

A LETTER FROM THE CITY.

TORONTO, June eighty 2.

DEAR HANMER, I drove here all solid, but somewhat dejected with my ride from Bush-town. I had an adventure here the other nite, which was very amousin and tragic in some of its outlines. I was wandring thru the unique and romantic Noble Ward of this town. It lacked 2 nites of the cleeshun, and had bin a hot day. Several thermometers had bin sunstruck, and one Ise Kream man had died of joy that afternoon, but as Dark-ness came on the atmnsfere got more sublime and kooler. As I passed a millionaire's man-shun on Center-street, I heard gentil voices over the wall, discussin politics. It was a female girl and a man, and they were talking about the N. P. I leaned agin the wall to listen, but Morpheus hit me in the eyes, and I fell asleep. While I was dreaming of you, Dear Hanmer, a fellow posted a Small cleeshun bill on me. He took me for a telegraph poll, but I took it for a Small trik. If I ever catch him his flesh will turn to grass mighty sudden. He'll be BT or Hay B4 I let up on him. The poster started to whisper N. P. in my ear and woke me up. I sed there was no N. P.—no poster for me, and I made an assault on the poster. He resisted, but with a chuckle of fiendish glee I assassinated him, and hove his gory remainders in ten the gutter. Then I stole softly down the street, so as not to wake the tired policeman, and climbed in ten the bar window of the Hotel de Bummer, and went ten sleep on a bed of bottles. Rum kind of a bed, ten, but as long as I didn't have a smash, and get myself outside a sling, I was all serene. Dear Hamer, farewell, till we meet agin. In the meantime I'll try and fare well ten. Meat is high here, so high that some fellows can't meet their butchers' bills.

Yours serenely,

NICODEMUS BANGS.

Does a person with a false set o' teeth speak in a falsetto voice?

Where did the Conservative candidates get their majorities? is the question often asked lately. We don't know exactly, but fancy they got them from the votes polled for them.

A NURSERY STORY.

SHOWING HOW FOOLISH IT IS TO PUT ON STYLE, AND THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING THE NEPHEW OF A BANK PRESIDENT.



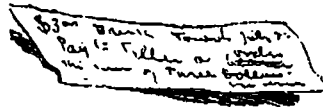
Here's a Canadian Bank.



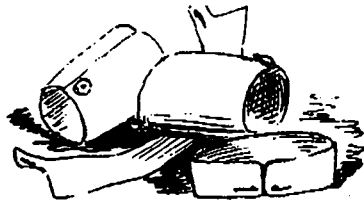
This is the Teller, a swell of a feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



This is the Cash'er, a dasher and masher, who bossed the Teller, that swell of a feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



This is a cheque for dollars three, the weekly "sugar" or salary, and paid by the Cash'er, that dasher and masher, to the lah-de-dah Teller, that swell of a feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



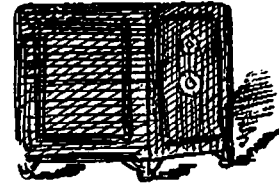
These are some cuffs and some paper collars, bought with the cheque for the sum of three dollars paid by the Cash'er, dasher and masher, wardrobe of the Teller, a swell of a feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



These are two girls, with frizzes and curls, and laden with diamonds, rubies and pearls, the gifts of the wearer of ulster and collars, bought with the cheque for the sum of three dollars, the sum of the salary, sugar, or screw, which every week the Teller drew from the lah-de-dah Cash'er, dasher and masher, who ran the Canada Bank.



This is the President, in the bank resident, and pa to the girls with frizzes and curls, all laden with diamonds, rubies and pearls; the gift of the wearer of cuffs and collars bought with the cheque for the sum of three dollars. His nephew's the Cash'er, a dasher and masher, who bossed the Teller, a swell of a feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



This is a safe with a combination made up by an abstruse calculation, of which but two know the right formation, and these are the President in the bank resident, pa to the girls with the frizzes and curls, etc., etc. and known to the Cash'er, that dasher and masher who bossed the Teller, a lah-de-dah feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



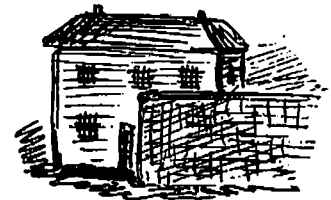
This is a prisoner placed in the dock, charged with busting the patent lock which was closed with a wonderful combination, made up with an abstruse calculation, etc., etc.; and lo! 'tis the Teller, unfortunate feller, who clerked in the Canada Bank.



And these are detectives who found the clue which led them, with instinct unerring and true, to the house where the Cash'er devoured his hash, where they found the stolen bonds and cash. His uncle was president in the bank resident, so they arrested the Teller we see in the dock, and charged him with busting the patent lock of the safe of the Canada bank.



And here is a judge as firm as a rock, and holder of millions of Canada stock; he's a friend of the President in the bank resident, whose nephew's the Cash'er, that dasher and masher, who bossed the Teller, the swell of a feller, who spooned the girls with frizzes and curls, and gave them diamonds, rubies and pearls, but who only drew a salary amounting to something like dollars three, and clerked in the Canada Bank.



And here is the Prison—but why continue this harrowing tale? Rather let us draw a veil over the unfortunate victim of the Cash'er's perfidy, and drop a tear over the errors and indiscretions of the unfortunate Teller.