



## The Sagamore



It did not require a very keen eye to note that the sagamore was in a savage mood. He scarcely even condescended to grunt in response to the reporter's greeting.

"My brother, you are out of sorts today. Anything wrong?"

"If I kin git my eye on one Yankee," blurted out the warrior, "then you see something wrong pooty quick."

"What have the Yankees been up to?" queried the reporter. "Have they been gobbling your fish preserve? Pulling your eel pot? Stealing your bait?"

"My son, Jack," said the sagamore abruptly, "he went down to Oldtown last week. He got 'ob'fore he went, with one them Oldtown Injuns to do some work. Soon's he got there them Yankees asked him where he come from. Soon's they found out he's from this country and gonto work down there they sent him right back here."

Your son," explained the reporter, "being a Canadian, comes under the operations of the contract labour law. You see there are only sixty millions of people there, while we have nearly five millions. Necessarily they must protect themselves. It is a well established fact that one Canadian can do as much work as ten Yankees. Therefore, if your son went to work there, ten Yankees would be thrown out of employment. You can see the injustice of that from a national point of view, my brother. Can't you?"

"No," gruffly rejoined the old man. "I can't."

"It seems to me to be clear enough," said the reporter. "If we were a weak nation like the Yankees we would have to adopt just such measures in self-defence. Why, just think of it! Two harvest labourers had the gall, the other day, to start from Manitoba down into Dakota to work. You know as well as I do that the wheat crop in the Dakotas only yields one medium sized stalk to the square mile. That being the case, imagine what it would mean for two well-fed and able-bodied harvesters from Manitoba to go across there and go to work. Why, man, they'd stack the crop of the two states before lunch time. The authorities, therefore, did the correct thing when they marched those two fellows back across the border. Because, after harvesting the wheat crop of the Dakotas, if they didn't happen to have taken their lunch across the lines with them, they might have turned to and eaten it all up. Then we would have been called upon, and with justice, to aid the starving settlers of Dakota. Now, I take it, it is much the same at Oldtown. And under such circumstances the return of your son is quite the proper thing."

"Mebbe so," said the sagamore, "but I git even with them Yankees yit. They come down here under contract every year. They make contract every summer with our hotel keepers to come down here and eat grub. I'll git that stopped pooty quick."

"What! Stop the summer tourists from coming—and let them frizzle? That would be too hard. Though it

would be a great saving in 'grub.' One Yankee summer tourist, when he gets a sniff of our Canadian air, can eat more than ten Canadians. And grumble about the hotel accommodation at the same time."

"That's so," said Mr. Paul. "Then I kin hit 'um in another place. They come over here to ketch salmon. I'll git that stopped, too."

"What about their commercial travellers?"

"Take their samples away and send 'um home agin," quoth the sagamore.

"And their fraternal society excursions, such as the Sir Knights Galloots and Continental Standbacks and other gangs that come over here in gaudy paraphernalia to have a good feed and a good time?"

"Scalp 'um," promptly responded the sagamore. "Scalp 'um all."

"If you do all that," said the reporter, "your revenge will be ample. But it is hardly worth while, it seems to me. When you consider that we are so far ahead of them in all respects—that we own the world's wheat belt, the world's fisheries, the world's fast mail route, the world's nickel deposits—the world's promise for the future, in short—it is hardly worth our while to raise a row about a little thing. Be generous, my brother; be magnanimous. Spare the weak. Let the varlets live."

The sagamore said he would think it over, but at the same time it would perhaps be as well for persons of annexationist proclivities to give the wigwam a wide berth for the next few days.

