

out its charms. And of lady friends he possesses a goodly number. Amongst his chums I have no doubt he is dubbed a masher. He is a Mormon. His character is peculiar. Sedate and dignified he loves to take his ease, but his eye lights up with vengeful fire should any rival venture within the precincts of his capacious preserves. Indeed, on the whole, he reminds me of that celebrated Provençal poet whom Dante and Virgil meet in purgatory, "sitting alone, with a noble haughtiness of aspect, and eyeing them like a lion on the watch." He is lazy. But is lazy with a calm, self-satisfied air like that of an old soldier retired from the service. He was an adult when first I met him, and at first he looked with suspicion upon me. Our acquaintanceship arose thus:—Passing one moonlight night down a dingy alley, I saw gracefully reclining on a window sill a young lady cat—about, I should fancy, the age of sweet sixteen. In the centre of the road were three things moving rapidly about each other in the midst of much dust and more noise. All that could at first sight be descried was three hairy curves at the ends of which stuck out three still more hairy tails—one of them but half a tail. From the group proceeded the most appalling sounds. Advancing towards the phenomenon I witnessed the most extraordinary combat that probably ever fell to the lot of ordinary man to behold. They were cats—that was evident; but which cat was the assailant and which the assailed, who was on the defensive, or whether all three were on the opposing side, it was utterly useless to attempt to find out. However matters stood, they were absorbed in their performance, and heeded not my approach. After gazing attentively for a few moments at this highly novel spectacle I discovered that the two whole-tailed cats were attempting the annihilation of the half-tailed cat. The situation at once burst upon me. The maimed individual was the wooer of the young lady on the window sill; his opponents were her irate brothers. I, of course, took the side of the weak, and thinking to prevent his extermination, by a few dexterous blows of my stick, rescued him from the hands of his pursuers. They immediately fled, and now it was that the most curious phase of the adventure occurred. Instead of appearing grateful to me for his deliverance, this lusty wooer seemed angry at being thus interfered with. He quietly sat down, protruded a hind leg, placidly licked a wound, and then with a look, first after his departing foes, then at his sweetheart, lastly at me, gave vent to what certainly, in his own language, must have been profanity of the worst type. "Come along with me, old boy," I said; "you have had enough for one night." Reaching my room I placed before him a good meal, and recommended him to renew his strength. This he apparently deemed even a greater insult, and scorning my proffered food, looked at me as much as to say: "Who the d—l are you?" I had been in somewhat similar plights myself and sympathised with the poor fellow. The look with which I regarded him seemed to have conveyed to his mind something of this kind, for after once more going through the process of sticking out his hind leg as he sat on the floor (gazing ever and anon at me with the object apparently of making up his mind as to my good intentions), he at length fell to and, after a hearty meal, curled himself up before my fire. This was how I got my Tom cat. He has lived with me ever since, and we are now the chummiest of friends. I have reason to believe that he has won the young lady cat, his attentions to whom so nearly lost him his life. Her brothers are now no more. One night after a somewhat lengthened period of the blues (he frequently suffers from them) he returned home, gleeful and in the most hilarious of spirits, but with the loss of an ear-tip and part of the upper left eyelid, to

which I have already referred. My conjectures as to the fate of his prospective brother-in-law were verified on the following morning by the discovery of the mangled remains of two he-cats in the alley where first I saw Tom Jones.

The Volunteer who, having escaped the bullets and bulletins of our late 'Nor' Wester, will get married first, is to receive from the Toronto Stove Co., the free gift of a Diamond "A" Range or Square Splendid stove. Marry, sir, you will find more glory in a Diamond Range with pie-a-pot and little cubs at home, than in a no-pay, hard-tack and Big Bear range abroad. No more Fallen-tear for you!



QUITE CHANGED.

Landlord (to guest who has returned for another summer vacation).—I remember you perfectly, sir, but your wife is quite changed since you were here last.

