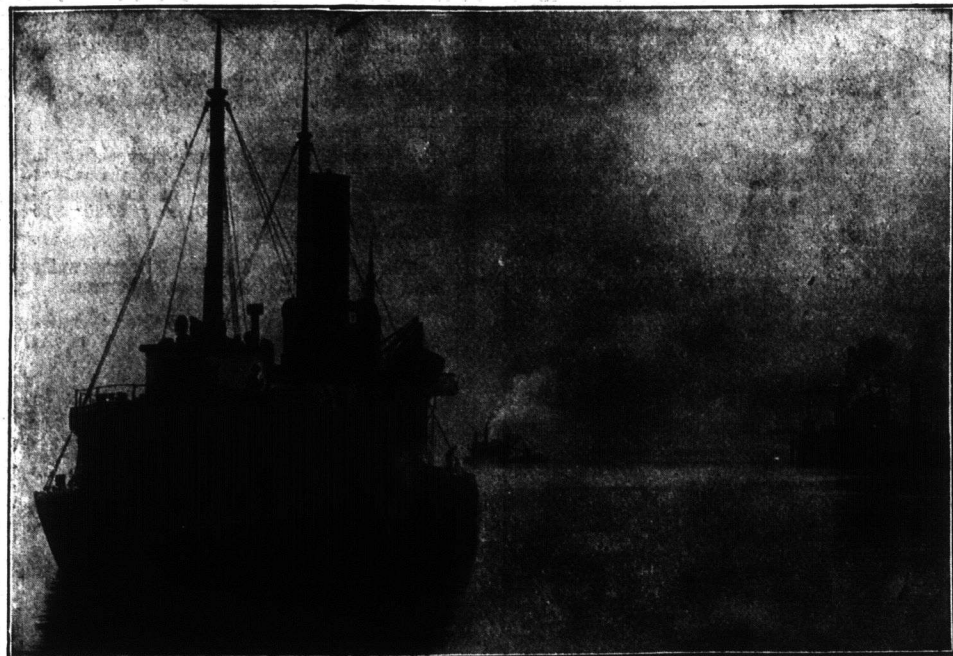


New Scenes from a New Land

By Bonnycastle Dale

SIXTY years ago these fiords and "inside passages" echoed to the "tump, tump" of the warlike paddlestrokes of the Hiadas and Northern Coast Tribes—to-day all this wild, lonely coast is as safe as the streets of Winnipeg. Look at Prince Rupert, our starting place from the western end of the steel—we had come partly by packed train and partly by G. T. R. Here is a city not older than the little ones that race up and down its steep streets on their way to the brand new schools—everything man has done seems brand new out here, only Nature wears the sweet livery of age. We were going south on a C.-P.-R. boat, the "Beatrice" and one of the old white "squaw men," now becoming rare in this country, was climbing the gang plank with us. He bore the marks of the conflict and, but for the good Indian woman he married he would be worse sacrificed—lazy adventurers, a lot of them, they just picked out a woman of the tribes to be their actual "helpmate" and she proved pure gold and brought up the family, and kept up "the old man." I greatly admire and respect these woman, and the good men too that contracted these marriages—but of the lazy ones—listen:

woods. This was the second case only we had ever met of this great cowardly beast attacking, and if you notice it was only when the man returned to the Animal Kingdom position of "all fours," again becoming a quadruped, that the beast attacked—they will not fight even a tiny child in the upright, or belligerent position, man naturally assumes. Just a word further about the animals on this coast, my Natural History work takes me into all the wildest places—and we sleep, night after night, either in a tiny tent, or under a spreading cedar—are we well armed you ask? I will tell you. When we first came to B. C. after reading the regular magazine writers of the east, I figured our armament as follows: one armoured motor car, a rear and bow chaser machine gun, a few elephant rifles, as these same writers told me one grizzly had been often known to clean out a whole band of armed Indians, and about a ton of ammunition—really, our arms consist of one tripod, one small camping axe and two common pocket knives, and we have not had to use any of these yet in defense—this is the most blessed country I know of if it wasn't so "weezy" as Fritz says—it does rain a bit here and there on



