



Indian Kayak on the Beach, Alert Bay, Drying the Primitive Sail

lord and master, who has walked off and left her all the dirty work of preparing the fish while he squats on the bench, in the little summer house that forms part of the sea wall, and smokes.

Farther along the beach many little smoke-houses sweat and smoke—veritable volcanoes of the trade! For it is part of the life that every cottage and community-house should “smoke” its own winter supply of salmon. In the community-houses the fish is hung to smell and smoke anew over the perpetual flame that

burns on the open hearth in the middle of the floor.

Such an odour of fish as greets the nostrils of a cellar at the door of one of these community-houses! It takes courage to cross that threshold, and if in the middle of your call the chef of one of the many families, reaching aloft to the cross-pole from which the fish hangs, brings down a piece to cook over the altar fire, the smells which went before are as nothing to the vile odours now filling the room and lifting themselves to heaven through the hole in the roof.