

man announces a potlatch. Frequently he spends thousands of dollars on his gift—hundreds of sacks of flour or as many blankets as will reach from one totem to another half a mile away. China and glassware, pots and pans are favourite gifts. A roaring fire in a selected community-house, guests in costume, a wild-man hunt, "braves" dancing and a good wild time, lasting sometimes for several months. A sort of winter carnival. On the most important night the chief, donning his robes, enters, speech-pole in hand, and makes an address to his people. On these occasions he is accompanied by his wife and son, the latter wearing a robe embroidered in design with many pearl buttons, and on his head a heavy crown of yew-wood, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and ornamented with sea-lion whiskers.

The potlatch, however barbaric in its dances and roaring fires and flickering lights and shadows, is now within civilized bounds when compared with the traditions of those of the long ago. The Indian is now beginning to see other more profitable ways for investing money. With his wider knowledge comes a moderation of old habits. They do not now "potlatch" every year. The young folk are not enthusiastic, having other ambitions. Their friends and brothers are now "overseas" in that strange, rare, old world of Europe. Who knows what new ideas of life are taking root with every word that trickles to this people of the coast from their "boys" at the front? The Alert Bay Indians have

never seen a train full of returned soldiers coming in, or a ship with men from overseas dock at Halifax, but they have a glimpse now and then of British naval authority in the rattle of a gunboat's chains coming to anchor in the little bay. None know whence these little boats come or whither they go, but while in port the gray hull and shining brass, angled-cannon, hour-bells and bugle calls are tangible proofs to them of that larger fleet which keeps England "Mistress of the Seas" and the Hun navy bottled up in the Baltic.

They know, these "braves" of the "family tree", that the son of their agent, who lived down the "Avenue" and played with their lads as a boy, fought in the navy at Gallipoli. They know that their sons and brothers were at Ypres with the rector's sons, who will never come back.

In these times of stress it is comforting to realize that the Government's confidence in the coastal Indian has not been misplaced. For not only is he doing service abroad, adding fresh glory on the battle-fields of France to the "totems" which are a landmark, not alone to his own people, but to the entire Pacific coast, but at home he is a food-producer, when it comes to salmon, of no mean accomplishments. And salmon, be it known, is a "ration" in the trenches.

The *kloockmans*, too, cheerfully lend a hand at home with the fish. They are equally good knitters and jam-makers, and they have given their sons along with other "mothers of Canada and the Empire".

