

## DUKE OF CONNAUGHT CHIEF KAVAKOUDGE

E. Pauline Johnson Describes the Ceremony of Making His Royal Highness Chief of Six Nation Indians in 1869.

(From E. Pauline Johnson's Legends of Vancouver.)

How many Canadians are aware that in Prince Arthur, Duke of Connaught, and only surviving son of Queen Victoria, who has been appointed to represent King George V. in Canada, they undoubtedly have what many wish for—one bearing an ancient title as Governor-General of the Dominion? It would be difficult to find a man more Canadian than any one of the tribes, the disposal of reservation lands, the appropriation of both the principal and interest of the more than half a million dollars these tribes hold in government bonds at Ottawa, accumulating from the sales of their lands. In short, were every drop of blood in his royal veins red instead of blue, he could not be more fully qualified as an Indian chief than he is now, not even were his title one of the fifty hereditary ones whose illustrious names composed the Iroquois Confederacy before the pale face ever set foot in America.

It was on the occasion of his first visit to Canada in 1869, when he was little more than a boy, that Prince Arthur received, upon his arrival at Quebec, an address of welcome from his royal mother's "Indian children" on the Grand River reserve, in Brant County, Ontario. In addition to this welcome they had a request to make to him: Would he accept the title of chief and visit their reserve to give them the opportunity of conferring it?

One of the great secrets of England's success with savage races has been her consideration, her respect, her almost reverence of native customs, ceremonies and usages. She wishes her own customs and kings to be honored, so she freely accords like honor to her subjects, it matters not whether they be white, black or red. Young Arthur was delighted. Royal ladies are pretty much like all other boys; the unique ceremony would be a break in the endless round of state receptions, banquets and addresses. So he accepted the red Indians' plimmet, knowing well it was the loftiest honor those people could confer upon a white man.

It was the morning of October first when the royal train steamed into the little city of Brantford, where carriages awaited to take the Prince and his suite to the "Old Mohawk Church" in the vicinity of which the ceremony was to take place. As the prince's special escort, Onwanonsyeh, head chief of the Mohawks, rode on a jet black pony beside the caissone. The chief was garmented in full native costume—a buckskin suit, beaded moccasins, headband of owl's and eagle's feathers, and ornate leggings. He carried a bow and arrow, and a knife in his belt. He was a fine, powerful man, with a broad chest and a strong jaw. He was a true chief, and his people loved him.

It was a warm autumn day; the roads were dry and dusty, and after a mile or so, the boy-prince, brought from beneath the carriage seat a basket of grapes. With his handkerchief he flicked the dust from them, handed a bunch to the chief and took one himself. An old story has it that he was a country road, an English prince and an Indian chief, riding amicably side-by-side enjoying a banquet of grapes like schoolboys.

At the Mohawk Church, Arthur leapt lightly to the green sward. For a moment he stood, rigid, gazing before him at his future brother chiefs. His escort had given him a faint idea of what he was to do, but he certainly never expected to be completely surrounded by three hundred full-blooded Iroquois braves and warriors, such as now encircled him on every side. Every Indian was in his warlike

paint and feathers, some stripped to the waist, their copper-colored skins brilliant with paint, dyes and "patterns"; all carried tomahawks, scalp-knives, bows and arrows.

Every red-throat gave a tremendous war-whoop. He was delighted which was repeated again and again as for that half moment he stood silent, a slim boyish figure clad in light grey tweeds—a singular contrast to the stalwarts in gorgeous costumes who crowded about him. His face paled to ashy whiteness, then, with true British grit he extended his right hand and raised his black Billycock hat with his left. At the same time he took one step forward. Then the war cries broke forth anew, deafening, savage, terrible cries, as one by one the entire 300 fled past, the prince shaking hands with each one, and removing his glove to do so. This strange rite passed over Onwanonsyeh, who rode up, and flashing his scarlet blanket on the grass, dismounted and asked the prince to stand upon it.

