

"They told me at Nootka," said the Indian, "that Captain Vancouver, a Tsee from the other side of the world would come to dispute with the Spanish Tsee who now rules in these lands the chieftainship of the whole coast. And my people, not knowing what may befall, are afraid; so that I have come hither to know the rights of this matter."

"Have no fear as to that, Chief," said the man of the flashing shoe-buckles reassuringly. "We come in peace—to trade and to hunt, to take that which is ours by land and sea. Have no fear for neither you nor your people shall suffer aught at our hands."

"That is well," returned the Indian gravely. "Yet my watchers on the headlands have seen your great war-canoes spread and fold their white gull-wings in the creeks and inlets along these shores, and have seen the lightnings flash from their sides. Not only to hunt and fish and to dispute at Nootka with the Spaniard have you come!"

"The Lynx-that-sees-in-the-dark should be your name," said the white man with a smile that lit up his youthful face. "True not only to fish and hunt have we come here."

He settled himself more comfortable on the grassy bank and went on.

"When one in your tribe, Chief, finds an easier trail to the fat hunting-grounds does not the tribe hold him in honor? So is it with me. I come from the other side of the world seeking an easier trail for my people. For if my people find no new hunting-grounds they perish. So across weary leagues of the Great Waters have I come questing a North-west trail over the ocean to my home again. Such is my search and perhaps in your land some there be who can aid me in my desire?"

"I know of none," returned the other, slowly. "But this I know; that long before I became Chief of the Mowitcha my people dwelt among the deep snows of the far Northland; and when the Sun-spirit rose from his winter sleep, we put forth on the Great Waters to secure the seals that called from the ice-mountains. But one day the seals departed and the people died in the darkness, for there was no more food. Then our Medicine-men declaring that the Spirits of the Frost and Snow had cursed the land, took the Canoes of the Dead—the bodies of the great Chiefs who had ruled over our tribe—and we came southward across rivers and mountains unto the Great Waters again. Here we have stayed and prospered."

"Then de Fuca was wrong as I suspected and the Straits of Anian do not exist," muttered the sailor to himself but not so low that the Boy could not hear.

There was silence as the Indian ceased and the Boy, thrilling from head to foot, looked through his peep-hole into the yellow-grey eyes of the white man. Disappointment was written there but a notable courage lit up the fresh-complexioned face.

The Chief rose and stepped backward, bringing the slung canoes into full view.

"And that I have not lied in what I have said, White Chief, here is the proof. This is the burying-place of our Great Ones and in their presence have I spoken."

He lifted the skin-covering of the nearest canoe and the white man approached and with head uncovered, looked in long and reverently.

"Last night," resumed the Chief, letting the covering fall, "as I watched here, the Spirits of our Chiefs came and spoke to me. They told me of your quest and of its outcome."

His voice rose. "They told me that you would never find the trail you seek. Another, even now a youth in your own land, shall find and not you; but in the finding he shall give his life and years shall pass before what he has done shall be known."

He went on more slowly as if striving to recall something. "Yet there is much honor laid up for you; city and island shall be named after you and when the Spaniard has gone from these lands, thousands of your people shall follow after to possess them."

"Be it so," said the sailor, "if the Great Spirit of All shall order it."

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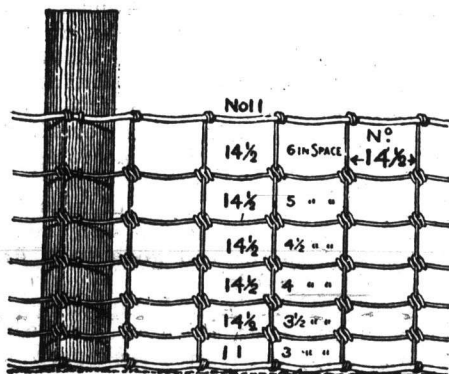
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In the silence that fell again the Boy found himself wondering how it was that the sun-dappled leaves of a yew-tree across the clearing should so resemble the ripples on a trout-pool.

"And of your people, Chief. Did they say aught of them?" questioned the white man at last looking up. His habitual air of cheerfulness had returned to him.

