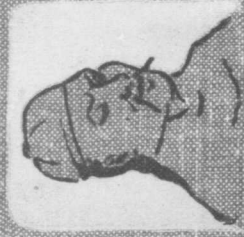




Among  
the People  
of  
BRITISH  
COLUMBIA

(Red, White,  
Yellow and Green)

by Frances E. Herring.



O. J. McDonald

AMON

AMONG THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

By the same Author.

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CHINESE TEA MERCHANT, TAI SOONG.

# AMONG THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

RED, WHITE, YELLOW, AND BROWN

BY

FRANCES E. HERRING

*Author of "CANADIAN CAMP LIFE"; "IN THE PATHLESS WEST WITH  
SOLDIERS, MINERS, PIONEERS, AND SAVAGES"; "A PIONEER  
MARRIAGE IN ALABAMA"; "ROUND PUGET SOUND";  
"MISS PHOEBE'S OUTING," ETC., ETC., ETC.*

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T. FISHER UNWIN

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## PREFACE

THE British Critics blamed me for not writing a Preface to my poor little "Canadian Camp Life," when I sent it out from this far corner of civilization to take its chance among the writers of the great world, but, truth to tell, I did not know what to say.

With regard to "Canadian Camp Life," Wm. Kent, M.D. F.S.Sc., Author of "Substantial Christian Philosophy," for which he holds the Medal of the Society of Science, Letters, and Arts of London, said to me (for I am happy to count him and his dear little Quaker wife among my friends), "You have described the country perfectly, for I lived in that locality about thirty years." Of course the characters are mostly made to fit the setting, for it is seldom that "we see ourselves as others see us," although some are drawn from those around

## Preface

me, the traits of character and the social setting being, as any one coming here would find, correct. The incident which some papers called "melodramatic" actually occurred; the skirt of the unfortunate bride came unpinned, and she stepped away from the rest to fasten it up again, when she went into a hole, and lost her life as described. Some papers, and rightly, said "Canadian Camp Life" was "circumscribed," and suggested that I write something more extended. I have endeavoured to do so, but find the subject of British Columbia so inexhaustible that, with the kind permission of my readers, should they accord me a favourable hearing, I propose to return to the subject, perhaps even more than once.

What I record in "Among the Red, White, Yellow, and Brown People of British Columbia" is fact, even to the finding of the diary with the skeleton, although the former could not be given verbatim. The character sketches of the fisher folk are given in their own words as nearly as possible. The account of the Indian gathering at Chilliwack is attested by his Lordship, Bishop Dantonwill, O.M.I.

## Preface

the correct names having been supplied by the Oblate Fathers. The account of the wonderful fisheries of the Province can be verified from newspapers and official records. The social life speaks for itself, and is as we live it *now*, not as we lived it in dreamy ease, apart from the outside world, twenty and even forty years ago, when the community lived as one family.

I must thank my former Critics for their leniency towards me in my first effort; also my kind Publisher for the attractive manner in which he sent forth my missive to the many readers who have thought fit to take an interest in it.

FRANCES E. HERRING.

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# AMONG THE PEOPLE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

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## CHAPTER I

CHINESE FUNERAL—ANCIENT RITES AND CEREMONIES—"ALLEE CHINAMEN CATCHEE HEAP GOOD TIME"—CHINESE MERCHANT.

AS we sat down to breakfast one morning Phil looked up from his paper and said: "I see there is to be a grand Chinese funeral to-day; wouldn't you like to see it, Agnes? I assure you it is a most imposing ceremonial, and takes you back, I should be afraid to say how far, into the times and doings of Confucius. You must be ready by ten o'clock, and even then the rites will have begun more than an hour before our arrival. We'll see the indoor ceremonial, and then after lunch take a hack and follow the procession in its two-mile drag uphill to the cemetery. I promise you, Agnes, one of the

## The People of British Columbia

most unique spectacles it is possible to see, in this country anyway."

Being but lately arrived "fra hame," where, strangely enough, I had known little of home life, for my mother died in my infancy, soon after her sister had left for the Colony of British Columbia, and my father, who wanted a son, never quite forgave me my sex. I often used to wonder why I was not born a boy, and whose fault it was.

As soon as the old housekeeper died, I was sent to a quiet boarding-school, kept by two maiden ladies, and there brought up by rule and line, with my beloved violin for friend and comforter. In consequence, I was painfully shy and reticent, and my newly-found relatives were sometimes puzzled to know if it was only timidity or an intentional reserve.

Phil was the stepson of my aunt, and had lately finished a course in Medicine from M'Gill College, Toronto, and he had also served a post-graduate course in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York. His people had insisted that he should take a year's recreation before settling down to practice, and as my father had lately married again, aunt seized upon the opportunity of her old friend Mrs Stouton making a visit to the old country, to persuade father to let me pay her, at least, a year's visit.

## The People of British Columbia

Uncle was a "Sandy Scot," as he called it, and an old-timer of the early Colonial days. He adored his English wife, whose prematurely white hair told of mental and physical suffering; but her kindly and loving influence was felt by all who came in contact with her.

Phil was of medium height, firmly knit, fair, full of resource, and brimming over with fun—"a regular young Canadian," his father would say. "Why, that fellow can work in a saw-mill, fish with a gill-net, fell a log, paddle a canoe, fix camp, break a cayouse, cook a meal, nurse the sick, help in the house, and doctor with any of 'em."

