

tivity. But these boats afford mute evidence of a vanished industry.

A friend took me for a delightful walk through the woods, radiant with autumn tints, between the Esquimalt Road and Craigflower Roads, and told me many interesting stories about the place. He showed me some cairns and potholes, evidencing the action of glaciers over the very rocky ground that we traversed on our way to the Indian Reserve. The Indians with their murders and intertribal massacres provided plenty of excitements in the early days. They are now peaceful inhabitants of the reserves set apart for them, which they obtained in addition to—to them—large grants of money when their lands by the water were required by the Government. With the cash they erected quite modern bungalows with gardens—in the Victoria style—in which as we passed them we heard the strains of a gramophone and saw a sewing machine in use. In one verandah we noticed a fine baby boy being dandled by his mother, and he actively