

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. Backsaddle Coots.

The following letter has been received at this office :

DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, Montreal :

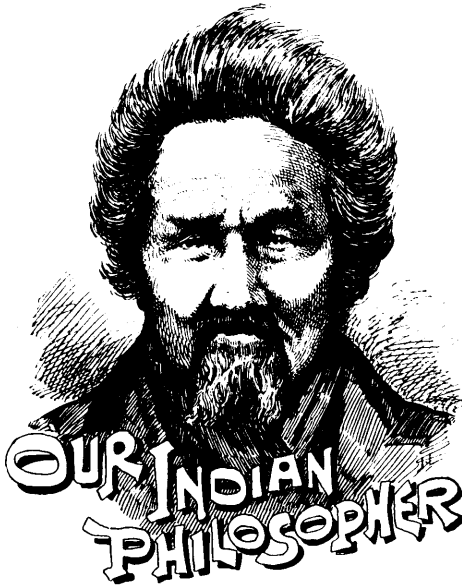
DERE SURZ—i seen yu bin puttin in yure paper about wot sum men dun fur this yere united States. i send yu My fizog witch yu kin uze if yu wanto. my Name iz honnerable Backsaddle coots and i was born yere in cootsville. ime 46 years Old cum next 4th july. My father he kep a ranch out yere and he wus the deadeest Shot with a gun yu ever Seen. So'm I. sum feelers iz gonto lect Me fur the s'tate legislatur Nex't yeer. i want yu to put my fizog in yure paper and send me a lot Soze I kin scatter them round yere. i aint gonto git Licked if grit'll do any good. i got plenty uv grit. i licked a painter wunst clean holler out in the Woods jist melone. put that in yure paper. yu might say honnerable Mister coots olwus paid his dets like a Man. i owe sum little Bills now but that don't make no odds. dont furgit and send me a Lot uv papers.

yure friend
honnerable Backsaddle coots
cootsville
kansas.



We have pleasure in giving publicity to the communication of Mr. Coots, and feel that in so doing, and in presenting also his portrait, we are doing Canada good service. Indeed, Mr. Coots is already better known in this country than his modesty permits him to suppose. While his portrait may now appear accurately for the first time, his biography has been going the rounds a good deal; not, it is true, so ably written, but measurably so, and in connection with a portrait which was represented to be his, but which our readers will now see was a gross libel on that gentleman's personal appearance. We have observed the biography referred to in papers from Winnipeg, London, Kingston, Ottawa, St. John, Halifax and many other Canadian cities. It appeared in all of them at about the same date, which shows that Hon. Mr. Coots's splendid personality had impressed itself upon the editors of them all at about the same time. We trust that, since the article as published by them was in some respects inaccurate, and the portrait scandalous, they will all do Hon. Mr. Coots the justice to reproduce this article and portrait, of which we have Hon. Mr. Coots's personal endorsement. Hon. Mr. Coots has our hearty good wishes in his political aspirations, and it is to be fondly hoped that a complete record of his life will some day be compiled. We learn from outside, but thoroughly reliable sources, that Hon. Mr. Coots has devoted a good deal of attention to the

question of corn husking by electricity, and that his native state is likely to be incalculably benefited thereby. Hon. Mr. Coots is an ardent Democrat and believes that while under ordinary circumstances and aside from extraneous influences and unforeseen contingencies it may be quite true, as many aver, that two and two make four, yet it is possible to conceive of a state of affairs, more especially in connection with political complications such as sometimes arise in even the best governed countries, wherein he would be far from wise who would predicate the impossibility, or even the improbability, of an altogether contrary result. He is prepared to make affidavit to that effect.



OUR INDIAN PHILOSOPHER

The Sagamore



HE venerable sagamore welcomed the reporter to a seat of boughs within the wigwam and gave the fire a poke in his visitor's honour. For the breath of autumn was in the air.

"Mr. Sol. White," said the reporter "has got it again."

"Sol. White? He livin' yit?"

"Yes—he still encumbers the earth," said the reporter sadly. "And, now that Balmaceda and Boulanger have retired definitely from the stage, Sol has bobbed up at Windsor with the Continental Unity Club. They only played one night in Windsor—good house, but no appreciation. Had to ring the curtain down before the close of the last act."