Dear little cousin Mina, the oldest of aunt's children, and the only one left, was the idol of her father and very like him, only that her eyes were large and darkly blue, whilst his were rather small and grey.

Petted and loved from her cradle, she was as playful as a kitten, and it was easy to see that Mrs Stouton's only unmarried son fairly worshipped her. Being tall and very dark myself, I naturally admired her greatly, and am learning to love them all, only that I am somewhat afraid of Phil.

The house we live in is surrounded by the spreading maple, and stands near the mighty Fraser, which swirls its muddy torrent along within sight of the



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windows. I never tire of watching its restless waters, always carrying down something upon its heaving bosom. Sometimes it is a log, sometimes a tree stump, sometimes a stick upon which a line of seagulls are perched in solemn silence, or a saucy crow or two, chattering as they go. Steamboats coming down river are swept out by its current as they try to make the wharf, whilst those coming up puff and pant in their efforts to stem its tide.

A party of Indians squatted in a canoe will go swiftly by in its centre, urged by paddle, sail, and current, or they will hug the shore, holding every inch they make with difficulty as they laboriously ascend. Always there are canoes dotted here and there in which sit a solitary Indian or squaw patiently fishing for hours at a stretch, their frail bark anchored by a huge stone tied in a sack and let down over the stern.

Fussy little steam-tugs run up and down with booms of logs, or go labouring along with big scow-loads of lumber, out of all proportion to their own small bulk.

But Mina is calling, and I must not keep them waiting.

Ten o'clock found us in a large hall which had been used as a Chinese Mission after the great fire

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of 1898, when the Chinese Church and Christian Mission Buildings had been destroyed. This building had been hired for the occasion, and was now crowded with Chinamen of all ages and conditions.

Everything was indistinct with the smoke of sacred woods, incense, and the smouldering "punk," which emits a perfumed smoke, and looks something like a blackened straw with a smooth red space either for the hand or to stick into sacred vessels partly filled with sand for the purpose, and conveniently placed.

It was some time before I could make out the order of things, but Phil elbowed his way through the crowd, and spoke to one of the men in ordinary Chinese clothes who seemed conducting affairs, and he placed us in a corner of the space reserved for the ceremonial, which was fenced off from the crowd by bars of wood, and whence we could plainly see all that passed.

At the head of the room, in the centre of the wall, the coffin of beautifully polished maple was placed. Close to its foot stood a large table covered with tissue paper, and surrounded by a cloth of crimson satin, beautifully embroidered in a darker shade of silk and gold in raised flowers, birds, and dragons. Placed on this table, right at the foot of the coffin and touching it, was a pig, split underneath and spread out flat, with head, feet, and tail in an attitude

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of pleasant, well-filled leisure. It had been baked a delicious brown, without a tinge of burn anywhere, and weighed some sixty or seventy pounds.

Round this was placed fanciful dishes of fruit, nuts, candies, vegetables, and peculiar preparations of candied nuts, fruits, and long ribbons of cocoanut, ingeniously cut without being broken. A dish of small white Chinese turnips were artistically piled, ordinary oranges, with some Chinese specimens as large as small pumpkins, and plates of apples, all of which whole fruits and vegetables had a yellow or red paper cut in lace-like patterns, and dropped prettily over them. A space in front of this well-filled table was reserved for a small vessel like a very tall narrow teapot, but with a straight handle at the side as a saucepan has, and covered with designs of dragons. Three very tiny cups without handles of the same make were arranged by it, which would each hold about two thimbles' full. Laid by each cup was a pair of black bone "chop-sticks," with which the Chinese eat instead of knives and forks.

In front of this table was placed a mat of Chinese dried grass about six feet square. Meeting this mat was the back of another table, arranged as an altar. Upon slightly raised shelves at the back arose, one above the other, rows of sacred vessels, partly filled with sand, in which were also burning the sacred woods imported

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from China. At each end stood larger vessels, in which smouldered hundreds of punks, which were constantly increasing in number, as by this table stood five priests, the principal one in robes of fawn-coloured linen, with a band of the same round his head. He stood in the centre of the mat before the altar, and two on either side of him in similar robes of white, with bands of white encircling their heads, their queues hanging down their backs.

The chief priest was kneeling and saying what seemed to be a prayer in a monotonous tone of voice. Occasionally he would pause, touch his forehead to the ground three times, making a backward flapping motion with his hands, palms turned out.

Then he would rise, present a punk to the white-robed priest on his right, who would acknowledge the receipt of it with a courtesied bending of both knees, light it, and stick it in with the other burning punks. Turning to the priest on his left, the same ceremony was gone through, and so on from right to left with all four attendant priests. This was done three times, then the chief priest paused.

Out from the wall, where we had not noticed a big fat priest standing, came a sonorous voice that made us start. He seemed to make a short declaration on command, which was followed by a bugle-like call upon an instrument in the shape of a penny

## The People of British Columbia

trumpet, but it had several holes or notes at the side, and was played by a youth who stood by him.

A pause and an impressive silence followed, when every one seemed waiting for something. Presently the wail of women's voices sounded, shrill yet muffled, coming from somewhere near the coffin. Down beside it, on the floor, were three small forms swathed in white, from whence came those wails of sorrow.

A young Chinaman near us whispered solemnly, "China lady heap muchee cly! Allee time cly!" They were the wife and daughters of the deceased merchant, who were crouching on their left sides, their feet drawn up under them, without moving, except to shake from head to foot in an agony of tears.