Inherited the Loyalty. Then stepped forward an ancient chief, father of Onwanonsyeh, and speaker of the council. He was old in inherited and personal loyalty to the British crown. He had fought under Sir Isaac Brock at the Battle of the Heights in 1812, while yet a mere boy, and upon him was laid the honor of making his Queen's son a chief. Taking Arthur by the hand this venerable warrior walked slowly to and fro across the blanket, chanting as he went the strange, wild formula of induction. From time to time he was interrupted by loud expressions of approval and assent from the vast throng of encircling braves, but apart from the no sound was heard but the low, weird monotone of a ritual older than the white man's footprints in North America.

It is necessary that a chief of each of the three "clans" of the Mohawks shall assist in this ceremony. The veteran chief, who sang the formula was of the Bear clan. His son, Onwanonsyeh, was of the Wolf (the clan) descended through the mother's side of the family. Then another chief, of the Turtle clan, and in whose blood coursed the blood of the historic Brant, now stepped to the edge of the scarlet blanket. The chant ended, these two young chiefs received the prince into the Mohawk tribe, conferring upon him the name of "Kavakoudge," which means "The Sun flying from east to west under the guidance of the Great Spirit."

Onwanonsyeh then took from his waist a brilliantly deep-red, heavily embroidered with beads, porcupine quills and dried moose hair, placing it over the prince's shoulder and knotted it beneath his right arm. The ceremony was ended. The constitution that Hiawatha had founded centuries ago, a constitution wherein chiefs, no more, no less, should form the parliament of the Six Nations, had been shattered and broken because this race of loyal red men desired to do honor to a slender young chief of the Mohawks, who bore the first title of the Iroquois.

Honorary Titles to White Men. Many white men have received from these same people honorary titles, but none has been bestowed through the ancient ritual, with the imperative members of the three clans assisting that borne by Arthur of Connaught.

After the ceremony the prince entertained the church to autograph his name in the ancient Bible which a silver Holy Communion service, a bell, two tablets inscribed with the Ten Commandments and a bronze British coat of arms had been presented to the Mohawks by Queen Anne. He inscribed "Arthur" just below the "Albert Edward" which, as Prince of Wales, the late King wrote when he entered Canada in 1860.

When he returned to England, Chief Kavakoudge sent his portrait, together with one of Queen Victoria, and the Prince Consort, to be placed in the church. The portrait of the prince, where they decorate the walls today. As I write I glance up to see, in a corner of my room, a draping scarlet blanket, made of British army broadcloth, for the chief who rode the jet black pony, so long ago, was the writer's father. He was not here to write when Arthur of Connaught again set foot on Canadian shores.

Many of these facts I have culled from a paper that lies on my desk; it is yellowing with age, and bears the date, "Toronto, October 2, 1869," and on the margin is written in a clear half-boyish hand, "Onwanonsyeh, with kind regards from your brother, Duke."

## AGED ENGRAVER IS ASSAULTED BELOW CRIMINAL "DEAD-LINE"

New York, N. Y., Jan. 4.—Henry Garland, an aged engraver, was assaulted and robbed today in his office in Lower Nassau street, in the Wall street section of the city and below the Fulton street deadline which the police long ago established as the limit beyond which persons with criminal records or suspicious characters must not pass, on pain of being arrested on sight.

The robber entered Garland's place on the top floor of the building and struck him over the head with a black-jack, knocking him unconscious. The man got away unharmed, taking with him quantities of jewelry belonging to Garland's customers and a small amount of money. Garland was removed to a hospital in a serious condition.

A Fellow-Up. The north wind doth blow, and we shall have snow, And what will the foeman do then, poor thing? Least his lot be too hard, he will start a collyard And gouge the consumer again, poor thing.

Shiloh's Cure

## CARNEGIE AMONG PALL-BEARERS AT DICKENS' FUNERAL

New York, N. Y., Jan. 4.—Arrangements for the funeral of Alfred Tennyson, son of Charles Dickens, the novelist, whose death occurred here on Tuesday, were practically completed tonight, and it was announced that the services will be held in Old Trinity church at Broadway and Wall streets, on Saturday at 12:30 o'clock. Rev. Dr. William T. Manning, rector of Trinity will officiate.

