

Published 1946

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## Indian Affairs in British Columbia

A Commentary on An Order-in-Council,  
by James H. Christie

AS IN THE CASE OF JOE MASON, ("The Calling of Dan Matthews"), poor, helpless, ignorant Joe begged Dr. Harry to "do something" as the tears streamed down his lean, hungry face. "Doc, my God Almighty. Doc!" he wailed, "You jess got to do something." For hours Dr. Harry had been trying to do something, though common sense and professional experience told him that he could not win. Still he must try.

As in Poor Joe's case, so in the affairs of which I write. I find myself a kind of Dr Harry. Against my own past experience and my common sense, I have "jess got to do something."

During the past year I have received numerous visits from parties from the Okanagan Indian band, asking, or rather begging, much in the spirit of Poor Joe, that their case should be laid, together with

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their complaints, before the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa. This request I have consistently refused to comply with, advising them instead, that they should secure the services and counsel of some lawyer, though I was unable to recommend them to any particular member of that profession. As I pointed out to them, I had been active in causing the Department to send their Commission of Enquiry, Messrs. Ramsdean and McDougall, to the reserve in connection with the surrender of the Long Lake Reserve, in favor of Mr. Cummysky and his partner in the deal, the former being now Inspector of Reserves.

This commission having severely censured the principle in connection with and the method employed, and the Department having before them the full report of the commission and the sworn evidence taken before it, nevertheless this same Department of Indian affairs appoints this same Cummysky to guard and care for—to generally superintend the Indian's welfare and interest. What use or what sense is there in appealing to the Department against their own deliberate act? The appointment is made for their own good reasons; they will maintain it against your protest. Because I did help you before, the Department would say I was interfering in your affairs, for personal interest or for unworthy motive. Your Department has not made good their promises to me, made on your behalf, viz: that they would provide schools on the reserves here to give your children the rudiments of an education. That promise of schools was to be my reward for my services at that time. Hence my refusal to have any further correspondence with your Department.

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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 Cummsky 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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the truth, just like in court. Chief Baptiste says: "We are all glad to hear that."

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## CHIEF BAPTISTE LOGAN

OF THE OKANAGAN BAND, DESIRES TO MAKE THE FOLLOWING  
STATEMENT PUBLIC :—

My friend, my heart was glad when I was told that you had promised to write for us again, and tell the white people of the Government of the hard trouble we have on our reserve. I think that it is not our fault, and maybe the Government has been told lies about my people here. When we were told that Mr. Cummsisky was to be the Inspector for our reserve we did not know what to think. Just about this time I got very sick and I have been sick for a long time. Mr. Brown our agent, wrote to tell me he wanted to have a meeting at my place. I wrote to tell him I was too sick for a meeting, but to go on with it. Some time after this meeting, the people came to my house and told me that Inspector Cummsisky, with the priest, the chiefs from Nicola and Kamloops, came to my reserve and had made a new chief. I could not believe this as I never heard from anyone that there was to be a new chief made by the band, or that the people had asked for a new chief, or that the people had been told that there was a new chief to be made. Some weeks after I heard about Cummsisky making the new chief I was told that the Priest was coming to the reserve. I was very sick, but I wanted to see the Priest, and I walked over to his house to see him, where I saw a lot of people. I heard some one say Cummsisky and Smith from Kamloops had come to straighten up about the chief. Then I heard Mr. Cummsisky say, "yes, and no one will have anything to say about it."

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I was too sick to remain there to hear what was done and had to go home. After the meeting the people came to tell me a lot about what was done that time. They told me that they tried to put a lot of half breeds on the list of the band. Some of them were bad characters from the penitentiary that I wanted to keep away from the reserve. I had no notice that there was to be a meeting for this business. Before or since this meeting, I have never heard anything from Mr. Cummysky or Mr. Brown about my being broke from being chief or from the Indian Department.

I was elected chief for the band at an open meeting. I have never been told by Mr. Cummysky or Mr. Brown that there was any charge made against me. I have never been told by anyone on what grounds Mr. Cummysky made another Chief on this reserve, or by what authority he acted. Since then I have never been informed that I had been removed, or that my election had been set aside by either the Government, the Inspector or the agent. If the Government wishes that I should not be Chief, I am quite willing to stand aside, but I think the people should make their own Chief as our customs demand and the Indian Act provides. I don't think an Inspector, an Agent or a Priest should be able to make a Chief for his own reasons, or that the most drunken Indians should be made Chief. The man Lame Pere who is made Chief, was reduced from this position by Mr Irwin, our Agent then, for continuous drunkenness and peddling whisky amongst the people in the hop yard, with a keg of whisky in his possession when arrested.

