

Once free of the reef we rose and fell on the huge surges of the Pacific rejoicingly, as though we were in calm water then, as the wind was fair, they rigged up a rude lateen sail and off we plunged through screeching whitecap and silent trough to our little tent on the side of the calm waters of Neah Bay.

"Salt chuck—canim!" I could hear the natives shouting early next morning. Laddie Jr. and I rushed down to the shore, true enough, there was an upturned canoe on the sea and the survivors were squatted on the bottom of it. With a silk-like rasping of sand and a crunch of pebbles a big war canoe was launched and off set eight men of the Neahs to the rescue. The wreck was about two miles out in the Straits, but through my powerful glasses I saw enough to doubt the danger of the squatted figures. I could see Laddie in the bow of the speeding craft standing up fumbling with his camera. What! was the cold blooded lad actually going to picture the wrecked men before he helped to save them? Then, wonder of wonders, as the canoe closed up on the wreck I saw one of the occupants fly! away, then it all dawned on me, a flock of cormorants, Brandts, wing-wetted with much diving after smelt, had spied the tide carried log and flew over and sat upon it and had opened out their wings as a woman hangs clothes on a line to dry. The laughing Indians returned after all the "survivors" had flown away, Laddie Jr. triumphantly screaming from the bow, "I got a fine picture of those wrecked chaps."

Many a rare specimen of deep sea fishes and mammals we took along the edge of the terrible currents that sweep Flattery. One, a Wolf Ell, the sea wolf of the natives is a thing of graphic homeliness. A slimy skin, a great spotted fan dorsal fin, a mouth actually filled roof and tongue with huge flat-topped crushing teeth, as the boy said, "The wolf ell is as long as a man, with teeth like a dog, head like a turtle and body of a fish." Although the natives eat parts of it we preferred pilot bread plain that day, thank you very kindly!

The Octopus is the dreaded Devil Fish of the nature fakirs, a mass of jelly-like arms and grisly body, totally unable to raise the long tentacle-like arms above the water (or once it is itself out of the water), using the long arms and the myriad suction discs, some seven hundred to an arm, to cleave to the rocks beneath some lowest low tide line, here to feed on the small crustacea that is swept beneath it. It is readily taken by little native lads with a long cedar pole armed with a rude gaff. I have seen a youngster approach one of the great boulders, drop on his knees, dart forward his gaff and, before the big squid could firmly fasten his myriad suckers, drag out forty to sixty pounds of trembling, bluish grey gristle, out came the sharp knife, off were whipped the eight long tentacles, sometimes fully six feet in length, in they fell into a rude sack and off trotted the lad with a day's dinner for the tribe. We have handled these uncanny looking things in all manner of ways, carried them for miles alive in the canoe, dissected them, caught them and everything but eaten them, and I think they are fully as dangerous as a can of dew worms.

If any of you want a place to spend a truly enjoyable vacation, with a bit of rough coastwise sailing thrown in, take one of the steamers at Seattle and do the shores of the Olympic Peninsula along the Straits of Juan de Fuca.

All Gone

Teacher—"Bessie, name one bird that is now extinct."

Little Bessie—"Dick."

Teacher—"Dick? What sort of a bird is that?"

Little Bessie—"Our canary. The cat exterminated him!"

One More Relic

A tourist, "doing" one of the many old inns of England, had ordered tea and a sandwich. The waiter was boring her with his tiresome descriptions of the historic connections of each piece of furniture, and the legends surrounding every article in the house.

"So everything in the house has a legend connected with it," she remarked, when he paused. "Well, do tell me about this quaint old ham sandwich."—Everybody's Magazine.

The Harvester

By G. R. Belton

FRANK SMITH staggered from the doctor's office like a drunken man. Getting a grip on himself again he walked more steadily, with the stiffness of the man who must keep stiff or collapse, and with the face of one who had got his death blow. He passed people on the street like one in a daze, nodding in a mute way at a friend or acquaintance as some such went by; even strangers gave the young fellow more than a passing glance; one, a clergyman, hesitated as if about to speak to the stricken man whose face showed so white and still.

He reached his little room at the boarding house before he really let his mind rest upon what the doctor had said.

"Not exactly tuberculosis," was the verdict, "but a very dangerous tendency towards it. You have been weakened down by those successive colds and must get built up again. Get out into the country for a while and rest, where there is plenty of open air and clean wholesome food."

Rest! He grinned bitterly. With about thirty dollars in his pocket and about fifty to pay with it there was a good chance to rest. Those "successive colds" of the late spring had eaten up his savings and the final illness from which he had just arisen a week or so before had put him actually behind. The country? He knew of places others had visited, but how could he do it? He knew nothing of farm work, milking, driving horses,

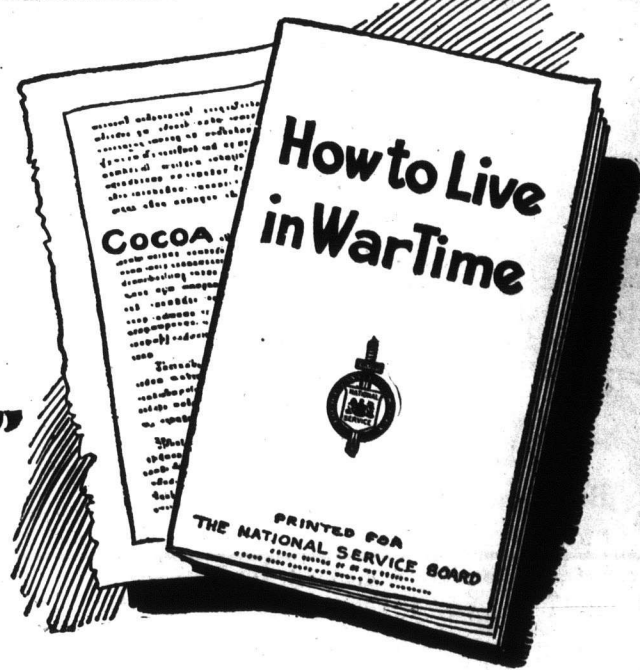
anything that would make him of any use to an Ontario farmer, or he would have tried it even if sure of his keep and clothes for a while.

"Hey, Smith," came a cry from across the hall, "give us a hand with this trunk." Frank rose wearily enough but glad of something to divert his mind. "Going on a holiday?" he asked his neighbor.

"Holiday nothing," was the reply, "I've jumped the yob. Going out west to work in the harvest and then look up a homestead. I'm sick of 'Forward' from the floor boss and selling dinky truck in the stores here. Me for the simple life Franky, me boy. My people were all farmers till I took the craze to be another Marshall Field. Have been three years at it and got up to twelve a week. Don't know anything about farming as they do it in the West, but I'm going to try it anyway. Don't need to know anything about it to stook or pitch

The Kitchen Must Help as well as the Workshop and the Trenches

Lloyd George



Read the booklet which the National Service Board of Canada has prepared to guide you in household economy during war time. It may astonish you to learn that a cup of cocoa, with sugar and milk, contains more nourishment than a cup of beef extract, chicken soup or bouillon.

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