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wood. It might have been bush in the time of the flood. There are two or three families of Indians in the Park which cannot be got rid of. They are dubbed "squatters." I called at one of their huts for a drink of water and saw the Kloooh and papooses, *i.e.*, women and children, squatted on the floor, making mats with little bits of rag and reed, and very pretty they looked—the mats, not the Indians. It was amusing to see these people go hop-picking—a tug-boat drawing half-a-dozen canoes fastened one behind the other. There is no observance of bank holidays at Vancouver, but there are the Queen's birthday and Dominion Day. I was glad to be there on the 1st of July, Dominion Day. Sports commenced early and were kept up till a late hour. All kinds of English games were indulged in, as well as Canadian, including lacrosse, their national sport. What interested me especially were the Indian canoe races, of which there were several, and as many as sixty natives competed in each of them. The Indians sit in twos in the bottom of their canoes, using a short paddle about four feet long and shaped like a tennis bat, which they dipped in the water as fast as the hands could move them, and with great regularity. These are considered the most genuine races that can be seen. As the winner passes the judge in the steamer, such shouting is heard as can only come from Indians' lungs. Trains bring thousands of people, and numerous steamers bring holiday makers from Victoria on Vancouver Island and all the country settlements, the Indians coming in their canoes with their families along the Frazer River and the coast. The latter don't forget to bring their eatables, and we came across them squatted down in the streets and on the quays, eating from large tins, salmon-berries and other fruit, using their hands to convey it to their mouths. They wear very little clothes, and nothing on their heads or feet; they did not require them, for the weather was hotter than it ever is in this country. Amongst other objects of interest I saw during my stay was the Beaver, the first steamer to go round the Pacific coast in 1835. It was a total wreck on the rocks known as the Narrows, and was literally covered with barnacles. About seven o'clock one morning I was standing on one of the wharves, when I noticed a canoe containing about twenty Indians, who appeared as if they had been on the water all night. They were the queerest lot I had yet seen, and I spoke to a man who stood near remarking that I should like to have a photo of them. He replied that if I went for the photographer he would keep them until I returned, but when I got back with one they were gone. I endeavoured to get two or three others to sit. Going up to two old Siwashes and a Kloooh (two Indian men and one woman), I failed to make them understand what I wanted, but the before-mentioned gentleman happened to pass, and being able to speak Chinook, explained the matter to them. The oldest of the three told the gentleman that he was the chief or king of the Squamish tribe. Until then I was not aware that I was in the presence of Royalty. Ultimately they consented, and we all had our photographs taken. These three Indians had joined the Roman Catholic religion. If any Indian converts are made, it is generally to the Roman Catholic Church, the priests not only looking after their spiritual welfare, but teaching them how to earn the mighty dollar as well. They do not observe Sunday only as a special occasion for enjoyment. With them like the Chinese, it is "Six days shalt thou labour, and on the seventh day do what you like." One Sunday I saw a steam-boat on the Frazer river laden with Indians, as were also the canoes; they had their own brass band, and were enjoying themselves to their heart's content. When an Indian is taken ill he calmly resigns himself to his fate, telling his family he has only so many more days to live, and dies up to time exactly. I may mention that I brought home numerous photographs, including some of Indians, a salmon 75lbs. weight, trees 53 feet in circumference, &c.; also a model of an Indian canoe, and a piece of wood piling, which had been used only a short time and had become dangerous by being bored through by insects called *Toredos*, which make hundreds of holes large enough for a cane to be inserted. Two years is the average that these wood piles last. There are no whistling birds here, but there is one with a red breast like a robin, but it is as large as a blackbird. The birds, especially crows, are very tame, and will scarcely move out of your way.