



"I fear," he said, "that you are given over to a reprobrate mind."

For reply the sagamore got up and kicked the speaker out of his wigwam.



A Chinese missionary is said to be on his way east from Vancouver. The reporter and quite a large number of estimable citizens are seriously considering the question of emigrating to Mexico.

#### Alcantara, Jr., 3703.

One of the subjects of our illustrations this week is the grand stallion, the son of Alcantara, which, as has already been noticed in THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED, has been sold to H. M. Bennett, of Pittsburg. Somehow or other our breeders did not appear to appreciate the blood that was at their disposal, and they let him go to a gentleman who thought \$8,200 an easy price when he saw the sort of stallion he wanted.

In fact the Americans rather think that they have got a good thing out of Canada, and at a bid after the sale, at an increased figure, it was impossible to recover the son of Alcantara. To those who understand these things the following pedigree will be interesting, as taken from the best known turf paper on the continent, the *Chicago Horse-man* :—

"The bay stallion, Alcantara, Jr., 3703, inherited speed from sire and dam and proved his inheritance by trotting in 2.29½ in his first and only race. The record was straight and beyond question. Alcantara, Jr., was foaled at Highlawn Farm in 1883, the produce of Bourbon Belle, by Administrator, 2.29½, and her dam was Bourbon Girl, 2.30¼, by McDonald's Mambrino; third dam Belle, by Alexander's Abdallah. Bourbon Belle is a successful speed dam, as another son, Bourbon Boy, got a record of 2.34, and trotted a trial in 2.25. Alcantara, Jr., is now in the stud at Windsor Steek Farm, Farmingdale, N.J. In the stud with him is Volume, 2840, by Volunteer, d.m. Kitty Wirt, 2.31, by Scott's Hiawaga; second dam by Herd Luckhoe. After the season Alcantara, Jr., will be taken in hand by John E. Turner and driven for a faster record."

There is hardly a doubt that three of Alcantara's progeny will be found in the thirty class this year. The three year-old chestnut colt, Alcantella, is a particularly promising one that could not now be bought for \$7,000. The Canadians who have been fortunate enough to have had his services, have opened their eyes at the value placed on Alcantara by the Americans. Those who had an opportunity of the benefit of such blood and did not make use of it are sorry. Those who are far-seeing enough to recognize the advantages of good breeding are glad. But in the future it will cost a great deal more than when the princely sire was stationed in Canada.

THE TRUTH OF IT.—Mr. Walton: "Why do they call fishermen anglers?" Mr. Hooke: "Comes from the angle, you know. Crooked. They never tell a straight story about what they catch."—From *Outing*.

"Now," said the old man, when he had reduced a large shingle to splinters, "you talk right out. What you think this country better do?"

"Send a missionary to China," answered the reporter, with desperate brevity.

"What makes us do that?" demanded Mr. Paul.

"My brother," said the reporter, warming up again, "we have made great strides in recent years. We have built the Canada Pacific Railway. We have steamers plying regularly on the Pacific ocean. The hoary Orient is knocking at our doors. We have been in a special sense given the heathen for an inheritance. We would be recreant to duty—we would be letting slip the grandest opportunity of the ages were we at this hour to turn a deaf ear to the cry that comes to us from the Flowery Kingdom, whose teeming millions—"

At this stage the reporter was once more taken across the knee of the sagamore and brought back with a rush from the orient to the occident.

"Want me take your scalp?" demanded the warrior, throwing away the remnants of another shingle.

"No sir," promptly answered the other, "I don't."

"You think we better send missionary to China, eh?" queried Mr. Paul.

The reporter nodded.

"Them Chinese," said Mr. Paul, "is people pays up all their debts fore they begin new year."

"Yes," said the reporter. "It is considered a disgrace for any Chinaman to begin the new year without having wiped out all the debts of the old."

"You think we'd better send some missionary out there, eh?" queried Mr. Paul.

"Decidedly," said the reporter. "That unfortunate people are sunk in a heathenism that is a reproach to our boasted civilization. We owe it to ourselves and to them to enlighten their darkness. We should stick at no expense, either. We owe it to ourselves and to them. It is a debt that should be discharged."

"I know good many debts better be discharged," rejoined the sagamore. "I know some people owes me this good many years—ain't paid me yit. You know what I think?"

"What?" asked the reporter.

"I think," said Mr. Paul, "I'm gonto send to China git some missionaries right away. If I kin git 'um come over here show people they better pay their debts, that's mighty good thing, too."

"You think," said the reporter, "that we might swap missionaries with advantage?"

"Ah-hah."

"I don't agree with you," said the reporter, with an uncomfortable sense of several outstanding bills. "If you get such an impression abroad we would never get people to contribute another cent to missionary purposes."

"Mebbe you kin git 'um pay their bills," rejoined the sage.

The reporter winced a little.

The reporter found the sagamore in the door of the wigwam, contemplating the signs of spring that were scattered about. Among these were several smells, which had been divulged by the melting of the snow. The two went inside and breathed the odor of the green fir boughs that formed the warrior's couch.

"Mr. Paul," the reporter said, "I have come to feel as a Canadian that we as a people are not alive to all the duties and responsibilities which national progress has entailed upon us. In other words, I feel that we as Canadians have certain duties to perform and responsibilities to discharge which are the result of our national growth, but which, in the hurry and rush of business and the multifarious pursuits of life, we are apt to overlook. That is to say, I mean that in our absorption in material events and circumstances we are apt to overlook certain duties and responsibilities of a less apparent, perhaps, but not less important, character and bearing upon the general welfare of humanity. Don't you think so?"

"Don't I think what?"

"Don't you think that we, as Canadians, considering the manifold occupations, steadily increasing, of a constantly progressive era, in which change and novelty are conspicuous, causing a natural tendency to superficiality, as it were, are apt to lose sight of many things, which are not the less important because obscured by things more apparent?"

The sagamore glared at his visitor for a full minute without a word.

"How long you been that way?" he demanded at last. It was the reporter's turn to stare.

"You got pooty good load to-day," said Mr. Paul.

"Yes," said the reporter. "I am burdened with a great thought, which is certainly a good sort of load."

"Sure it ain't gin?" doubtfully queried the sagamore.

The reporter sniffed scornfully.

"S'pose you start agin," suggested Mr. Paul.

"I asked you," said the reporter, somewhat stiffly, "if you didn't think we, as Canadians, considering the tremendous pressure—"

"Hold on!" interrupted the sagamore. "I don't think anything like that. S'pose you git down!"

"Get down?"

"That's what I said."

"But what do you mean?"

"Come down where I kin see what you say," replied the sage.

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

"You been tryin' tell me some things we better do," explained the old man. "If I want you come into my camp when it's rain out doors I don't jaw long time 'bout how much water's in that river. I tell you come right in from that rain."

"You mean," said the reporter, "that I am somewhat prolix in my remarks?"

The sagamore took the reporter across his knee and remonstrated with him.