

Now with an ear-ring themselves endearing,
Or squandering guineas upon *Sevignés*,
Now fingers squeezing or playfully teasing,
Bringing you bull's eyes, casting you
sheep's eyes.

AFTER MARRIAGE.

How do the gentleman do after marriage?
Oh, then nothing pleases 'em,
But everything teazes 'em;
Then they're grumbling and snarling—
You're a « foot » not a « darling ; »
Though they're rich as the *Ingies*,
They're the stingiest of stingies ;
And what is so funny,
They've *never* got money ;
Only ask them for any,
And they hav'nt a penny ;
And what passes all bounds,
On themselves they'll spend pounds—
Give guineas for punch,
Each week a noise brings about, when they
pitch all the things about ;
Now bowing in mockery, now smashing
the crockery ;
Scolding and swearing their bald heads
tearing ;
Storming and raging past all assuaging.
Heaven preserve us ! it makes one so ner-
vous,
To hear the door slam to, to be called
simple ma'am, too ;
(I wonder if Adam called Mrs. Eve ma-
dam !)

SONG.

AS SUNG BY JOHN ROACH, M.P.P.

Good evening to you one and all,
You're looking well I see ;
I took a trip in a great big ship
Across the raging sea ;
I've been out of work a month or more,
And you know it's very hard ;
But now I've got a job to do
On the N. S. R. R.

So here I am an Irishman,
And to work I'm not afraid ;
While my son does carry the Pick, my boys,
And I do handle the spade ;
My Uncle Dan is an Alderman,
And he holds a grip in the ward ;
'Tis him that gives the tickets out
To work on the N. S. R. R.

So now farewell, I'm going away,
I can no longer stay ;
For if I sing any more for you
I'll loose a half-a-day ;
I'm going down to the City Hall,
To try and get a card
To put my father's Uncle to work
On the North Shore Railroad.

RIDICULOUS PUNISHMENT—
THIRTY DAYS FOR RING-
ING A BELL.

Justice C. F. Newton, of Woodbridge, committed to the County Jail, on Monday, a man named Ambrose Rossa, on a charge of disorderly conduct. We understand that a watchman in a factory employed Rossa to watch for him on Sunday night, with instructions to ring the bell once every hour. The fellow not knowing how to tell the time, rang the bell every few minutes during the entire night, and in such a manner that the sleeping villagers were aroused and alarmed. The next morning the man was arrested as above stated, and committed to jail for thirty days.

A FEW HINTS ABOUT MARRY
ING WIDOWS.

If men who marry maidens require a good deal of advice, men who think of marrying widows seem to stand in need of more. A man who tried the experiment of marrying a widow six years ago, has written out, pretty fully, his experience, and sent it to us, and we are inclined to think that it affords some useful lessons for all such as contemplate becoming second husbands.

Our correspondent married a widow with money. He spent her money, and now she chides him for it. He found spending the money pleasant enough, but the chiding he receives in consequence is decidedly disagreeable. Moral : do not marry a widow with money ; but if you do marry a widow with money, don't spend it.

He married a woman who had a former husband, and that former husband was a very nice man ; and he says : « She is constantly holding up to my *admiring* gaze the virtue of her first husband ! Now we cannot advise a man who is going to marrying a widow to marry one who has never had a first husband, for all widows must necessarily have had husbands ; but would it not be a matter of prudence to select one whose first mate had not been altogether a model husband, so that if she was forced to make a comparison it should not be in his favor ? »

Our unhappy correspondent goes on to complain farther : « She flies into a passion ; accuses me of everything mean, and to taunt me, declares that she did not marry me for love. » This is pretty serious. It is not so to marry a widow who can fly because she may, like this one, fly into a

passion. And then to accuse her husband of everything mean ! How unnecessary, when the one mean thing of spending her money is sufficient to accuse him of !

This unfortunate man in his effort to state the case truly, cautions us as follows : « Do not think I am an angel in disposition ; I am quick-tempered, but not unreasonable. » From this it does not seem to be enough to make it safe to marry a widow that a man is not unreasonable. He must also be an angel in disposition—perhaps he might better be an angel altogether !—and must not be quick-tempered.

The next ground of complaint is : « She is constantly thrusting her dear departed's portrait where all can see it. I have made her put it away several times, but she will persist in sticking it up again. » A point, then, in marrying a widow is to marry one who has no likeness of her first husband.

Altogether, from the information thus afforded us, we are enabled to prescribe a little formula to be adopted at the very beginning, in courting a widow. As such courtships are proverbially brief and business-like, there is no occasion for any hesitation in coming right to a statement of the essential points, and the reasons for them. It may be somewhat after the following fashion :

« Madam, a few things should be promptly settled between us, to determine whether there is any prospect that our married life will be happy :

First : Have you any money ? If you have, I might spend it, and then you would chide me.

Second : Was your former husband a cross and crabbed man ? Otherwise you may make comparisons between him and myself, which will be very odious to me.

Third : Are you sure you cannot fly ? You seem to me at present so like an angel that I am not quite sure you have not wings under your dress ; and if you can fly, I fear, after we are married, you may fly into a passion.

Fourth : Will you destroy every likeness of your former husband ? I should not want to see them about.

In this romantic manner a courtship might be begun. If it should end in a flare up instead of a marriage, two persons might possibly be benefited thereby.

LIKE A CHICKEN.

A Down East editor says : « The ladies' hats are pretty, and worn on the upper edge of the left ear, which makes one look arch and piquant, like a chicken looking through a crack in a fence. »