## 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. Hornbeam Hamestrap.

NEVADA has had her Silver Kings, and other striking claims to recognition by the world at large; but not less worthy of recognition, if less widely heralded, as indeed modest virtue ever is, are the exploits of some of her sons, whose names perchance are scarcely heard beyond the shadow of their native mountains. That Hornbeam Hamestrap was only an humble prospector does not detract one iota from the glory of an achievement of which he was the central figure, and which called into activity in the most marked degree the qualities of intrepid courage and god-like



magnanimity. While prospecting among the mountains he one day discovered a cave away up the rocky hillside, the entrance to which was very narrow, but its interior roomy and comfortable. He made it his headquarters, brought food and fuel there, and was to all intents and purposes the "monarch of all he surveyed." One cheerless, gloomy

day, when the mists hung low on the mountain peaks and the rain poured in torrents, he sat by the blazing fire in his cave home, thinking. Presently he rose and walked toward the mouth of the cave to scan the weather. Imagine his surprise to find in the very entrance to the cave a huge mountain grizzly. The latter emitted a deep growl. It is quite safe to say that there are few men who would regard a call from a grizzly in the light of a compliment. Not one man in a thousand but would have wished that bear a score of miles away. But not so Hornbeam Hamestrap. He was not the man to turn even so unwelcome a guest as this, even as he would not turn the meanest of God's creatures, from his door in a pelting storm. With a magnanimity as noble as it was rare he invited the grizzly to step inside, and would courteously have stood aside to let him pass first but that the passage was too narrow. As it was he backed into the cave and moved around behind the fire, inviting his dark browed and sullen visaged guest to follow him. The latter did so with alacrity. Then a high and self-sacrificing resolve took possession of Hornbeam Hamestrap. He saw that his guest was of taciturn disposition, and conceived that he would doubtless prefer solitude to the companionship of a stranger. "I will go forth," said Hornbeam to himself, "and let him rest in peace." In moving round the fire he and his visitor had changed places. The latter was now behind the fire, while his host had moved on around to the front again, ostensibly to replenish the blaze. He was now, therefore, nearest the entrance; and lest his visitor should remonstrate if he explained his purpose, he suddenly turned and bolted for the door. Out into the howling storm he went, and down the mountain side. The grizzly, whether he was afraid to stay alone, or whether he feared his magnanimous host would break his neck among the slippery rocks, and die alone in the darkness, hurried after him at full speed. It was in going down the mountain side that Hornbeam Hamestrap proved his claim to brilliant and intrepid courage. Had he been nervous or excited, had he made a mis-step, he would inevitably have been dashed to death. But from rock to rock, from cliff to cliff, over dwarf bushes and yawning cracks in the seamed and chasmed mountain side he leaped with the sure foot and steady eye of a mountain goat. He spent the night at the nearest miner's camp, but a fever followed the drenching he had received, and he was ill for many days as the result of his self-sacrifice. It is deeds like this that tower, that shine. It reckes not that he for whom the sacrifice was made did not appreciate its worth, did not even call to learn the fate of his benefactor. No thought of recognition or reward prompted the sacrifice, and had the grizzly made the cave his home for months it is extremely unlikely that Hornbeam Hamestrap would ever have sought a recompense. There was nothing mean or grasping in his nature. Hon. Mr. Hamestrap is now one of the leading citizens of Grizzly Canyon, a flourishing Nevada town. Though advanced in years he still retains in a large measure the vigour of his youth, and there is not a solitary bald spot on his venerable pate. His life history is full of valuable lessons for young Canadians.

GRADUAL, BUT EFFECTIVE.—"That's a very pretty charm on your watch chain, Mr. Stayforever."

"I am very glad you think so, Miss Tiredto death."

"The chain is very pretty, too, isn't it?"

"I am quite delighted that you like it."

"Is your watch pretty?"

"Well, you can judge for yourself."

"What, Mr. Stayforever! Is it really quarter of 11? Who would have dreamed it was so frightfully late!"—*Boston Courier.*

BOUND TO BE A POPULAR IDOL.—"You appear to have caught 'em," observed the manager, as the leading actor came rushing hastily behind the scenes.

"Yes," said the actor, wiping the remains of a belated egg from the folds of his Roman toga and dodging a cabbage fired after him from one of the private boxes, "everything seems to be coming my way."—*Chicago Tribune.*

THE PROOF OF THE PUDDING.—Young Husband: "My dear, Melanie, I must say that this pudding tastes very bad."

"Wife: "All imagination; it says in the cookery-book that it tastes excellent!"—*Nobelspalter.*