

and the idlers darted off. The bluecoated officer guided Fritz into an empty wharf office and beckoned me in. As I entered I saw the face of the "runner in" peeking out from behind a pole; he was laughing fit to kill. "Young man," gruffly began the officer, "it's agin the law to peddle things without a license"—here he winked at me again—"however as this is your first offence I'll not run you in this time—now scat," and Fritz scatted, and the "runner in" and I and somebody else—yes, besides O'poots—had cigars on the young street merchant.

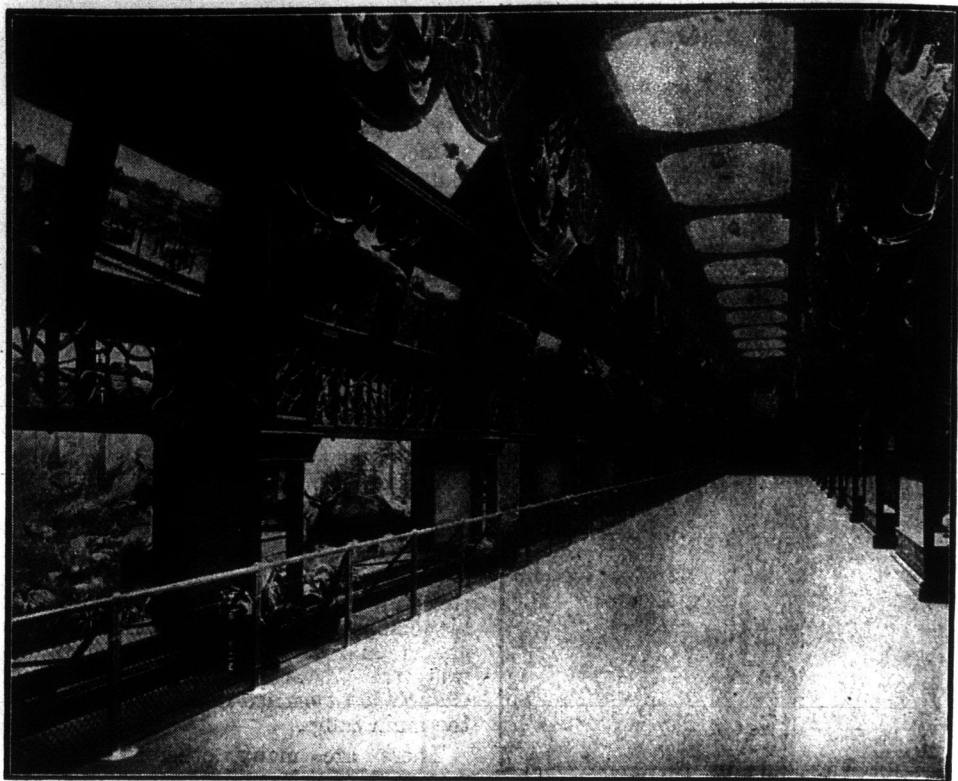
We left Seattle without getting into trouble, although Fritz calling O'poots "a slant eyed Jap" did not help us a bit with the emigration authorities. I felt sure they had wired ahead. On the journey over, while I was having a friendly game of "hearts" with three fellow voyagers, two of whom I was sure were Americans, the third one spoke up, and pointing to "Port Townsend" the last port on the U.S. side said, "Well! that's the last of God's country." "Why?" I asked in surprise. I knew the speaker had been born and living in Canada until within six months, but all unknown to him.

"Oh, well! there's such a difference; Canada's so slow, you know."

"Do you know what a counterfeit means? well! you are one, just figure it out." That's what I told him, but you ought to have heard what the two Americans called him, "claim-jumper," "bounty-stealer," and even Fritz broke in with "It's a dirty bird that fouls its own nest." Oh we "got" that young man "good and plenty."

I wish I could show you O'poots' eyes when he entered the excellently kept museum in Victoria; the first thing he saw was a totem pole, so I guess he thought it was another fakeshop. Then as we entered all the wild animals of the northern continent stood there agaze. So did O'poots. For a minute he was really alarmed. Panthers grinned, wolves stood alert, ready for a spring, wildcats crouched at our feet—moose, elk, caribou, bear, blacktails and goats stared at us from a densely filled background—all in solemn light, as the blinds were drawn up. The stolid native stood with his back against the wall. This was but the second large city he had seen and certainly the first museum—at last he spoke; "Hyas! skookum man-a-loost poo" (big, good, place to shoot and kill). The intense interest he took, under our guidance, left alone, he just seemed to collapse. He knew most of the animals, all that belonged to this big island of Vancouver, intimately, but the Rocky Mountain Sheep and especially Kermodes white bears, a newly discovered species from the Alaskan Islands, made him grunt and mutter "cole-snass" (snow); they were the first colorless animals he had seen. I show you a picture of these taken in the park, mounted specimens placed, with the place of discovery beneath.

