

# Our Biographical Column.

[Many Canadian papers furnish their readers every week with portraits and biographical sketches of more or less distinguished citizens of the United States. Not to be behind in so patriotic a particular, the DOMINION ILLUSTRATED has acquired the exclusive right to publish a series which, it is hoped, will be found both interesting and instructive.]

## The Hon. Cornplanter Jones.

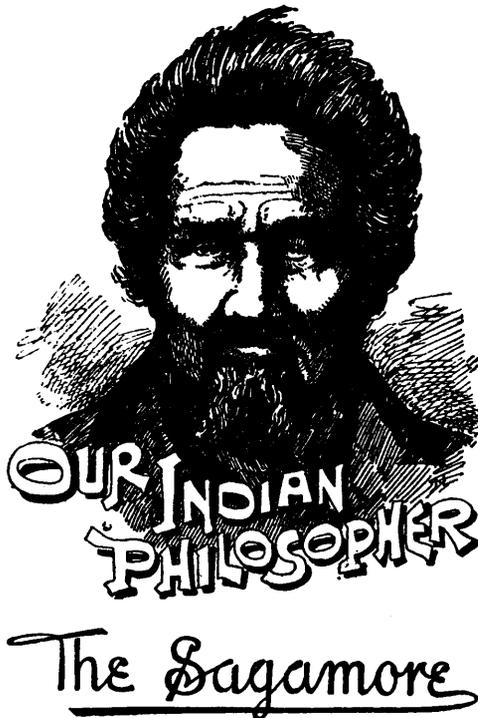


HE deeds of the pioneers of America, who met the red man in his forest fastness or on the boundless prairies, and with gun at shoulder fashioned out for themselves and families homes of peace and plenty amid the western wilds, have oft been told. They were dauntless men, and well deserve the veneration of their children and the world at large. But men of blood and iron were not the only ones who had a worthy share in the life of those stormy years. Some of the gentler souls who sought to turn the mind of the savage to the contemplation of nobler themes than were



dreamt of in his philosophy are not less worthy of our praise. Of this noble company was Cornplanter Jones. The manner in which he averted a massacre by the Blackfeet in Dakota is still remembered with fervent gratitude by old settlers. Missionary zeal led Cornplanter Jones to that region. He went to a Blackfoot camp at a time when peace was supposed to reign between them and the palefaces. He arrived on a Saturday night and announced that he would address the braves next morning. He did so, and a large crowd listened with profound attention. The next morning the chief came to him and gravely informed him that he had better move along. But Cornplanter Jones demurred. He argued long and fervently and asked permission to address the assembled braves on the subject. The chief was obdurate. The braves, he said, were much excited since

yesterday, and wanted blood whether or no. As there were quite a number of palefaces within reach, there was imminent danger of a bloody massacre unless Mr. Jones moved on. To his everlasting credit be it said, Cornplanter Jones moved on that very day. He went on the same trail that had brought him to the town of the Blackfeet. As a still further proof of his desire to avoid bloodshed, he stifled his ambition then and there, and never preached again. How many other dreadful massacres were averted by that act of noble self-sacrifice, who can tell? Ah, it is not always in the glare of the fierce light which beats upon thrones and high places that greatness is developed! The Hon. Cornplanter Jones is now a leading citizen of both Dakotas, his house being on the boundary line. He has always refused to engage actively in political affairs but keeps bronchos for sale and is very fond of coyote hunting. He keeps pigs. The Hon. Cornplanter Jones has set an example that young Canadians should study with extreme interest and profit.



HE sagamore reclined at length upon a couch of odorous fir boughs. His face wore a tired expression, as of one who had been on a tedious journey. He sat up when the reporter entered, and graciously accepted a pipeful.

"The great exhibition at Montreal," observed the reporter, "is a thing of the past. Were you there?"

"Ah hah."

"It was a fine show," said the reporter, "and I read what the papers said about the various exhibits with a good deal of interest. But the thing that most impressed me was the Paradox. Did you see it?"

