

the recommendations I have made in this case be not carried out, I shall not forget that I, too, am a chief of the "Bloods." I shall leave the service of the Government and come back to lead, as old Makasto would have done, my adopted people, using modern methods that may be more effective for the securing of justice than those you were wont to use in the days of old."

It is not often that Indians cheer, but it is on record that they cheered that speech.

Some years ago certain Iroquois Indians had taken possession of a squatter's house on the Duncaster reserve, in assertion of the Indians' right of ownership of the land. It was a moment of high tension. Bloodshed was feared. Mr. McKenna was despatched, alone, to effect a settlement. The shades of evening were falling as he reached Ste. Agathe, yet he immediately asked to be provided with a rig to drive to the reserve. The people were amazed. Nobody, they said, would dare to accompany him. He finally obtained a conveyance on the understanding that the driver might halt and await him at a point from which the light in the house taken possession of by the Indians, could be seen and that he would walk the rest of the way alone. The arrangement was carried out, but the driver, impelled by curiosity to see what might occur, followed as far as his fear would permit him. Mr. McKenna knocked on the door of the squatter's house. It was opened by a stalwart Iroquois who at once recognized "Makasto" and exclaimed: "How you come here? But the other day you were far away in the land where the sun sets. Now you are here!" "The Iroquois are my friends" answered Mr. McKenna; "I heard they were in trouble and I have come quickly that I may help them." And he did. For hours that night he sat in the squatter's house as a brother among his own, smoking and talking of the Indians' wrongs and of the manner in which the Iroquois had set about the removal of the particular grievance respecting the Duncaster reserve. Before he left he had outlined a settlement which was afterwards fully implemented, and, quelling the rising trouble, satisfied both Indians and squatters and did justice to all. When he returned to Montreal, he was met by the late Hon. Raymond Prefontaine, then member for Terrebonne, who greeted him with the exclamation: "How did you do it? I have telegraphed advice that the Indians are at peace, and that fear has departed from the habitants. You have made such an impression upon my compatriots, that you can be elected member for Terrebonne at your pleasure."