

shifting light.
drifting for
ded, you may
up all the evil
esh. I have
a to give forth
smell simply
e "beach-comb-
few moments
ented blubber.
ction the big,
several skulls
some well-
arten skins—
this youthful
eral hundred
d and smoked
remarkable to
armed with a
foaming water

Y THE
RTIES

HOW -
TO GROW
THE BEST
ONIONS
AWNS
HOW
TO BUILD
REPAIR
D MAINTN

FEST

VE

OR
LANTER

orties

tain"

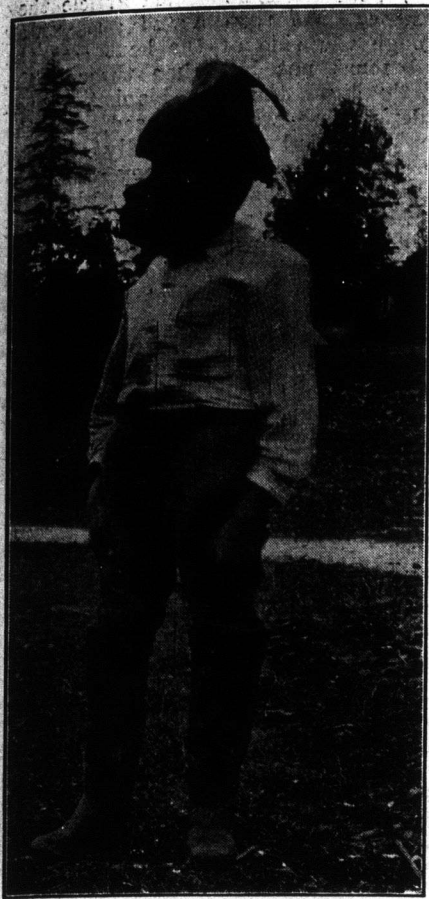
free to all.

tain an
s. They
es, both
k and to

T

Sweet
sting
as cut

arieties,
ad most
Spencer
s. For
growing



Indian Boy and mask of Dance.

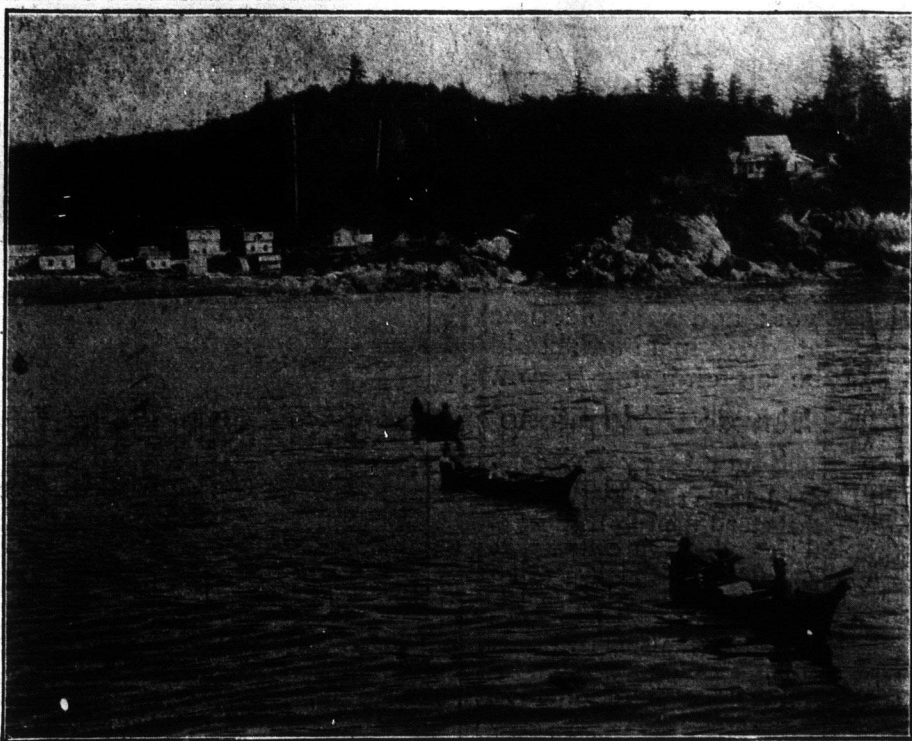
of the river on a cold November day and drag out a hundred pounds weight of flapping, struggling salmon. I have often met them far up the reaches of some lonely stream, with a freshly cut cedar branch strung with these ten and twelve pound dog salmon. So great was the load of fish that the lad's only hope of getting it home was to drag it in the water along the edge of the downward course of the stream.

