

over him a bit sometimes, he needs it, goodness knows. For three days and part of the nights, this dusky throng danced and sang in that great cedar-shake-covered hall, every hour the excitement grew more intense. The Potlach giver distributed his all, money, guns, canoes, furniture, cattle, everything he possessed. A frenzy of giving seized the people. I saw little boys that had earned a hard wage in some white man's factory pour out their handful of gold and silver for all men to share. A bedridden Kootchman waved a handful of good Canadian bills and gave ten dollars to each as long as it lasted. Now this howling, frenzied, dancing mass has dissolved—and lo! the Potlach giver is a great man—but much impoverished, if the remnant of his people do not die off, he hopes to get it all returned a hundredfold in time.

While these doomed survivors of a once mighty race are making merry in despoiling one another, take a hurried visit to the bays and creeks, the fiords and harbors of this rude, reef-edged, inlet-intersected island of Vancouver. All along, wherever good canoe shelter is offered, will be found the relics of this host that evidently originated in China or Japan—take a babe of our native tribes, set it beside a Japanese babe and the tribal resemblance is most marked—and gradually spread all along this northern Pacific Coast. Being fishermen they kept near the sea, in fact the great mountains that everywhere shut off this strip of foreshore from the main continent prevented them going far inland. Every likely harbor we visit is filled with the relics of the passing race. Take the big island, Denman's Island, in the great straits of Georgia; here we found great foreshore fields that were man-built, fields that extended all along the level shore for thousands of yards and ran back right up to that hilly

slopes and rocks that made the high land of the island. All of these were built of the shells and bones these natives had thrown away. Imagine a field fifty yards wide and hundreds of yards long and fourteen feet deep formed of bones and shells alone. Here is a perfect river of clean white shells, uninjured by five hundred years burial. For they must have been here that long at least, as giant firs grow on top of these

shell beaches, fir trees fully five hundred years old.

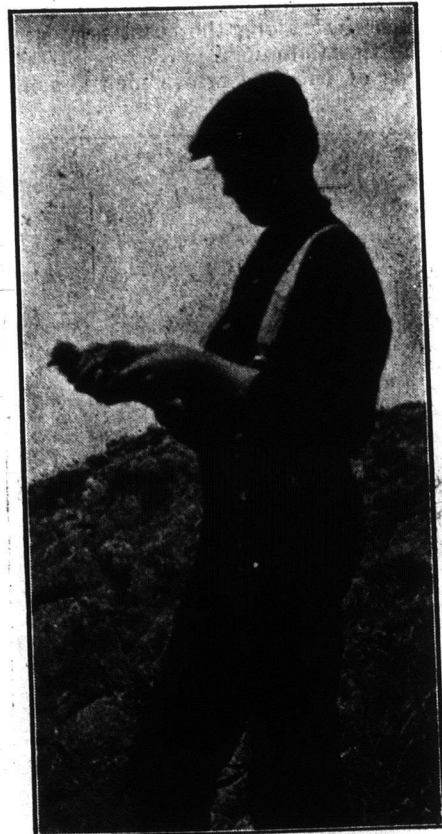
First we found the true soil on which the heap rested, then a layer of salmon fish bones, perfect yet in formation but crumbling at the touch. Next came layers of clam shells, layers of sea urchins, layers of elk bones and deer, and bones of smaller animals like mink and marten and fox, pile after pile, layer after layer, twice the height of a very tall man's



Pacific Coast spring salmon.

head this great deposit ran before us, a clattering river of pure white bones. Inextricably intermingled were the bones of the natives, just as if they had thrown their dead, or, perhaps, had buried them, in the shell piles. In later years, we know they laid them away in cedar boxes or exposed them on rude platforms, or placed them in their canoes facing some familiar fishing scene. In amongst this crumbling avalanche we found bone needles, flint and jade weapons, but not an atom of iron; the iron age had not come when this shell fish devouring host passed out. We also found caves and rude hollows under overhanging cliffs filled with shells, as if wounded or hiding people had taken refuge there. They have left no name, no record of the four hundred tribes that originally settled this coast, fully two hundred have perished and left no tribal records. Within the memory of the white man, these survivors have been rapidly dropping off—and the white man as rapidly dropping into their places—as I heard a wee native lad, a lad with those wondrous animal brown eyes, say: "Why do you let the white man take our land." Alas, they are helpless against our aggression, our wiles, our bribes, our unfair treaties.

Some of the tribes have left a poor scribbling record of their totems or tribal



Native lad with young sea fowl.

animals or birds or fishes; some of these men were carvers of no mean skill. Now, while every fish and clan and family had for a totem or phatry some bird or beast or fish, to which they gave often the power of life and death, creation and good and evil, few of the dead peoples made any carvings that have lasted, we have a few death masks and dancing faces, weird things, grotesquely wrought from cedar, but only on a few rocks on Vancouver Island and on the mainland of British Columbia have we any graven records. These are carved on the granite and chalk so that they may be photographed better.

They are credited with being of late manufacture, within a few lifetimes, as figured by the natives. The salmon and the crab seem to have been the subjects of this unknown sculptor. The best bit of carving I have seen lately has been used by a gentleman for the gate posts of his island estate. These look like house posts as found in some of the older native houses today, as the interior of these mud-floored houses are much subdivided, so that the newly-married daughter can bring the new chief—her husband—to live there; building a house within another.

Of the many legends we have noted, this one appeals the most. Hamatsa was a dreaded cannibal, he devoured fire, his grizzly bear gathered for him the bodies of the tribe. None of the spirits that had the power of giving back life dare approach Hamatsa; so all the ancestors were devoured. Now there lived in the



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