

saw the North Wind with his crying captive. Like a shot from a cannon he sped after the North Wind, overtook him, and bade him combat.

The murderous North Wind struck at the youth and tried to escape with his victim. The West Wind had courage. He blocked the way of the Northern robber and jumped upon him.

There took place then a great battle, a battle of giants. Up and down the shore it raged and so fierce was it that the earth trembled and shook and broke into pieces along the coast.

On the land and in the sea the battle continued. The smooth, even coast line was broken by the heels of the combatants and from the huge clods of earth which were dashed about, the islands of the present British Columbia coast were formed, and from the wrestling and rolling over and over of these giants in their awful fight the earth was dug up and furrowed and the mountain ranges of today are the result and the white peaks are links of the coat of mail lost by the North Wind in that fight.

On the morning of the first day the Sun came home and when he saw the bleeding form of the South Wind as she sat by the raging sea, and found