

the land broken and scattered, he was much angered; when he found that his daughter had been stolen away, his heart was sad. And he took the South Wind by the hand and led her away to another land.

Ever since that time the South Wind has pined for her lost baby and she mourns for her every year. And so she comes to the land which is now British Columbia, where once upon a time she was so happy, and she weeps for her little, lost lassie. And her tears form the winter rains of this land which was once the home of the Sun.

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**A**FTER many days the battle of the North Wind and the West Wind was decided. It was a cruel fight; but a fight where the good defeated evil. Battered and bleeding, the North Wind was finally overcome and he slunk off to his barren wilds, and as he limped over the broken earth his wounds gushed forth blood. And for this blood men and women fight today, my children, for it has been transformed through the ages into gold and so the streams and hills of the Yukon and Alaska and British Columbia, in the land where that great fight was fought,