As the civilized lad whittles out from

his native woods many things such as his father made, so do boys in these far distant coast villages, carve out of the ever welcome cedar the totems in miniature as made by the carvers of the village. These are not gods or deities. These tribes have no Manitou. They carve out the thunder bird, the eagle, the owl, the sea lion, the killer whale. Grotesque is the work and vivid the colorings, as this great winged bird bears witness.

Ala-Kim had one odd weapon. One that he had retrieved from the body of a stranded whale. Now-a-days, these huge mammals of the deep are killed by harpoon guns that discharge explosive bombs from the bows of swiftly moving tugs, often killing a creature longer than the tug itself. Examine carefully this native whale harpoon. Two rounded hafts of yew wood that fit cleverly into one another. These form the handle. all down its sides it is pierced with small round holes. Into these the "good medicine" was poured that the harpoon might have much success. On the point of the haft was fitted the long sharp-pointed shell of the great mussel. This was wrapped with sea lion sinews, and on this had been poured hot pitch. Just above this was attached the seal bladder line to retard the mighty beast when it dived.

Ala-kim, standing on the shore, had seen his father and the head men play the game of the "killing of the whale." In this, many a canoe was upset, until, finally, the hunters were able to lodge themselves upon the top of the counterfeited whale. On this cedar raft, gradually submerged by the addition of many a naked, yelling coast Indian, a rude ceremony was performed and the raft slowly poled to shore. Then donning masks and cedar bark cloaks the band proceeded to the big house of the chief and performed the secret rites that little lads might not see. These never included cannibalism, but there was much rude torment self inflicted.



The Indian Village of Clo-oose on the Straits of Jean de Fuia.

This rude translation of La-Li-Kilas' song of the whale and the killer whale may interest you. It is accompanied by the beating of native drums:

"It is said I went otter hunting. A she otter pulled me out to sea. We met an Orca (killer whale)—Tell me where the great whale lives, Orca. Orca drove off the sea otter. We went to where all the smoke of the fires go and I saw a great black whale. I drove my spear in and Orca held the bladders, and we drowned the whale and speared the whale. I am the great whale killer. All other men are small beside me—Ha! Ha! Ho! Ho-e!"

All this time the dancer had been lashing himself into fury. The little lads that still lingered on the beach could hear the loud cries that resounded in the big house. Now out through the door bounded the whale killer. Up on the top of the roof he mounted. Out into the air he threw a handful of down from the breast of the eider ducks (this showed he had been as far north as the Alutian). The west wind carried it towards a native shack on which it settled. Down scrambled the dancer. Into the shack he darted. Soon he came out with a native lad in his arms. Back to the big house he ran, puffs of down floating behind him. Once inside the

Chalmers

MOTOR CARS

CHALMERS, THE CAR OF REPUTATION

The Chalmers has proven itself as few of any other makes have done, as no other make has that sells at the same or less price.

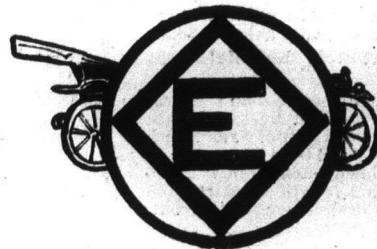
The many successes it scored last season over all competitors, irrespective of name or price, have led the Motor Age to concede these splendid cars the proud title of

"The Champion Car of the Year"

Truly a reputation to be proud of. Spring days are motoring days. Think of the enjoyment of riding in the bright sunshine over the emerald green prairie and around the pretty city boulevards, to say nothing of to and fro from Business in a Chalmers Car. No car there is that can adapt itself to these conditions like a Chalmers, for it's

A Car for a Thousand Roads

The Eaton Garage will welcome the opportunity to demonstrate the merits of these splendid cars to you. Take you for a run round the city, or, if needs be, demonstrate to you a stripped model showing the why and wherefore of the superiority of these splendid cars. No trouble. To-day if you wish.



THE T. EATON CO LIMITED.
WINNIPEG CANADA