At their heads in very large vessels burned a great number of sticks of the sacred scented woods; it was chiefly from these that the atmosphere was so heavily laden with incense.

As the voices of the women died away, the five priests walked three times round the mat in front of the altar, then the chief priest knelt, made his three obeisances, and remained kneeling while the priest on his left handed him one of the small cups, which he held above his head, and which the priest on his right hand filled from the curious pot, which contained Sam Su-e, or "strong water," a kind of brandy distilled from rice. He waved the cup back-

## The People of British Columbia

wards and forwards several times, touched it to his lips, and then poured it out at the foot of the altar. The other priests knelt two at a time, going through the same ceremony, others stepping up and filling the cups for them.

The five priests went all through the same ceremony at the table near which we stood, going lastly to that at the foot of the coffin, then marching all round they left the arena, which seemed to be the signal for all or any of the friends or relatives to kneel, sip the Sam Su-e, and make the oblations to their ancestors. All who did this knelt in prayer for several minutes at each altar table, laying aside their hats. Some of them seemed quite excited, and one old man, who had forgotten to remove his hat, after several prostrations seemed to notice that the stout and stately Chinaman beside him was without that article, took his own off with such haste that his iron-grey queue and loose hair of the same faded colour fell round him in disorder, still further disconcerting him. His own hue, too, was so deathly, he only needed to close his nervous eyes to look like a corpse himself.

When all who wished to participate had gotten through, there was a pause in the ceremonial. Through a partly-opened door you could see large numbers of Chinamen arraying themselves in their

## The People of British Columbia

priestly garments, some of dark blue, but mostly of white with red bands round their heads.

We walked up to the place where the poor women lay in their cramped and uncomfortable positions. The larger bundle of white rolled itself over as we came up, and partially uncovering its head, spoke to the others, who likewise sat up. An attendant came, and taking a handkerchief, proceeded to wipe away their tears. The deceased had been dead for over two weeks, but had been embalmed in order to allow of the proper officers of his special cult being present to conduct the funeral according to his expressed desire. Those of the men who wished took a last look at him through the closed glass of his coffin, and the lid was screwed down.

Heralds waited outside, and the Chinamen as they arrayed themselves went out, forming a long line on either side, reaching to an awning which had been put up in the street, and under which was a thick layer of clean sawdust.

"Many hands make light work," for certain. The three tables were removed and replaced in the street, reset, and more roast pigs brought out in a short time. Then brass trestles were placed under the awning, eight priests in white—four on either side—with the high priest at the head, brought out the coffin and placed it on the trestles. The attendants

## The People of British Columbia

carried many curious designs, both in flags and emblems.

All now turned their eyes towards the door of the hall, whence the three women were being led out, bent and tottering. The large vessels of burning wood were carried before them, and placed by the coffin, and here again the women crouched in the damp sawdust.

As it was now twelve o'clock, we returned to lunch. The funeral cortège would not start till two, when it was to be reinforced by two special car-loads of Chinamen, numbering nearly two hundred, who were to arrive from Vancouver. The same round of ceremonies would continue with little variation till then.

We were again upon the scene a little before the arrival of the cars. The only addition to the already formed procession was a Chinese girl standing at its head holding aloft a banner. She looked very young and of somewhat small stature; her cheek-bones were very high, and her eyes long and narrow. She seemed to challenge admiration, for she looked all round at the long lines of her countrymen with no other sign of perturbation than a heightened colour. Many of them appeared not to see her, the rest took her as part of the whole, with their usual stolid unconcern in matters not altogether personal.



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Her dress was a marvellous combination of colours. She wore full trousers of dark purple silk, shoes of pale blue handsomely embroidered, which, with thick cork soles covered with white kid, made her feet look anything but small. Her coat was of pale blue with very large sleeves; a cap of the same colour, like a child's Tam-o'-shanter, gathered very full in the centre and set in a band, was pulled well down over her hair and ears, making her look very swathy. A sleeveless jacket, something like a large bolero, of vivid green, trimmed with large brass sequins, was worn over the coat, and falling from under it was a scarf of brilliant orange edged with black ribbon velvet, and likewise trimmed with dangling sequins of shining metal.

The arrival of the Vancouver men arrested the ceremonies for a while until they had donned their robes, which they brought with them in very large boxes, each man helping himself to what came next.

When these were in line, the high priest stood upon a small platform and delivered what appeared to be a most impassioned address, which was listened to very quietly, but aroused little or no interest, let alone enthusiasm.

The principal visitors sipped Sam Su-e, and made oblations to the ancestors of the departed, and then a scene of greater animation ensued.

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The coffin was first placed in the hearse by the attendant priests; the chief priest, apparently quite exhausted, mounted by the driver.

A closed hack came next, and the poor cramped widow and daughters with their attendant were placed inside, and with them two little boys. The eldest son in Oriental attire, and with a long flowing false beard, mounted with the driver, and seemed to enjoy his novel position and the prominence it gave him.

The attendant priests were mounted on horses, and moved on beside the hearse. The girl of splendid attire followed the hack in a buggy. The edibles were placed in express waggons and came next then a large open vehicle containing the Chinese band, whose instruments consisted of drums, cymbals, triangles, gongs, and several instruments like small guitars with only two strings. Our friend of the trumpet was with them, apparently leader,

All the robed attendants formed in two lines, and the procession started to the din and clatter of the band, which was kept up for the nearly two-miles' march uphill to our Potter's Field, where lie white men of the early times, paupers of to-day, Indians with fantastic tribal signs above their graves, and Chinamen.

