



Our American Abroad.

TEXAS—"Say, Sonny, ain't yer going ter give us a shine?"
 SONNY—"Garn! I doan't own no bloomin' blackin' factory."

their trust as shepherds of the park sheep. 'Woe is me if I preach not,' says the one party. 'Woe is me if I keep not the peace,' says the other. And so they are at it, hammer and tongs, and between them they have worked up a circus at which the Bad Spirit, it is said, chuckles in glee. It occurred to me that you might go up and endeavour to harmonise the conflicting elements."

"That city council," said Mr. Paul, "is same one been so much boodle talk about in them papers lately?"

"Yes—the same."
 "And them park preachers they live on what they kin pick up—eh?"

"Put it a little more courteously," said the reporter. "They live on voluntary contributions—yes."

"Well," said the sagamore, "If I was a mass in Toronto, I'd be pooty far gone when I'd let either that council or them other fellers elevate me."

"But it's a fine moral spectacle," said the reporter. "How they gonto settle this thing?" queried the sagamore.

"The park question? I'm sure I don't know. The city council has the trump card just now, but the park orators are not dismayed. There is a very nasty insinuation, which I reject with scorn, to the effect that the aldermen are jealous of the preachers because the latter can get people to listen to them. That is highly improbable."

"Mebbe not," said Mr. Paul. "I b'lieve that's true."

"Well, there's a fine muddle, anyhow; and the reputation of the Sabbath, or the city council, or the preachers, or somebody or something,—I hardly know what—appears to be in considerable danger. Oh! There's a deuce of a row!"

"You know how they kin settle it?" demanded Mr. Paul. "I'll tell you now right away. Let 'um have big jawin' match between them aldermen and them preachers. 'um in a ring and let 'um fight it out with their tongues. Whoever gits licked—let 'um back down."

"But it might last all summer," objected the reporter. "You can't tire an alderman's jaws, nor a street preacher's. They'd still be banging away this time next year."

"All the better," said the sagamore. "Fence in that ring and leave 'um there. Toronto kin git along all right without 'um both."

"I wish you'd go up there," said the reporter, "and try and straighten things out. Privately, I'm inclined to side with the aldermen, but I may be wrong."

"I'll go right away," said the sagamore. "When I come back I'll tell you how I got along."

The sagamore will spend Sunday in Toronto.

"Well, the park preachers argue that to convert a man you must first get his ear, and that Sunday is the day and the park the place to do it. They feel the mandate upon them to go and preach, and they dare not grieve the prompting spirit. So on the one hand you have the council trembling lest skulls should be broken; and on the other hand the preachers trembling lest they should be unfaithful to



OUR INDIAN PHILOSOPHER

The Sagamore

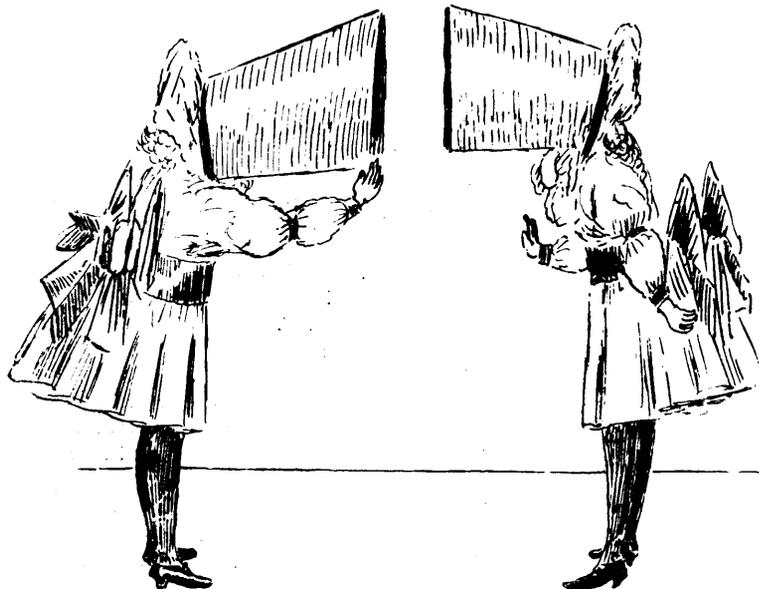


Y brother, the reporter said, "is it true that you have been asked to visit Toronto and reduce the affairs of that city to something like order?"

"Nobody ask me to go there yit," replied Mr. Paul. "What's wrong up there?"

"A little religious difficulty," said the reporter. "The city council and the street preachers are at variance as to the best means of elevating the masses. Both parties have undertaken the job, but have come into collision."

"How's that?" queried the sagamore.



THE LATEST BIT OF BOARDING