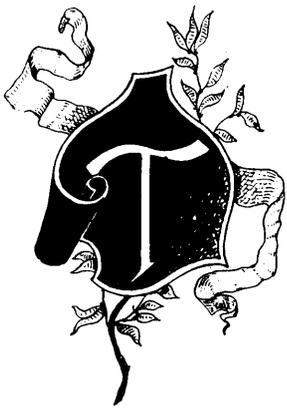




## The Sagamore



HE reporter armed himself with a double-barreled shot gun and plenty of ammunition, besides an axe and a knife and a pair of trusty revolvers. He went straight to Mr. Paul's wigwam and rushed in.

"My brother," he said, "you are skilled in woodcraft. Are there any proletarians to be found in these woods?"

"Plenty porkypines," observed the sagamore.

"Nobody," said the reporter, "ever ran away from a porcupine. That is not the game I seek. But show me the trail of a proletarian and s'death! but I'll hunt him to his hole and slaughter him though it takes till spring."

"You mean ground hog?" queried the sagamore.

"Death and Destruction!" cried the reporter. "No! A ground hog, forsooth! Old man, thou drivelest."

"You got me there," said the old man with a shrug. "If you talk some sense mebbe I know what you're talkin' about."

"I am talking about proletarians," cried the reporter once more—"pro-le-ta-ri-ans!"

"Well," quoth the sagamore, "what about 'um?"

"What about them?" ejaculated the reporter with deep scorn. "Is it possible you have not heard? Are you not aware that they are driving our children to the States—that our people flee before them? Where are your ears and where are your eyes?"

"Right here," said Mr. Paul. "I kin see and I kin hear—but I never heard anything 'bout them things afore. They wolves—bears—Injun Devils—what are they, anyway?"

"That's just the point," said the reporter. "Nobody seems to know. I have asked a dozen people to-day and they all said they had never seen a proletarian that they knew of in their lives. But there can't be any mistake about it. The labour congress met in Quebec last week and they declared that the people were being literally driven out of this country by proletarians, and they passed a resolution calling on the Government to put a stop to it. As soon as I heard that I took down my gun. Now if you can show me a proletarian, or even the trail of one, I'm ready to bleed for my country."

"So'm I," declared the warrior, reaching for his fighting gear. "If it's bad as that they got to be cleaned out right away. I never seen none in these woods, but mebbe they come there lately. We kin go see."

"Then, in Heaven's name," cried the reporter, "let us go!"

The sagamore arrayed himself in his war togs and they went forth. For the rest of the day they scoured the neighbouring woods, routing three squirrels, a flock of partridges and innumerable bluejays and other birds—but nothing more. If there were any proletarians about they prudently kept in the background, for there is not a shadow of doubt that, had they encountered one or a dozen, the reporter and the sagamore would have rushed to the attack as cheerfully as some people rush from the dictionary to the platform; armed with words that paralyze their hearers and make sad havoc in the ranks of every day English.

## 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.]

NOTE.—Letters from St. John, Halifax, Moncton, Ottawa, Kingston, Hamilton, London, Winnipeg, and a host of other places have been received, congratulating the publishers of THE DOMINION ILLUSTRATED on their wisdom in publishing a really good biographical column, just as daily papers in those places do.

### Hon. Cribwork Slatherback.

The air of freedom is especially favourable to the development of genius, and that the zephyrs of Liberty fanned the childhood of Cribwork Slatherback, of Gougeville, Texas, is doubtless a fact to be taken largely into account in summing up the causes that have made Gougeville famous through her gifted son. Famine would undoubtedly have swept that vicinity as clean as the wishbone of a Christmas goose but for him. It was many years ago. There were no railroads and bread ran short. "There ain't enough flour in the settlement to make a dozen loaves," cried one of the citizens



