

The Legend of Chinook

IN the days of the long, long ago, before the birds brought the first seeds from which grew the giant cedars of Stanley Park, there were no islands along British Columbia's coast and save in the far north there were no mountain ranges.

The land sloped down to the sea and there were many hundreds of miles of sunny, sandy beaches. It was summer, in those days, all the year round in British Columbia.

One day, on the white, clean sands of the sea-shore sat a calm, kind-hearted mother, and tripping nimbly about, now paddling in the warm, shallow waters, now running as though playing tag with her shadow, was a dark-eyed lassie, dimpled and gentle, most beautiful of all children.