## The People of British Columbia

The priests on horseback, the men riding in the express waggons in charge of the good things, and some of the other attendants scattered papers about two inches long by half an inch wide, in which were punched a certain number of holes.

The din of the band was to attract the attention of the dead man's spirit, and the papers strewn upon the line of march to show him in which direction his body was taken for burial, for the spirit is supposed to hover near the body until the bones have been properly buried in China.

Another long ceremony was gone through with at the cemetery, after which the coffin was lowered, the earth filled in, and the funeral feast placed upon the grave. More oblations were made to the ancestors; everything, except some apples and biscuits, replaced in the waggons, the procession re-formed, and all returned to the city, the relatives and invited guests going to the house of deceased, the rest dispersing to their respective employments.

The provisions were likewise taken back to the house, where at night a great feast would be held, and they would be very, very slowly eaten, particularly the pigs and apples. Should there be any undue haste in devouring these delicacies, great internal pains would be experienced by the departed. But all must be eaten before the guests rose from the tables.

## The People of British Columbia

The bodies of those whose relatives are wealthy enough are allowed to remain in the ground for seven years, when the bones are taken up, placed in boxes, and sent to China, where they are put in large earthen jars, which are deposited in the side of a hill or mountain. The souls of the Chinamen will then remain in peace and pleasure in company with those of their ancestors in the abodes of their deities. Should the bones be allowed to rot in the ground, the souls of the unfortunate possessors are in danger of being cast out with great violence by those of their outraged ancestors, in which case they might possibly reappear in this world in the forms of some of the lower animals, or even as a woman.

This is why Chinamen are so anxious to leave behind them sons or near male relatives whose duty it is to see that their bones are rightly disposed of; and the superstitious dread of what the consequences to themselves would be when their own souls met those of the relatives who had preceded them to another world is so great that they seldom fail in their trust. One day in each year is set apart for Ancestral Worship, when they visit the graves of relatives, carry with them roast pig, and so on. These they take away again as on the day of burial, leaving only some apples and crackers as a peace-offering to any evil spirits which might be hovering around. I

## The People of British Columbia

must say that usually these offerings fall to no worse evil spirits than any of the Indians who may have seen the devotees on their way up. Then Loo has a feast.

The Chinese have a great horror of drowning, and you never see a Chinaman go to the rescue of any one, as they believe the souls of all drowned persons remain under water, in the custody of the god of that element, until they can redeem themselves by that of some one else, whom they have succeeded in dragging down to replace themselves, when they are at liberty to join the spirits of their ancestors.

In speaking to the Chinese merchant with whom aunt deals of the funeral we had seen, I asked him if these affairs were not very expensive. He shrugged his shoulders, and put his wise head on one side as he said: "Oh yes, cost heap muchee money; that alright; he boy, work plenty hard, pay bimeby. Nis man he say he likee big funeral: likee all he fliend catchee heap good time!"

## CHAPTER II

CALEDONIAN BALL—DAUGHTER OF A HUDSON  
BAY FACTOR—THE LANKY SCOT—KILTS AND  
BEAUTY—CALLED NORTH.

A CALEDONIAN BALL given by "The Sons of Scotland" was announced, and as Uncle M'Gregor was "Chief" that year, we naturally looked forward to it with great excitement, especially as it was my first ball.

Mina and I wore plain white frocks to our ankles, with sashes of the M'Gregor tartan passed round our waists, and brought up to our right shoulders—there it was fastened by a cairngorm brooch—with long ends left which reached to the hem of our dresses; our hair was left loose, only being tied with the tartan.

We stepped into the Grand March with which the ball opened, led by our respective partners, just at nine o'clock.

Then the bagpipes struck up, and we glided into a Scotch reel. Uncle and Mrs Ross, who looked queenly

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in a dress of black velvet also to her ankles, diamond buckles on her shoes, and the tartan of the house of Stuart worn as our sashes were, a black velvet Scotch cap, its two long feathers fastened in by another handsome diamond buckle. She was of regal stature, lithe and supple as a panther; her fine dark skin and her brilliant black eyes showed to perfection. She was the daughter of a Hudson Bay factor, and in her veins flowed some of the blood of the Red River Indians, a much superior tribe to the short, squat, somewhat lazy fish-eaters of the coast. I learned to love her dearly later on; there was a magnificent dash and a daring vein about her, wholly foreign to anything I had ever seen, yet she was perfectly refined and lady-like.

*Vis-à-vis* to them was a Highlander and his lady, both in the Campbell tartan.

Phil and I were *vis-à-vis* to Dot (as Mina was called) and Tom.

"What splendid-looking men they are in their kilts!" I exclaimed, as we waited for the sets to take their places, and I sat down near.

"Splendid-looking men indade! I say it's shameful, showing their naked knees like that!"

"Why don't you go home, then, Mrs Carty?" said Phil in his teasing way.

"'Dade, and if I did, it's Kitty that won't go with me ;

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she's going to dance with one of your kilted men. Look at her!"

"Good she is to look at too, and bright as the morning. It'll be a union of Scotland and Ireland I'm thinking, sure," he returned, mimicking her pretty brogue.

"Go along and dance yourself, ye spalpeen, and don't keep folks waitin' on yez."

