



Indian Woman Dressing Fish

visits, if his stay in the neighbourhood be for long. The times assure us that the treacherous "feast-of-blood" will never be repeated. Yet the potlatch survives and who, even of the Indians, knows if the diabolical spirit of the bird is dead?

It is not altogether the natural scenery that weaves the mystery and charm for the visitor to Alert Bay, but rather those unfathomable things, sometimes, intangible things, which having no articulate voice yet speak with marvellous power to every generation and I suppose *have* so spoken since the dawn of time. One day as we were looking the "Thunder-bird"

in the eye trying to read his secret, a group of little Indian boys toyed nearby with their bows and arrows, and presently another lad came out of a "community house" with "*his* family" coffee-pot, which he set up on a post for a target. Soon the twang of the bow-strings and the tinkle of the falling coffee-pot spoke eloquently of the quality of the youngsters' marksmanship. Over against the sea-edge of the boardwalk a group of men and fat *kloochmans* (squaws) squatted on logs, watching the tableaux and giving a deep, satisfied grunt every time the coffee-pot was shot from its perch.