He was locked up in gaol, where our Agent found him.

This man Lane Pere when Chief, was dealing with our present Inspector Cummisky and his partner, Mr. Kennedy, for the sale of our reserve on Long Lake, 128 acres of land, the same deal Mr. Ramsdean and Mr. McDougall, sitting as a commission here, said was crooked, and stopped them from getting the land. I have always been against the Nigger Sambo and the half-breeds that were helping Cummisky on the land deal. They were all his friends then and are his friends yet. When the commission was here it was proved that everything charged was true. I think this is why Inspector Cummisky wants a new Chief and why he does not want me as Chief. We have never had a chance to tell the people the truth before; we are glad that our friend gives us the chance, because he believes us. I am telling you the truth now as we did before and we will be glad if any of our friends will tell the Government to send us some good white man to find out all our trouble here and take it away from us.

A white man does not like to have bad people in his house. Well, a good Indian is just the same. We would like the whites to help us and take their trouble away from us. We can do no good work when we have trouble all the time, and the white WILL KEEP the people on our reserves who make trouble for us. I only want the Government to know which is true.

CHIEF BAPTISTE LOGAN X

Note by J. H. C.—In the light of the Chief's statement, if true, does it not leave a rather frayed pinto-like nimbus around the salvage of that Order-in-Council? Less we forget: honi soit qui mal y pense.

## CAPTAIN KONASKET

OF THE OKANAGAN BAND.

I wish to send a message with my Chief to all the white people. I have heard what my Chief said and what he said is true. When Louie Jim was Chief, I was his Captain. Chief Suall made me his Captain, and Chief Baptiste also. At the first meeting Mr. Cummis'sy had on the reserve he told the people he came to make six councillors to help the Chief Baptiste Logan, as he was sick. I said I did not want to make six councillors till our Chief was well enough to have a meeting, but Cummis'sy made them six councillors. Then Cummis'sy told us we were to make Lane Pere Chief. I told him we would make a Chief ourselves when Chief Baptiste was dead. Cummis'sy told me "No, I will make him Chief now, and you had better dry up or I will put you in gaol." I said, "you cannot make me dry up; I will speak what I have to say, and the people made Baptiste Chief." Cummis'sy said, "you say what you like, I put Lane Pere Chief." Then the councillors told him, we wont make Lane Pere Chief; you made us councillors for Chief Baptiste; we are not councillors for Pere, and Baptiste is our Chief; and Cummis'sy told the councillors, if you say too much for Baptiste to be Chief I will put you all in gaol. Then Sambo—he is a man-eating nigger—jumped up and said "Lane Pere is Chief now." Then Johnny Cheac'eacha, the Chief from Nicola, jumped up and said to me, "Can I talk here?" I told him "no, you have no right to talk here on our business." Johnny said to Cummis'sy, "Konasket wont let me talk here." Then Cummis'sy told him, "Konasket is the same as

nothing. Lame Pere is Chief now and you can talk." Then Willie Ashton, a half-breed, told him to put me out, and the others told him he could not do it. I then spoke to Sambo, and told him, "you are a friend of Lame Pere now; you want him to be Chief; you remember when you came to me to complain on Pere you was scared white, you were crying and the water from your eyes was running over your face and nose, and you told me that Lame Pere had put a revolver at your head and tried to kill you. He tried to shoot you and he tried to shoot Old Isaac at the same time. He was drunk then, and he could not make the pistol go off or you would be dead now. I was close to you people then, and I saw him going away. I told you to tell the police, but you were afraid." Then the interpreter told Mr. Cummysky all that I said to Sambo, and I told Cummysky if Pere was Chief he might do the same again. I went to another meeting that was held outside the Priest's house when Inspector Cummysky, the Indian Agent Smith from Kamloops, the Priest and the Chief from Nicola and Kamloops were there. Cummysky told the people, "I want you fellows to know that Pere is Chief now, and nobody has anything to say about it, and I want you fellows to put down your names for Pere as Chief." I told Cummysky Lame Pere is not to be Chief; Baptiste Logao is Chief; his name is in Ottawa as our Chief, and he is getting well now." Cummysky thumped on the table and said, "you shut up or I will put you in gaol." I told him, "I wont shut up, and I am speaking for my Chief, and I mean what I say." Then Cummysky said they would take a vote for Lame Pere and Seymour Suall for Chief;

