

view of the camp and see that it was deserted save for the single squaws. Then nimbly he landed, beached his canoe and came towards them.

Next moment Christopher uttered a cry of surprise and joy. "Katwa-Wawa, here is Waba!" he cried. "See, he comes behind you!"

Katwa turned, and seeing her husband, ran towards him with tears of joy. The scene that followed brought a sob in Christopher's throat, and a great sorrow rose up within him for these two poor creatures, separated from each other by the law of their tribe. He felt that if he could do something to reinstate poor old Waba, he would be able to go back quite happily to his southern world.

Then, even while such thoughts were in Christopher's mind, a fresh turn of events attracted his attention. Out of the bush on the other side of the camp, full into the clearing, there suddenly tumbled the prettiest little, plumpest little black bear cub one could imagine. He was chasing a yellow butterfly, making terrific grabs at it but missing it every time by yards, and in the midst of his antics little Maya-Maya suddenly caught sight of him, and with a rippling peal of laughter ran out to catch him. In their eagerness Maya and the cub fell sprawling over each other, whereupon the cub let forth a frantic yell for help.

Instantly the scene was changed from one of absurdity to one of tragedy. From the bush beyond there came a terrible roar, then a huge she bear, all fangs and claws, dashed from the shadows straight at Maya! For one terrible moment it reared over her with paws raised ready to strike, but luckily for little Maya she did not move. In that moment of extremity Christopher forgot his sprained ankle, and dashing back into the teepee, he clutched the huge trade rifle. The bear in the meantime had gripped little Maya's clothing with its awful fangs, and in spite of Waba's frantic shouts was dragging her away into the bush. Then came a terrific report, and—silence. The bear, its skull and spine shattered by the heavy bullet, lay very still, and little Maya-Maya, quite unharmed, lay beside it.

Then Christopher, shaken and half stunned by the kick of the heavy weapon, heard shouts and the barking of dogs as the Indians came running back towards the camp. Waba and Katwa were at his side, and the boy, not quite knowing why he did it, thrust the smoking weapon into the hands of Waba-Waba, the outcast. Waba read the silent message in the eyes of his young white friends, and across his hard features flitted a smile of gratitude. Thus when the braves and the squaws, the old and the young, arrived on the scene, they saw Waba, the outcast, standing with the smoking rifle in his hand, and there, in the centre of the clearing, lay the dead bear, little Maya's clothing still clutched between its murderous fangs. Then it was that a mighty shout went up for Waba, who had saved little Maya-Maya, the daughter of the Chief, the darling of them all, and one by one the braves shook Waba's hand with the touch of re-elected brotherhood.

"My brothers and sisters, you have been very kind to me. You have taught me many things by which I am a little wiser and a little happier. You, have taught me that the sun, the moon and the stars are his who learns from them. But to-day I must leave you, it cannot be otherwise. The white man cannot live for ever with the red, or the red with the white, though it is well that they be brothers for a little while. Away south in the land of the kitcha-mokomen, there is much for me to do when I grow older. Waba-Waba and Katwa-Wawa will take me thither, so farewell my playmates and my own little sister, Maya-Maya! We may never meet again, but I will think of you always in the sunshine of my thoughts. Farewell! Farewell!"

Everybody's Doing It

"Some men have no hearts," said the tramp. "I've been a-tellin' that fellow that I am so dead-broke that I have to sleep outdoors."

"Didn't that fetch him?" asked the other.

"Naw. He tol' me he was a-doin' the same thing, and had to pay the doctor for tellin' him to do it."

Around Cape Flattery with the Neah Bay Natives

By Bonnycastle Dale

LADDIE, Jr., get your little fat body well rubbed with vaseline, the Neah Bay's are going to take us round Flattery after sea game early to-morrow morning. "I'd rather use a hydroplane and fly across," laughed the lad. "I don't just fancy landing in that surf, it's turned us back twice already, but one might as well wish for green cheese from the moon as a flying boat out here, so I'll be ready, sir."

We were standing on the little sandy cove in sheltered Neah Bay, the furthest out tiny harbor of the great Olympic range of mountains and peninsula on the American side of the Straits of Juan de Fuca, straight across, due south, from Vancouver Island, B.C. Outside the rippling bay the huge billows of the Pacific poured into the Straits, great smooth green seas. On the rocky point of the cove a group of guillemots flirted and played and quarreled all the livelong day, so I sent the boy to picture them while I prepared the outfit for a drenching on the morrow; the lad is learning the

work to judge by the focal plane snap he procured.

The terrific seas and surf of the outside of Flattery prevented my picturing the canoes and crews. These hurl the broken water of the surf off, these hand made canoes, cut out in one piece from dry cedar logs, cut by rude tools and finished off by fire and white hot stones and other ruder tools—stand an enormous sea. The one selected for our trip outside was thirty feet long, about three feet wide at the gunwale, and the bows rose some four feet out of the water. "Hyas Chuck soleks" (a big rough sea), cried O'poots, our Nootkan personal guide from amid the group of Neahs, as we neared the beach before daylight next morning. Outside the guillemot guarded point, where last night it had been so calm, the wind howled and the waves roared in the darkness, but the natives hauled the canoe down the sands and made ready, so, perforce, we entered. Twenty strokes carried us out of the shelter into the wind, and it hit us like a stiff current as it eddied along in the murky gloom,

the high prowed craft entered into it as boys do into a game they love. Headlong and swiftly, the three paddles on each side, short sharp cedar paddles, leaped out like the fins of some antediluvian amphibious monster into the strange phosphorescent light of the sea. From where I crouched in the centre each blade bit into the dark water almost unseen, and emerged blazing with the strange blue flame caused by the little diatoms that rise to the surface at night time to feed. One particularly impressive sight, one that at first made me grasp the gunwale and sit erect and stare, was to see the creaming top of an advancing roller suddenly flare out from end to end with this uncanny light—it looked as if fire and not water was overwhelming us—yet we rose buoyantly in the midst of this blue fire and milky white foam and skidded down the off side into the trough.

By daylight we were well out into the open sea, on our left the long Olympic range was finally sinking into the Pacific to form Cape Flattery Tatoosh Light gleamed fitfully, then was lost in the glory of a sunrise at sea. The long even swells of the ocean did not bother these clever paddlers a bit. They made a long outer sweep to avoid the "backwash,"

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