

L'Araignée de Québec.

La Vieille : — Quelle maudite araignée ! elle n'a jamais fini sa toile. Depuis une éternité j'essaie de la faire partir de cette chambre, mais elle continue toujours comme par le passé.



The Quebec Spider.

Old Lady :—Prat that spider ! he's never done spinning his web. I've tried for years to drive him out of the house, and here he is just as busy as ever.

JOB'S COMFORTERS.

A SUFFERER ON THE SITUATION.

THE BLESSING OF BOILS.

There are several kinds of boils in this world.

The spirit of man—and woman—boils with wrath, at times.

Water boils, too, when placed in a pan pot, or kettle, over a hot fire.

But it is not of these "boils" that we now propose to write.

It is the other kind of boils—those which afflict humanity, and makes one feel as though life was indeed a burden.

Job had boils—he also had patience.

If he did not have patience there is no telling what might have happened.

He may have gone into some hardware store and arranged for the use of a stump-machine, to have the boils pulled out by their basement.

Patience is a virtue—sometimes it is placed on a monument.

In which case patience is represented by a merchant (who does not advertise in the papers), standing at his shop-door waiting for business.

Job took comfort from his "comforters"—also a little wine for his stomach's sake, or stomach's ache.

The translator of this wine business may have made a mistake in the translation.

However, it makes but little difference. Job had boils, that is pretty certain, and if he did get tight occasionally it is not to be wondered at.

The man who is afflicted with boils has an undoubted right to go upon a regular "jamboree" if he wants to.

To the point, however.

Boils are an ancient institution.

They have been handed down through successive ages, passing from generation to generation with pleasing regularity.

They are a Mount Vesuvius on a small scale, and shake a man up badly.

Boils are said to be healthy.

This may be so, but there is not a person on the face of the earth who would not rather be unhealthy than be troubled with boils.

Unlimited testimony in this regard can be secured free of cost, but it is not necessary.

Most every one knows what a boil is like, by more or less actual experience.

They come on the back of the neck or some other particular spot.

The writer has known a man who ate his meals standing for eleven days in succession.

Boils are volcanic-like in their action.

First comes a simmering sensation that something is wrong at the place on the body where the boil has concluded to show itself.

The spot is real sore and continues so, only more so, until it comes to a head.

It is not necessary to "put a head" on a boil, as it saves the victim that trouble

But the party who has one often feels like "putting a head" on the familiar friend who comes along and hits him right on that place where the boil has thought proper to locate.

After the collapse the base of the eruption simmers down again, easy like, and disappears.

Particularly blest is the man who has never had a boil.

"So say we all of us."

A young man in Manitoba sent an offer of marriage to a girl whom he fancied, and in reply received a telegram : "Come on with your minister"

He entered the grocery, said not a word, but allowed his cane to swing to and fro exactly like the pendulum of a clock. The grocer only said, "No ; we sell nothing on tick ;" and the man with the cane passed sadly and silently out.

—Husbands never meet their wives with "smiles" on their lips ; they wipe them off before they get home.

Standing before a fruit stand a San Francisco gamus said : "Hello ! old fellow, how much for your oranges ?" "Twenty cents a dozen, sonny." "Do you throw the thirteenth into the bargain ?" "Yes, my lad." Well, give me the thirteenth today and I will buy the dozen of you tomorrow.