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then all the half-breeds voted for Lame Pere while Indians voted for Seymour. The old Indians would not vote as they said they had a Chief now, Baptiste Logan, who was a good Chief, and they did not want to change him for a Chief that would make them ashamed as Lame Pere did when he was Chief. He was in gaol three times for being drunk; he was in gaol for packing whisky at the hop yard, and that is where our Agent found him when he came to see our people on business, and the Agent, Mr. Irwin, broke him, and he was never to be Chief again, and Cummsky wants him to be Chief as he is Cummsky's friend, and the half-breeds are his friends. They are all helping him for to give Cummsky and Kennedy our reserve on Long Lake. Them and the Nigger Sambo are the people we have tried for years to get our Agents to put off our reserve. We all know, and all the Agents know, that these people make all the trouble, and if our Chief has done something wrong we want him to be tried for it, and if he done it we will make a new Chief ourselves of the best man we can find for Chief in our band, as we have the right to make our Chief ourselves. I hope the Government will find out if this is all true what I say, and give us a fair chance to live at peace on our reserves. We know that some people have been telling at Ottawa lies about our Chief when he was a very sick man. He is well now and we think he should get a chance to find out if the stories are true or not.

Mr. Ramsdean and Mr. McDougall found that we spoke true when they were here, and they would find that talk true now if they were to come here. That is all I can tell the white people and everything I say is true.

CAPT. KANASKET, X.

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## JAMES LOGAN

### OF THE OKANAGAN INDIANS WISHES TO SAY:—

There has been nothing but trouble on our reserve since Mr. Cummisky came to it. He comes to the reserve to make trouble. He has brought the Agent from Kamloops, the Chief from Kamloops, the Chief from Nicola, to our reserve to interfere with our business and make trouble amongst our people. The Chief, Johnny Cheacheacha, told us in our meeting with Cummisky that he had been made King of all the reserves by the Government at Ottawa, and that we had to do and mind what he told us. I think Cummisky has no right to make a chief of our band to suit himself. This he has done. The Indians always made their own Chiefs. Cummisky threatens us with gaol if we talk about our own business in our meetings. He allows a half-breed, Frank Godsfriesson, to vote on our business. He does not belong to our band. He is Cummisky's chief of police on our reserve; and Cummisky's chief, and Lame Pere's chief adviser about the law.

Cummisky has the Nigger Sambo for policeman and spy. The nigger causes half of the trouble on the reserve. He is a brute. He will eat people up, and is a good friend to Cummisky, that is why he is kept on the reserve. Cummisky's Chief, Lame Pere, he is an Enderby Indian, the drunkenest Indian on the reserve. He was Chief before, and we were ashamed of him. Our Agent, Mr. Irwin, came to see us on business. Lame Pere was our Chief and in

gaol for being drunk and packing a keg of whisky and for peddling whisky at the hop yard. They took him out of gaol to talk to our Agent and put him back again. The Agent had him broke from Chief never to be Chief again. Cummisky knows all this. Then they tried to make Isaac Harris a Chief for us and we had a lot of trouble to throw him out. The fellow spent a lot of our money and the Agent knew it. He bought three hundred or four hundred, or maybe five hundred dollars of pipe for water to put in for himself. The pipe lay at the reserve for two years. Now Cummisky's Chief, Pere, has sold the pipe to Harris for one hundred dollars, then he used the money and tells us it is none of our business. When Cummisky's Chief, Pere, was Chief before, Cummisky and Kennedy were after him to sell them our Long Lake reserve, 128 acres. They got his name for that deal and his friends, Sambo and Harris. They have made trouble for us all the time, and we don't want a man like that for Chief. This half-breed, Harris, has cut this winter three or four thousand feet of logs on our reserve that is just stealing from us. He has no right to do this. The trees belong to us and not to the half-breed, if they are Cummisky's friends.

Everything that the Chief and Konasket has said is true, and what I say is true, and I don't think the white people should tell us to be good and behave ourselves and then do these things to us Indians just because we don't know how to write to tell the King everything. We believed you when you told us the Government wanted to do everything for us, but they don't do it. If they want to do right they can find out if what I say is true, and they can fix it if they want to because they make the laws for us.

