

from office, as Mr. Myers advocated Political Union with the United States. Sir Oliver with patriotic feelings sought to squelch them, and in putting out the annexation fire has made considerable smoke, a regular smudge as it were. Mr. Myers is consequently a martyr, and Sir Oliver a pudding head. This comes of paying attention to a lot of cheap talk, which didn't hurt anyone, and which no one outside of a certain district would have ever heard anything about. It more than ever illustrates the saying, that if you want to encourage sympathy for a cause, persecute it. In the case of Lieutenant Macdonald, who was dismissed from the militia by General Hebert, we do not see that anything else could have been done. Of all persons who should be the last to malign his country or its form of Government, the soldier who is sworn to protect it, ought to be the last one. We do not see that the two cases are analogous. True Mr. Myers was in the service of the crown, but not more so than any other official though he be only a pound-keeper. In his article, the Hon. Mr. Longley advocates the right of any citizen to freedom of speech, but admits that he would not vote for Political Union. We were always of the opinion that a person must be on one side or the other—either for Political Union or against it. If not in favor of it, then why uphold and encourage it in others, even in free speech. Either a thing is right or it is not right. Does Mr. Longley say that it is both?

Refero Relata.

A TALE OF THE WILD WEST.

BY G. A. ELLIOTT.

(For "The Manitoban.")

WHILE wandering through one of our frontier towns one evening, I was attracted by loud talking in a restaurant, and being of a curious turn of mind dropped in.

Standing face to the bar, elbows on it, surrounded by a small group of "cow-punchers," bull-whackers" and "rounders," was the once notorious whiskey smuggler, "Red Mack," these he was entertaining with a description of his last run, telling how he had managed to elude the police, finishing his narrative by a few select western oaths, to fully impress them that he was telling the truth, adding to this, the boast that, no "red coated" son of a gun in the country would ever land him.

None had noticed a police corporal, seated at the end table, quietly eating his supper, for when he arose and slowly proceeded up the room, one could notice the look of surprise on their faces; walking up till face to face with "Red Mack," he quietly informed him that the next time he made a trip, he would teach him a trick or two on his return.

"Partner—you can't pull or shoot quick enough for that; you'll have to turn the whole outfit loose to be able to capture me,—said "Red."

Don't fret, replied the corporal, I'll do it,—and as quietly and slowly returned, starting afresh on his unfinished meal.

I don't suppose this would have interested me further, only some time after this I happened to see by one of the papers that "Red Mack" had been fined fifty dollars and