



THE ALMOST FATAL LETTER.

The night was slowly, ah, how slowly! going by as Sybil Schoonmaker sat looking in the fitful, flickering fire in the grate of her chamber.

Not yet two years married, her husband, Ferdinand Fritz Schoonmaker, had of late passed most of his evenings at that rather indefinite institution that he called "the club" instead of remaining home and listening to the news of the neighborhood and what was going on in fashionable church circles, and other delightful themes so pleasant for a man to hear from the lips of his lovely and accomplished wife, as all good husbands should, and except the utterly degenerate do; and in this no doubt all respectable Benedicts fully agree.

Poor Sybil! "And he leaves me alone night after night," she murmured to herself. "Alone, neglected, and by him. Why, oh, why, did he bring me from my father's house, my happy, happy home? Why, why did I marry a Dutchman, anyway? why?" Thus sadly communing with herself her meditations were disturbed by the sound of the front door-bell ringing violently. A servant opened the door and a boy with clothes of many colors and odors asked for the "Missis," and was ushered into Sybil's presence.

"Be you Missis Schoonmaker?" the boy asked.

"Yes, yes," answered Sybil anxiously. "What is it?"

"Here's a letter for you. Man told me to tell you to hurry up and no monkeying or he would fire him into the street."

Horror! What could this horrid boy mean?

Tearing open the oleaginous missive she read as follows:—

"BULLY BOYS HOTEL.

"MISSIS SHOONMAKER,—You had better send a hack for your husband at once. He lies here dead —"

"Dead!" With an appalling scream that almost raised the hair of the unsavory messenger through the roof of his threadbare cap, she staggered and fell unconscious into the arms of a stalwart policeman who rushed off his beat at the double to see what was up. The officer with that grace of manner so peculiar to the "force," carried the insensible lady to a crimson-velvet sofa and sprinkled some violet powder which he took off her dressing-table in mistake for cologne water, over her face, which partly "brought her to."

"Oh, dead! dead!" she moaned. "That letter, that dreadful, horrid letter!" and she pointed to the much-abused epistle lying on the carpet.

"Here, here," said the officer, "take a small drop of this," and he produced a small flask containing some restorative bearing a

very striking resemblance in color and smell to a fluid commonly called "Old Rye."

She took his advice. "I feel better now," she said. "Oh, good sir, kindly road to me again that letter. I am unable, powerless to read anything. Oh, horror! my Ferdinand dead!"

"Faith! I'll do anything that'll please a lady in trouble," said the gallant officer, Cornelius Corcoran. "The letter will explain, you say?" He raised the letter, brought it to a lamp, and perused it, when a smile as broad as a silver plate on a coffin lid illumined his expressive features.

"Did you read all the letter, mum?" he asked the lady.

"No," replied Sybil. "I read, alas! enough."

"Feth, then, I will read it till ye again," said Mr. Corcoran.

"BULLY BOYS HOTEL.

"MISSIS SHOONMAKER,—You had better send a hack for your husband at once. He lies here dead —"

"Oh!" exclaimed the poor lady.

"Will ye listen?" interrupted the now disgusted crusher. "He lies here dead drunk and if you don't send for him quick I'll fire him into the street and give him in charge of a cop. Yours truly,

"BERNARD O'RAGAN."

"What! what!" screamed Sybil, "to think that I've been crying for an hour about that drunken thing! If I don't make him jump when he gets home I hope to holler! Policeman, get the worst hack you can find and drive that miserable wretch, my husband, from the Bully Boys Hotel to—No. 2 Station. Here's a dollar for yourself, and just try, like a good man, to rub him down gently with your baton. Good evening to you."

"Be jabers, if the bloke don't whack up another dollar," said Mr. Corcoran when he got outside, "faith, I'll put the nippers on the drunkard."

And poor Sybil! What of her? We give it up.

THE DRAMA OF THE SCHOOL BOOKS.

(Enter three Book Publishers.)

1st Publisher: Hail to the day, the happy, happy day.

2nd Publisher: For we have the contract, which it shall us pay.

3rd Publisher: And that we give good value, too, there's none shall dare guinsey.

4th Publisher (rushing in): But I say nay.

1st Publisher: How dare you us to contradict, pernicious base outsider.

2nd Publisher: There have been statements wide of truth, but you are going wider.

3rd Publisher: Or is it madness you afflict?—in us be a confider.

4th Publisher: Do silent, vain derider.

1st Publisher: Our paper it is smooth and white, our printing very black.

2nd Publisher: Our price is very moderate, you know.

3rd Publisher: And we give much better value than you gave them some time back.

4th Publisher: I'm determined to deny that it is so.

1st Publisher: The value to the Government is very good indeed.

2nd Publisher: The teachers call them excellent—The scholars are agreed.

3rd Publisher: Why then so unconvinced appear? Why thus the facts deny?

4th Publisher: The reason now you soon shall hear; And likewise by-and-by.

1st Publisher: We grieve a publisher to see—  
2nd Publisher: Of standing good as you—  
3rd Publisher: Declare the thing that's not to be—

All: And state what is not true. And the meaning of the sort of thing we do demand of you.

4th Publisher: This is the meaning, Number One, And Numbers Three and Two, Both of the things which I have done And do intend to do— These books I do not publish now, I am not in the ring; So I oppose you every-how, And all the books you bring. So that you shall not please me now, in this, nor any-thing; And my loud objections, through the press, continually shall ring, And each Opposition sheet shall give my objurgations wing.

The faster colors are, the slower they run. Is a moth's ma a moth-er?

PRESS COMMENTS ON OUR CARTOONS.

The full-page cartoon in the last issue of GRIP vividly illustrates an idea which very generally prevails. Sir John and Justice have met upon the ground outside of the Regina gaol, from whose flagstaff floats a Union Jack half-masted. Justice looks pained as she rests her hands upon a sword, and Sir John asks: "Well, madame, Riot is gone; I hope you are satisfied." Justice is keen and cutting in her reply: "Not quite; you have hanged the EFFECT of the rebellion, now I want to find and punish the CAUSE of it."—*Whig, Kingston.*

This sentiment is echoed by every honest heart and we firmly believe the people of Canada will punish the cause of the rebellion, the shiftless Ministry supported by a servile following, when the proper time arrives.—*Dundas County Herald.*

THE stomach is the grand central of the living system, the first organ developed in animal life, and the first to suffer from excesses. Regulate its diseased action by Burdock Blood Bitters, which restores health to the stomach, bowels, liver, kidneys and blood.

Among the local "ad's" this week, we see the "Rev. Savage's Band," and don't quite twig. What Reverend Savage is this? Is he a converted Zulu, or one of our own Rev. Aborigines. And his band, are they also savage? Does it mean a band of Reverend Savages—and what are they banded together for? Has this Reverend Savage no Christian name—and if not, why not?

LUXURY ON WHEELS.

The new Pullman Buffet Sleepers now running on the Grand Trunk Railway are becoming very popular with the travelling public. Choice berths can be secured at the city offices of the company, corner of King and Yonge Streets, and 20 York Street.

Appropriate punishment for sailors who mew-tinate—The "cat."

"The autumn winds do blow, And we shall soon have snow.

Father, hadn't you better get me a pair of WM. WEST & Co.'s lace boots? They have some beauties of their own make, just fit every boy that goes, and they're all going."

TARTE.—Naturally a little sour to the taste of the Mail.

Imperial Cough Drops. Beat in the world for the throat and chest. Far the voice unequalled. Try them.