

"I'll pay you back to-morrow, if it costs me two lagers." Sally obeyed.

Alphonso walked forth breakfastless and hungry to business and borrowed ten dollars on his seal-coat from an enterprising member of the second-hand fraternity. He secured two seats in the very front row of the Opera House, where he knew his Araminta could display her new wedding-cake hat to all the audience. He was always thoughtful. For a week he dreamed of Patti, of Scalchi and of Araminta by night and whistled daily all he could remember of operas, comic and otherwise. Every evening he visited the Van Goldstein mansion and was the favored guest. The talisman that gained him admittance was the concert ticket which he sent in with his card; but which he took charge of afterwards by Araminta's request. What a lovely time the happy couple spent during the week! How they played and sang through "Faust," "The Pirates," "Rigoletto," "The Quaker," "Il Trovatore," "Madame Angot," and other classical masterpieces! He whistled and she played the banjo, whilst the toy-terrier added his tribute by a long protracted falsetto whine and the cat ran mewing round the house in alto because the wind was high. But the climax came on the eventful evening, when Alphonso, arrayed in a hired dress-suit and borrowed crush, called with a cab for the sweet Araminta. The neighbors flocked to their windows and gazed as she daintily jumped over the mud-puddles of the front garden and reached the cab door. Dressed in mauve silk, with real lace trimmings, bearing a bouquet of the choicest exotics, the fairest girl of the Van Goldstein family looked bewitching, indeed. Away they whirled and reached at last the Opera House. After considerable pushing and squeezing they reached the vestibule and Alphonso put his hand into his vest pockets, one after another, then through his pants pockets and finally, as a cold perspiration broke out upon his brow, he reached the lattermost receptacles of the hired coat. Almost choking with dismay, he gasped in a whisper to the ticket collector, "I've left them at home." Araminta fell like a chestnut at a minstrel show and was taken home by Alphonso in the very cab that had brought them. He left her still senseless on her doorstep, rang the servants' bell, and ran home, not caring to face her mother. After searching all over his room, he found the tickets at ten minutes past twelve in the revolver receptacle of his nether garments. Araminta recovered at the same hour. P. QUILL.

WE wonder what the bald spot on a temperance lecturer thinks when it is dosed with bay rum.—*Fall River Advance.*

#### A REQUEST ACCEDED.

"HULLO, Mike; I hear yer on a strike."

"So I am. I struck for fewer hours."

"Did you succeed?"

"Indeed I did. I'm not working at all now."—*The Chiel.*

#### MAC'S POINT OF VIEW.

SPORTSMAN—(trying a greyhound)—"That dog won't do at all, Mac. It never smelled the hare."

Mac.—"Well, I don't know. It's a good dog—a ferry good dog—shust ass good a dog ass you'll maybe get, but—the hare wass in an awful hurry."

[Mac. had an interest in the dog.]—*The Bailie*

#### FROM OUR MONTREAL MAN.

A PAINTING recently donated to the Art Gallery here is one of still life—that is a tramp at work. It is called "Reddin' the Nets."

THE craze which was so prevalent here some time ago for transforming old towels into anti-macassars and other useful articles of drawing room decoration has become a thing of the past. It was crewel work.

ARTIFICIAL pressure has put the price of gas stocks at a high figure and the same cause has increased the consumption of gas here. A new fact in science has thus been made known; atmospheric gas, or what is usually known as common every-day air, will burn and is worth \$1.50 a thousand cubic feet.

LANDLORDS are unable to supply the demand for houses here, and tenants are unable to supply the demand for rents.

It has often been said marriage is a lottery, but it is also a bet—one to one.

#### ALAS! POOR BARRIE

MR. GRIP, SIR,—"The destroyer is abroad! and one of the time-honored landmarks of the past is to be swept away! The prosperity of the town is endangered by the passing of a cow by law."

One of the chief attractions of the town is being done away with. No more shall be heard the tinkle of the cow-bell at eventide or the gentle roar of the cow at midnight! The town will fall back into oblivion and obscurity, and the streets will become overgrown with grass!

Now shall timid ladies be compelled to walk on the sidewalk and enjoy the unwonted pleasure of an unobstructed way

The gardener also will fall into poverty because no longer will he be called upon to repair damaged lawns. Why, I ask, is this thing allowed?"

As these thoughts passed through my mind I was reminded of an unprovoked attack upon another of the attractions of Barrie, the beautiful (*really beautiful*) by A. H. O'B., which appeared in GRIP a short time ago. This notice, I know, affords endless amusement to occasional visitors, and for that reason alone, I think it should be allowed to remain. Another reason why it should be venerated is that it was put there during the time of a council which believed in allowing us all the privileges of having the cows with us. I think it ought to be kept as a memento of that right-minded council. Besides, the fact of the word fence being divided as it was showed a spirit of economy which ought to be encouraged.

W. H. B. S

WHEN one girl sees another wearing a new hat, she turns green with envy. When a boy gets a licking he inclines to yell-o. Some men are deeply red, others have a madder color; while an occasional P. green might be found if you rose early in the morning. Any Irishman will a-gray wid this.