

MY MUSICAL NEIGHBOR.

The experience I am about to relate occurred during my younger years, before I had that love and good feeling towards my fellow creatures which I possess to-day.

At that time I took a fancy to be a lawyer, and, the better to reach my ideal by dint of hard study, I engaged a room in a boarding-house in a retired portion of the city. The lady of the house assured me her house was perfectly quiet and would just suit me if I was about to study the law, her house being noted for the professors that had resided within its walls—three doctors, two barristers and a book agent having left within the three weeks that had passed. I forgot to ask how they left—whether through the front door or by the aid of a rope through a back-room window. I removed my effects and law-library and commenced on my march to the wool-sack. I may here remark I never got there, for ultimately I quit the law for a coal oil and confectionery store, believing that, thereby, I could shed more light and sweetness upon the world.

I had been in my room little more than a week when I heard a tremendous uproar proceed from the room adjoining, which was merely divided from mine by a thin partition, not very conducive to complete isolation. Being my first experience, I did not venture to even guess its import. Further acquaintance led me to enquire who the mysterious one could be that compounded it. Had I not heard? He was the great Professor Wagner Moggs. My legal acumen was staggered. My brain reeled. Could that be music? I knew not B from a bull's foot in music, but I thought myself somewhat of a critic in that line. But shades of Mozart, Handel, Wagner! This was too much. In the midst of a deep study upon petty theft and larceny, the strain of The Lost Chord began to float around. I could have hanged him with it, could I have found it. Again, whilst deeply immersed in defining manslaughter from murder, I was rudely torn therefrom by someone squalling, "I'm a G. C. B., I'm a G. C. B. Don't you wish you were me." "Villain, I'll be even with you yet," I groaned. By way of variation, towards the midnight hour, I was tortured with "Oft in the Stilly Night" being—shall I say—singing a dozen different keys, the professor vainly trying to drag them into "one harmonious whole" by violently banging the tune on the piano. I entered a protest against all this to the lady of the house. She promised to "see" to it. She probably did "see" to it, through the key hole, but she did not "speak" to it, for the music went on as bad as ever. I was afraid to thump upon the partition, having a dread of the whole structure falling about my ears.

One night the remembrance of my previous agony culminated in one grand horror. The Professors evidently had company, judging from the snickerings, he-he's, loud snortings and guffaws. Probably it was his birthday anniversary; it ought to have been that of his death. There was a great amount of singing and piano-thumping—the said piano standing against the partition,—thus allowing me to hear its beauties to great perfection. I heard a voice say: "Miss Hammer and Mr. Tong's will oblige with the celebrated cat duett." The experiment of two human beings treading upon the domain of the four-footed world somewhat interested me, I confess, and I relaxed my study of musty law-books. They began: "Meow! Me-e-e-e-o-o-w!" from piano to double forte. I became anxious for their safety; they kept on—up and down—my anxiety turned to despair. I yearned for the original felines; their music was entrancing in comparison. I looked out of my window to see if any were attracted by the call; alas! all I could see were the tails of a dozen of them vanishing in a dozen directions—the meo-

owers still kept on. I became powerfully agitated; I carefully placed Coko on Littleton, then Blackstone on Coko, then picked up the whole with the intention of throwing them on and, consequently, through the partition,—they would then have the law on feline impersonators—but better thoughts prevailed; another more brilliant and satiating revenge had taken possession of my mind.

I gave notice to leave the room and at once removed my goods and chattels, leaving a few unimportant ones to allay the suspicions of the boarding-house keeper. I ascertained the *locus standi* of the piano, an upright one, cut a hole in the partition opposite an opening in the back of the piano—I had previously learned the maker's name, and knew just where to find the opening. I then had a long funnel made to fit the hole. This, with a pitcher of water, completed my arrangements. The following night there was another nightly gathering, and more yelling and piano-thumping was indulged in. I took my stand by the partition and awaited my opportunity. Soon there arose a tremendous murmur of approval; the professor was about to play a sonata by Beethoven. I allowed him to reach a point where he seemed to strike every key at once. I then added the chorus—in the form of the contents of the water pitcher—to his sonata. There was a sound of devilry by night. I fled from the room, and within two hours was miles from the professor and his sonata, with a conscious feeling in my heart that I had been fully revenged for all past torments inflicted upon me by my musical neighbor.

TITUS A. DRUM.



SOME ENGLISH NAMES

FOR WOULD-BE ARISTOCRATS TO LEARN.