British steamer entering Vancouver

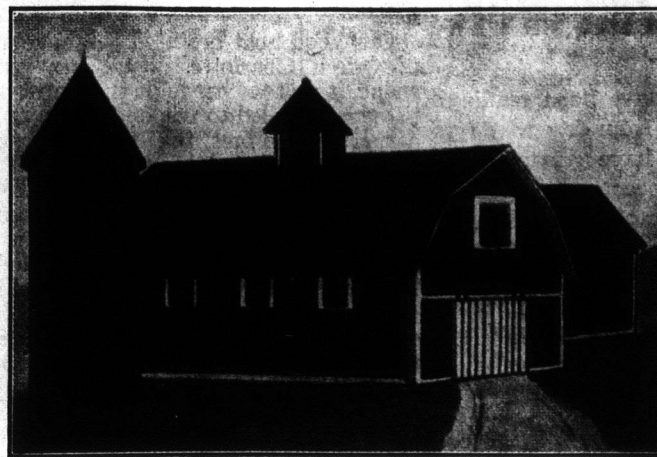
"Yes, I'm an old man now, and I have got to go all the way to Victoria to get something for my cough"—he had about a quart of "cough medicine" in his grip, the Captain told us he was under the "Indian Act," couldn't get a drink for love or money in Rupert, and he had just made his eldest boy sell his raincoat, and go and buy him a quart of firewater for the trip.

The trim "Beatrice" bore us through many a silent fiord where the sea lions and harbour seal were busy killing salmon, all these narrow channels of the "inside passage" were calm and peaceful. On the way down were two scholars of the native tribe of Coast Indians on their way back after the holidays to the mission and the boys' school, two fair looking youngsters, Anglo Saxon features, native eyes and hair—but the way those two did make love-spare my blushes, he held her hand all the time she was not using it to feed herself with—finally Fritz, inquisitive youngster, asked the Purser about this Love's Young Dream—it seems she was the daughter of a chief, according to the tribal rights property descends in the female line, the cigarette smoking youngster really belonged to a tribe near the mouth of the Skagit, on the U. S. side, but they were engaged and she was going to have a "Hyas Potlatch" in the winter season—how small the world is—this boy's father, some years ago, was walking ahead of my chum and I through some cedar bush along the Skagit, there was snow on the ground and the man knelt down to fasten his mocassin string—instantly the panther (felis concolour, the mountain lion or Cougar out here) which had been silently following him jumped from the bushes full onto the back of the native—up! leaped the startled man, up!—with the great animal on his back—and yelled at the top of his lungs—off leaped the great cat and ran swiftly into the

this coast, and we seem to be mostly "here" when it happens.

Oh! what remarkable people leave their civilized homes and settle at the ends of the trail. Our boat drew up alongside a tall pile built pier that shook like a forest before the blast as we "scrunched" along it, down the inlet came a boat manned by six children, rowing as regularly as men-of-war-men, around towards the beach it shot, the bow grounded, out leaped the eldest boy and touched his hat, up went all the oars of the others erect into the air, the bearded wild looking man in the stern rose up and stepped along between the saluting oars, touched his cap to the youngster at the bow and walked swiftly up the wharf. He touched his hat to the Captain who replied in like manner and saluting the Purser he said: (these are facts I am giving you, not fiction remember). "I want to cable to King George, I have been subjected to the indignity of having papers served on me by these colonial authorities, please transmit the cable and, (in a lower voice) keep any money that is left over." Back to his boat strode the strange character, the boy saluted, the oars were raised, the man stepped in, the tiny officer followed him and off they rowed with military precision. Fritz hung like a burr to that Purser until he drew out all the facts—here was a well-born Englishman, living the lonely life of The-man-at-the-end-of-the-trail, until the silence and the loneliness of it all, and other attributing causes, broke down that thing we call the mind, and he became a monomaniac—in this case imagining he was the lone representative of his race and people, assailed by all the inhabitants of this new land. I met this boat's crew and young officer and wild commander once more, in civilization, they all came marching into the hotel where I was staying, later, as I came down the corridor

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