JIMMY LOGAN X

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## CHARLES WILLIAMS

### OF THE OKANAGAN BAND.

I wish to say with the Chief and Capt. Konasket that I was at the first meeting. I saw there the Chiefs from Nicola and Kamloops, Cummysky, Sambo, Frank Godfressen and Ashton. Cummysky asked if Baptiste was there. He was told that Baptiste was sick. Cummysky asked what sickness. Someone said the Chief might die. Then Cummysky said, "We will make councillors to help Baptiste since he is sick." That they would put up twelve men and the six men that got the most votes would be councillors. A vote was taken and the half-breeds all voted that time. Cummysky then told the councillors that they would have to make a temporary Chief till Baptiste got well again. The six councillors went outside, then came back again. Four said there was no use for a new Chief, as the Chief is alive yet. Two councillors wanted Lame Pere for Chief. Then one of them, Pete Bayitt, told Cummysky we were made councillors for Chief Baptiste, we were not councillors for Pere. Then Cummysky thumped the table and said, "Don't talk any more for Baptiste for Chief, Lame Pere is Chief now."

Cummysky said, "all you people for Pere for Chief hold up your hands," and all the half-breeds were for Pere. The Indians held up their hands for Baptiste for Chief, and there were more for Baptiste than for Pere. Cummysky said, "I don't care if you are more, Lame Pere is Chief. Then Johnny Cheacheacha, from Nicola, jumped up and said, "I am Johnny Cheacheacha, the Chief. I have been everywhere; I have seen all the Chiefs; I am the king for this

country; you must listen to what I say, and Lame Pere is your Chief now, and what I say nobody can get over."

Then I stood up and told the interpreter I wanted to say a few words. Cummisky said anybody can talk. I said when Mr. Ramsdean and Mr. McDougall were here they said we could make no more Chiefs until Baptiste was dead. No, you people cannot make a Chief now. I voted for Chief Logan when he was made Chief, and he is our Chief now.

Cummisky said, "I don't want anybody to talk too much for Baptiste for Chief or I will put you in gaol." For to be telling us we would be put in gaol if we spoke for our business to an Agent I think was crooked talk for him. I voted for Baptiste, and he is my Chief now. My heart is sore to see what this Cummisky and Pere is doing on our reserve now. These men, Sambo, Lame Pere, Cummisky, Godfressen and Isaac Harris are all bad, one the same as the other, and they are trying to break up our reserve. It looks like to me as our reserve were standing on four legs and this man Cummisky, he comes to Lame Pere and says he, "come on Pere, and help me break off one of the legs," and Pere says, "all right." I don't like to see crooked work done in our business, and it looks like as if these men do all our business and put all us other people to one side. Now, I don't like an Agent to make a drunken Spallumcheen Indian for Chief. I don't like for Cummisky to keep a nigger that eats people as a policeman for our reserve. I don't want half-breeds from the penitentiary to do our business on our reserve,

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and these are the kind of people the whites give us to be our Chiefs  
and bosses amongst our people. Chief Baptiste has been a good Chief  
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would be no trouble here now Mr. Brown is all right for us, but  
Cummsky he is boss for him, which is bad for us, and all that I  
have said is true

CHARLES WILLIAMS X

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## BAPTISTE BATOR

OF THE OKANAGAN INDIANS.

I wish to say with the Chief and Captain. Our Chief Baptiste  
is our tie with the Government and he is a good Chief, and we  
want him to be our Chief to look after our people and our land.  
Sambo the nigger is a bad man. I have known him from the first  
day he came amongst us. He has always made trouble and should  
be put from amongst the people.

BAPTISTE BATOR X

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## DUNCAN FRANCOIS

OF THE OKANAGAN INDIANS

I wish to say with my Chief and Captain. I am an old man  
now and since a boy have seen many Chiefs. Chief Baptiste Logan  
is my Chief. He is a good man and I will not let him go. I don't  
like the Government to make mistakes. They should send us good

men to give us good advice. When Inspector Cummisky came to the reserve the first time, he was all right. His second time he was not so, and the third time wanted to run everything himself. I think our people should make their own chief, not the Agent. Chief Baptiste is a good man and should not be put down for a man like Lame Pere That bad man should be taken off the reserve, not put on the reserve by the Agent.

DUNCAN FRANCOIS X

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## PERE WILLIAM

### OF THE OKANAGAN INDIANS

I want Baptiste Logan for my chief. Lame Pere was in the deal to sell the Long Lake reserve to Cummisky and Kennedy. It was a crooked deal, and we did not like Lame Pere for this. Lame Pere's half-breed friends were all in the deal and the Nigger Sambo.

