



The Sagamore



It was a cheery sight to see the blazing fire in the wigwam of the sagamore; for November winds had sadly thinned the covering of the woods and whistled through them sharp and keen.

"Ah!" cried the reporter, settling himself beside the fire. "Now, this is what I call comfort." The sagamore nodded approval of the sentiment.

"Cold weather," pursued the reporter, "is not half a bad thing in some respects, but it does bring out some startling phases of character. Now, there is a man on my street who keeps a drug store. He's what you call a druggist and chemist. I've been in his store quite a number of times during the summer, and he seemed a really sympathetic sort of man. But I dropped in there the other day, since the bad fall weather set in. He was standing by the window looking out. I endeavoured in my usual pleasant way to engage him in conversation. But immediately I observed a change in him—a something apparent that had not been noticeable during the summer. He talked back in an absent-minded way and kept on looking out of the window. I looked out, too; but kept on talking. Presently a man came along the sidewalk, and just as he passed was seized with a violent fit of coughing. 'Poor chap,' I said, 'he's got a cold of considerable dimensions, hasn't he?' And, would you believe it, my brother, that druggist turned around to me, grinning from ear to ear and rubbing his hands in glee. 'They're all getting it,' he said, to me, with a chuckle—'every one of them. If I've counted one I've counted two dozen in half an hour just like that fellow.' And he chuckled again and turned once more to the window. While I was wondering what all this meant, there came along an elderly man who limped and almost groaned as he walked. 'Hello,' I said, 'I guess the rheumatism has struck in. That poor old chap walked all right a few days ago.' And then that druggist turned around with another expansive grin and rubbed his hands. 'Yes,' he said, 'he's got it. They're all getting it. He's the fifteenth I've counted this morning. Great weather, this—great weather.' Now, it seemed to me such a heartless thing for a man to stand at a window and chuckle over people's woes, and actually count the victims, that I simply got up and walked out of the shop. If it hadn't been in his own establishment I'd have kicked him."

"Serve him right, too," said the sagamore.

"The next day," went on the reporter, "the whole thing was made clear to me. I was walking past his store, and there were two flaming advertisements in the window. I stopped and read them. Then the whole thing was clear. That man was the proprietor of a Cough Mixture and a Cure for Rheumatism."

"Oho!" said the sagamore.

"Yes," said the reporter. "And that simple fact was accountable for the change in that man. That and the change in the weather. They had developed in this formerly sympathetic appearing man characteristics that would not even do credit to a natural born hyena. Which makes me remark once more that fall weather brings out some startling phases of character."

"So it does," said the sagamore.

"A little farther down the same street," continued the reporter, "is another druggist. He has his big advertisements out, too. And in addition to them he has another with a hand pointing in the direction of his rival's shop, and bearing the words, 'I Cure His Cripples.' Over on the opposite side of the street, and between these two, an undertaker has a little coffin in the window with a plaster of paris cherub kneeling at each end, and also a big coffin standing on end at each side of the window. What would you do, Mr. Paul, if you lived on that street?"

"I'd git," sententiously rejoined the sagamore.

"Just what I think myself," said the reporter. "It's a risky neighbourhood."

"Yes," said Mr. Paul, "you better move away soon's ever you kin. Must be pooty big death rate round there."

Stray Notes.

He: "Will you be my partner in a game of whist?" She (archly): "Why should you choose me?" He (galantly): "Because you have such winning ways."—*London Fun*.

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First Editor: What's your definition of news?

Second Editor: News is the sort of thing our rival across the way habitually doesn't print.—*Somerville Journal*.

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A begging letter asking for a pair of cast-off trousers closed pathetically with these words, "So send me, most honoured sir, the trousers, and they will be woven into the laurel crown of your good deeds."

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After the morning sermon I gave the "notices," and then announced the number of the hymn to be sung. The congregation had opened their hymn books. Seeing one of the deacons coming toward the pulpit, I waited with open book. He reminded me that I had forgotten to give a notice of the ladies' meeting. I then stated to the congregation that I had forgotten to give such notice, announced the number of the hymn again and began to read it. The feelings of the congregation, not to say my own, may be imagined when I read the first line of the hymn, "Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I!"—*Homiletic Review*.

