

But why so serious? This is not written seriously, because—"What's the use?" No good will be accomplished. Methinks I but resent the claims of some reverend Daniel, somewhere in the East who lately was to rise in his might and pyjamas to drive the jackals and roving bands of political hyenas from the environment of Bytown. Doth the reverend gentleman believe we have not good hunting in B. C.? He has travelled but *cui bono*.

Now, suppose for a moment there was not a verity of truth in the statements of these long-suffering dun-colored brethren of ours, for what cause was Chief Baptiste deposed? Neither the Chief nor any of his people seem to know. But supposing again—for being intoxicated? Well and good. But, again; is it possible that our Governor-General in council signed any such order, solely for the purpose of installing a person in the position of a larger capacity, and of a more speculative as well as a more amenable disposition? Surely not! Our Governor-Generals are not of that type of men. No, surely not! Of such is our faith, hope and belief.

Guess as we may, can Martin Burrell fit a square peg in a round hole, to make a satisfactory job anyhow?

All of which is respectfully submitted to the Canadian public at large by a brother in the faith,

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