Since Baptiste Logan stopped that deal they have been pretty straight till Cummisky made Lame Pere Chief. Since when we are like a lot of lost chickens; we don't know what to do. We are now trying to get on a straight road again, and Chief Baptiste can show the people the road they should go. The man Godfresson, and Sambo, are not good men, and should not be allowed amongst our people as policemen for Cummisky and Lame Pere. A good straight man can soon see where all our trouble is. PERE WILLIAM, X

## CASTO LOUIE

### OF THE OKANAGAN INDIANS

I was not at the first meeting. I was at the meeting at the priest's house. Cummisky and the colored agent from Kamloops, Cheacheacha, the Chief from Kamloops, Edward and the priest were there. I heard Cummisky say, "Baptiste is no more Chief." Then Konaskit said, "No; Baptiste is Chief yet." And then Cummisky said, "When I say he is no more Chief, then he is no more Chief, and if anyone here says too much for Baptiste to be Chief, I will put him in gaol." And then Cummisky sent the Nigger Sambo and the man Godfressen to have the gaol opened to put them in, and Cummisky said, "If I say a word, no man can break it; yes, my word is stronger than twenty lawyers, and anyone trying to make Baptiste Chief will go in gaol, and anyone trying to send a letter to Ottawa, or to make a complaint to Ottawa, they will go to gaol."

All this was done at that meeting. I think Lame Pere is not fit to be Chief. When he was Chief before he was so often in gaol he made us ashamed. He was making a deal with Cummisky and Kennedy to sell our reserve on Long Lake, and I thought that was wrong.

Lame Pere now takes Sambo, Godfressen and Isaac Harris to do all our business. He never tells any of the good people on the reserve what is to be done. These crooked half breeds does everything

they like around the reserve. I think this is not right, and if the Government sends us a good man instead of Cummsky, these men could not do this.

We will all be happy when the Government sends a good man to see if this is true. CASTO LOUIE X

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LOUIE CHACKO  
OKANAGAN INDIANS

I wish to say: I have been interpreting for all these complaints, the Chief, Konasket, with others, and to the best of my knowledge and belief, all the statements made about our affairs and the people here are all true.

I was one of the councillors made at the meeting mentioned. When I said then that Lame Pere should not be made Chief, as he had told me before that he was going to sell the Indian reserve at Swan Lake, Long Lake and Duck Lake, Mission Creek and West Bank, and the man that said he would do that should not be Chief.

Cummsky said: "A man might say that, but that is past; maybe he would not do that no more."

I think an Agent has no right to make a Chief, and Chief Baptiste is our Chief yet. He has never done crooked work that I know. The Government should look into this trouble.

LOUIE CHACKO X.

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*To my dear readers, the big hearted common people  
of Canada :*

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We are all proud of our glorious country; its past, present and magnificent outlook, with its great possibilities for good to the generations that are to follow. We are fully aware of the high hope pulsating through the body populi of this Canada that we remain ever faithful to; the high ideals set them by the generations of the past; the clean record and the blameless lives of our public men who have ever maintained the proud distinction of a free and enlightened people; generous, kind and, above all, their claim for even justice: the justice pure and simple; the pure law—a Canadian law based upon our proud boast of the British inborn love of country.

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Our law, the law that makes sure to each his own; a law that guarantees the humblest citizen of the broad Dominion, that he may in peace and safety reap what he has sown.

Again, as citizens we are proud to know that our present public men, in power by us, for, by and with our consent, are bravely determined to uphold and maintain the proud record of the past—an even balancing of the scales of justice for and against all classes of our common citizenship. The law our common heritage—its impartial enforcement against all, and every criminal that may dare to set himself in force against it—it is, of all, the most important duty that we, the people of Canada, entrust to the care of those representing us in our various departments of Government.

That the present Government is fully alive to this momentous question of equal justice to all and each of us, is the *raison d'être*

for placing before you this sketch, a simple assurance of the fact of which you are so fully assured by all our public men from every public platform; from every point of vantage on all public occasions, this assurance is blared at us. Can we have a doubt on the all important point? Surely not. But, may we as the innocent child at the close of the bed-time story, ask papa, "But, is it true?"

Are our public men in Canada *to ka'on*? It is just possible that the other side of the tale regarding the triumph of the Dominion of Canada and Le Deba'cle of Chief Baptiste Logan, of the Okanagan Indians, may raise the question in your mind, Are they *to ka'on*, or simply for politics? If for politics, then follows, "for place, profit and power." In such event the welfare of the citizen has no place.