True to his word, according to a previously made threat, uncle and Mrs Ross danced all the rest down, and every one gave them a hearty clapping when they took their seats.

"Didna I tell ye I'd dance all you youngsters down?" he asked, as he mopped away at his shining face.

"Well, you know, father, it wouldn't have looked well to dance the Chief down," said Phil.

"Ye couldna do't, mon ; ye couldna do't."

The Mayor and his wife were there, of course, and as she didn't care to dance, I took the first set of Lancers with him. He danced so jovially and "kicked up his heels as good as any Scotchman," he said, "if he was a Londoner."

The Assembly Room was only a building of wood, of course, but it was very tastefully decorated with strings of bunting, plenty of evergreen, and yards upon yards of wreathing.



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"How do you like it?" inquired Phil.

"It looks lovely; but what a long time all that wreathing must have taken! We used to make lots of it at school, either for church or special occasions, like Christmas, or for the summer examinations, but it made our fingers very sore."

"Well, you see, the Governor of the jail allowed the chain-gang to make all this. There are so many of them in for the winter months it's hard to find them employment."

"The chain-gang—whatever is that?" I had visions of numbers of men chained together, footsore and travel-stained, driven on by the lash, as I had read of Russian exiles being treated.

"That's nothing very dreadful here," laughed Phil; "many men make a practice of committing some little offence so as to get into the 'City Hotel,' as they call the jail, for the winter months, when there's little work. Why, I asked a half-breed woman where her 'man' was, as she called her husband. 'Oh, he go jail tree months,' she said unconcernedly. 'Why, what for?' I asked her. 'He boss tell him sell whisky to Indian; get fined two hundred and fifty dollar, or go to jail tree months. Not much work now, boss pay him fifty dollar month, s'pose he go to jail; then boss save one hundred dollar; that alright.'"

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"Is her husband a white man?"

"Yes, harmless enough in his way, just the kind of man who's missed all the best of life in leaving behind him some strong-minded, high-tempered woman, who would have kept him in the right track, and who has no doubt worked out for herself a far easier destiny."

"You think it 'easier' for a woman to sew her fingers off, and eat her heart out in longing for those she loves," I cried passionately, "instead of using herself up for those dependent on her! Little satisfaction in that, I think. Women are born martyrs, and as a rule prefer the martyrdom!"

"I believe you," he returned seriously. "The world would be a very poor abiding-place without such martyrs."

"All in general, and none in particular, I suppose," I retorted contemptuously. Next instant I bit my lip till it almost bled. What made me say such disagreeable things to Phil?

"All in general, but one in particular, I am afraid."

"Why afraid?" I asked, meekly enough now.

"I think she is too good for me."

My heart said no one could be too good for him, but my tongue was silent. Another partner came and claimed me for the next waltz, and I saw Phil

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standing back with folded arms and gloomy brow as we whirled by him.

I looked up into his eyes and smiled. He smiled back so seriously I was afraid I had offended him. I longed to ask him, but could find no words.

Tom and Mina came beaming up, and Mina showed me a pretty engagement ring on her left hand. Tom's air of proprietorship made me laugh, as I congratulated them.

Then I slipped out into the dressing-room, which, fortunately, was deserted, and cried. What was I crying for? I didn't know. I told myself I was tired and over-excited.

When I returned to uncle he was telling a young Highlander to "go and put his heid in a booket." The young man had partaken of the "Dew of Ben Nevis," uncle said, and couldn't dance as he ought to. Soon after the same young man came and asked Mina for a polka.

"Did ye put yer heid in a booket, mon?" asked uncle severely.

"Yis, an' a did tue!" returned the young man seriously.

Uncle was so delighted at being taken so literally by the lanky Scot I thought he would have choked himself with laughing. Anyway the lad looked the better for his dip.

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On our way out to a hack Phil asked "what I had been crying about."

"Have I offended you?" I returned, ignoring his question.

"No, my darling!" he said earnestly, and gave my hand such a wrench I could have cried out, but I didn't; and my spirits went up as quickly as they had gone down.

Next morning, when I went downstairs, I looked round for Phil, but as he was not there, supposed he had gone to town.

"Where's Phil this morning, aunt?" I asked at last.

"A painful occurrence in the North has called him away, dear, I don't expect he'll be back for two or three weeks; probably more."

I wouldn't ask what had called him away so suddenly; I felt hurt that he had gone off and never said good-bye. Aunt looked at me inquiringly, but I talked of everything—my shyness was wearing off—and mentioned Phil no more. Mina came down before I had finished breakfast.

"What! no Phil!" she cried gaily; "he's worse than I am for once. I'm so glad."

Her mother said nothing, but went quietly on darning socks and stockings. Mina finished her breakfast, and then jumping up from the table said she was going upstairs to waken him.

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Aunt laid her darning in her lap, and said gently, "He had to go away this morning, child," and though I think I succeeded in appearing cool, my heart beat so fast I could scarcely breathe.

"Where did he go so suddenly?" exclaimed Mina, then turning to me, asked: "Did you know he was going?" I was getting out my violin for a practice, and shook my head; I couldn't trust myself to speak.

"Where has he gone? and what for?" continued Mina. Those were the questions I was longing to ask but wouldn't.

"Up to Alaska," said aunt softly.

"To Alaska!" we exclaimed in a breath.

