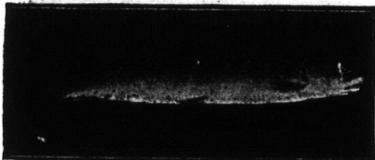


water. We walked over and asked the lad what he was going to do with all the fish.

"Mam-ook sla-hal," he answered, his wonderful brown eyes, with the light of a nervous wild animal in them, glancing up from under heavy black brows. He was "playing a game," he said, a pretty devilish hard game for those poor spawning fish. I have several times met these youngsters dragging out these big mature fish in a perfect frenzy. I think they are just letting their natural instincts run wild just playing the natural savage for a few hours. I am glad to say that the first Indian passing would if he saw it, take the pile of fish down to the smokehouse, where the women cut them open, take out the backbone and dry and smoke them, or at night time one of the numerous bears that roam in British Columbia, perfectly harmless to man, would nose and paw the pile and swiftly tear the heads open and eat the brains and eyes and tender parts, tear out the small heart that lies in the throat, and leave a very mussed up bunch of fish. I think he eats only the dainties, while in a land of plenty, to avoid the many troublesome bones Mr. Salmon carts about with him.

Again, in that beautiful, wild, picturesque land, where bird and beast and fish are in incredible numbers, we want to show you a ton of salmon, taken on one tide by two Coast Indians. They had all they could draw down the river to their canoe in the deeper water.

Now I want you to remember I am not telling you of the pure clean salmon that are caught outside in the deep water and canned. I am telling you of the ones that have passed the traps and drift nets and have arrived at the spawning grounds. If you want to see a scene of Dantesque splendor, more fearsome than Dora ever pictured, you want to visit one of the lower pools when those strange little diatoms, that fill all the sea with phosphorescence, arise at night—let me attempt to tell you of our experience.



A Good Sporting Specimen of the B.C. Salmon

It was 10 p.m. The tide was running in with many a gurgle and moan. The "rip" in the inside bay behind the spit was roaring like a bull as the sunken water rushed to the surface. The sky was just one sombre pall and the darkness seemed to make itself felt as the lad Fritz and I entered our canoe. For silent creeping work we used the Rice Lake cedar board one, as the big high-prowed native craft needs much pushing over shallows, while with this we could silently step overboard onto the "riffles" and pass the sixteen foot ahead noiselessly. I was in the bow armed with an electric torch in case we ran across a deer or bear drinking or fishing.

We slid over the flats at a great speed, the tide was running fiercely now. The waters here, brackish in the Estuary, were crowded with Cohoes awaiting a certain depth on this tide to ascend to the spawning grounds, and some sea lions here have a banquet amid this plunging, splashing mass. I tell you it is something terrible to have a great skull-like face of an old male sea lion suddenly dart up out of the swirling tide within a paddle length, a monster all glowing with the blue fire of the phosphorus filled water. His eyes blacken in his silver blue skull, his teeth have rivers of glaring flame passing over them, his feelers grip bright globules of flame and his whole body writhes and wriggles in a mass of pale light, as he throws his head aloft and takes a bite out of the shining belly of the flapping salmon in his mouth. Fish after fish this monster will mutilate in this manner until he catches sight of us and then he, one of the most inquisitive harmless animals in existence, attaches himself to our wake and swims steadily behind us, his skull-like face awful in the curling waves of fire left behind by the canoe's passage. Through this nerve

kindling scene we passed, starting dog-fish and crab, flounder and trout—all leaping and splashing in a perfect marine fireworks. Up the river we passed with the tide. As we came alongside the platforms on the river's side we suddenly came across a group of squaws cleaning up a late brought load of salmon. They were working in their canoes on the tide edge and each had covered the bow of her big log craft with sand and had built thereon a bright fire. Fritz actually gasped when we ran so quickly beside them.

"How now you secret, black and midnight hags, what is it you do?" I thought of the witches in Macbeth as I gazed on this strange wild picture. The fire silhouetted the women against the black curtain of the night. Their upraised naked arms, their gleaming



Salmon hundreds of miles from the sea.

The Factory that Times the World

By night, from the River Charles, one gets an impressive picture of the Waltham Watch plant at Waltham, Massachusetts.

In capacity it is so great that it manufactures three thousand watch movements a day.

In the delicacy and scientific exactness of its processes, it has been accorded first place the world over.

This is the oldest watch plant in America—the largest in all the world. From it to every corner of the earth have gone the Waltham instruments of precision.

Nearly twenty million men and women time their daily movements by the Waltham Watches manufactured here.

Jewelers everywhere regulate their timepieces by the Waltham Chronometers, which they unhesitatingly accept as standard.

In official naval services and on the best appointed yachts and motor-boats the authority of the Waltham Marine Chronometer is regarded as final.

Motorists in every land depend upon the Waltham Automobile Timepieces to give them the exact hour under all conditions of wind, weather, and road.

And so we speak the literal truth when we say: "This is the Factory that times the World."

From this Waltham factory each year go timepieces which outclass all competitors in the tests at the famous Kew Observatory in England. These trials are the most authoritative in the world. More Waltham Watches receive the Kew Class A certificate (of accuracy) than any other make of watch—a proof accepted by watch experts as conclusive of Waltham's unrivalled resources.

This prestige of Waltham has been won during more than half a century of scientific and commercial conquest. Waltham has revolutionized the world's watch making. It has been the originator of new methods, the inventor of new machinery, a daring and successful pioneer. The story of the origin and triumph of Waltham offers a fascinating example of the success that rewards an organization seeing a human need and filling it better than it was ever filled before.

In Europe watch-making was a household industry, subdivided into more than a hundred distinct branches and employing thousands of men, women and children in their homes. At Waltham all these processes were placed under one roof and automatic machines replaced

the hands of the workers. The most important result of this change was that the watch parts became interchangeable so that a part may be taken from one watch and placed in another without changing it in any way and both watches give perfect results.

Waltham thus introduced uniformity and regular standards into watch making, where chaos prevailed before. To the watch purchaser this meant not only the finest watch in the world, but the possibility of quicker, easier and cheaper repair in case his watch met with an accident.

The nucleus of the Waltham Company was formed in 1849 by Aaron L. Dennison who had observed the manufacture of muskets on the interchangeable system in the government arsenal at Springfield, Mass. He reasoned that similar economy of method could be utilized in making watches. He set up a few machines in a clock works in Roxbury, then a suburb of Boston. In 1850 a small factory was built and the model of the first watch completed. It was made to run eight days without rewinding, but this was found impractical. The first watches were actually placed on the market in 1853. Seeking a more favorable environment, free from dust, the company moved in 1854 to its present location at Waltham, 12 miles from Boston, and this site today remains unequalled for the manufacture of delicate instruments. On the one side is the River Charles, on the other an open park, with abundant foliage, sunlight and flowers. The atmosphere is pure and dustless.

In 1854 the company employed 90 hands and its output was 5 movements a day. Today it manufactures 3000 movements a day, employs a "small army" of people, and its total output is nearly 20,000,000 watch movements.

Many of the most delicate and difficult processes or watch manufacture are exclusive to Waltham. The best method of making the over-coil or Breguet hairspring is possible only at Waltham. Waltham mainsprings are made by a secret process and are so superior that any jeweler will tell you that "the best mainsprings come from Waltham". The Waltham "escapement" is celebrated for the attention and care which is bestowed upon it.

This great Waltham plant and its honorable history and traditions are justified by the faithfulness and beauty you will note in every Waltham product.