Guest.—Indeed!  
Landlord.—Yes. She has grown thin.  
Guest.—Yes.  
Landlord.—And short.  
Guest.—Yes.  
Landlord.—And blonde.  
Guest.—Yes. But then, you know, it's not the same one at all.

VENZUBEN'S DOOM;

OR, LET WELL ENOUGH ALONE.

A man who lived over the wide, wide sea,  
In a far away country called Germany,  
Decided at once from that country to flee  
And settle him down in Toronto.

Said he: "I vill go und vill live in von landt  
Vhere dey don't in der sugar mix vater und sandt;  
Vhero de air ish more pure, und de sights ish more  
grandt,  
In dot loofely down of Doronto,

"I vill go vhere de peer vill not make a man reel,  
Vhero dey makes not der sausage from drawn vway veal,  
Und no robbers or placklers my monish vill sheet—  
I vill hie me away to Doronto.

"For dey live ferry big in dot city, I hear,  
On de shivestet of delicacies all de roundt year;  
Und good living I too; so I'll shust disappear."  
Und eat sausage und schnapps in Doronto."

So he packed up his wardrobe, and westward he came,  
With his children, his dog, and his cadaverous dame—  
Katrino Wilhelmina Venzuben—the same  
Soon were seen on the streets of Toronto.

But the land was not just what Venzuben had thought,  
For when he arrived at the station, I wot,  
He hied him away and a glass of beer got—  
He got his first drink in Toronto.

The beer tasted good, but it knocked him out flat;  
It turned him, it staggered him this way and that,  
And next morn in the dock of the Central he sat—  
And was fined one and costs in Toronto.

He bought him some sausage for breakfast next day,  
But they savored of something, just what, I can't say,  
And Venzuben in sorrow threw each one away,  
The makers still live in Toronto.

The air was not pure, he caught fever and chills;  
Took catarrh and bronchitis—he also took pills,  
Ipecac, bitter aloes, and syrup of squills—  
All prescribed by M. D.'s of Toronto.

The sugar he ate ground his teeth to his gums,  
And life was made wretched by lites and by drums;  
He drooped and repined; was attacked by the "glums,"  
And was sorry he came to Toronto.

At last when out walking and sighing for health,  
A thief came along, and with cunning and stealth  
Searched Venzuben's fat pockets, and took all his wealth—  
"Held him up" in the streets of Toronto.

He sighed then for Germany—sighed then in vain,  
For fair, honest Germany, over the main;  
And he wept for the land he would ne'er see again—  
For stranded he was in Toronto.

He had nothing to live on, his rent could not pay;  
So poor old Venzuben hied quickly away  
And dropped himself into the depths of the Bay—  
He drowned in the Bay at Toronto.

—W. H. T.

THE AMBITIOUS CITY.

A story comes from Hamilton. It is characteristic of the natives.

The great Herrmann was giving an entertainment in Burlington Bayville, and in order to perform some wonderful feat of prestidigitatorism asked from his audience the loan of a fifty-cent piece.

Not a man or woman ventured to advance the needful coin.

"Well," said the magician, after waiting vainly for ten minutes or so, "I can perform ze treeck wiz a cent. Will some gentlemann kindly lend me one cent?"

A long pause. Finally a native rose up, and hauling a copper from his pocket, said:

"Moster Hairrmann, I'll lend ye the bawbee gin ony bodlie—weel kent an' respeckit—will be security that ye'll gie it back an' no keep it."



RUBBING IT IN.

Dudekins (annoyed).—Oh, I'm not such a fool as you take me for!

Sharpman.—No; I didn't suppose it could be possible.

An interesting and valuable series of papers, on "Southern Progress," by R. H. Edmonds, editor of the Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record*, is begun in *The Current* of August 22. Mr. Edmonds presents a remarkable compilation of statistics clearly demonstrating the phenomenal rise of industry in the South within the past decade, and showing that in many important respects that section is in nowise behind the North.