"Yes; we had very sad news from the Dunstons of Victoria this morning by telegram. A telegram is always so unsatisfactory. You know, Mina, Mr Dunston understood the native language well, and could deal with Indians so successfully. For that reason he was chosen to settle some dispute which had arisen in the North. By this telegram it seems some treachery is feared; you can never depend on the Indians. You may deal with them for years, but you must never place any confidence in them. As your father says, when he has to be in the woods or mountains with Indians, he always keeps them ahead of him, and sees before he starts that they carry no arms. If the idea

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struck them, they are just as like to 'wing' you as they would game. They are like unreasoning children. You may be camping with them and all going right to-night, and wake up in the morning and find them either gone, or all packed ready to go. People who don't understand them will command them to do this or that, and treat them as they would servants in an old country ; trouble is sure to ensue then, for if they thought they'd go before, when a little friendly persuasion might have changed them, once you make them sulky they'll leave you in the worst of places to shift for yourself ; and if, as old countrymen often do, you threaten them, mischief will surely follow, and once they think you are afraid of them, your chance is gone. Not that I suppose Mr Dunston irritated his guides at all, he understood them too well ; but no doubt some sudden freak took possession of them, and the fear is that both he and his companion have met foul play."

"Then why are the Indians allowed to come and go as they will?" I asked. "I always feel a little afraid of them."

"The Indians round here are very harmless, not to say lazy ; and besides it isn't in the settled parts of the country they are dangerous ; they have too wholesome a dread of the law. It is only if they imagine you are in their power, and far enough away from the

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'skookum-house,' as they call the jail. 'Skookum-house' means strong house. Willie telegraphed Phil, asking him to take the early steamboat to Victoria and go up with him to investigate. We shall know more later on, as Phil promised to write as soon as he arrived; but the earliest we can hope to hear will be by to-morrow's mail at half-past two."

How my heart ached! I longed to ask if he left any message, but the words refused to pass my lips. Presently Tom came in, and I stole away to my room, but I couldn't stay there. I wandered feverishly about the house, and at last went to aunt, and asked her if she wouldn't give me some work to do, something that must be done.

She looked at me kindly, and seemed to understand. "I know it seems a long time to wait till half-past two to-morrow," she murmured.

"Those also serve  
Who only stand and wait,"

but waiting is sometimes harder than serving. You are right; there's nothing like action. After lunch we'll take the tram-car and pay some calls in Vancouver that we owe; the enforced activity will help us."

Nothing of the scenery did I observe, nothing of the city did I see. Where aunt took me I went,

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and her friends must have taken me for a very wooden kind of a girl. "My darling!" kept ringing through my heart, and the slight discoloration on my hand left from Phil's pressure I kissed dozens of times that day.

We were back for six o'clock dinner. Uncle sat and ate his almost in silence, even Tom and Mina were grave. I couldn't say a word, and poor aunt was pale and weary. Uncle went out almost directly after to see if he could get any news, and soon came back with a letter for aunt, and one for me. They had been brought by an acquaintance whom Phil had met in Victoria, and who was returning by way of Vancouver.

Aunt tore hers open in eager haste, but her eyes grew dim, and she handed it to Mina to read.

"Things are worse than I expected," he wrote; "poor Mr Dunston and his companion were murdered by the Indians they took up as guides. They were expected back on the last boat from the North. You know, little mother, what a fine cook Mrs Dunston was, and how he, poor man, praised and relished what she cooked. She, as usual, prepared his favourite dishes, making the girls beat eggs for the cake, and pick chickens for the pie he had laughingly ordered to be ready for him on his return. These were all prepared, the table set, and they were watching for the steamboat to pass by their residence in Beacon Hill. As soon as it had passed, one of the boys drove down to the wharf to meet him, Mrs



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Dunston saying she would wait at home, as he had been away an unusually long time, and see to the dinner.

"The boy came back with a Government official, who handed the expectant woman a letter, which gave her the sad news in abrupt, official form. She went into violent hysterics, which only ceased with exhaustion. These occur at short intervals, and I fear the end is not far off. She has never recovered her senses, and I very much fear she never will. Her one dominant idea is to prepare for her husband's home-coming, and it is pitiful to hear her hurrying the girls, and talkingly pleasantly of his return; almost more heartrending than her fits of violence.

"I go up with Willie in the Government steamer to-night (D.V.), and I send these letters by Merton, who promises to see them safely in your hands.

"My dearest love to you all, and may God bless and keep you. Should anything happen to me—and of course one never knows—do, father, and you, dearest and best of mothers, take Agnes to your hearts in my place; if I return, I shall ask you to take us both there together."

All the last part I heard in a kind of haze, then with a gasping cry I sank in a heap on the floor, my letter clutched unread in my hand.

Tom hurried out, and sent my love, and all our farewells by telegram to Phil, that he might get them before he sailed.

I was very ill for a few days, but I think all the kindly care lavished upon me by the household tended to relieve their own over-charged hearts.

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### CHAPTER III

HISTORY OF AH SHUNE—NEVER OUT OF HER HOUSE FOR THIRTY-THREE YEARS—CHINESE WEDDING—FRIGHTENING AWAY EVIL SPIRITS—TRIALS OF MARRYING A "BIG-FEET"—NEW YEAR IN CHINA-TOWN—CALLS AND CEREMONIES.

THE rain still poured down on Saturday, and by three o'clock in the afternoon the sitting-room was so dark you could see the firelight flicker on the walls and furniture. Aunt and I sat alone, Mina had gone out, for no one thinks of staying in because of the rain.