During the summer of 1912, the wire carried from Ottawa the news that a king amongst his people had been deposed from his position, and had become as a common man. A certain Chief Baptiste Logan, of the Okanagan Band of Indians in British Columbia, by order-in-council, signed by His Highness the Governor-General. This order was published throughout the country and was accepted by the people, none questioning but that there had been good cause for the order. Now Chief Baptiste Logan, with all the good men of his band, asserts that there was no good cause. Personally, I believe with them, there was no good cause, and it is the earnest desire of the Chief and his people that their side of the question might be given to the people of Canada, that they may judge fairly between them and the enemies of the peace.

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The reason why I do not address the complaints to the Indian Department: The Department has the Ramsdean-McDougall report on file, also the record of the new Chief, Lame Pere, the record of Nigger Sambo, and the Agents are fully aware of the man Godfressen's record, while the previous complaints against the man Harris were well-grounded.

Let me give a few facts bearing upon the present dissatisfaction: Some fifty-three years ago the first Christian missionaries came amongst these people. Oblate Fathers, I believe for the good of the Indians and the greater glory of God, no doubt. The Okanaganahs were at that time a large band of vigorous, healthy people numbering some fifteen hundred souls. Twenty-five years later the Government reserved for this band some thirty thousand acres of land in the heart of the now famous fruit-growing district, Okanagan, B. C. Grasp the fact of the value of this immense tract of unimproved land, with adjoining lands being sold at values ranging from one hundred to three hundred per acre.

Again, the important fact that of the original band there exist today not fifty souls all told who have any right to claim an interest in these lands. Where are the others? Why gone? Where the wicked cease from troubling and Indian Agents are at rest. Were the departed all members of the true church, or merely passengers in its ark of salvation I do not know. But of the immense value of these human lives you have so roughly destroyed through a criminal neglect of your self-appointed guardianship, a blind in-

difference to the welfare of these children of nature God had so seemingly carelessly entrusted to your care. What of them, fellow Canuck? What have you done for them beyond paying a salary to some friend of the party to pay them a visit several times per annum just to take a count of noses? Nothing!

Their homes are to-day saturated with the germs of disease, so Dr. Williams states. That fact I know. Have you ever fumigated one of them? Why, no! What's the use? Too much trouble! But that Indian reserve would make a splendid sub-division, and if public report speaks true, there are several of the faithful now in possession of a reversionary right to different oddments of these Indian lands. These rumors may have some bearing on the troubles among this handful of Government wards

Just an incident regarding the life of these people that I may shock you, if I can penetrate the thick hide of our Canadian pious, hypocritical self-sufficiency. Some two years ago a young woman of this band died—the usual route—consumption. She had been born and cradled in a corner that had been but lately occupied for some short weeks by another soul who had laid there to fight out the last fight with the great enemy of them all. Her turn came when she had but reached the full bloom of womanhood — about twenty-five years of age she went under, in the month of July or August. Her body remained some days where she had died, whilst her friends were collecting the needful wherewith to place her decently under the ground. Meanwhile the body had disintegrated — burst! And this before a coffin had been procured.

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But withal, thank God, we are not our brother's keeper, and, as in the days of Pharaoh, (Ex. viii,14) they gathered them together in heaps, and the land stunk. In future years, Canada having reached a higher civilization, we hope, with a clearer understanding of the whole duty, and the obligation of her then governing bodies, students of her present history will look back and wonder why we so heartily condemn the conduct of Leopold the damned, of Congo fame, or that our press should criticise the Peruvian atrocities, the military methods of our cousin Samuel, to the South. On the whole, is the Mexican method of a firing squad and a blank wall any more effective than the laissez faire of our own. In this particular instance, on the whole, I think our system has more advantages for political play.

I wonder me what human devilkin it was that conceived the Indian reserve: a place where they gathered them together upon heaps to crib, to cabin and to confine; to leave them to riot, swelter and stew in the ignorance and filth of their superstitions, a prey to every greed-inspired ghost dancer who chanced to batten on the superstitious fear of the engrafted lurid hereafter. No friendly teacher for this life, no moral uplift, no schools—absolutely nothing—but the flying visit from an agent who draws a salary and always is in a hurry to get back to town. No resident friend there, no agricultural expert, no bulletins here from the Government farms and none to read them did they come. Outlawed and offcast in the land of their birth, and but too often their first glimpse of the white man's civilization gained through the iron bars of the white man's prison cell.

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,

JAMES H. CHRISTIE,

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