



ABROAD!

Puter Familias—So this air the Paris saloon? Wall, I swan! Jis like them air New York saloons, only—er—where's the bar?" —*N. Y. Judge.*

forgetfulness, she eats a chicken after that, the feathers get tangled up in the fur, which proves so very disagreeable and annoying to the cat, that she becomes willing to entirely relinquish chicken as an article of diet.

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THIS is the time of year when out on the farm the thrifty toilers are doing about four hundred dollars worth of hard work in the fields, raising a mammoth pumpkin for the ten-dollar prize at the fall fair. It is also the time when men run mile races in the sun for a medal worth three dollars and a half.

A SHINING EXAMPLE.

"No," said an anti-Fleming alderman, as he elevated a glass of four fingers of whiskey straight in a Yonge Street bar, "I'm not diluting my drinks just now. While official complaints are being made against citizens wasting the city water, I feel it my duty to set a good example."

THE SENATOR HEARD FROM.

Two sagacious fowls have of late been ruffling their feathers at one another over some fish,—of course I am alluding in a graceful way to the beaver and the hairless eagle. While the thing did not seem very serious Canadians felt there could be no certainty until Senator Frye had opened his marble jaws. GRIP is now able to give the Senator's views—nay, his very words—accurately.

When an interviewer called, the Senator was discussing the situation and divers cordials with the illustrious Mr. Finnerty. His disguise, however, consisting mainly of a cloven breath (*a Jew desprit*), gained him access to the gifted statesman. For now-a-days we call a strong mixture of Ignorance, Rascality, Prejudice and Impudence, a gifted statesman; noble Romans called them heelers.

On being invited to *unbusm* himself the Senator up-ended and tried the range of his bellicose voice. At last he remarked:—

"How long will a great and free people tamely submit to the insult of England? We are unworthy the name of Americans (hear! hear! from Mr. Finnerty) if we do not sternly resent this latest outrage on our fellow citizens. *Civis some Americanis* should be a protecting ægis (*Aside from Mr. Finnerty—Don't know him. Guess he is in the Ward though,*) to enmantle a citizen in any land. If we give up our finny rights (Does he mean me? thought Mr. Finnerty), where will our children look for their great statesmen and mental giants? But at this moment we must act warily. A remarkable man is now a hostage in their hands. The Hon. J. G. Blaine is investigating England. He will return and tell us of their weakness. Then the hour of vengeance will thunder from broad Atlantic's wave to the calmer waters of the Pacific main, will reverberate from Mexico's arid sands to Superior's icy torrent, will hurl England into a hideous cataclysm of woe and ruin. Palsied be the hand . . ."

The Senator paused, as he recollected that political palsy was already pre-empted, and sunk wearily into a chair exhausted by the paroxysm; and the reporter reverently withdrew.

"Fin, my boy," remarked the Tail-twister-in-ordinary, "see what it is to have a reputation. What beastly weather to come to get tail-twisting done! Wonder whether they take me for a cattle-puncher?"

WAR MEMORIES.

THE following thrilling narrative of "How I was wounded at Richmond," by a non-combatant, will not appear in the *Century* for September.

His advent was heralded by the spicy odour of an inferior article of soothing syrup. He came in and seated himself wearily on a barrel; his costume floated airily round him. He was a dirty, dusty, beery tramp. Without preamble, he burst into his tale. (SIGHED)

"I wished once again to visit the spot where I was wounded in sixty—don't care if I do, Mister. Say, boss, you can give me some of your bug-juice. Wounded?—just look here" and he laid a dirty finger on his shapely chin. Sure enough amid the grime and stubble you could see a livid seam. "Where? Why right here in your town, in the barber-shop across the way.—Stop, I know just as well as you do, young man, that there was no fighting on this side. Who said anything about fighting? I permitted an ignorant nigger to butcher me with a razor—"

"It's a good joke," he muttered as he picked himself up in the middle of the street, but perhaps I made the *denoument* the *aufklarunk* a little too sudden."

"PA, what do they mean by off-take sewers?" asked little Johnny, looking up from the daily paper. "Oh, two more mills on the dollar, I suppose," crustily replied Pa, who is a James Frenchman in local politics.