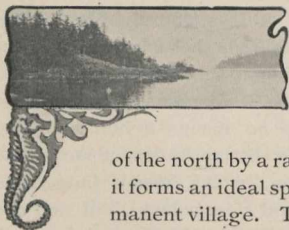


Indians and their Traditions.

One of the first sights that attract the eye of the traveller as he approaches the city of Vancouver, whether by boat or by rail, is the picturesque white-robed village



of the Squamish Indians on the north side of Burrard inlet. Situated on the sloping shores of a sun-wrapped little bay, facing the south, and sheltered from the rigors

of the north by a rampart of imposing mountains, it forms an ideal spot for temporary camp or permanent village. Time out of mind—long before the growth of the first forest giants, whose remains now fringe the shores of the inlet, and whose wide-spreading roots still hold in close embrace calcined shells and ashes of camp fires kindled by a race that dwelt here in the days when Roman enterprise was doing for ancient Britain what her sons are in their turn doing to-day for this



Indian Family

richly dowered Province of the far west—this bay has been a favorite dwelling place for the aboriginal races of this region.

The white man's occupation of the country is only a matter of the day before yesterday. The past of this land belongs wholly to the native races; and although that