

POOR CHAPPIE.

YOUNG BROWN went a-calling on New Year's Day,
His suit it was nobby; his spirits were gay;
His hat was a beauty; his boots they were tight,
And so was young Brown ere the day turned to night.

At the first house they gave him some coffee so clear;
At the next he got outside three glasses of beer;
The third gave him whiskey that flew to his head,
And he swore "by (hic) Jove" that "he'd paint the town red."

He still kept on calling, and after each call
His head flew around like a well-curved base ball.
He staggered and reeled like a ship in a gale,
And an officer took him where he couldn't get bail.

Next morning before Col. Denison's "rail,"
Poor Brown looked remarkably seedy and pale,
His plug hat was smashed, and torn was his collar;
He went down for "thirty"—he hadn't the dollar.

If you will go a-calling, just ponder and think
On the evil arising from mixing your drink;
But if from this habit you can't keep away,
Then don't go a-calling on New Year's Day.

MCGINNIS.

A HARMONY IN WHITE.

It was New Year's morning. The snow, which had fallen as heavily as flakes usually fall, lay crisp and undisturbed over the front garden of the Van Goldstein family mansion—except here and there where the homeward-bound paws of the domestic feline had left their little tracklets. The said cat was vainly trying to squeeze itself into the aperture of a waterspout to avoid the keen wind as Araminta opened the front door and stepped with a dull thud upon the verandah.

Yes! she looked beautiful in her light morning gown, as she held a china plate in her dainty fingers, filled with the debris of the breakfast table. It was an old German custom—this feeding of the sparrows of New Year's morning, and the feathery chirpers flocked annually in their thousands to receive the small donations. They were all sitting on the leafless boughs asleep, for they had traveled many miles that morning to be present at the ceremony. Araminta pursed and puckered her rose-colored lips and tried to whistle; but the cold morning air clipped her breath short and the music fell shapeless to the ground. Nothing daunted, the brave girl took off her left rubber and flung it with accurate aim at the nearest bow. It struck a sparrow on the cranium and the little head dropped off with a sharp snap. "Unhappy lies the head that scares a rubber," said Araminta, as she wiped away a tear and realized the fatal truth. The sparrows were frozen.

At this juncture the domestic feline sprang from its lair and seized the head of the still rigid sparrow. The horrors of cannibalism rushed upon the mind of Araminta, with whom to think was to act, and hastily depriving her right pedal of its defence, she flung her other rubber at the cat. After a ricochet movement it struck a lady on the opposite side of the road, and the feline, understanding the nature of the attack, made a flank retreat behind the skeletonized summer-house, which shivered in its frame.

At this moment Alphonso De Brown, her old lover, came whistling around the corner, entirely concealed in a pair of overshoes and a peekaboo fur coat. Under his left arm he carried a huge brown paper parcel, whilst from his right sleeve hung three inches of his walking stick, which had become too cold to use.

They had not met since Araminta's mother forbade him the nightly monopoly of the drawing room. Con-

gealed fragments of "Let me scream again" fell upon the girl's ear and it awakened all the old memories. The outburst of her emotion culminated in a long cry of "Fonsy! Fonsy! Fonsy!" which startled the cat into a 2.15 trot to the kitchen window. Alphonso stopped, pulled down his fur collar and gazed around, Araminta threw him a kiss; but it froze on the way and broke in two as it fell on the snow. Alphonso stood irresolute and smiled. His last exit from the Van Goldstein mansion had been quick and assisted. Realizing that delay would be dangerous to the obtaining of that New Year's parcel, Araminta stepped to the front of the verandah and approached the steps. Alphonso summoned courage and opened the garden gate. As he turned to close it silently, a series of horrible sounds scattered his senses and he dropped the parcel. Before he could recover it or himself he was struck half way on the back of his fur coat and carried down the garden steps into the roadway. On he went at a furious rate down the Avenue, only conscious that he was sliding along and that a great grasp was upon the back of his seal-skin collar.

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The inmates of a certain College in Toronto were aroused by cries upon the street, and the Professor rushed to investigate. The sight which met his astonished gaze was strange indeed. Two persons were gyrating down the steep incline of the Avenue, apparently in a death struggle, and the woman held a large parcel. Realizing the danger of the situation, the Professor stepped into the road and called with a loud voice, "Change cars for the west end." The ruse succeeded and the sliding pair came to a sudden standstill. As the students thronged around, the Professor could not resist remarking "*Facile est decensus Avenue—I.*" This quotation caused the girl to recover and she arose, after the still senseless form of Alphonso was removed. Looking around she saw the cause of the terrible accident. She had forgotten having thrown away her rubbers and slipped, when starting to meet her Alphonso, falling upon a snow shovel, which had carried her along and taken up the dude in its terrible flight. On realizing Alphonso's comatose condition, Araminta let fall the parcel and it burst asunder. She cast one look at its contents, another at its owner and went home weeping.

Alphonso was visiting his laundress.

P. QUILL.

PEOPLE WE MEET IN THE CARS.

THE CROSS-EXAMINER.

HE sits on the opposite seat, and placing his hands on his knees, leans forward in a friendly manner and says:

"Going west?"

You reply in the affirmative, and he nods and smiles at this palpable hit. He is encouraged and tries again:

"Paris?"

"No."

"London?"

"No."

He says, "Indeed?" and looks somewhat saddened, and after gazing intently at you for five minutes or so, while you look out of the window, tries a new mode of attack. This time he intends to find your starting point.

"From Toronto?"

"No."

"Montreal?"

You shake your head and he concludes that you are from the "other side, I suppose?"