The seals and sea lions were more intimate—yes! your playmates very likely, you glassy eyed mounted specimens, have been chased over surf and sea billow by O'poots and his tribesmen. We have come across these excellent hunters far out of sight of land—when our big steamer was rolling abominably—the long trim canoe, provisioned and watered for wild days and stormy nights, rising and falling gracefully over the long Pacific swells. Fritz and I had two days of this off the west coast. It seemed almost impossible to snuggle down and sleep on that huge dark surface. The strange rushing, swishing noise of the great smooth seas—just outside the one inch thickness of hot-stone-cut cedar canoe was uncanny in the extreme. But the wonder and glory of that sunrise—all the long rushing hills were capped by liquid fire, every tiny whitecap—for the wind was getting up—an ocean bonfire. The filmy exhaust of a passing school of "Sulphur-bottoms" (whales) instantly reminded us of the morning call from some steam whistle ascending into the calm air. One moment we saw all this new-day glory, the next we were sunk in the darkness of the trough. On the inward tide we sighted Cape Flattery, that dreaded cape, and the seals appeared for the first time. Now came some most difficult shooting. If the great fat animal was shot fairly through the body it was most certainly lost, as the escape of air allowed it to sink, so, on this rising and falling canoe, the bowman must hit them fairly in the head—and each hit was worth \$17.50 that day, the market price of a fur seal skin. "Rip-p-p" sounded the semi smokeless,



Animal Exhibit. A decorative scheme, Victoria, B.C. Museum

over the tall handle like bow. To see those men "paddle-splash" the water out was a lesson. Even if we had swamped and upset they could have righted and emptied that forty foot craft as readily as if we had been on the swimming beach at the home village. The wind and tide was against us luckily—very luckily, as we met a

danger, followed the advertising man. At last the weird figure discovered he was being followed and round about he turned. O'poots was right on his very heels—you ought to have seen the crowd gather. Our guide, true to his tribal instincts, stood quietly watching, turning as the strange figure turned, advancing when it advanced. All the way back to the hotel the Nootkan followed the fool. I wondered, as I never could make out just why he trailed him, just how much these original dwellers in this land admire and how much they despise us, for the expression on the guide's face when that clumsy oaf took the mask away from his perspiring features was certainly scorn, scorn for a man who would wear his "winter ceremonial," or his fighting armor, for the applause or ribaldry of the street mob.

That night we took our tiring guide to a moving picture show. We had never in any case, danger by flood or field, found him wanting, but when on the screen that team of greys, whipped and urged, fireward bound, leaped and rushed down the street which seemed to end in our very laps, with whistle tooting and steam up-rushing from the bounding fire engine behind them, our stolid little Coast Indian lost all his nerve and leaped from his aisle seat and stumbled out of the swinging door. All Fritz had to do in later days, to arouse the deepest feelings of wild anger and resentment in our dusky friend, was to ask slyly of me, so that O'poots might overhear, "I wonder if they have caught those horses yet?"

Simultaneous Conversion

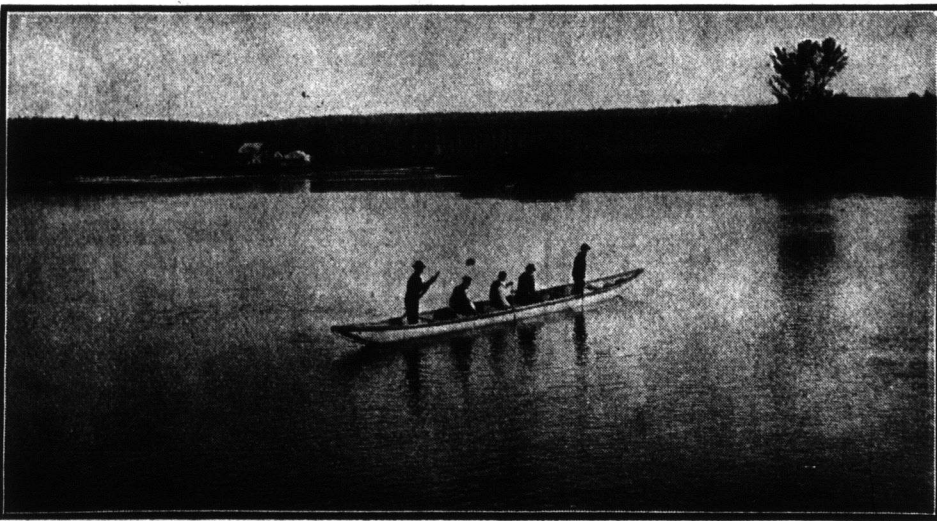
The late Bishop Fowler of the Methodist Church is credited with the following "yarn." His text was that sincere creeds, no matter how diverse, should bind Christians together. The Washington Star quotes him as follows:

John Smith was a Presbyterian. Hannah Jones was a Baptist. They hesitated about marrying because they feared that in later life, when the little ones came, religious disputes might arise. Thus the years passed. Neither would renounce their church. John Smith grew bald, and Hannah Jones developed lines about her mouth and eyes. It was a complete deadlock, the world said.