The list of pallbearers contains the name of Andrew Carnegie. A number of wealthy men in this city have secured a lot in Trinity cemetery in Washington Heights, and there the body of the great English author's son will be laid to rest.

"Say, Captain, I wish you'd remove the policeman from my beat and substitute a fellow who likes his beef well done."

Casabianca's Consolation.

The boy was standing upon the burning deck whence all but him had fled.

"I guess I'm done for," he said as he glanced around him, "but there's one comfort—they'll never be able to say I had cold feet!"

## They All Fall For It



## Wife Asleep Loses Hair, And Husband Loses \$500

New York, N. Y., Jan. 4.—Never in his palmist days of profound deduction was Sherlock Holmes called to solve such a dark, deep, impenetrable mystery as the police of the Port Hamilton station, Brooklyn are now puzzling their wits over. It has to do with the query, "Who stole Mrs. Herman Langhaus' hair while she slept?"

Not a noise was heard about her house in 74th street from the time the doors were locked and the windows secured at 11 o'clock Saturday night until she and her husband awoke at five yesterday morning. When she awakened she found that her hair had been clipped close to her head.

"Burglars have been in the house and stolen my hair!" she exclaimed, as she roused her husband. "Get up! Get up! and see if that \$500 which you have in the bureau drawer is still there. I tell you burglars have been in the house."

One glance at Mrs. Langhaus showed

ed the husband that she was telling the truth.

Pulling out the drawer he found that the roll of \$500 in bills which he had placed in a small box was gone. Dismaying his clothes he went to the Port Hamilton station, where he related the story to the lieutenant on duty.

The lieutenant sent Policemen Roach, Divy and Henne to the home.

Not a door or window had been disturbed or so, for as they could see, had been tampered with.

In the embers in the kitchen stove the policemen found part of Mrs. Langhaus' hair.

"Perhaps my husband walked in the sleep, cut off my hair and burned it," said Mrs. Langhaus.

"If I did that," retorted Mr. Langhaus, "you must have walked in your sleep and hidden my roll of \$500 and burned it."

Mr. Langhaus and his wife each said that the \$500 belonged to a friend, whose name they refused to disclose.

## ECHO OF REBELLION TO FOUND IN STREETS OF CANADIAN CITY

Toronto, Jan. 4.—Toronto will be treated to one of the most unique spectacles in its history on Monday afternoon next, if the present plans of the Chinese Reform Association materialize. The success of the revolutionary party in China, and the ascent of Dr. Sun Yat Sen to the presidency of the new Chinese Republic have caused no little joy among the Chinese the world over.

On Monday next at 12 o'clock 500 Chinamen will assemble at Victoria Hall, on Queen street east. There they will hold a jubilee meeting over recent revolutionary successes until 2 o'clock, when the entire meeting will form in procession and parade through the streets, ending in a city and jubilee which will take place in Free Masons' Hall, 192 York street.

Modern Progress Halts. Roast camel is being served in Paris restaurants. Here where paper bag cooking has to draw the line.

## Had Boils On Neck and Arms.

Had Them Lanced But Got No Relief Until He Used  
Burdock Blood Bitters.

Boils in themselves are not a dangerous trouble, but still at the same time are very painful. They are caused entirely by bad blood, and for you to get rid of them it is absolutely necessary to put the blood into good condition. For this purpose there is no remedy that can compare with Burdock Blood Bitters. This preparation has been on the market for about 35 years, and has a reputation unequalled by any other for the making of pure, rich, and blood. Mr. H. J. Burdock, of Stratford, Ont., writes: "I have been troubled for several weeks with boils on my neck and arms. I had them lanced by the doctor, but as soon as one went others came. I tried all kinds of so-called remedies, but could get no relief till I was advised to try Burdock Blood Bitters. I am pleased to say I am now quite free from those most painful things, and feel much better in every respect."

