



HE reporter wore his most subdued expression, and approached the sagamore with some degree of hesitation.

"My brother," he said, humbly, "I have come to make a confession. On the occasion of a recent visit some property of yours was found in my pocket. I then denied all knowledge of how it came there. To-day I have to confess that in an unguarded moment I did give way to an evil prompting. I am exceedingly sorry."

"You been converted lately?" queried the sagamore.

"I have," said the reporter. "The great wave of morality that has radiated from Ottawa and is spreading over the country has affected me deeply. I am an altered man. I will never steal again. I had no idea there were so many good men in Canada till the great wave of righteous indignation and horror that is sweeping over the newspaper offices of the country struck me the other day. Why, there is hardly a rogue in the country, outside of Ottawa, and a few in Quebec. I used to think that almost any man would take a little grab if he could, but I was wrong—wrong. All the people but myself are pious, especially the editors—and I want to be an editor some day. Therefore, I will never yield to evil counsels or monetary considerations any more."

"What did you take 'fore you come here?"

"What did I take?"

"Ah hah. Gin?"

"My brother, you wrong me," said the reporter earnestly. "I speak the sober truth, based on profound conviction."

"I'm sorry to hear that," was the old man's comment. "If you been drunk that's some excuse. If you ain't drunk you must be crazy."

"How so?"

"If you b'lieve all you been sayin'," said Mr. Paul, "you're either drunk or crazy. I told you once before if you see feather stickin' up on stump don't you go tell people you know where there's a duck's nest. Don't you be fooled by all this holler 'bout thieves and robbers. Them Grits wants to turn them Conservatives out at Ottawa. Them Conservatives wants to git them Grits out at Quebec. You start right in there when you commence to think. Keep that in your head. Then you think up history a little. See if you kin find any gov'ment in any country ever been run without all this talk 'bout boodle, and stealin', and fat contracts, bein' put in them newspapers. Then you come down little nearer home. Ask yourself if every man you know is so good he won't take little grab in a bargain if he kin git it. Ask yourself if you don't know plenty men be glad to git another man kicked off if they kin git his place. See if you don't know some men all the time tryin' to make a grab one way or another. Mebbe it's a man wants fat contract from the county to do some work. Mebbe it's a man wants fat contract from the parish to make some roads. Mebbe it's a man wants to run big bill at the store and never pay it. Mebbe it's a man wants to run a store little while, then fail. Mebbe it's a man wants to insure his old house and then burn it up. Mebbe it's a preacher wants to

git sent to place where he'll git more pay and git his name in the papers more. Think you don't know any men like that round here? You ain't a fool. Young man, when you git honest voters you'll git honest gov'ment. You ain't got 'um yit. Them newspapers hollerin' so loud 'bout bribery and corruption—don't they know that in every county in this country plenty men won't vote without they're paid for it? Don't they know you can't git plenty of 'um to vote if they ain't paid for their day? Don't they know that it costs heap money every time? Don't they know that? Don't them ward workers on both sides take the lists and mark off the men they got to buy? And don't them pious editors know it and wink at it? Now they git hold of some crooked things up in Ottawa and down in Quebec, and they print big headlines 'bout it and try to make b'lieve they're almost dead with shame. It makes me sick."

"But," said the reporter, "would you have them gloss over the offences that have been proved?"

"No," said the sagamore, "but I'd have 'um hold their tongues till things had been proved. Some has been. Very likely some more will be. Some won't. I'll tell you what they're doin'," cried the old man. "They're throwin' out all kinds of hints. They're takin' things for proved that ain't, and spreadin' it all over this country. They're tryin' to make people b'lieve lot of things ain't true, as well as what is true. Then if these things ain't proved, and them committees says they ain't, them papers 'll holler 'bout white-wash. It's same way on both sides. Is that honest? Is that what you call high morality? Is it done because them papers is awfully shocked at sin, or is it done to make what you call capital bimely? They draw pictures showin' how this country is in hands of thieves and in an awful state. Newspapers in States and other countries see that and read the big headlines. They don't know anything about it, but they set right down and write about Canada bein' rotten. Then them papers in this country copy that and say, 'see what other people thinks of us.' Then some preacher reads that and gits up and hollers 'bout this country bein' byword in the earth and a thing for everybody to pint their fingers at. Then them papers print what he said and make great holler 'bout pulpit speakin' out. Them papers talks about grabbin'! Don't you know that the ones that's doin' most hollerin' is always mighty glad if they kin git fat contracts for printin'?' Young man, you're a fool."

