



A Trio of Totems, "Totem Avenue," Alert Bay

trees, "sculptured" by some old red-skin into heraldic insignia of tribe and family, dealing mostly with leviathans that dwarf "our family trees" to nothing by comparison.

Crude? Yes, and no.

The writing is a little "unformed", perhaps, but the *tale* itself, one of the most perfect bits of symbol the world contains.

Whales, bears, giant kingfishers, thunderbirds and fish tell the life-history of the primitive ancestor, sitting astride the giant sulphur-bottom, harpoon in hand, with a pictorial accuracy and vim that far exceeds the ordinary printed page having to do

with early times. It must be remembered, too, that the early Indians did not know how to write in any form but that of carving and colour, so that the men who at different times carved these totems were not only artists of a kind, but *historians*, limning history—valuable Canadian history—upon the heart of the giant British Columbia cedar—to the end that all ages may read what happened in these parts when the world was young.

As family history, in this "peerage" of the race, there are doubtless many errors. Details are probably exaggerated to reveal personal prowess to