danger and evil of the practice."

"You did, brother, you did," sorrowfully said the sad-eyed member with the bald head and red nose, "and he wouldn't be advised."

"If ever I wrestled with a man, I strove with Jim," went on the stout man, "but he only said he would have his lager—there was no harm in lager, he said."

"Ah! poor fellow, poor fellow; but where is he?" asked one or two of the snatched brands.

"Wait till I trace his downward course for you," replied the red-faced man. "Time and again I warned him to leave the hideous lager alone; pointed out to him that it was made from decayed grain, and was nothing more nor less than the outcome of putrescence; but no; he said that he would have it or bust; and so he went on, and from lager he stepped, naturally enough, to ale, and from ale to lemonade and soda with a stick in it."

"Ah! that accursed stick!" sighed several, whilst a female member blew her nose, and sobbed audibly.

"Accursed, indeed," assented the narrator of poor Jim's misdeeds. "Well, soda, even with a stick in it, soon ceased to satisfy the cravings inside o' Jim, which grew stronger and more—more—more craving" (rather at a loss for another adjective) "every day, and finally he took to rum."

A perfect tornado of sighs swept through the hall as this evidence of Jim's proximity to ruin and destruction was given.

"And then, brethering, you remember, I persuaded him to become one of us."

"You did, brother, you did. No one can blame you: you done all as man could do," said the ungrammatical secretary, approvingly.

"But he bust out and I reelcome him once more," went on the red-faced man.

"Ah! the brother wrestled mightily with Jim Dulmage," remarked the chaplain, who had entered a few minutes before, and had been swilling water at the refrigerator ever since.

"Well, once more Jim broke out, and there was no getting hold of him again, and he drank whiskey, and he drank rum, and he drank gin, and he drank alkyhole in every shape and form, and finally he upped and went west, and now, oh! hevings!" he exclaimed, quite carried away by his feelings, "I got the news last night. Oh! Jim, to think that after all I done for you—"

"Why, wh-what's he done?" "Is he dead?" "Was it the trimmings as carried him off?" "Has he killed himself and then murdered someone?" came from several brethren simultaneously, the last query being from the weeping female.

"No, he's gone into business in Californy, and is wuth anywheres from fifty to a hundred thousand dollars."

And the silence that fell upon those members was a silence that might be felt.—Swiz.

ADVICE TO YOUNG PEOPLE ABOUT TO MARRY.

No. II.

MR. GRIP.—As I promised a few weeks ago to give the "head of the household" a little advice as to how he should comport himself, I now redeem my promise and offer the following

TO THE STRONGER VESSEL.

1. If your wife insists upon sitting on the floor to take off her boots, let her. The woman who divests herself of her foot-gear in a christian and decent manner has not yet been found. Unless you would learn to hate the female you have sworn to love and cherish, however, do not look at her when engaged in the process mentioned, for though she may be a model of grace and symmetry in any other position, she becomes, when sprawling about on the carpet in the agonies of wrestling with a tight sidespring gaiter, a thing at once ungainly and repulsive. When, then, you observe her about to flop down on the floor, fold your ears like a jassack, and silently steal away. 'Twere better thus.

2. When you come home from Lodge at 2.30 a.m., you will find it a good plan to place some bogus bank bills in your pockets, your good money, if you have any—you had better secrete under the doorstep, before you enter the house, in some place where you can lay hands on it in the morning when you sally forth for your matutinal optic opener. The chances are that your better half will "go through" your pockets as soon as you begin to snore, and finding the bogus bills and not knowing them to be worthless, she will be less harsh and severe on you than would be the case were your pockets found, by her, in a state of emptiness and void, and she may even affect to take an interest in your recital during breakfast, of how you were last night raised to the ninety-third degree and are now entitled to be addressed as Pretty Nearly Worshipful and Thrice Blasphemous Hyena, or some such thing: but woe be unto you when she discovers those bills to be bogus: it were better for you that a batch of bread baked by a sweet girl graduate were hanged about your neck and that you were cast into the Niagara rapids; yea, verily.

3. Never, if you would avoid weeping and wailing and gnashing of broom-sticks on your head, look askance at the pretty hired girl in your wife's presence. Wait till the latter has gone out to tell a neighbor about the short comings of another neighbor, when you will be safe for a few hours, then go into the kitchen—then or never.

4. Unless you want to rid yourself of the partner of your joys and sorrows, don't clap

her suddenly on the back when she is "doing" her hair, for the chances are that her mouth will be full of pins of every description, and they are very indigestible; and if they do not kill her, they will probably crop out of her person in all manner of places like quills upon the fretful, etc., or spikes upon the globular sea-urchins. This is a solemn thought and you will do well to ponder it.

5. A few words respecting cold feet: If, before you are married, you suspect that the object of your choice suffers from these articles, and you mistrust your ability to convince her that by abolishing tightly laced corsets, she will also do away with cold feet, your best plan will be to practice nightly with a couple of cucumbers, the seeds of which you have scooped out, and the cavity thus made you have filled with pounded ice and salt. Place these against the small of your back when you retire, and you will be able to form some idea of what is in store for you when you become a Benedict. Cold feet have broken up the harmony of a household which would otherwise have been perfect.

6. Finally put your wife to the best use you possibly can, and if you are a merchant and feel that you are about to become a bankrupt, make over all your property to her, and, after the smash, buy her a carriage and pair, and rig her out in the height of fashion.

By following these few brief rules, you will avoid much of the annoyance and worry to which so many Benedicts are subjected. S.

RURAL BLISS.

While spending summer out of town,
In a farmer's house I laid me down;
It was a still secluded spot,—
This at least was what I thought.
At morning dawn I dreaming lay,
Methought it was a siege afiray,
And I could hear the foemen shout;
Alas! 'twas but the calves without.
I rolled, and tried to sleep again,
But trying, tried as oft in vain,
Their "bah's" do loud and louder swell.
Below, I hear a female yell!
I jump: as down the stairs I ran
I heard her cry, "I've spilled a can."
I slower to the cellar bound,
She lay, a milky sea around.
I stoop me down, and raise her up,
I lift the pail, kick back the pup.
I feared that some one had been killed,
But just a little milk was spilled.
She asked me then the calves to feed,
I take two pails and straight proceed.
(Twice after putting on my clothes
Because I rather sudden rose)
I placed the pails; there were but three,—
Of calves I mean; this cheated me,
I thought there must have been a score
But I was judging by their roar.
They stuck their heads up to the eyes,
Their breathing made the bubbles rise,
Their tails with satisfaction twitched,
Until right o'er a pail is pitched.
And now the fun for me begins,
I'll tell you all except my sins.
They found 'twas practically so
That "three in one will never go."
It was the weakest of the three
That stuck his nose against my knee,
'Twas wet: I felt my dander rise,
And struck him square between the eyes.
He made a rush at t'other two
And spilled their pail across my shoe;
As milk went in, my bite got out,
I whacked them over head and snout,
But thumping was in vain I found—
I grabbed the pails and wheeled around,
And as the gate I passed me through,
I still could hear their plaintive "boo."

Helen of Troy was the first woman who wanted to go to Paris and leave her husband at home.

If the Mormon women would take to Spring bonnets and scalcin saques it would soon break up polygamy.

Ah You, the prettiest Chinese girl ever brought to America, has married an Englishman in San Francisco. Ah, you rascal!

"Emile," asks the teacher, "which animal attaches himself the most to man?" Emile, after some reflection—"The leech, sir!"