

Mr. McKenna has come into close contact with the different Indian tribes from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the United States to the far northern abodes of the aborigines. No man in Canada has had so varied and so extensive an Indian experience and no man has made the experience serve his purpose better, for, wherever he has gone, no matter how difficult or delicate the mission, he has gained the confidence and inspired the respect of the Red man.

The descriptive names given by the Indians, like the "nickname" of civilization, possess a subtle power of flattery or reproach, the secret of which lies in the almost uncanny accuracy with which a predominating mental or physical attribute is selected as the *raison-d'être* of the name. It is, therefore, no mean index to Mr. McKenna's character that one old Indian should name him "Truth-speaking-eyes" and that the Iroquois call him "The man-who-talks-straight."

Perhaps his most unique honor was received from the "Bloods" the strongest personalities of our western tribes. For they acclaimed him a chief of their tribe, crowning him with the many-ermine-tailed, much defeathered and wonderfully wrought great chieftains bonnet, and showed their further regard by conferring upon him the name "Makasto" or "Red Crow"—that borne by the wise and powerful Blood Chief whose counsels are among the traditions of the tribe, and who was called "Red Crow" because there are no red crows just as there were none like the old Chief.

There comes from the "Bloods" a story of Chief Makasto McKenna that does not appear in Departmental records, for in them the results only are noted and methods of obtaining them count as naught. It is related that when some years ago, Mr. McKenna had about brought to a successful close the negotiations with the "Bloods" in connection with an important matter which had caused grave trouble, a chief of the tribe rose at the council and said "We believe Makasto. He always speaks truth. His words are plain and we understand. We question not his honor, but we ask: How do we know that it will be done as he agreest? If he had the doing of these things we would be satisfied. But there is the government at Ottawa—what may it do?" Chief McKenna rose to the occasion. He replied: "My brother speaks wisely. My brother speaks well. I am but one man. I am but a subordinate. I can merely make recommendations: I can give no security that they will be carried out. But this I will say. "If