

charm, second to none. The landscape unrolls before the eye in long vistas of unbroken jackpine, of clear open meadow land, of grassy hillsides and small lakes, of wooded slopes very like Ontario in its most "settled" portions; and at times one finds it difficult to believe that all is new and fresh from the hands of Nature. Just beyond that hill yonder one fancies there must surely be a thriving town. There are moments when the utter absence of life other than ourselves, strikes one keenly and we look eagerly for the trapper's shack or the lone homesteader's sod dwelling, the human role in this panorama of wild grandeur. The proprietor of our final stopping place, a German who could speak four languages, had given us directions for the best route to a splendid "pitch" and after an enjoyable dinner, cooked by his wife, a super chef, we travelled leisurely along the south shore of the Peace River and pitched our tents in a wooded valley that lay, cup-like among a sentinel circle of foothills. At this point the fishing was especially good and we had intended to rest from our journeying for several weeks in this delightful spot. But before one week

was over the call of the wild had become so insistent again, that in council about the camp fire, with the restless murmuring of the Peace in our ears, one evening, we resolved to pull stakes and trek onward on the morrow, to follow the river's course until we had exhausted her wiles, for she is a very witch of a river, broad and sweeping, shimmering in the sunlight with a thousand subtle allurements, dancing, coaxing, beckoning, promising all things to those who understand her language and will follow where she leads.

Rapid

Visiting New York for the first time Uncle Henry happened to figure in an exciting runaway accident.

When he was finally rescued, his anxious nephew exclaimed:

"You must have been frightened half to death!"

"No, indeed," replied Uncle Henry. "To tell the truth, I hardly knew the difference. I've been travelling at a very pretty lively gait ever since I struck town."

End of the Trail

Written for The Western Home Monthly by Arthur C. Cummings.

Came One from the Elder Tribes—

"O Chief, your quest is vain,
His bones must freeze by the White
North Seas,
"Who joins the Oceans twain."

THE BOY had escaped and was glorying in his luck. When the bell changed for going-in time at the little shingled school in the valley, he had lagged behind the others, and, when the coast was clear, had sped into the bush to his favorite haunt by the snow-fed creek which made a tortuous descent over grey stones and down the mountain-side to the waters of Burrard Inlet below. He dropped on a bed of pine needles beside a clear, fern-fringed pool and stared into its brown depths. Through the fronds of a giant Douglas fir—a sapling before Drake had rounded the Horn—the June sun threw splashes

of dancing light on the slow-circling water.

It was very quiet and restful here and the Boy luxuriated. From his pine-bed he could see the white sails of the little racing cutters making a long slant on their course round the Bay, and could hear faintly the "chug-chug" of the motor-boats following them as they raced.

"Gee," said the Boy with deep satisfaction, "this is better than stopping in school and sweating over Champlain's arrival or Mackenzie's trip to the Pacific. Why they want us to learn that sort of thing beats me."

After watching a gull planing lazily overhead in the warm air, he turned and looked into the pool again, seeking the whereabouts of the trout he knew were concealed beneath the shadows of the boulders.

He stared long and earnestly, watching the flickers of light where the sun touched the rippling water as it swirled slowly in the pool. But no sign of trout was visible to his utmost gazing.

The pad-pad of a mocassined foot behind him made him turn sharply to see a tall Indian, dressed in a sea-otter skin with spear, agate-headed arrow, head feathers and paint—just as he had seen them imitated by white men at fancy-dress balls in the city. He was standing on a nearby rock and looking intently out over the waters of the bay. It could not be a Siwash, for the Boy knew that the Coast Indians had long ago abandoned paint and feathers and had taken to living in houses just as white people did.

Noiselessly he sat up and looked seaward following the Indian's keen gaze. The sailing-cutters and motorboats had vanished. Instead, two large rowboats, one rigged like a yawl, were toiling slowly into the Inlet against the rip of the tide. With a grunt of satisfaction the Red man stepped down from the rock and disappeared into the burnt undergrowth.

Curiously excited, the Boy slipped along after him, and by the bright feathers in his head-dress trailed him to a clearing farther down the mountain-side. He knew the clearing well; he had heard one of the school trustees say they would soon have to build a new school there, but that afternoon it had somehow altered and giant firs hedged it where he had known but blackened stumps.

The Indian picked up a small bone-handled tomahawk and cleared away some underbrush revealing an arbor of young cypress where three or four war-canoes hung from tree to tree, sagging on their ropes of creeper as if they contained something heavy. This done, he sat down and waited. The Boy with the feeling of excitement on him growing every moment, slipped behind a fallen fir through a crotch of which he could secure a full view without himself being seen.

Hardly had he hidden when into the clearing from the shoreward end came a man in a brass-buttoned blue suit with old-fashioned three cornered hat and bright shoe-buckles that flashed in the sun-like ripples on a trout-pool. His appearance reminded the Boy of some picture in his school books but he searched his mind in vain for it. The man was alone but the Boy could see through an opening in the clearing the launch and yawl that had entered the Inlet. Aboard them resting on their oars were a number of red-capped pig-tailed sailors.

The man in the blue suit advanced quickly into the clearing and came close beside the Indian before the latter showed consciousness of his presence. The short arched eyebrows of the visitor and his double chin caught the Boy's eye with a strange sense of familiarity. At the greeting "Clah-how-yah" the Indian lowered his spear in welcome.

To his surprise the Boy found he could follow what was said although the language used was the Nootka tongue, the lingua franca of the Pacific coast tribes of a hundred years ago.

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