despairingly. "There won't be enough to go round." Then it was that the genius of Cribwork Slatherback shone like the gleam of a scimitar. "Make 'em eat biscuit," quoth he to the citizen, in the words that have since been blazoned on the civic arms of Gougeville. And it is but just to him to say that Mr. Slatherback was wholly unacquainted at that time with the history and literature of France. His knowledge of that country's language, even, was confined to the ability to say "mercy, mushoor," when he wished to acknowledge in his best manner some act of courtesy on the part of a lady. His brilliant solution of the problem staring Gougeville in the face averted the threatened famine and won

for him the undying veneration and love of the people. He was for twelve years a member of the town council and was three times Mayor of Gougeville. His name is now generally mentioned in connection with the next congressional election, and should he consent to be a candidate his triumphant return is assured. Hon. Mr. Slatherback is a moderate mugwump, and believes in the principles underlying Euclid. He also favours a law permitting cattle to roam on the common in all sparsely settled districts. The Hon. Cribwork Slatherback is a warm admirer of Canada, and thinks of visiting this country in the summer of 1894. It is yet undecided whether he will be the guest of Count Mercier or Mayor McShane.

### What He Didn't Have.

He had a lot of fly traps slung over his shoulder, and as he heaved in sight through the alley gate the lady of the house saw him from the kitchen window and laid for him.

"Good afternoon, mum," he said, taking off the traps and spreading them at her feet as she stood in the doorway.

"I have here a"—

"Yes, I see," she interrupted, "but I don't want them. Have you a machine that will make old eggs fresh again?"

"No, mum," replied the astonished peddler, "I"—

"Well, then have you any freezers that will make warm ice cream?"

"No, mum, I"—

"No? Have you any recipes for making strong beer weak?"

"No, mum, but I"—

"No? Have you any scales that will make heavy bread light?"

"No'm, not to"—

"Indeed? Have you any spectacles for cross eyed potatoes?"

"Well, mum, its this way, you"—

"Certainly I do. Have you a nice, light straw hat for the head of the kitchen flour barrel?"

"No, I"—

"Gracious me!" she exclaimed sharply. "What have you got anyway? Nothing in the line of vats in which to tan a tomato skin, have you?"

The man began to gather his traps together hurriedly.

"What's the matter?" she asked pleasantly. "Aren't you going to let me have a"—

"Nothink, mum, nothink," he muttered, "Except the whole back yard to yourself, and may Heaven bless you and keep you in it," and he fled out and slammed the alley gate as she smiled softly to herself and resumed her work peeling potatoes.—*Detroit Free Press.*

### She Was Mad.

Mrs. M'Girn, a very much country lady, who was on a visit to Glasgow, hailed a tramcar one wet, sloppy evening. The conveyance promptly stopped, and the irascible Mrs. M'Girn, after beckoning vigorously, and screaming shrilly to the driver, at last walked across and got on the foot-board. "Man," she shouted to the conductor, "what for did ye no pu' up by the side o' the road, as I telt ye, or no hae me strampin' through a' that glaur?" As well he might be, the worthy official was perfectly flabbergasted and answered:—"Mercy, wummin, ye ken, we cannot leave the rails. I wunner that a parteeklar body like you disna tak' a cab." Mrs. M'Girn wrathfully responded:—"Leave the rails, ye scoondrel! What for could ye no? I suppose it's because ye're ower indolent to dae't. Ye maunna think that ye're a locomotive engine a'thegither. Let me doon, see; ye'll get nae tippence oot o' me! I dinna encourage laziness!" Amid a fusilade of growled invectives from the conductor, and roars of laughter from the amused passengers, the indignant Mrs. M'Girn made off in search of an accommodating 'bus.

### He was a Bad Writer.

Mrs. Green (to young physician, whom she has called in haste): "Oh, Doctor! Doctor! I fear you have made a terrible mistake! My daughter had that prescription, which you sent her last night, filled, and took a dose of the medicine. Now she exhibits every symptom of poisoning. Oh—"

Young Physician: "Prescription, madam? Why, that was an offer of marriage!"