"Bad play?" queried the sagamore.

"The same old play," rejoined the scribe. "Poor Miss Canada in dire distress, Jonathan eager to rescue her from designing rogues. But those Windsor people, perhaps it's because they're so near the place where the alien labour law makes itself felt—they actually seemed to side with the villains of the piece."

"I s'pose," said the sagamore, "Mr. Wiman he's in that play."

"Mr. Wiman appeared at Sarnia about a week or so before," replied the reporter, "with a show of his own—on the same lines. He's working the same route this season."

"I s'pose," said Mr. Paul, "Goldwin Smith he's there."

"Unfortunately," said the reporter, "in doing some editorial work for the Toronto Mail, respecting the subject matter of the play itself, Mr. Smith sprained his vocabulary and couldn't appear. But the managers had a letter from him. And Dr. Brien—you notice his name begins with a B.—Balmaceda, Boulanger, Brien & Co.—he was in it. He used to be in Parliament. If the people properly appreciated genius, he'd be there still—but they don't, somehow. You see, they have never even elected me to par-

liament. However, Solomon in all his glory was there and the doctor was there and the letter of Goldwin Smith was there, and the spirits of Messrs. Wiman and Farrer were in the air thereabouts; and if it hadn't been for the non-appreciation of the Windsorians the play would have been a great success. You remember that the play, in all its varied phases, invariably ends with—not a passage at arms—but the passing of a series of resolutions. The 'Whereases' were the rock on which the company split."

"Crowd wouldn't stand that—eh?" commented Mr. Paul.

"No," said the reporter, "they wouldn't. Now, it has occurred to me that if the play were re-written in the last part, and a new set of 'Whereases' and so forth introduced, everything would go swimmingly."

"Like enough," admitted the sagamore.

"And in thinking the matter over," went on the reporter, "I have prepared a series that I propose to submit to the company."

"Let's hear 'um," said Mr. Paul.

The reporter forthwith produced a manuscript and read as follows:

"Whereas this country is still here and likely to stay, despite the gloomy prognostications of some disappointed galoots in various parts of it;

"And whereas the history of the United States does not suggest that the absorption of Canada into that country would lead to an immediate extinction of human selfishness, and therefore would not usher in an era of absolute political purity and general morality;

"And whereas there is such a sentiment as patriotism still extant in some quarters;

"And whereas the people of Canada as a whole have unbounded faith in the future of their country, despite hostile legislation to the south and the picayune statesmanship of alien labour laws;

"And whereas there is really not the slightest cause for rational despair, but on the contrary the soundest cause for confidence that out of present conditions and perplexities and shams and frauds will develop better and grander things in the line of national life and progress;

"And whereas Windsor is quite close to the United States border, with plenty of boats (belonging to smugglers and others) within easy reach;

"And whereas windbags and blatherskites are a source of weakness and a reproach to any people;

And whereas Mr. Sol. White, Dr. Brien, E. Farrer, Ald. Nash and other and sundry members of the company now playing in the Yankee fake styled the Continental Unity Club, if not windbags or blatherskites are at least liable to arrest on suspicion;

"Therefore resolved: that the people of Windsor procure a good sized scow and upon it place the living carcasses of the members of this company and propel them to the American side of the border, where they shall be soundly spanked with the oars of the scow and turned loose with the request that they join Uncle Jerry Rusk's rainmakers and proceed at once to Mexico or the Sahara."

"These resolutions," explained the reporter, "are not so longwinded as those which the Continental Unity Club tried to fire off in Windsor the other night, but they are a good deal more to the point."

"Yes," said the sagamore, "they'll do. You send 'em to Sol White right away. If they can't git no boats in Windsor you tell me and I'll git big canoe made right away. That's bully good play if they end it up like that."

It is understood that Uncle Jerry Rusk expects to start a cyclone in Kansas very soon by the bursting of a lot of Canadian windbags.

Mrs. Newbride—"O, doctor, tell me what is the matter with my husband?" Dr. Sensible—"Um—er—he is suffering with a severe, but only temporary, paralysis of muscles, induced by an exaggerated internal application of stimulants." Mrs. Newbride—"And the horrid cabdriver who brought him home said he was drunk."—*Spencer's Moments.*