



The Sagamore



HE reporter mopped his forehead and heaved a sigh of relief as he fell into a seat in the cool shade of the sagamore's domain.

"Old man," he said, "the weather in Montreal has been hot enough lately to boil ducks in the ponds around there. Yet here

it is the end of September. For nearly a fortnight we have sweltered and groaned in an atmosphere that would be a credit to July in the tropics. Just when people had begun to put on heavier clothing they had to go back to the thinnest apparel to be found in their wardrobes. Such a freak of the weather has never occurred before that I know of. Nobody up there can account for it. Can you?"

"You ever hear about Sodom and Gomorrah?"

"Yes," said the reporter, "they were burned up, you know, with fire and brimstone, on account of their wickedness."

"They grewed up agin," said Mr. Paul, "in this country. I hear good many people say so."

"Where are they located?" the reporter queried.

"Sodom, he's called Ottaway," replied the old man, "and Gomorrah he's called Quebec."

"Well," said the reporter questioningly.

"Montreal," went on Mr. Paul, "he's half way between Sodom and Gomorrah. That's what makes him so hot."

"Oh!"

"Yes," pursued the old man, "that's what's the matter with Montreal. If you want healthy weather there you got to move Ottaway up into Hudson's Bay and Quebec down onto Anticosti."

"Faith, we might do worse," said the reporter. "If we sent them there and the people kept up their present temper for making it hot for one another the result would give us open navigation of the Bay and the Gulf and river all through the winter. I am sure that either the heat of an opposition arraignment or the warmth of a government repudiation would melt an iceberg off hand."

"It would," said Mr. Paul, "and if you move 'um there you won't be so likely to git choked with that brimstone when they burn up bimeby."

"True," admitted the reporter, "quite true. This thing shall be done. I'll communicate with Larkin, Connolly & Co., or Mr. Pacaud or some other big contractor and have them shifted right away. I'll also consult 'His Lordship' the mayor and Mr. St. Louis. This thing must be attended to at once."

Full of his patriotic scheme, the reporter crushed his hat over his brows and hurried away, altogether regardless of the heat.

The Editor's Leisure—"I'll wait until you are at leisure," said a caller to the editor. "I'm afraid I'll be of no use to you when I'm dead," replied the editor.—*Epoch*.

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. Ginpig Jewsharper.

There is likely to be a sharp contest over the election of deputy district inspector of beer bottles in the township of Crank Hollow, Illinois. There are several candidates for the position and all sorts of issues, including various kinds of hard liquor, are being imported into the contest. The favourite of fortune just now appears to be the Hon. Ginpig Jewsharper, whose portrait is herewith presented. The



honourable gentleman has had a distinguished public career and enjoys the confidence of all classes. It was with extreme reluctance that he allowed himself to be put in nomination at the present time, but his friends were importunate and the issues such as seemed to require the active interposition of a man of sterling worth and unchallenged probity. Hon. Mr. Jewsharper is a native of Crank Hollow and has a distinguished military record, holding the rank of Corporal. During the war his regiment was several times in action, and he bears to this day the mark where he was struck by an idea and left for dead. In fact he was at first returned in the list of those killed. After the war he returned to Crank Hollow and engaged in the brewing business, being steadily engaged in that line at a dollar a day until five years ago, when he opened a saloon and has since amassed wealth. No one questions for a moment his eminent fitness for the position to which he now aspires, and his election will simply be a recognition of his great merits as a citizen. The Hon. Ginpig Jewsharper has hosts of friends throughout Canada, who will watch with the keenest interest the result of the contest. Hon. Mr. Jewsharper was, in his younger days, the champion light-weight of his county and a scrapper of no mean record. He has always been in favour of closer trade relations with Canada, and as a pork breeder has no superior in the state of Illinois.

The Summer Hotel Bill.

"By the way," remarked a guest to the landlord of a summer resort as he paid his bill and started away, "do you perm t your help to accept tips?"

"Why, n-o-n-o," he said with nervous anxiety, as he glanced back over the account; "you haven't got any money left, have you?"—*Detroit Free Press*.

Visitor—I understand that you want some painting done.
Editor—Yes; I wish a sign painted at the foot of the stairs. It is for poets to read after I fire them out; and as they generally alight on their heads you had better paint it like this:

DON'T SLAM THE DOOR

—*Truth*.

English as She is Spoke.

Mr. A. Gay Youngman, of Columbus, Sundayed here with friends.—*Lancaster Gazette*.

He Sundayed there, we must presume,
Because he wanted quiet,
And dinner-ed there because he liked
The Lancasterian diet.

He may have paper-ed there a while
Or yellow cover book ed it,
Or marv-illed, after he had meal-ed
How well the people cooked it.

Perhaps he hammock-ed in the shade
And just cigar-ed a little,
And puffed the smoke into the air,
And cuspidor-ed the spittle.

Or, maybe he'd a sweetheart there
And afternoon-ed about her,
And vowed that ne'er till he was graved
Could he get on without her.

Perhaps her mother at that point
Came in and mother-in-law-ed him
Perhaps her father carriaged 'p
In style and overawed him.

Perhaps, however, they were not
Disturbed in either fashion;
They may have parlor-ed it alone
And rocking-chair ed their passion.

Perhaps he supper-ed with his dear,
Then hurried to the station,
And train-ed and street-car-ed to his home
In great exhilaration.

—*Columbus Dispatch*.

Intelligent Critics.

Scene—A Cricket Match. Dramatis personæ—Three ladies.

First lady—"Why do they both run?"

Second lady—"I can't think."

Third lady—"I wonder they don't have two balls, and bowl from both ends, they would have much more play." (Umpire calls "Over.")

Second lady—"Why are they all walking about now?"

First lady—"I should think they must want to stop and talk a bit."

Third lady—"Which side do you take?"

First lady—"Oh, I want the man who is standing up here, near us, to win, he has got such a pretty coat on."

Second lady—"I wonder how much longer we ought to stay? I feel very dull."

First lady—"It won't do to go away too soon, or people will think we don't like it."

Third lady—"I wish I knew a little more about the game. It looks so silly not to know anything."

First lady—"Oh, you have only got to keep on saying, 'Run it out!' whenever either of the batsmen hits a ball, and people will think you know a lot about it."—*Mower*.

Stray Notes.

A True Friend.—Bronson: Do you ever read your work to any one before you send it out?

Funniman—No, not now. I used to read it all to my friend Banks, but he is dead.

Bronson—Poor fellow! No wonder.—*Life*.

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Criticus—I see Mr. Mansford advertises that "incessant applause" greets his new play

Man About Town—Yes, the audience is afraid that if it lets up a bit they'll hear some of the lines.—*New York Telegram*.

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The Boston Summer Girl.—Madge—This summer resort reminds me of what the professor said of the primary geological formations.

Evelyn—How's that, dear?

Madge—It contains no trace of man.—*Life*.