



Indian Women Making Trusses for Salmon

in and year out, above that lone grave in the mists "the flag is still there"—waving above great painted whales, giant kingfishers, yellow moths and other symbols of name and place.

In keeping with this loyal spirit is "the roll of honour" hanging on the little English church door!

An honour roll on which the names of red men and white commingle! Some of the volunteers have already made "the supreme sacrifice" "somewhere in France," and are now taking their long sleep under the poppies in Flanders; and here, as at home, "the flag is still there," with its deeper significance for the red man than

ever before. For with his life's blood he has bought the right to add it, a new theme, to his family totem.

A splendid work is being done among the Alert Bay Indians by both the Government and the Church. The Indian agent here is a hardy Ontario Scotsman, who understands the red-man and has won his confidence to a splendid degree. "'Tis true," he himself assured us, "they still live in the community-house. But I'm not sure," he added with characteristic Scotch humour, "but what the hole in the roof gives better ventilation than the window, in the pretty cottage, that's never opened."