



SOCIETY.

"JOHN, I would like to invite in my friend, Mrs. Smalley, this evening, will you be able to be in?"

"No, my dear: I must attend the meeting of the Ancient Order of Foresters to night."

"Well, to-morrow evening?"

"I have the Ancient Order of United Workmen, and you know—"

"What about Wednesday evening?"

"Oh! the Odd-fellows meet that night, and on Thursday I have a meeting of the Knights of Labor to attend; on Friday the Royal Templars of Temperance; on Saturday there's a special meeting of the Masome Lodge and I couldn't miss that, and then Sunday night let me see—what is there on Sunday night, my dear?"

"The Grand and Ancient Order of Christian Fellowship."

"Why, I had forgotten—Am I a member of that—let me see—"

"But you have forgotten another Society, John, of which you once were a member."

"What's that?"

"Your wife's."

ADVICE TO PASSEE GIRLS.

If your going off in looks, and yet not off the hooks as a marriageable maid,

You must cultivate a simper, let your mind grow daily limper, and avoid an air that's staid,

Wear your dresses very tight, in all colors that are bright, and be sure and have them queer,

And when you meet a man, be as gushing as you can (that's the style that takes them, dear).

And be sure that he will say

As he glides from you away,

"If that Miss Blank is quite the crank that she appears to me,

Why what a most particularly silly kind of girl, this old young girl must be!"

If in going to a ball, you should scarcely dance at all, your partners are so few—

On the straggling ones you get, with skill make a dead set, use your eyes with vigor, too:

Should a girl be passing by, that attracts your partner's eye, you must quickly run her down,

"You think she is a fright, and you never saw a sight so hideous as her gown."

The gentleman will say

As he bows himself away,

"If this Miss Blank is quite as sour as she appears to be,

Why, what a fierce vindictive maid this sour wall-flower must be!"

If, when jokes are passing round, you should hear one with a sound that might apply to you,

In an instant get quite mad and say you're very glad, *you* such manners never knew.

Do not let it pass you by, but snap out a sharp reply that will dampen all the fun,

And soon both young and old in terror you will hold, and they'll hate you, every one—

And every one will say

When you have turned away,

"If Polly Blank is huffy is, as she appears to be,

Why what a most particularly lucky thing for us, no more of her we'll see."

THE GAMBLER'S WIFE;

OR, LOST AND WON.

ALONE she sat brooding and sad in her lonely chamber. Magnificently furnished, 'tis true, but ah, how dreary. Poor Emmeline! One o'clock with its discordant symphony of brazen tongues, like those of an assemblage of matrons and ancient maidens at a country quilting bee, rang out jarringly through the cold night air of early morn, and struck upon her suffering ear like the stick of the big Grenadier on his bass drum. 'There she sat in graceful *neglige* till again St. James' clock sounded. 'Twas two. "Will he never come?" she murmured. "Oh, this dreadful, dreadful life! Did I but know how,—but why this fretfulness. Emmeline Doolin you had a happy and peaceful home, humble 'tis true. Its surroundings were rather too flat and boggy to suit the fastidious eye of the artist, and though your dismal *menu* of potatoes and buttermilk might not be agreeable to the pampered palate of the gorged and repleted *gourmand*, yet Emmeline Doolin, you were blithe and happy as the lark until you met the too fascinating Cornelius Callaghan and in spite of his ample upper lip his fiery hair and fierier temper and came to love him, and yes—still devoted to him. Great Powers!" see almost shrieked. "night after night like this! Oh, Cornelius, wherefore art thou, and whyfore art thou not here? Perhaps some designing knaves ere this have robbed him of his hard earnings. Oh! I fear me much that Cornelius goes into the company of unworthy and dissolute wretches! Ah, but if I only knew—what? Yes, 'tis he now, I will soon learn all about it. Yes, I will now soon know," she joyously cried as Cornelius Callaghan, with a whoop that would do honor to a land league meeting, jumped into the room.

"How did you get on with the bloke, Corny?"

"Bully! Be japers we fust got him into a little game of draw jest to start him, and thin we went to fight the tiger at a faro bank, Mike Mulligan's, where we eased the duffer of all his hoodie. Eight centuries be the Howly poker! Here's the beads old girl, and let's have something to drink, for I'm dhry as a chip."

"Ah! Corny, so ye did do him up for his spoons. I was anxious, fearfully anxious. Bully for you! There's the bottle for ye. Good night, dearest. I am indeed delicate, but I am now content, and content is indeed a great blessing even for the poor gambler's wife. B.

"PRIVATE JUDGMENT."

DR. O'SULLIVAN, of Peterboro', expresses himself as displeased at our little picture in a late issue, *apropos* of Archbishop Lynch's "Letter to Protestants." The Doctor considers that the picture conveys the impression that Roman Catholics do not possess equally with Protestants the "right of private judgment"—which impression he says is false and misleading. If this is true the picture certainly was at fault, for that idea was in the picture, though only incidentally. Then we are to understand that the Church of Rome, equally with the Protestant Church, encourages and insists upon individual study of the Scriptures. We frankly confess that we have long been under a different opinion, and are highly pleased to find ourselves mistaken. "Private judgment" for ever, Doctor! Give us your hand!

QUERY for moral philosophers: Does a man get tight and break out, or break out and get tight?