"My boy, of nine years, had a rash come over his back and legs, so we gave him a few doses and now he is all right again."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Millers Co. Limited, Toronto, Ont.

## ISLAND OF SEAWEED IN MID-ATLANTIC

The Marowynne Encounters  
Stretch Birds Rusted Upon it  
—Ship Delayed.

New York, Jan. 5.—Strange was the tale of what was almost an island of seaweed in mid-Atlantic, told yesterday by the Marowynne of the Royal Dutch line, in port yesterday from Trinidad. Proceeding in a somewhat rough sea in latitude 36 deg. 45 min. north, longitude 72 deg. 52 min. west, officers of the Marowynne described what seemed to be a boundless patch of calm water near the horizon line. The vessel was steered from her course a few points to investigate and through the glasses sea birds could be seen resting on the surface of a vast quantity of seaweed.

The Marowynne soon was surrounded by this vegetable growth, which was so thick it perceptibly reduced the speed of the vessel, and bottles thrown overboard from the decks floated on the top. Great flocks of birds settled on it and apparently were able to walk about with their bodies above water. The speed of the Marowynne grew less and less until Captain Driver was obliged to have the engines shut down and the propeller freed of the entangling weed.

Strange as Captain Driver's report may sound, it has been accepted and endorsed by the United States Hydrographic Office, which issued a bulletin describing the seaweed as an obstruction to navigation.

The Bringing-Up of Mother.

Martha heard some one speak of her mother's deficiencies in arithmetic—which are perfectly visible to the naked eye—so she came and sat down beside her gravely and began:

Mother, take four from fourteen and how much does that leave?

Ten, proclaimed the parent, thinking she was teaching the little one her lesson.

Now, three from eight—that's rather hard, you know.

Yes, it's frequently gotten on my nerves, too—but it eventually leaves five.

And four from five?

One, exclaimed the elder from the proud pinnacle of perfect knowledge, thinking also what a nice teacher she was.

Martha rose with a sigh of relief from the region of her pinafore, and said kindly but with some condescension: "Well, now, you have learned that much, any way."

## HE WOULDN'T WASH DISHES; RAN AWAY After Being a Tramp Three Weeks Rochester Boy Is Willing to Go Home and Do "Girl's Work."

Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Jan. 4.—Rather than wash dishes and help his mother in other household duties, George Stark, fifteen years old, son of John Stark, of Rochester, ran away from home three weeks ago, and has been living on the road with tramps, begging his meals and sleeping in police stations and in freight cars. The boy applied for lodgings at Police Headquarters last night, and Chief of Police McCabe ordered him detained until his parents can be communicated with.

For his Christmas dinner the boy said he had sandwiches and coffee at the kitchen door of a farm house near Schenectady. He said that he was glad that the police here had telegraphed his family of his whereabouts, as he was himself ashamed to do it.

## PORT ARTHUR WILL GET TERMINAL OF GREAT NORTHERN

Port Arthur, Ont., Jan. 3.—Acting for the IHI interests, a party of English capitalists have just closed the deal whereby the Great Northern Railway secures 900 acres of land at Port Arthur. It is stated on reliable authority that the land is to be used partly for the terminals of the Hill lines when they are carried into Port Arthur and that the Canadian shops of the Hill lines will be built there, costing several million dollars.

## FEAR VENGEANCE ON ORTIE IF HE IS NOT CONCEALED

Indianapolis, Ind., Jan. 4.—Ortie E. McManigal, confessedly a member of the dynamiting staff of John J. McNamee, was not brought into this city tonight as was expected, but will reach here in time to testify before the federal grand jury on Monday.

Agents of the Department of Justice today guarded with greatest secrecy the whereabouts of McManigal, and prepared to prevent the time of his arrival from being known. It is believed that he may have been taken from a train by the detectives in charge and lodged in an intermediate city. Federal authorities say they feared some act of vengeance against him unless his movements were carefully hidden.

WOMEN GETTING SCARCE

Some of you fellows are going without wives if you don't get busy pretty soon. You don't think so? That's because you don't know.

