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But here Konasket breaks in with, "Jim, we have no friend but you to write for us. We thought that you would not be afraid to write a letter for us, if Cummisky did threaten to gaol anyone who wrote a letter for us to Ottawa. I will give you a hundred dollars if you will write a letter, to tell Ottawa our trouble here."

Well, well; poor Konasket: Joe Mason's plea with a fat fee attached—just the same plea—"My God, you have jess got to do something!"

My dear Canuck fellow citizens; that means those of you who are clear of the stench of party politics; here is a poor, ignorant Indian willing to pay a hundred dollars to have his hard-luck story written to a Department whose duty it is to see that there are no such stories to be written. Does this poor Indian believe that he has any cause for complaint. Seems likely, does it not? Heavily burdened, he is willing to pay heavily to have it removed.

Where does he get the hundred dollars? Does he sell a horse, his cow, or kill his pigs, or sell the hay that he should have fed to his own animals? He is poor; not too well fed; not provided for in any shape; still the hundred dollars for a letter to Ottawa, notwithstanding the threat of his over-lord that there was the gaol should he write. What had Dr. Harry done? What would you have done? Notwithstanding Caesar's dictum regarding Mrs. Caesar's character: another try for luck! I will write a letter for you, not to the Department, but to the people of Canada; to the white man's papers, and to all the big chiefs at Ottawa, if you will tell me only

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