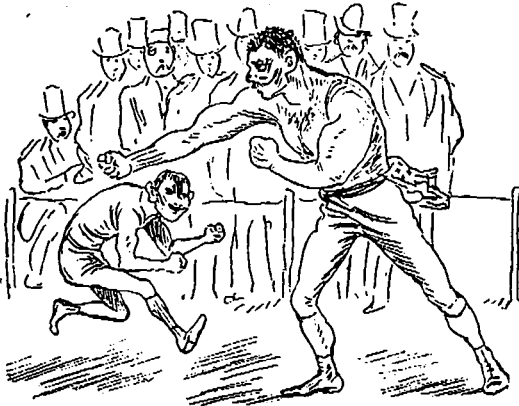


THE BIG PRIZE FIGHT.



It made John L. Sullivan swear,
To let out with his right good and fair
For a final knock-out
On his spry rival's snout,
And to find there was no Mitchell there!



A draw!—Oh, how badly John felt
To see his great record thus melt;
Then up spake Old Rye
" 'Twasn't Mitchell—'twas I;
I've licked him, and I wear the belt!"

of stuff. The Indian legend, I want you to understand, is a really fine thing. I'll just give you an outline of it. Mitchewayno, a chief of the Niagara Indians, is in love with Ahmenoosa, the Prairie Lily, daughter of the chief of the hostile tribe of the Tuscaroras. The Tuscaroras capture Mitchewayno after a great battle in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls. Instead of torturing and burning him in the usual fashion, they put him in a canoe and send him over the Falls. He has a miraculous escape, and finally the canoe drifts to Toronto Island, where he is discovered, nearly dead with hunger and exposure, by Ahmenoosa. She conceals him in a cave and nurses him till he has recovered. He returns to his tribe and rallies his scattered forces for a last struggle against the victorious Tuscaroras. The fight takes place near the Humber River. All the Niagaras are killed off but the chief and about half-a-dozen more, who fall into the hands of the enemy. The Tuscaroras capture a sawmill belonging to one of the early settlers, and the captives are condemned to be sawn in pieces. Brilliant original idea for an Indian romance, isn't it? This thing of burning prisoners at the stake is played out, and the novelty of having 'em run through a sawmill instead ought

to fetch the public. Well, they meet their fearful doom stoically, like true sons of the forest, and just as Mitchewayno has been cut in two, Ahmenoosa rushes in—too late to work the Pocahontas racket—and commits suicide by throwing herself against the fatal buzz-saw. The final tragedy is described thusly:—

Oh! who can paint the maid's distracted grief
O'er the dis severed sections of the chief?
She tore her raven locks and madly raved,
"And shall I live when he could not be saved?
Shades of my ancestors to you I come!
The happy hunting ground shall be my home!"

Wildly she rushed upon the reeking saw,
Its cruel teeth her glowing bosom tore;
The whirring steel on its fell mission glided—
Thus even in death the lovers were divided.

That's fine, isn't it? The suggestion of humor in the last line tends to relieve the overwrought feelings of the reader, and offset the harrowing pathos of the narrative. It is a truly Canadian poem, racy of the soil, vivid with local coloring, and wreathing the flowers of romance over one of our most important staple industries."

"Yes," said the advertising man, "and if I were you I'd strike the portable sawmill men for advertising contracts on the head of it."

"You bet," said the Fakir; I've got a page ad. already, with a cut of a sawmill at work. But I'm in a hole about the rest of the book, and I don't know what to do. Say, don't you often have poetry sent in that you don't use?"

"Bushels of it," replied the editor, pointing to the waste basket.

"And what do you do with it?"

"Sell it as waste paper at two cents a pound."

The Fakir rummaged awhile among the rejected MS., and then looked up with a relieved expression.

"Why, this stuff'll do splendidly. It's just about what I want. I'll take all your rejected contributions for the next month at waste paper prices, C.O.D. Give me all you've got on hand quick, and I'll set the printers to work again right away, and have the great work out on time, after all. It's a cold day when I get left."

He cleared out the basket, leaving a subscriber's order for the book as security, and departed joyfully.

OUR PROLIFIC PRESS.

THE newspapers! the newspapers
Oh, how they multiply!
To take 'em all I tell you what
It makes the small change fly!

In older times one only need
Buy two or three a day;
But now by dozens they appear
Just glance at the array!

There's an organ for each "long-felt want,"
Each party, sect or clique;
And I tell you it takes lots of cash

To buy or subscribe for GRIP, the Globe, Mail, Empire, World, Telegram, News, Saturday Night, Life, Truth, Labor Reformer, Advance, Monetary Times, Christian Guardian, Presbyterian Review, Canada Presbyterian, Dominion Churchman, Evangelical Churchman, Canada Citizen, Irish Canadian and Week.

MRS. LANGTRY is now playing "The Silver Queen" in Nebraska. A vein has been found on her estate. As the sneezy Dutchman says "De luck of sum beebles nogs von gold."