



PORTRAIT OF SAM FEE.

The eminent Chinese engineer of the Marine Department under whose auspices the new steamer for the P.E.I. service was brought from the Old Country a few days ago.

#### THE FLY KID

CREATES A LITERARY SENSATION IN WELLESLEY SCHOOL.—  
HIS INJUN STORY.

EDITOR OF GRIP:

THE story about Red Handed Rudolph the pirat was a big succes wasnt it. It made quiet a sensation in Wellesley school anyway. Ime fraid I give myself away sumhow in the letter I wrote with it, for the fellers all tumbled and twasnt a bit of use for me to deny it. Mr. Mac says to me hello says he you are a author are you and then he pulled out GRIP and read some of it to the teacher and laughed over it fit to kill, and Jim Hughes when he come round addressed our class and says I hear you have a litterature among yous which bids fair to be a distinguished man byne by. I guess the boys must have bought 10 or 12 papers just to read my story. Now I'm going to write you another about Injuns.

ROARING PANTHER—OR THE RED MAN'S DOOM.  
BY THE FLY KID.

About 100 years ago there was a tribe of Injuns which lived in the bush and hunted bufaloes and tigers. The chief of these Injuns was called Roaring Panther. I made this name myself and if you dont like it you may call him something else. He had a bow & arrow and could shoot for about a mile and hit the mark every time. He lived in a wigwam that was all hung round with the scalps he had took off of the heads of the Injuns belonging to other tribes.

#### CHAP. II.

Jake Bowers was the name of a hunter and traper. He was the first white man in them parts and the Injuns didnt like him so they was allways trieing to kill him. And git his skalp. But Jake was too sharp for the Injuns. One day when he was traping beavers he seen Roaring Panther and about 100 Injuns scooting towards him. He turned and run and them after him. Every few minutes he'd stop & fire a shot from his trusty rifle and kill a Injun. They fired arrows at him till his hat and coat was all stuck full of arrows. But he bore a charmed life as the poet says.

#### CHAP. III.

When Jake seen that the Injuns was close behind & was bound to catch him he crawled into a holler log. The savages come up & looked all around. But Jake was gone!!—after awhile they started back to their villadge. Here is a fine pine log says Roaring Panther Lets take it along for firewood.

So the Injuns rolled the log along with Jake inside of it.

When I read this to dad he says yes my son there's been considerabul Injun log-rolling lately in Haldimun County and other places—and then he laft. I don't know what he meant.

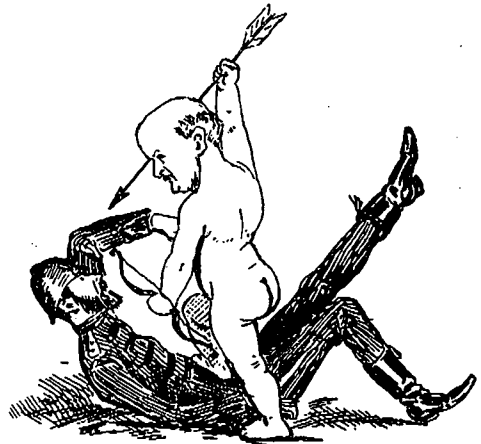
#### CHAP. IV.

They put the log into Roaring Panthers wigwam and bineby when the Injuns was wrapped in slumber—and also in there blankets (this is a joke) Jake Bowers crawl out of the log. He took all of R. Panthers scalps and walked off till he come to the Bush when he made the Welkin Ring with his shouts of triumph.

#### CHAP. V.

Then the Injuns were just wild and they started onto the war path. They followed up the path a long time till they came to a farm-house. They kild the farmer and his hired man, and was just setting fire to the house when they seen about 1000 soldjers coming along the war path with Jake as guide. A big fight ensued Roaring Panther tomahawked one of the soldjers and then Jake shot him. The rest of the Injuns was nearly all killed by the soldjers which brings my story to a close.

Moral—It is better to be a white man than a Injun.



CUPID VANQUISHING MARS.

(Tableau, very much vivant, at Regina, N.W.T.)

CUPID - - - - - Mr. Davia.  
MARS - - - - - Col. Herchmer.

A short time ago a sergeant sent word to the Commissioner that he was about to marry. The Commissioner sent back word if he did he would take away his stripes. This is going further against nature than is done in the British army. A soldier can marry. Nor is there anything but an assumed tyranny to prevent a Mounted Policeman doing so. We consider to use the power of removing men or reducing them in rank to prevent their marrying as warping the regulations of the force to promote immorality. God bids people marry; Commissioner Herchmer says: "No; Heaven is mistaken; I know better; you must not marry; you must not increase and multiply; the decrees of Heaven must bend to my tyrannical will!" Now which will prove stronger—Hymen, Heaven, Nature—or Herchmer and Tyranny? By the way, can a man's stripes be taken away at the whim of the Commissioner or at the whim of anybody who may, can, shall or will, control him at the moment? If so it is a nice state of things.—*Regina Leader, Edited by the Unmarried and Unterrified Davin.*