"How long has Ah Shune been with you, aunt? He seems almost like one of the family, and takes as much interest in the house as if it belonged to him."

"He has been with me nearly eight years. It was a year of sickness and trouble when he came, and several times since little ones have only been sent and then taken away, till I felt my cup was too full

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of sorrow to be borne, and for a time I forgot the blessings that were left me.

“Every fourth year we have a very heavy run of salmon in the river, and during that time it is difficult to get help in the house, as all available labour is used in the Canneries. I was in very ill health that year, and although Phil was in the High School studying for his matriculation he washed dishes, and swept floors; and did all in his power to help me out. His father was away on a survey party; and there was little Mina could do, indeed there was little Phil would let her do, for she was a wee pale mite then, and he insisted she should play in the sunshine out of school hours. Phil has always been my friend and helper ever since I came out here. One day he triumphantly brought up Ah Shune, and announced that he had engaged him at fifteen dollars a month, and thought we'd get along very well with him.

“At the end of his month he came to me and said, ‘You pay me?’ He knew he was very incompetent, and remarked to me tentatively, ‘Me no come to-moller.’

“‘What for you no come?’ I asked him.

“‘I tink you no likee me!’

“‘Oh, yes; me heap likee you,’ I returned; ‘you come to-moller.’ So he came, and has been here ever

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since except for five months, when he went away to China by his mother's command to take the wife she had selected for him when he was only seven years old. The girl was the daughter of his mother's friend, and was then nearly fifteen years of age. Ah Shune had been very saving, and was prepared to build a new house in China for his mother, in whose charge he proposed to leave his wife upon his return.

"I didn't expect to see him back again, although he had said when he left, 'Me come back tree months; me likee you, you no too muchee talkee.' Indeed, I suppose you have noticed how little I say to him. I find I can get along with the Chinese so much better by having very little to say to them.

"His ticket to Hong Kong cost him at that time fifty-one dollars from Vancouver; then he had some fifty miles to travel to reach his home in Canton. When they arrive in this country they have to pay one hundred dollars each to the Customs authorities, and receive in return a certificate of identification, which they guard very jealously, for if it is lost they have to pay this tax over again. It allows them, however, an absence of six months at a time, and it was of this Ah Shune intended to avail himself.

"As he was going away I thought I should like to know something of his people. He told me his mother was then fifty years of age, and had never

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been out of his father's house since she had been carried there thirty-three years before. The small-foot women never go out in China, and she is one of them. The girl to whom Ah Shune was married was likewise a 'small-feet.' They had been bandaged, according to custom, when she was five years old, and had remained so for nine years, after which there was little fear the withered stumps would grow again. She is very clever with her needle, and can not only embroider flowers, birds, dragons, and so on, but make the cloth suits worn by Chinamen. When his brother, a big, strong young miner, came out here a year or two ago, she sent Ah Shune two beautifully-made suits, and he sold one of them for thirty-five dollars. Ah Shune was intensely angry with his brother for coming out, as he said the young man 'had put all the family land in the bank' to get here. I suppose he meant his brother had mortgaged the land.

"After five months' absence Ah Shune presented himself, fat and tanned and ready for work ; but I noticed he had also brought back with him a love for China brandy. So I talked to him seriously about the evil of such a habit, and told him plainly he would either have to give up the brandy or leave me. He decided to become sober once more, and I have never had to speak to him again about it.

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“When your uncle saw him he said, ‘What for you no bring you wife? I makee little home for you.’

“‘China lady small feet; he no likee leave China,’ returned Ah Shune quietly. So the subject was mentioned no more.

“A Chinaman may take as many wives as he pleases, so the only real and confidential friend a young Chinaman has is his mother. Their wives are placed under her control and guardianship, and she in most instances has arranged the matches. Her loss is looked upon by him as a real calamity.

“A cousin of Ah Shune’s, named Sing, had lost his mother, so as his wash-house was in a very flourishing condition, he decided to take a wife here, and not return to China till his fortune was made, which he calmly considered would take about twenty years. Negotiations were entered into with a merchant in Victoria, and Sing was to give seven hundred dollars to the father, not exactly as purchase-money, but as compensation for all the expense and trouble of her upbringing, and recompense for the loss of her future labour.

“En, the girl, brought with her some two hundred dollars’ worth of clothing and jewellery. She is a seamstress by trade, and makes the linen suits the Chinamen and women wear. She was brought from Victoria by a stout, middle-aged Chinawoman, and

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had remained in her state-room during the trip; but before the steamboat landed a scarlet cloth (their good-luck colour) was thrown over her head, completely enveloping her. She was led to a hack, and driven to apartments prepared for her at the wash-house. These were a sitting-room and a bedroom opening from it, both upholstered, carpeted, and curtained in red. Between the two rooms hung a pair of heavy red plush curtains, and no sooner had she passed behind these than the loud report of bombs commenced, and a perfect fusilade was kept up for fully an hour, like the continuous discharge of musketry. This was to frighten away any evil spirits which might have followed the bride from her home.

“Sing was dressed in wide trousers of figured purple silk, gathered into a kind of sock below his calf, terminating, of course, in the cork-soled slipper with its wide white sole and handsomely embroidered uppers. A coat of the same purple silk with flowing sleeves, and a black cloth hat, something the shape of a Roman Catholic bishop's, only made in eight instead of four sections, and each seam corded. At present it lacked the tassel or knot of coral beads in the centre of the crown, which only married men are allowed to wear.

