

TOO PREVIOUS.

AN INCIDENT OF SCHOOL LIFE IN MONTREAL.

NOT long since a lady received a letter which ran in this wise :—

MADAME—In reply to your very insolent letter I wish to inform you that if you are not satisfied to let your sons submit to the discipline of the — school you must withdraw them at once.

¶The lady was much surprised and very indignant, as she had not written to the master at all. Calling her small sons, she enquired if either had been punished the day before, and found that the younger had been severely whipped for a very venial offence, but the brave little seven-year-old had been too proud to speak of his humiliation. The lady drove to the house of the school-master; on meeting whom, she said, "I am Mrs. Furious."

"Indeed," replied the pedagogue, with a scornful curl of his lip.

"I have come to ask what you mean by writing such an insolent letter," she demanded.

¶"The letter explains itself, madame, it was in answer to your own insolent letter, and so I told you I wish you



THEY DON'T SPEAK NOW.

MISS YOUNGWIFE—"Jack is very jealous of me."

MISS MAUD—"What an absurd fellow he is."



HE DIDN'T COUNT.

"HELLO! All alone, eh? Never saw a car so empty before."

"Weally? Why I came down in it the other morning and the twain was empty the whole way!"

to withdraw your boys from my school at once," he replied.

"But I never wrote you in my life, sir, and I demand to know how you dared to write me such a letter."

Then the dominie began to see that he had made a mistake and explained that he had received a letter the day before, which he had supposed to be from her. On producing the letter it was found to be anonymous, but ran this :—

"SIR.—If you should dare to whip one of my boys in the brutal way that you did young Furious yesterday, I should go to your school and pull your nose," adding some far from complimentary remarks on the cowardliness of whipping young children so brutally for such trivial offences. The quick-tempered, but slow witted dominie, had leaped to the conclusion that it was the indignant mother who had written to him.

Of course ample and abject apologies followed, and the lady was begged to return the letter, but this she declined to do.

APRES LE COMBAT.

WHAT did ye git fur Christmas?

DICK—"I got full's a tick."

TOM—"I got a pretty bad cold."

HARRY—"The boss gave me the kick."

SAM—"I looked for a rise but was sold."

BILL—"I got an awful big head."

JACK—"I lost three days' pay."

JIM—"My girl cut me dead."

NED—"I got busted over the way."



DEPENDS ON CIRCUMSTANCES.

HE—"Would you be very angry if I were to steal a kiss?"

SHE—"Well, that would depend very much on who you stole it from."