

P. K. BOOHOO.

FLUTTERINGS IN SOCIETY CIRCLES.



A *recherche* affair came off at No. 311 Lombard-street, last Wednesday, the event being nothing less than the marriage of Miss Kathleen McGuire to Mr. Cornelius O'Bryan. The bride would have been most superbly attired had it been possible to have raised the amount necessary to redeem her trousseau, which an am avuncular relative had received the previous night upon advancing a temporary loan thereon. As it was she tackled the ceremony which made her Mrs. O'Bryan, elegantly attired in a patch-work quilt, a mosquito bar doing duty for the bridal veil. The affair, which has been long talked of, caused quite a flurry of excitement in the circle of society which the contracting parties adorn. The happy couple left, per street car, for the northern part of the city and intend holding a reception on their return from their bridal tour.

It is whispered that Mr. Hunks, the eminent dry goods merchant, is about to cross the Atlantic on a visit to his parents, whom he has not seen for many years. Mr. Hunks, senr. has been for nearly half a century, a well-known coster-monger in St. Giles, London, Eng., and is considered one of the most talented donkey drivers in that vast metropolis. Mr. Hunks has two brothers in Her Majesty's service, one of them being a lance corporal in the 113th foot, whilst the other holds the position of assistant cook in the same regiment.

It is learned with deep regret that Miss Claribel Montague severely sprained the middle finger of her left hand, two days ago, whilst assisting her mother to hang the week's washing out on the line. As this untoward accident will prevent Miss Montague from taking part in her daily piano practice, the air of the neighborhood in which she resides will be purified of much of the profanity which usually pervades it.

Mr. Grosvenor Jallops meditates a trip across the Don in a day or two, a gold watch and chain belonging to Mr. Nambly having forced their company upon him, as he states, much against his will. Society will miss Mr. Jallops' genial face, though we trust that gentleman's visit may not prove to be a protracted one. Miss Nancy Slathers will take charge of his bull-pup during his absence.

Amongst the distinguished guests at a select *dejeuner*, given at the residence of Mr. Florimel Gustave De Brassy, on Jarvis-street, Friday night, was the eminent editor of the evening *News*. The distinguished gentleman with his usual modesty, did not mingle freely with the guests, but observed the proceedings with philosophic interest through the keyhole of the kitchen door.

Mr. DeGrubbe, the wealthy broker, has received from England an heirloom that has been in his family for nearly three years, the article being the identical hat worn by his esteemed father for over twenty-five years in his capacity of coalheaver in Liverpool.

It is rumoured that Mr. Tom Tapeline, the affable salesperson at the Nickel plated Megatherium, is about to lead one of the most talented hash-slingers of the Occidental Hotel to the altar.

Miss Smith, of Hutton Terrace, intends spending the Queen's birthday with her friend Miss Higgins, of Doncaster.

Miss Jones, of Fungus Avenue, gave a select muffin worry to several of her friends on Thursday last.

HARRIERS IN CANADA.

"I say, what do they mean in the old country by the Harriers?" asked Mr. Flabby, looking up from a newspaper he was perusing as he sat at breakfast in Mrs. Headcheese's boarding-house; "I see that W. G. George, the long distance runner, has been beaten in a cross country race by another member of the Moseley Harriers. What does it mean?" "The Harriers," replied Mr. Dado, who knows everything, "are a breed of dogs so-called, and the Club takes its name from them." "What are they for? what do they do?" continued Mr. Flabby, "Are they hounds?" "They are somewhat similar to beagles," responded the omniscient Dodo, "and they are used for pursuing hares; hence their name." "What do they pursue hares for? Do they eat them?" continued Flabby. "Certainly," replied Dodo, "the hare is a very prolific animal, and would soon overrun the country, doing an inconceivable amount of damage to crops and so forth, were their numbers not reduced, and these harriers are very useful for this purpose." "Do the harriers exterminate the hares then?" enquired the inquisitive Flabby. "Certainly," replied Mr. Dodo. "Then," continued Flabby, "I propose that we all subscribe and get a pack over at once; we can call them the Headcheese Harriers. Sounds well, eh? Flabby, of the Headcheese Harriers; what d'ye say?" and he looked round the table. "What the mischief could we do with a pack of harriers in this country; there are only rabbits out here," enquired several at once. "We could turn them loose on the butter," replied Flabby, triumphantly, "turn them loose on Mrs. Headcheese's butter, gentlemen." "What on earth would you do that for?" came in a chorus from all present, "they don't eat butter." "What for?" yelled Flabby; "why to exterminate the hairs of course." And Mrs. Headcheese advanced, bed-slat in hand, and pointed Mr. Flabby to the door, and his place in that boarding-house knew him no more for ever.

