



The Late Dr. Oronhyatekha
President of the Independent Order of Foresters

A Noble Red Man

IT has not been given to many red men to rule over white men, but Dr. Oronhyatekha was the one great exception. Just why or how will always be a matter of uncertainty or doubt—a debatable series of questions. Nevertheless, he ruled all those in the Independent Order of Foresters, ruled them because they desired his rule. He was their "Big Chief" in both the Indian and Caucasian sense of the term. There was no doubt as to his supremacy. The office was his by election and re-election and re-election, until every person forgot that he was an elected head. What he won by election he held by the divine right of fitness and ability.

If Dr. Oronhyatekha used his power craftily—and the craftiness of his race was his in the fullest degree—he did not use it basely. That is where he differed from some white men whose names are written large on the historical tablets of North America. If he drew a generous reward, he gave a generous service. Not only that, but he gave his life. Those who know the history of his efforts on behalf of this Association tell of days and nights of incessant labour, of weeks and months of restricted rest and unrestricted application. His capacity for continued mental effort was remarkable. Only by an exercise of it was he able to bring this institution from a state of bankruptcy to a reputed state of opulence. The work was difficult and trying; the opposition from the great insurance corporations was keen and at times bitter; the system which he was working was dangerous and doubtful. To get recruits, he had to become a showman, and a showman he was to the end of the chapter. What the insurance companies bought with gold of the realm, he got in exchange for a few tawdry badges, a bit of gold lace and a brass band.

Besides craftiness and an intimate knowledge of human nature, his wonderful physique was a great asset. A bronze Apollo, over six feet in height and massive in proportion; a well-chiselled face with every muscle in repose or control; a keen eye; a searching glance; a bold, almost audacious manner—these were some of the physical attributes which enabled him to dominate both men and women. If he had been a small Indian, these comments would not have been written. Because he was a big Indian he attracted the attention of the present Sovereign of the British Empire many years ago and paved the way for a marvellous career.

He had the Indian's intuition. When his opponents

came before him, he looked into their faces and read their thoughts. The only man he could not read was the flatterer. It was the flatterer who led him into any foolishnesses which have distinguished him. Opponents were easily disarmed and crushed, because of the intuition which discovered their plans and their fighting quality, before the battle had really begun. Allied with this he had wonderful power as a debater, as an orator. His quality as a debater came first perhaps, but he was no mean orator. His liberal education, his broad knowledge of the world gained mainly through men and travel, and his natural passion and forensic propensity combined to make him a speaker to whom men listened. His passionate invective and argument were never unbridled, for there was always in reserve an immense will-power. Everything was under the control of that.

Finally, Oronhyatekha was a man. He was neither a god nor a beast, neither perfect nor imperfect. The treachery of the Indian does not seem to have come to this son of the Mohawk Tribe; or if it came, it was drowned beneath other qualities nurtured by ambition, education and the ideals of a well-balanced mind. He was loyal as white men are loyal, and that loyalty brought him great distinction as a leader of men. There are men who fought side by side with him in many campaigns and they all agree that his loyalty to his colleagues was distinct and certain. This applies to the greatest of them as well as to the young man and the young woman who entered his employ as children many years ago and were with him when on Saturday last his Spirit sought the Happy Hunting Grounds.

His Honour, Governor Tweedie

HIS Honour Lieutenant-Governor Lemuel J. Tweedie of New Brunswick, is a rather ponderous title for a retired politician, but it will no doubt be worn with modesty. Governor Tweedie the other day was Premier Tweedie, and before that again he was plain Lem. Tweedie. His career is of his own making. Born in Chatham, one of the important towns of the province, scarcely sixty years ago, he has passed through college, law and political service to be the chief executive head of New Brunswick. It is easy to write of this Little Journey, but the man who takes it must often pant for breath and for fresh courage. There are various



Lieutenant-Governor Tweedie

smash-ups and collisions to be endured, and the train is often derailed. Mr. Tweedie is no doubt able to tell something about them, although he has been somewhat luckier than others who have taken the trip. Mr. Tweedie, like his colleague and successor, the Hon. William Pugsley, was originally a Conservative—but there have been fewer people of that stripe in the Maritime Provinces since the debacle of 1896.