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A CORRECT QUOTATION.—A candidate was being examined by four professors; feeling extremely nervous, his memory failed him several times. At last one of the professors, growing impatient, thundered out, "Why, you cannot quote a single passage of Scripture correctly?"

"Yes, I can!" exclaimed the candidate. "I just happen to remember a passage in the Revelation, 'And I lifted up my eyes and beheld four great beasts!'"

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JOURNALISTIC ITEM.—A young man of ability, but not of much means, was talking about starting a new paper and was telling a friend about it.

"You can borrow \$50 and start a new paper," said the friend, encouragingly.

"You darned fool!" replied the would-be journalist; "if I could borrow \$50 what would I want to start a paper for. I want to start a paper so I can borrow the \$50."—*Texas Siftings*.

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Prof. C., a Green Mountain boy, who stood six feet six inches in his stocking feet, desiring to take passage for London, went to New York for that purpose. While standing on the dock, he got into conversation with a stranger, asking by what route he had better go. "Well," was the reply, "if I were you, I would put a loaf of bread on top of my head, and wade!"—*Editor's Drawer, in Harper's Magazine*.

Our Biographical Column.

The Hon. Corkscrew Slaymore.

There is probably no keener politician in the 'United States' or Canada than the Hon. Corkscrew Slaymore. Nor, indeed, is he a mere politician, since his genius has impressed itself a thousand times upon the legislation of the country, thus elevating him beyond cavil to the more lofty rank of statesmanship. It must, however, be admitted that the honourable gentleman has not received full justice in this regard at the hands of the public—and notably from the press of the country. The fact of the matter is that the Hon. Corkscrew Slaymore has been the real inspiration of many a great speech and many an important measure with which his name is not at all connected in the public mind. This is a condition of affairs that has existed far too long, and, though the modesty of the honourable gentleman would doubtless deprecate such action on our part, we feel constrained by a sense of simple duty to proclaim boldly that there is to day no more potent influence in the public affairs of the United States or Canada than the Hon. Corkscrew Slaymore. He is a continental statesman. The bent of his mind is such that the comparatively limited scope afforded either by the Canadian Parliament or the United States Congress has no allurements for him. But his influence is felt in both, just as it is felt in all the provincial and state legislatures and territorial organizations of the continent. We are unable at the present writing to say what part the honourable gentleman has had in the organization and general scheme of propagandism of the Continental Unity Club; but it is safe to assume that his genial aid has been earnestly sought ere this in the interests of more cordial relations between the two countries. As a promoter of good fellowship he has won a high and widespread reputation. His form is a familiar one at the Provincial, State and National Capitals, when members of the Continental repair thither to attend to their parliamentary duties, and if his voice is not heard on the floors of the house he is there as an inspiration; while in the private rooms and the like, hotels, at dinners and receptions, at caucuses and the like, his masterful personality is a potent and an omnipresent influence. That he stands high in the counsels of government no persons with an accurate knowledge of governmental and legislative affairs will, for a moment, if they speak their inmost thought, even pretend to deny. Whether in the comparative seclusion of a remote constituency, or where the foremost men of their time mingle to discuss momentous measures, his power is felt and recognized. Men seek him when they desire gay companionship, or when they need a comforter, or when they need an intercessor to soften towards them the feelings of the great electorate. So admirable is his spirit of *finesse* that men are constrained almost without their knowledge to adopt a proposition or endorse a measure. And yet, such is the selfishness of humanity that the name of this man is seldom heard in the accents of honest praise. Let there be an end of this injustice. Honour to whom honour is due. In the name of justice we call upon those Canadian journals which are lending their aid to the boiler-plate apologetics of small-fry American politicians, to do a like service to the distinguished personage from whom so many of the aforesaid politicians derive their influence and inspiration. We refer to the Hon. Corkscrew Slaymore.