

CONGRATULATIONS TO KING

It is only due that Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King should receive heartiest congratulations on the victory his Party has won. That he did not get a majority over all, can be charged to other factors than himself.

He is further to be congratulated on the inclusion in his Cabinet of Veniot and Euler. Veniot is a mature politician who will bring to his task considerable ability as a speaker and thinker. Euler's record bespeaks for him ability, energy and determination. He should be a hard and useful worker.

Of the older members little need be said. Of the younger among them, Dunning shows most promise. If he keeps "his head" or "his feet," as street parlance has it, a useful and distinguished career lies before him.

THE UNION COLLEGE

Whether within the bounds of the United Church or not, Christians will welcome the building of Union College, at once a monument of the Union movement and the Herald of a greater Church Union yet to be.

No greater event has happened in all our history. The founding of any college is an outstanding event. It means a richer life to the community and the opening to its students of a wealth of learning beyond all commercial standards of calculation. It is the opening of Heaven's gate a little wider that more may see of the glories of the life and light invisible. When such an institution is admittedly devoted to the study of the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man and to solving the task of how best to teach GOD'S love to men its importance is final.

While congratulating its founders on the splendour of their work may we ask them to respect the sacredness of the undertaking by consigning to other realms the Honour Book idea. There can be no worthier monument to any donors than a Union College. Why cheapen its value and their characters by a record of "We did it." Let the college stand the outcome of personal devotion to an ideal unmixed and undegraded by any suggestion of self-advertisement by its builders. Let Virtue be its own reward, Duty done the individual's only recompense.

Silver Trail and Blue Fawn

Tragedy of a Red Chief's Daughter

By E. C. STEWART, Regina

Our story opens with the spring of 1888.

Silver Trail was the son of Big Sky, headman of Little Black Bear's Band. Blue Fawn was a daughter of Stem Child, headman of Star Blanket's Band. Silver Trail, a young man of nineteen years, tall, straight, well knit and handsome, was an expert with axe, trap and gun.

Successful in the winter hunt for game and fur, he had also acquired a liking for summer farming activities. His crop of spring wheat was now several inches above ground, and, as an evidence of this thrift, his little field was enclosed by a strongly built fence, to ensure the safety of his crop from the depredations of herds of cattle and horses roving the prairies.

In the middle of this field stood a log cabin, newly erected and well furnished, awaiting occupancy. Silver Trail, unmarried, still lived under the paternal roof. As a result of his energetic activities he had grown in favour with the government officials at the agency.

Blue Fawn's mother was a sister of Chief Star Blanket, and widow of the renowned Cree Chief, Ready Bow.

A girl of sixteen summers, happy, healthy, plump and pretty, with tawny complexion, oval face, teeth even and white as pearls, eyes that sparkled like miniature dark lakes of fathomless depths, hair long and black as the raven's wing, and a countenance that radiated smiles and gladness, Blue Fawn—a leader among her girl companions—was the pride of her grand-

mother's heart and a general favorite among all the reserve residents, whether white or red.

She was skilled in all the arts of needle craft so dear to the heart of every Indian girl, and was an adept in the cooking and preparation of the simple diet common among her people.

A flaw, which at times revealed itself, in an otherwise pleasing personality, was Blue Fawn's inordinate pride in the traditions of her ancestors and in her descent from a long line of famous chiefs. This had perhaps given her an undue estimate of her place in the community and among her intimate associates.

Silver Trail loved Blue Fawn.

He had watched her grow from early girlhood until now, at sixteen, she stood an attractive, fully developed Indian woman. In accordance with the custom of his nation, Silver Trail now approached his father with a request that negotiations might be opened up with Blue Fawn's father for his marriage with the dusky maiden.

Big Sky stoically suppressed the smile which, for a moment, glimmered on his face as he contemplated with pleasure the prospect of an alliance with the family of the renowned Ready Bow, through his son's marriage with the great Cree chief's grand-daughter.

Big Sky lost no time in taking action. At early dawn a handsome steed from his well selected band of horses might have been seen tethered and grazing a few rods from the door of Stem Child's tent.

The significance of this movement

on Big Sky's part needed no explanation to those acquainted with the customs prevalent among our Indian people. Removal of the animal by the maiden's father, before he had consumed all the grass within the radius of his tether, signified on his part a willingness to negotiate. Otherwise the owner must understand that his proposal on behalf of his son was not regarded favorably. The horse would be reclaimed and all concerned would still be friends.

It may be safely assumed that, from some secluded spot, Silver Trail watched developments with an eagle eye. Next morning Big Sky's horse was in Stem Child's herd, and shortly after Blue Fawn became Silver Trail's bride.

In July came the day for the annual treaty payments—an occasion of great importance to every Indian. It is on this day, that there is to be paid each year, "while the sun shines and the waters flow in the ocean," the sum of five dollars to each man, woman and child, fifteen dollars to each headman, and twenty-five dollars to every chief.

In due course Big Sky presented his annuity ticket, or token, and was told by the Agent, "You will receive payment for one person less this year. Your son will be given a new ticket and will draw his own annuity, together with that of his wife." To Stem Child he observed, "Your daughter will take her annuity this year with her husband."

To Silver Trail the agent spoke at length. "I am giving you a new ticket.