Come gather round ye common ends of every variety; I'll instruct you in some capers of the very best "society."

And ye, oh! poor plebeians, let me teach you all your letters—

Your alphabet of "form" correct—adopted by your betters:

You'll find, if you this lesson learn, that those who now despise you,

Will soon commence to treat you in a way that will surprise you.

I know you pipe and fret because of birth in some obscurity;

But once you get a start you'll go ahead to all futurity.

The words I'm going to teach you won't make you think the less of me,

And each to "good society" will prove an "Open, Sesame."

My lessons "English Surnames," and the way you *must* pronounce them,

So, without a further preface I may as well announce them.

Now, Saumarez, by tip-top nob's in fashionable flummery,

Or parlance, must, without a doubt, be spoken this way—

Then Lewson-Gower is quite bad form, and Lewson-Gore's the way,

This most misleading surname you must teach yourself to say.

Bohun is Boon; Mohun is Moon; and Urquhart is Urcot—

A singular arrangement, and peculiar, is it not?

St. Maur is always Sermor, Bardett is ever Burdett,

No one would quite believe it, and I didn't till I heard it.

Next: Willoughby D'Eresby's a name that no patrician stirs by

As it is spelt, so you must say the name correctly—D'Urslly.

Lord Spencer's place is Oltrop, not Althorp, as you write it.

The name Dalziel is said De Ell, unless you wish to slight it.

Lord Hotham's always Hutthum; and Chumley—'tis so, really.

Is quite the high-toned manner of pronouncing Cholmondeley.

Beauchamp is ever Beecham: St. John, of course, is Sijnoun.

Marjoribanks is Marchbanks: it is now, homes! Injun!

And whilst I'm on this subject I'll tell you that you may pronounce that name of Featherstonehaugh as I do—Feestonhauy.

Should you feel like disregarding what I tell you, you'll be sad.

When the haughty British upper ten pronounces you a "cad."

Next as to places: some of them would puzzle a solicitor:

Worcester's Wooster: and just hear this—Cirencester's Cissiter.

Ilchester's Bister: but of these the number's far too many.

For me to tell you every one: Abergavenny's Abergenny.

The Duke of Rutland's country seat's a regular doosiver;

'Tis spelt Belvoir, but really now you *must* pronounce it bevoor.

I think that's nearly all that I can call to mind to-day:

So learn your lesson thoroughly; don't give yourself away;

And if you bear in mind these names which I have told you here,

You'll pass in swell society as a Howard or De Vere.—S.

POTPOURRI.

Gayladdy is always putting his foot in it. Yesterday he met a young married lady whom he had not seen since her wedding, and said to her:

"Oh, I'm so glad to see you. You're growing so maternally. Why, you seem ten years older than when you were married and—"

"Mr. Gayladdy, your remarks are quite insulting."

"Oh, I beg pardon, I beg pardon. I had no intention of being rude. It was a slip of the tongue, I only meant that you're ten years younger than you look."

"You horrid thing! That's worse and worse, and I'll tell my husband."

"My dear madam, pray pardon me. What I really meant was that you're ten years *older* than you look."

They don't speak as they pass by now.

At one of the medical college dinners recently, a speaker, who was tallying the students, had so little good taste that he talked to them something about "carving" their names high on the walls of fame.

There is in Toronto one of those mean men who delight in fooling their wives. His name is Bulger, and Mrs. Bulger has for some months been coaxing him to buy her a horse and side-saddle. He went home the other day and said:

"Well, Annie dear, I've bought you a horse."

"Oh, you ducky, where is it?"

"Out in the back yard."

"Let's go out and see it. Can I get on it and ride around the yard?"

"Well, hardly. You see there's no side-saddle on it, and it's so thin just now that it wouldn't be pleasant to sit on it without one. It's a good horse even if it is thin, but I can fatten it. It's so thin that you can almost see clean through it, right from one side to the other, but I guess I can fatten it. It's rather tired to-night and will hardly walk around the yard with you, but I tell you it's one of the finest of its kind. Come out and see it, and then we'll bring it into the kitchen and leave it there for the night."

Then they went out into the yard, and Bulger showed his wife a brand new \$3 clothes-horse leaning up against the wood-shed. Mrs. Bulger didn't say much, but the servant girl says she's got enough fine-split kindling wood to last her for a month. The doctor says that Bulger will be able to sit up in a couple of days.