"That also I asked despite my fear; but hardly had I spoken when there was a wailing as of our women after battle and I was alone; and the Canoes of the Dead were swinging softly in the night-breeze under the moon..."

With a sound like a wail in his ears the Boy sat up and stared confusedly. The June sun had dropped behind the mountains and his brother on the other side of the creek was calling him with hand to mouth to make the sound carry over the soft meaning of the creek.

"Say, sleepyhead, I've been looking for you all evening. You'll be late for supper and then won't you catch it!"

Success in Keeping At It

We all remember the story of the man who was asked why he, with no greater talents than many others, had prospered so well in his business, and who replied, "My success is due to my keeping everlastingly at it."

The romance of perseverance is the most fascinating subject in history. The story of those who have had the genius of persistency, even though mediocre in ability, reads like the story of the "Arabian Nights." Give us the man who can hold on when others let go; who stiffens up when others weaken; who knows no such word as "give up," and we will show you a man who will, in the end, win, no matter what obstacles he has to face.

Twenty-seven attacks of fever, innumerable assaults from savages, the lonely journeys in the jungle, which brought Livingstone many a time to the verge of the grave, and reduced the brave traveller to a skeleton, never in the least degree affected his dogged determination. When his men positively refused to accompany him further, and threatened to leave him in the desert, he said: "After refusing all my powers of persuasion, I declared that, if they then returned, I should go on alone; and, returning to my little tent, I lifted up my heart to Him who hears the sighing of the soul. Presently the head man came in. 'Do not be disheartened,' he said, 'we will never leave you. Wherever you lead we will follow. Our remarks were only made on account of the injustice of these people.'"

Royal Kindliness

A lady who is now very old spent some days, sixty years ago, with Lady Morgan, the brilliant Irish novelist, and heard from her lips a little anecdote of Queen Victoria. The young queen, who had just ascended the throne was at a ball given by the Duchess of Gloucester.

When her uncle, the Duke of Sussex, was leaving the room, she ran after him, saying aloud, "Will you not give me a kiss before you go?" and then whispered in his ear, "You have forgotten to wish mamma good-night."

A royal reproof was perhaps never so exquisitely given, and it is pleasant to fancy that some of Her Majesty's kindliness came by direct descent from that grandmother, Queen Charlotte, who shared the throne with George III.

When the Duchess of Portland died her devoted friend, Mrs. Delany, was at her bedside, and before she left, the Duke begged her to choose some remembrance of his mother. Mrs. Delany selected a bird that the duchess had especially valued. The shock of her bereavement resulted in a short illness for the old lady, and during that illness the bird died. Queen Charlotte had one of the same sort which she loved extremely. With her own hands she brought it while Mrs. Delany slept and put it into the

empty cage, with orders that no hint should be dropped of the exchange.

Lady Morgan, after telling the story of Queen Victoria, commented:

"What a pity to make so generous a creature a queen!"

Bishop Phillips Brooks had particular thoughtfulness and consideration for the humbler classes. Many anecdotes illustrate the unvarying sympathy and kindness which Bishop Phillips Brooks showed to all humanity.

At one time a working man was told at a hospital that unless he would consent to undergo a dangerous surgical operation his life would probably pay the forfeit. The evening before the operation was to be performed the man and his wife went to see Bishop Phillips Brooks, whom neither of them knew, and were received by him as kindly as they had expected. He talked soothingly to them and promised to be with them the following day at the hospital, and he kept his word.

All that their imagination had conceived of what he might be to them in their emergency was more than realised. What mattered it to him that they were not of his church or that they were strangers? They had come to him in their hour of trial, and he would not fail them.

The Man Who Knows

THE man who knows what to do and does it is usually independent. Saskatchewan farmers may obtain, free of charge, from the Department of Agriculture, Regina, practical bulletins and leaflets dealing with various phases of farm work. The long winter evenings can be turned to great benefit by studying the business of farming during spare minutes. All you need to do to obtain bulletins on any farming subject or any branch of farming in which you are interested is to state the subject at the foot of the attached coupon. Detach coupon and mail to the Department.

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