mon, cacao, vanilla, manioc, agave, guava, artichokes, quinoa, pemmican, chewing-gum, peanuts, and maple sugar are only some of the articles obtained from the Red Man. And we must not forget that drinks like mate, labrador tea, chocolate, cocoa, pulque and chicha are of Indian origin.

The last, but not least, contribution made by the Indian, has been in the field of medicine. Aside from the fact that our forefathers resorted very often to the medical treatment of Indian doctors like Joe Pye in New England, and that even today we hear so much about Indian cures and Indian remedies, our great medical and surgical progress has been achieved, thanks to the Indian. Can any one conceive of the present state of surgery and medicine without cocaine, quinine, yerba santa, cascara sagrada, jalap, jaborandi leaves, mescal buttons and curari? And these are drugs and antidotes for which we are indebted to the previous knowledge and experimentation of the Indian.

Such, in fine, has been the contribution of the "Redskin" to our civilization and culture! And how was "Poor Lo" rewarded for his services by the "Superior(?) Race"? If we should constitute ourselves into a public court and judge honestly our actions towards the Indian and those of the Indian towards us, the verdict would decidedly not be in our favor. We have robbed the Indian of his soil, we have broken his spirit, we have debauched his mind, we have undermined his health and doomed him to destruction. The valiant "Wild Son" of Yesterday is no more! His life belongs to the past and he is slowly dragging his weary feet to the grave, which we, his "brave conquerors," have dug for him. But while leaving this world for the unknown "Fields", where he expects to be united with his ancestors in eternal beatitude, the Indian takes with him the proud knowledge that his life here has not been useless, that he has contributed his share to the civilization and culture of mankind and that his name will never be forgotten. He knows that he bequeaths to posterity manifestations of a useful existence that are more lasting than monuments of stone or marble, — for in the words of one of our poets:

"The memory of the Red Man,
"How can it pass away,
"While his names of music linger
"On each mount, and stream and bay?"