"What's Paradox?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Of course you saw," said the reporter, "and you also read in the papers, that no liquor was dispensed on the grounds."

"Ah hah."

"And you also saw, if you were there in the evening, that ten men out of every nine were either half drunk or beastly sober."

"Ah hah."

"That," said the reporter, "was the Paradox."

"Then I seen him—sure enough," declared the sagamore.

"Strange they didn't have anything about it in the programme," mused the reporter. "It certainly was a striking feature of the show."

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, "I seen some people gonto to do some strikin'."

"And of course you saw the bloodthirsty Comanches in their war paint, in the Wild West tent?"

"I seen 'um Saturday night," rejoined the sagamore, "after the fireworks went off. Lot of us went in. We

paid ten cents. Some them painted Injuns so drunk they kin hardly stand up. Some white men in our crowd same way. They jawed. One them Injuns he grabbed club—made b'lieve he's gonto to kill somebody. 'Nother Injun he called one white man \_\_\_\_\_, and grabbed his knife handle. Some women in there they got out pooty quick then. Manager got his Injuns quiet and somebody else got white men quiet—no scalps took. But if that's what them Montreal people call an elevatin' exhibition I'm glad I live in Ap-ol-og-neek. If I want to see drunk Injuns I kin see 'um without havin' big tent and ten cents to git in."

"That was a great moral spectacle, my brother, such as 'His Lordship' Mayor McShane believes in to emphasize his well known temperance reform principles. That is a great deal better than prohibition."

"In that main exhibition house," said Mr. Paul, "I seen one man givin' away whiskey. I seen another givin' away wine. I seen men pooty near drunk pushin' up against women in that crowd, and smellin' so strong of whiskey you could smell 'um good ways off. I s'pose that's another moral spectacle."

"Yes," said the reporter, "you can always smell a moral spectacle of that kind. The effect is more lasting, you know. I think that is the view held by Mayor McShane, the directors of the exhibition and also the police. And of course they know."

"Well," said the sagamore, "next time you have an exhibition in Montreal you kin count on me stayin' home."

"My brother," the reporter said gravely, "you have missed the lesson of the exhibition. When people saw those Comanche Indians half drunk and a little anxious to draw their scalping knives, they would see at once how essential it is that the liquor laws should be strictly enforced among the Indians in the Northwest territories—in the interest of the settlers. When they saw that if 'um was not sold it was given away, they would see at once that the Scott Act is no good and that prohibition does not prohibit. These, my brother, and many other great moral lessons were taught by the exhibition to which we have referred. Perhaps you had no interpreter with you and so missed them. But that was your loss, not ours. We consider, sir, that the exhibition was a most unqualified success in all respects."

With these remarks the reporter rose and took his departure.

## Stray Notes.

AN UNPLEASANT SITUATION.—Maude: I don't know what I am ever going to do.

Ethel: Why, what is the matter?

Maude: Why, M. Fearar, of Paris, was talking very earnestly to me in French, last night, and I didn't quite understand him, and he spoke so impetuously, and I replied, "Oui, oui," several times. It has just occurred to me that perhaps he was proposing.

A CURE FOR VANITY.—Jinkers: That man is the most insufferable lump of conceit that ever trod the earth. I wish he could be elected President of the United States.

Winkers: You do? Why?

Jinkers: The newspapers would make him sick of himself.—*New York Weekly.*

A REVELATION.—Primus: Did you read Moss' open letter in the *Firmamemi*?

Secundus: I didn't see his signature to anything.

Primus: Oh! he's too modest for that. He always signs his press letters as "Vox Dei."—*Judge.*

Editor—That young Mr. Colgrad we took on as reporter is going to make a hustler.

Assistant—Has he distinguished him-self already?

Editor—I sent him out to get interviews with some Indians; he couldn't find any, but he brought in a mighty interesting talk with a feather-duster man.—*Lake Shore News.*

A raw country chap joined the volunteers, and on the first parade day his sister came, together with his mother, to see them. When they were marching past Jock was out of step. "Look, mither," said his sister, "they're a'oot to step but oor Jock."