



### LITTLE CLASSIC.

Hoolaham, I'm going to raise your rent.

Be japers, I'm glad av that, sor! I'm bate to do it meself!

—N. Y. Life.

### NOCTURNE IN A FLAT.

ALFONSO DE BROWN had finished his last boot, and slowly brought his whistling of "When the Heart is Young" to a close. Gazing at his handsome features in the bright surface of the mirror, he twirled his long thin, half-of-it-didn't-grow moustache with satisfaction, and remarked in a half-way-undertone:—

"Yes! I will ask her to-night." Carefully finishing his toilette by twilight, the last stroke being that of the hair brush on his prematurely bald head, he walked with a serious, calm, I-am-going-to-settle-the-business air to the residence of Araminta Van Goldstein. As his hand rested thoughtfully on the silver-plated, three-for-a-dollar door-knob, he paused. The momentous importance of the situation burst upon his mind, and he realized for the first time the peculiar beauty of the poet's remark—"Oh! meet me by moonlight alone." As he entered the hall, he handed the servant his gilt-edged card with a trembling hand, a don't-give-me-away wink and a York shilling. He could hear the strains of Sullivan's beautiful quartette, "Brightly Dawns our Wedding Day" steal from the drawing room. He was seized with a transport of delight at the auspicious sound, and the servant found him pironetting around his stove-pipe head-gear when she announced that Araminta was at home. In his ecstasy he finished his *pas-seul* on the top of his hat and entered the *salon*. Araminta advanced to greet him with a did-you-bring-me-any-caramels? expression, which he met half-way with an I-fear-no-foe look of haughty self-respect. Shyly looking around the room, which was empty, she put up her soft, peach-bloom cheek in the old, you-may-if-you-want-to way and blushed. Alphonso drew one pace to the rear-rank, and gazed at her with a don't-have-to-you-know-gaze, and said, softly but firmly, "No, Araminta, not yet." The beauteous girl immediately removed her blush and sighed. Alphonso knew that the critical moment has arrived, and boldly commenced in a know-it-all-by-heart style:—

"Dearest Araminta, will you———" Before he could say another word, Araminta flung herself upon

his vest with vehemence and again put up her beautiful complexion. Alphonso executed a two-paces-to-the-right flank movement and disengaged himself. Collecting himself together, he renewed his conversation:—

"Araminta! before the love seal is again imprinted by these fervid lips upon your picturesque cheek, I wish to know whether you will———"

With a wild moan of don't-let-me-drop anguish, his beloved swooned on to his left arm. Before Alphonso could recover from the shock, the door opened, and her mother, who had a could-hear-it-two-blocks-off kind of ear, entered. Alphonso stepped back in surprise, and Araminta fell a shapeless mass upon her bustle. Looking at him with a look of horror, Mrs. Van Goldstein remarked in a chilled-steel tone of voice:—"Mr. Alphonso De Brown, this is your last visit to my house. Although evening dress is not indispensable, there is a limit to your *negligé* style of costume. Leave the room."

A faintness fell upon the brave Alphonso. He tried to speak and nearly choked. Placing his hand to his throat, he shrieked loudly, turned and fled.

He had forgotten his collar.

### DISTILLER'S TEMPERANCE.

HER nainsell peliefes in ta temperance,  
An' she'll always pe took a tram;  
Her nainsell prews for ta siller.  
Prohibition pe tam!

Ta temperance iss good and iss proper,  
An' she'll always stand up for ta free;  
An' she'll pe pelief in ta subject—  
Ta subject of ta liberty.

She'll just took a tram in ta mornin',  
An' maybe another she'll took;  
An' she'll pe took a tram pefore dinner,  
When she'll wait for ta parritch to cook:

A tram she will took chust for friendship,  
An' a tram when she'll have a sore head;  
An' a tram pefore supper an' after,  
An' a nightcap chust going to bed.  
Hersell iss for temperance morofter,  
An' she'll nefer drink more than a tram;  
An' her nainsell prews trams for ta siller.  
Prohibition pe tam!

DONALD.

### T. T'S LONE HAND.

MR. TALBOT TORRANCE, whose pen has often served GRIP cleverly, has become the sole proprietor of the *Paris Review*. Mr. Torrance is a trained journalist, a capable writer and a very genial young gentleman. If this combination of qualities does not secure success in his new venture it will be because the people of Paris and vicinity do not want a first rate local paper. We happen to know, however, that they *do*.

"SIR," said the tramp, "I have not tasted food for seven days. Another half hour of fasting and I must die." "Then," exclaimed the philanthropist, "you shall live! Take this ticket; it will admit you in my stead to a sumptuous banquet, course after course, meats, wines and desserts, a feast three hours long, glorious company, Mr. Efforts, Mr. Toofew, Mr. Jiggoold, Mr. Feeled and other eminent men." "Will there be after dinner speeches?" asked the starving one. "Columns of 'em," said the philanthropist. And the tramp handed back the ticket and crawled wearily away into a silent lumber yard to die.—*Burdette*.