"If I understand you correctly," said the reporter, "you seem to be of the opinion that there are no honest men at all."

"Honest men," said the sagamore, "don't go round with a label on. But you kin find 'um. But if I tell you what I think—then I tell you I think there's good many men gonto make a good bargain if they kin, whether it's in Ottawa or Ap-ol-og-neek. I don't say that's good thing, but it's true."

"Then, if you are correct," said the reporter, "I might as well break my resolution and hoe in for a share of the boodle."

"It's all right," said the old man, "for you and me to be honest. It's all right for us to say other people better be honest. It's all right to camp on people that ain't honest when we kin prove it. But if I know I'm gonto make a grab first chance I git, I ain't got no business throw mud at other grabbers. Too much of that nowadays. A little more honesty all round, and a good 'eal less blather and hypocrisy be mighty good thing for this country."

"But how are we going to get it?" queried the reporter.

"One man you want to watch mighty sharp," replied the sagamore. "You kin help it along good 'eal that way."

"Where shall I find him?" asked the reporter, rising to go in eager search.

"You see him in the lookin'-glass every day," rejoined the sagamore. "Keep your eye on him."

"But," said the reporter, "don't you think that as a newspaper man I ought to hump myself at this juncture and write some treatises on virtue and the necessity of chopping off a lot of heads at Ottawa and Quebec?"

"If you advise 'um to git right down to the bottom of this thing all round—that's enough for you to do just now," replied the sagamore. "You kin print the evidence. Never mind the big headlines. If you find when it's all over that somebody's been whitewashed, and no mistake about it, then you kin git up and holler. But don't forgit that stealin' ain't the only bad thing in this world. And don't run away with the idea that anybody thinks you're the judge and jury. Heads of what you call departments in the gov'ment got good 'eal on their shoulders—so has the heads of newspapers. If one has to try hard, to keep from

grabbin', the other better try and keep from lyin' and throwin' mud. A little house cleanin' all round wouldn't hurt anybody. And this is a bully time to begin."

"I don't know but you're right, old man," said the reporter, reflectively. "I think I'll write a treatise on the duty of editors right away. Hanged if I don't!"

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.]



HON. PETER P. PLUNK

The Hon. Peter P. Plunk, of Cooksville, Cadaverous County, Texas, is one man among ten thousand. Ten thousand is the population of Cooksville. The honourable gentlemen was born in Plunk Settlement, Maine, (named after his grandfather) in 1850, and went west at an early age. He is therefore in the prime of life. As a boy Peter was a good boy, though vigorous, as most healthy boys are. His first notable achievement, and one that clearly demonstrated his staying powers, was at the age of twelve years, when he chewed two figs of tobacco in ten hours. The neighbours said that Peter would go along swimmingly through life. He is an excellent swimmer. After removing to Texas, Peter tried the wild and exciting life of a bullpuncher for some years, but settled down ten years ago in Cooksville and went into the real estate business. At the last state election he was sent to the legislature, and there is no member of that body of whom greater things are expected during the current term than of the Hon. Peter P. Plunk.

Canadians, from their proximity to Texas, will be especially interested in his legislative career, and he may rest assured of their continued love, and admiration of his fine qualities as a man and as a statesman. The Hon. Peter P. Plunk uses a gilt edged spittoon.

A Solemn Abjuration.

This curious advertisement appeared in the *Springhill, N.S. News*. The name of the advertiser, a woman, is here omitted:

NOTICE.

The undersigned, _____, promises and agrees not to interfere with, stone, or set the dog on any cattle, while on Her Majesty's highway, more particularly cows owned by Thomas Letcher or Richard Letcher.

(Signed)