Fact is men are increasing much faster than women in the United States. Already there are 2,691,879 more men than women. There will be at least that number of lonely bachelors using single nails to hold their suspenders and consuming canned goods or restaurant fare.

There are simply not women enough to go around—100 men to 100 women, and getting worse all the time.

Better propose right off and avoid the rush. Six out of every 100 men are going to get left, sure-as-fate. (Or get a widow.)

## BOSTON'S CARNIVAL

Boston, Jan. 5.—Poor Dan Cupid has received a smashing blow—and so, likewise, has the patient maid who has been waiting for the new year in order to waylay some unsuspecting young man of her acquaintance by taking advantage of Leap Year. A group of hard-hearted, unromantic chaps (no votes for women, one might know) have fixed it so that even if Dan Cupid and the hopeful maiden between them corner the desired young man and lug him off to the city clerk to get a marriage license, he still has five days leeway in which to think it over, muster his courage and flee the state. On and after January 1st, 1912, runaway marriages, boy and girl marriages, champagne marriages and the other tricks that Cupid delights in playing on human kind will be in large part abolished. From then on the blushing youth must file a notice of intention five days after which he may again call at the registrar's office to obtain the license which will permit his marriage with the object of his affections. In the meantime his and her parents, guardians, relatives or friends have ample opportunity to call also and register kicks, complaints, reasons and inquiries anent the marriage. But, adding insult to injury, if it is found to be advisable to withhold a license the state withholds also the dollar paid in by the youth. And as Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont and Rhode Island have similar laws, and Connecticut has one under consideration, thimble look pretty hard for the Leap Year girl and her fellow conspirator, D. C.

Beautiful Boston has been shown for a mirror to Hubbles who often forget that they need to go the other way. The city is first thought might not seem to offer so large a field for the pageant of this kind as Boston and the populous New England centres adjacent. Greater Cincinnati, nevertheless, claims a population of about half a million, and the management is expected by means of railroad rates to draw people from Pittsburgh, Louisville, Columbus, Cleveland and even Indianapolis and Terre Haute. So that it is an auspicious as well as a gigantic task to which the young conservatory man is committed.

ETHEL ANGER.

## PACKING BUSINESS DOES NOT DEPEND ON MEAT FOR PROFIT

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 4.—By products yield 97 per cent. of the profits in the packing business, according to figures given by William D. Miles, formerly general manager of the Armour Packing Company of Kansas City, who concluded his testimony today in the trial of the ten Chicago packers, charged with criminal violation of the Sherman law.

An analysis of these figures showed that the company made but three cents profit on dressed meat of each steer killed, while the fat of each animal yielded a profit of 42 cents. The profit on hides was 37 cents a head and 18 cents profit was obtained from the glue manufactured from the hoofs.

## MONASTERY BURNS, EXPENSIVE PLANT IS COMPLETE LOSS

St. Norbert, Man., Jan. 5.—In a spectacular blaze last night the old Trappist Monastery here was destroyed, entailing a loss of \$25,000. The insurance of only \$5,000. A jewelry manufacturing department, wherein the monks attended to the silver and gold work of the priests and churches all over Canada, was also completely destroyed and will not likely be rebuilt. Its fittings having been costly, the monks will be unable to replace the equipment.

It Was a Great Disappointment, Though.

One of the smaller members of the class was puzzled, and said:

Say, teacher, what is a period?

Why, said the teacher, a period is a small dot and a comma is the child harked to say, I saw one in the sky last summer.—Kansas City Star.

## A LOG FLOATS WITH THE CURRENT

Would you rather be the log—inert, powerless, without will, without purpose, or

**THE CURRENT**  
swift-flowing, vigorous—the pulse of life urging constantly onward?

**VITALITY OR INERTIA  
HEALTH OR DISEASE**

Health gives one the spirit of the current.

Your duty to your family—to yourself, is to keep nerves nourished, blood pure, muscles strong.

**Scott's Emulsion**

is like sea-air—bracing, invigorating, giving out tonic-life and health.

ALL DRUGGISTS

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