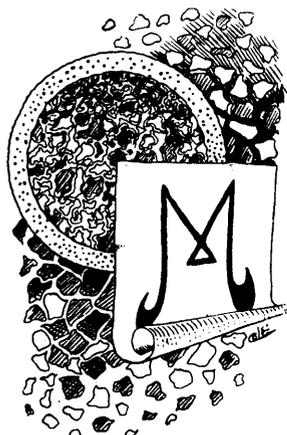




The Sagamore



R. PAUL, said the reporter, "you were not in the procession in honour of Count Mercier the other night."

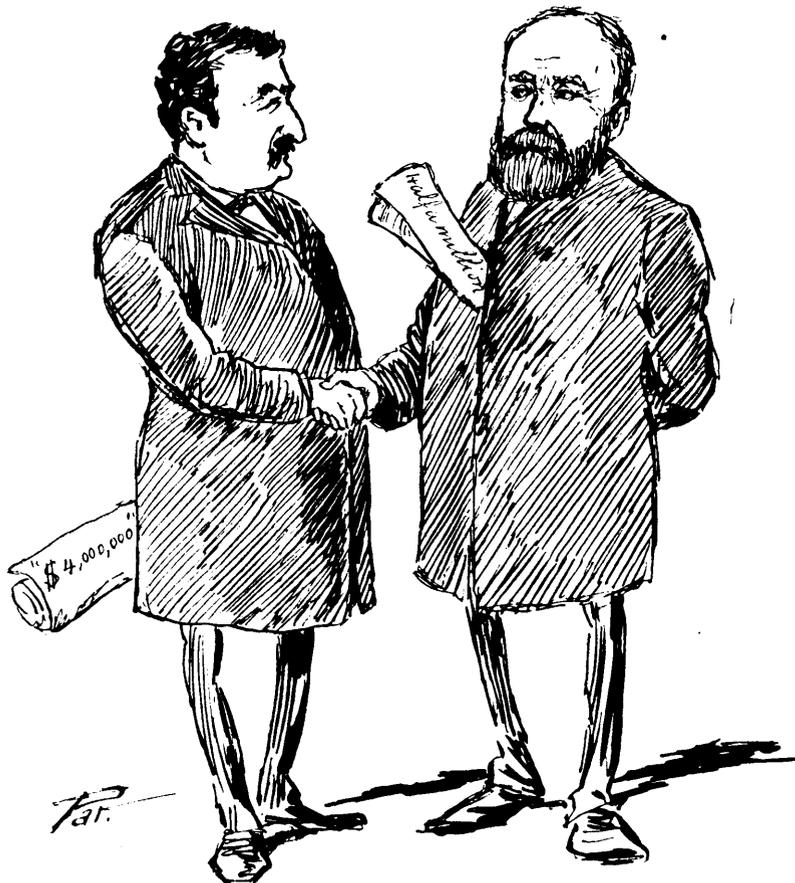
"No," replied the sagamore of the Milicetes, "I ain't took part in no Polymorphian show this long time — gittin' too old. Plenty of young Injuns there."

"But you might at least have been on the Champ de Mars to cheer the noble Count on his arrival there," said the reporter.

"I ain't hard up," were the exact words of Mr. Paul's reply to this suggestion.

"I don't understand you," said the reporter.

"I mean," said Mr. Paul, "that I ain't lookin' for no boodle this summer."



The reporter straightened himself up.

"Sir!" he cried indignantly, "you insult me! You insult the vast concourse of worthy citizens who gathered to pay an humble and sincere tribute of respect to a great man."

"Huh!" grunted the sagamore.

"A great man," repeated the reporter with emphasis. "And the reception was not unworthy. It was *un magnifique* demonstration."

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, "I hear 'um say all the little boys in Montreal went with torches."

"They did," said the reporter proudly. "Hundreds of them. And the fireworks. And the carriages. And the

bands. And Mayor McShane. The noble Count and the illustrious Mayor in the same carriage. What has Montreal ever seen to compare with that. Magnificent Mercier! Most potent McShane! Why, sir, the very heavens joined in the welcome. Did you not see the play of the lightning along the whole horizon during the march of the procession? Celestial fireworks! A fitting tribute to the men who have made Canada so widely known that even the inhabitants of the worlds revolving around Sirius spend half their time talking about us."

"What they done for this country?" demanded Mr. Paul.

"What have they done? Why, sir, Mayor McShane has saved Montreal half a million dollars. He says so. And when an unassuming lad like Our Jimmy says a thing you may put it down as a fact."

"Huh," grunted the sagamore.

"As for the noble Count—has he not been made a Count of the Holy Roman Empire? And has he not spent \$25,000 and borrowed \$4,000,000? Where can you point to such another summer's record? A clergyman who is a friend of mine once procured the degree of D.D. for thirty odd dollars. That was a distinction, and his parishioners warmly congratulated him. A cousin of mine once got a pair of blue overalls for fifty cents. That, too, was considered a notable achievement at the time. But put either or both of these over against the summer outing of the noble Count Mercier and they literally shrivel up and disappear."

"I thought," said the sagamore, "that Mr. Mercier belonged to a party that didn't b'lieve in trottin' over to Europe after titles."

"Ah! you misapprehend," said the reporter. "The noble Count does not believe in accepting titles, such as knighthood, for instance, if they are thrust upon us by designing parties like the British Government for some crafty purpose. He is down on truckling to the spirit of a debasing and medieval aristocracy. But when application is made in the usual way, as my friend the clergyman did, and as the noble Count did, it is quite legitimate to accept the honour conferred."

"Huh," grunted the sagamore.

"But the noble Count did more than that," the reporter continued. "Didn't he go to Belgium? Aren't the people of Belgium talking about it yet? Don't they spend most of the r time now studying Canadian history and geography and things? And France! See what he did in France. When he went there they hadn't a dollar to lend. When he came away they chased him with millions—try