AFTER THE WEDDING;

OR, THE SISTER BRIDESMAID'S AGONY.

The guests have departed who stood at the shrine,
All but Vavasour Pelham who's had too much wine,
And has fallen asleep on the table to dream,
Reclining his brow in a dish of ice cream.

The bride from the arms of her mother has flown,
And the bride's only sister sits weeping alone;
The fair orange blossoms are far from her cast
That cost full three dollars the week before last.

Oh! why does she utter that low wailing sound?
And why is her hand thrown away on the ground?
The band of white satin that circled her waist,
Which the arm of her lover has often embraced?

She went to the church with that gay wedding train,
None relaced her sadness, or heeded her pain;
And when she returned she was ready to drop,
Although to the breakfast expected to stop.

But now all is over,—a knife with a dash
She seizes with frenzy and, swift as a flash,
She rips up her staylace—her anguish is o'er,
And the heart of the bridesmaid is joyous once more.



Mr. Wm. McDonnell, of Lin'ay, has completed his new Canadian opera, entitled "The Fisherman's Daughter," the music and libretto being both written by Mr. McDonnell and the former arranged by Prof. Waterford. This new production has been submitted to competent musical critics in New York and Canada, who all pronounce it excellent. Mr. McDonnell is now arranging for its early, and first, production in Toronto.

HARD UP.

I met a man one raw, bleak day,
He rushed along the street,
I bid him for one moment stay,
"Why fiest thou so fleet?"
I asked him, "Why dost hurry so,
As though by fiend pursued?"
"Oh! hold me not," he cried, "I go,
(I mean not to be rude),

Away, away, no matter where,
But onwards I must go.
The piercing winds I cannot bear
Which round me keenly blow.
The well-dressed man may walk at ease,
Close buttoned to the throat;
The seedy wretch must run, or freeze
In threadbare summer coat.

Then onwards, onwards let me rush,
Along the crowded street.
Aside the passers-by I push,
For I *must* warn my feet.
Then do not stop me on my way;
My speed let none control;
I catch my death if I delay,
In shoes without a sole.

The reindeer takes an active bound;
The lamblings lightly skip;
Fleet is the footstep of the hound;
And gay the children skip.
Then who would wish to interfere
My liveliness to quell?
Speed, speed alone can warm and cheer
The light-clad, seedy swell."

A WRINKLE

FOR THOSE WHOM THE AGENT ANNOYETH.

Agents sometimes over-reach themselves. One, who was offering for sale some little sticks of some compound for cementing broken glass and china, called at Dunshunner's the other day. Dunshunner was at home, and, seeing through the window that the man was not a debt collector, attended the door in person. The agent expatiated on the excellence and utility of his wares, and Dunshunner was hesitating, he didn't really want the stuff, and he could see no decent way of bluffing the man whose eloquence was overwhelming. "Well," he said, "I think I'll take half a dozen: that'll be thirty-seven cents: you say a dozen will last a year; well, half'll be enough for me." "Half a dozen!" exclaimed the agent, "I shan't be around this way again till next spring; besides your neighbors on each side of you have taken two dozen apiece, and I should like to sell you the same number. I missed you the other day when I was round and called back on purpose." "D'ye say that both my next door neighbors have taken two dozen?" asked Dunshunner with a look of joy in his eye. "Yes, sir," replied the agent, fancying he'd got him, "two dozen apiece." "You're perfectly certain, are you?" "Yes, sir, they've each got two dozen of 'em." "Oh! then I don't want any at all," said Dunshunner "I can borrow from them. Good day."