

himself too tired to go on. He looked it. He generally looked it—bored stiff; that is unless you heard his deep, clucking laugh, or caught the twinkle of his eye.

He looked just as usual on the day that this yarn begins, sitting on a tree-stump and cleaning his pipe as if he had all time to do it in—the tree-stump in question being one of many in the unbuilt lots of Simpson Inlet. It was a day for lotus-eating—the kind of day when west coast men feel that something is to be said for a land where food falls in the mouth out of trees instead of having to be worked for, hunted for, or even fished for. It was quite early in the morning, but it was already promising a stifling day up the inlet. Only when a sea-breeze fanned would it be tolerable.

Suddenly Smith sat up, a little less humped on his tree-stump, and said: "Say! They're paddling some. It's a wonder to me they don't skim *out*!"

Those who heard looked along the inlet and noted a long dark streak, and a much longer white streak, in the midst of the reflections of timbered mountains. The canoe and its wake broke up the still reflections into a thousand—into thousands—of little pieces of waggling, wavering portions of mountain, agitated ripples. And in a minute or two the long canoe (that had once been a cedar) was shooting for the beach, and the six squat effigies in it were putting on the break with their paddles.

The effigy in the bow got out and shuffled up the beach. Other men had come out of the houses alongshore and were in evidence, but the Indian (that is if he was an Indian—some of the coast tribes seem half Mongolian) made straight for Smith. Smith blinked at him and went on cleaning his pipe. He came close; and the least interested-