



KICKED OUT OF DECENT SOCIETY.

HOW I CAPTURED A BURGLAR.

SAVED BY COOLNESS AND A WOMAN'S POCKET.

I am, by nature, one of the bravest men that ever lived. I am descended from a long line of daring, fearless ancestors whose valor was a household word many centuries ago. Our race all possessed that cool, calculating, intrepid kind of bravery which is so often wanting in the man who may be called brave, but whose valor is so often rendered useless on account of the recklessness and lack of caution that accompanies it. Our family, centuries ago, were all warriors, and many were the doughty deeds performed in the Wars of the Roses in which a De La Funke (that is my family name) figured as the hero. It was a De La Funke that saved an entire regiment, of which he was the colonel, from being cut to pieces at Culloden, by sternly refusing to march his men within bow and arquebus shot of the foe, and a similar exploit was performed at Otterbourne by a De La Funke who cautiously waited till the battle was over before appearing with his command on the bloody field. For such deeds as these our family was ennobled in the reign of Henry VIII., who created the sturdy old John De La Funke an earl and himself selected the family crest—a snowy white feather *courant*, on a ground of liver color (white liver) with the crest,

"Whilst this feather flies
No De La Funke dyes."

and my warrior ancestors were invariably assigned a post of trust, guarding the baggage and cooking utensils behind a hill a few leagues from where the battle was raging.

Our ancestral halls are hung with suits of armor that bear witness to the terrible scenes through which their wearers passed; the backs of the coats of mail and ponderous cast-iron surtouts being dinged and battered in all directions and the seats of the metal trousers perforated with many a bullet-hole and yawning gash from some enemy's battle-axe; the pride of the De La Funkes being evinced by the care taken of the family crest which was borne on the breast, and which may be seen intact and unscathed in every instance.

Time and popular ignorance have corrupted our grand old name and we are now known as the Funkies, and I, Hubert Sanspeur Funkie, am one of the last of the race.

I reside with my wife and family in an imposing mansion near the city and it was here that the event which I am about to relate occurred, a perusal of which will show that the cautious bravery which distinguished my ancestors is yet a feature in the character of their descendants.

It was a blustery night, and Mrs. Funkie and the hero of this tale had retired to rest

about an hour, when sounds were heard at one of the lower windows of my house, which proclaimed the proximity of a burglar, perhaps of two or more. My presence of mind never for an instant deserted me and I resolved on the course of action to be followed with inconceivable rapidity. I could hear the burglar raise the window down-stairs and enter the dining-room and, quicker than thought, I rose and with superhuman energy pushed a heavy bureau across a corner of the room and encoined myself behind it. It was a cold night and I am aware that my teeth chattered and my hands perceptibly trembled as I said to Mrs. Funkie:

"Pauline, rise quietly and go to the head of the stairs and inform the intruder that I am aware of his presence but that, rather than imbrue my hands in his gore, I will give him a chance to retire unscathed."

Pauline, woman-like, suggested that I should deliver the message myself, but I pointed out that burglars often carried firearms and that it would not do for me to thus expose myself and run the risk of, by my rashness, bringing the race of Funkie to a termination. I demonstrated to Pauline that should she be killed, I could marry again and the race of the Funkies might not become extinct, but that were I slain, the line would end there and then. Thus in the time of awful peril did my hereditary coolness and intrepidity assert themselves. After a vain appeal to Pauline to get up and go and meet the intruder—whom I now heard cautiously ascending the stairs—and inform him that he had better withdraw, as I was very terrible when aroused, I ducked down behind the bureau and determined to sell my life as dearly as possible. But my brain was not idle and I was maturing a plan for the burglar's capture, even as I crouched face to face with death.

The burglar entered the apartment, and without paying the least attention to Mrs. Funkie's "Go away, bad man,"—after which she covered her head with the bed-clothes and shrieked in a muffled manner—he stalked into the middle of the room.

"Where's the boss?" I heard the villain ask. "Where's the old hunka, and where does he hide all his tin?" and he came close to my place of concealment. I knew further attempt to hide was useless and with my teeth chattering, limbs trembling and hair standing on end with the cold, I rose up and confronted him! He immediately covered me with a deadly-looking bull-dog revolver; but even now my presence of mind did not desert me, and I dodged down.

"Where d'ye keep your chink, old fellow?" the vulgar brute demanded. My plan was now matured and I replied:

"In the large chest in the corner, there."
"The keys, then, the keys, and look something or other slippy about it," said the burglar, and I heard the ominous click of the hammer of the pistol.

"You'll find the keys in that dress hanging up there," I replied, pointing to one of Mrs. Funkie's garments.

The villain, commanding me to hold my hands up, and watching me with one eye all the time, crossed over to the dress indicated and commenced searching for the keys.

The clock down-stairs struck one.

For a whole hour he pawed around that dress searching for the pocket. He swore terribly and consigned his eyes and limbs to some very unpleasant places. He could feel the keys; he could hear them jingle; but, curse and swear as he might, he could get no clue to the opening to that pocket. He dragged at the dress; he perspired; he turned it inside out; oh, how he swore!

The clock struck two, still the burglar kept on in his search and I could see a wild look coming into his eyes as the hours sped on and day began to break. Up and down, round and round that dress he went, yet no opening could he find. I saw that he was becoming desperate as daylight grew stronger. Six o'clock struck and, calm, cool, undaunted, intrepid as ever, I motioned to Mrs. Funkie to touch the electric knob communicating with the servants' quarters. In five minutes the burglar alarm sounded through the house; the footmen, butler, coachman, gardener were all aroused, and dashed into the room.

There stood the burglar holding Mrs. Funkie's dress in his hand at arm's length; his eyes were bloodshot, his tongue protruded and he foamed at the mouth.

He was, indeed, a hopeless, raving maniac. "Arrest that fellow," I cried to my myrmidons, as I stepped forth, and as my sturdy retainers seized on the villain, I hurled myself at him and dealt blow after blow upon his powerful frame. I felt no fear; my rage overcame my caution and with reckless courage I pummelled him till I could pound no longer. Then I ordered him away into confinement and sent for the police, who had him removed to the asylum for his reason was gone forever.

Reader, did you ever try to find the pocket in a woman's dress? If not, don't attempt it if you would retain your senses. S.

MEMS. OF THE YEAR 1885.

As usual, the City Fathers allowed the citizens to trip and break their heads over the broken by-laws which lay about the streets throughout the winter.

Later on the Dominion Government permitted Riel to break the national peace with missiles taken from the large heaps of broken promises which had been piled up by its unfaithful servants. Many broken hearts were the consequences.

The year was remarkable for a frantic attempt on the part of an association in Toronto calling itself the Liberal Temperance Union, to persuade level-headed Canucks that it would show their sense if they would adopt the motto: "Evil, be thou my Good."

Equally remarkable was it for the fact that these same level-heads accepted the Scott Act with readiness, not to say avidity, seeing that it curtails their private liberty (to get drunk and to make their neighbors drunk), their public liberty (to sell alcoholic poisons), and incites to drunkenness by banishing the facilities for drinking.

The smallpox broke out in Montreal; so did vaccination in every sensible community. Both "took" immensely.

Arcades became fashionable, so did home-made plate-glass.