Then John was sent abroad for a year by his firm to buy fancy goods. He and Hannah corresponded regularly. Toward the year's end, by a remarkable coincidence, each received from the other a letter, the two letters crossing in the mails. They said:

"Friend John. The obstacles that stood in the way of our marriage have at last been removed. This day I was received in full membership in the Presbyterian Church. Hannah."

"Dearest Hannah. We have no longer any ground for delaying our union further. I united myself this day with the Baptist Church. John."



Mouth of Stoney Creek, Vanderhoof, B.C.

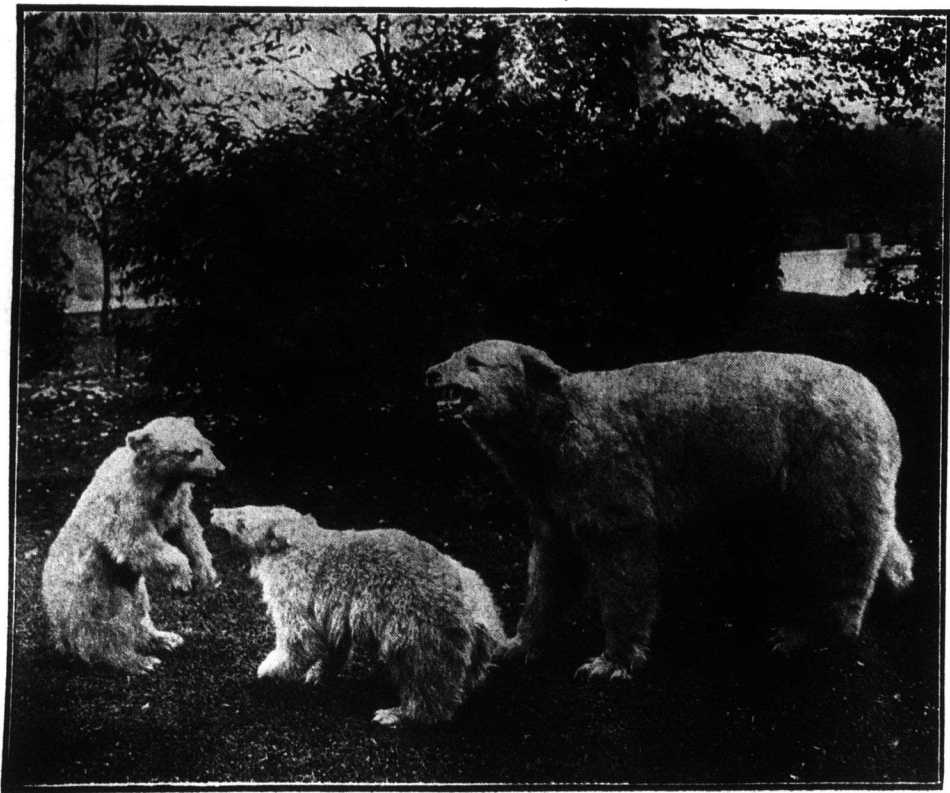
a little puff arose from the rifle muzzle and I leaped up and used the binoculars while the crew were paddling for dear life up and down watery hills and valleys. We lost the first one and got the next two and the hunt was over and a thirty mile paddle ahead towards mid-day, when the wind was fresh and the sea boisterous, we shipped a wave clear

defunct whale. You would never imagine a whale could smell so strong away out here in the very centre of distance—but it did, our men tried to make fast. I was near the bow and got a good deal of that whale, more than I really wanted. It was too ripe: the boat gaff, the old mussel-shell tipped whale spear, the many hooked line of seal lion sinew all torn out and, both sorrowfully and gladly, we left that exceeding strong carcass to decompose on the bosom of old ocean. But all this time we have left O'poots wandering up and down the galleries of the museum. The case filled with cormorants and gulls, guillemots and puffins interested him immensely—he guessed about three hundred miles wrong as to the breeding grounds.

"Kan-ish yah-ka mam-ook-sol-leks" ejaculated (big, good food). What was bothering our faithful Coast Indian was the fact that we had not eaten all of the various animals and birds. He afterwards informed me that he knew better now than ever how rich these "King George" men were, they could keep their game and not eat it.

The thing that puzzled him most was an advertising figure we met on Government Street. Some wild U.S. firm was rushing into print and notice by dressing a poor mortal up in some pressed pulp clothes to represent something or other—never mind the name, it was the "best on earth," as per usual.

"Kan-ish yah-ka mam-oo-sol-leks" (when is he going to fight). Our astonished guide thought the man had his war armor on; all the way down one side of the long street the guide, duly trailed by Fritz and I to see he came into no



White Bear from Gribble Island, B.C. First discovered by F. Kermode in 1904