“He took me down two narrow flights of stairs into the parlour, and pointing to the curtained door, said,

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'The lady is in there.' They like you to visit them on their great occasions, but would feel hurt if you left without partaking of some of the Chinese delicacies provided. So I ate a few nuts, wishing him good luck and much happiness. I laid my card upon the table, another ceremony they like, and left. He invited me to call again in the evening and take your uncle. I thought I should like to see a little more of the marriage ceremonial, as they seldom occur here, so I asked your uncle to take me.

"All day long the house was crowded with callers, both white and Chinese, as profuse hospitality on all great occasions, whether festive or sad, is the rule.

"When we arrived, there was Ah Shune, looking like the vivacious young Chinaman I should suppose him to be when off duty. He came out from the chattering throng assembled in the ironing-room, and said to me 'You likee see him? Come this way.'

"I didn't think I was going to see the bride, but he hurried us down the outside steps into the sitting-room, and taking me quickly forward, lifted the heavy curtains, motioned me to enter, dropped them behind me, and I was in the bridal chamber.

"I looked round. Three women were in the room—the stout, middle-aged woman I had seen before, a young healthy-looking married woman, and the bride,



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who was resolutely hiding her face behind her handsome fan.

"She was dressed in a narrow crimson silk skirt, and a beautifully embroidered loose coat with the wide sleeves both men and women wear. Her shining black hair was dressed out on each side of her face like a fan, the coil upon her crown being stuck with long and pretty gold pins. On each wrist was a heavy bracelet of the same metal, while long earrings hung from her ears.

"She looked about fifteen years of age, very small and slight and undeveloped. I shook hands with the other women, and we each said something pleasant in our own language. I took hold of one of the small cold hands with which the poor little bride held tightly to her uplifted fan. She would neither lower it nor take my hand till the elder woman spoke to her. Then she dropped it shyly, grasped my hand for a second, and then returned to her former position, leaning against the curtains of the window.

"I could not help thinking the poor child looked terribly home-sick, and hardly able to keep from crying. Her little face was long, and rather darker than most of the women's, with bright black eyes, which I thought Sing would find capable of flashing forth in pretty strong temper upon occasion.

"Beside the curtains and carpets, the only furniture

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in the room was a large low bed, covered by a warm padded and quilted counterpane of Chinese silk. Under the bed was a flat basket containing fruits and sweets, among which stood some eight or nine tiny lamps or candles burning, which were to bring them good luck and a numerous offspring.

“ On Thursday En had arrived ; festivities were kept up till Saturday, the third day, when a dinner was given to fifty Chinamen by Sing. They were seated at five tables, ten Chinamen to a table, and fifteen courses were served. This was the winding-up, as upon this night En was to uncover her face in her husband's presence, and in her own apartment. Before this, when he was present, her head had been covered with the scarlet cloth, which also hid her figure.

“ But poor Sing had fallen under the displeasure of the stricter Chinamen for marrying a ‘big feet’ here, instead of going to the Flowery Land, and taking to himself a ‘small feet,’ whom he would have to leave behind to watch and wait for him there. To annoy him these men put up red papers on his doors, containing Chinese inscriptions, and the poor man sat up all night in order to tear them down as quickly as they were put up.

“ The Chinaman who has the largest family is considered best off, for as the children grow, all the proceeds of their labour—and they begin to

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work very early—goes to the father. The daughters they think less of, for although the man who marries them has to make a considerable present when he claims his bride, they 'no belong to him any more, he workee nodder man.'

"On Monday evening we went to pay our New Year's calls. 'China-town' is at the lower end of the city, the majority of houses being built with a little recess verandah over the store, where the women take the air. From these were being fired Chinese bombs and fire-crackers, the latter looking like the hose used on fire-engines, thicker than one's wrist, and six or eight feet in length. A fuse was lighted at the lower end, the other being fastened to a long pole which was held out over the street, where it cracked and spluttered and boomed to the delight of hundreds of Chinamen collected in the narrow streets. This fusilade was kept up for hours, an attendant standing by and having the fuse ready burning for the next piece, that there should be no cessation. When you add to this the din of several bands composed of the same instruments as those used at the funeral, the pandemonium produced may be imagined. It was of no use to try and speak to your neighbour, for no sound could be heard above the uproar. There was no shouting except that made by the irrepressible white boys, who rushed in under

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the showers of explosives, trying to snatch a few unexploded crackers or rockets, for the air was filled with occasional showers of these latter in varied and beautiful colours and designs.

“The goods in the large Chinese Emporium were piled to one side and hidden by curtains. Here the merchant entertained the rougher element of boys and men. He received us dressed in Oriental magnificence, and I could hardly believe him to be the same man who comes humbly to sell tea, which he carries bundled in ready-weighed packages, loosely thrown into an old clean sheet upon his back. This tea-selling is merely a blind to get into private houses, where he retails the gossip of the town, for he speaks good English, and after engaging the attention of the lady of the house, he remarks incidentally: ‘Heap good sugar, stop my store; *heap* good!’ and quotes a price per hundred pounds twenty-five or fifty cents cheaper than it is sold in the stores of the white grocers; and so on with other things. He shows you a book in Chinese writing filled with orders, which people would not go to China-town to give.

“He ushered us into a prettily decorated little room, probably an office when in everyday use, in which was set a table for tea, with many fancy cakes and fruits, and what I admired greatly, the most delicate cups, saucers, plates—everything in fact of almost

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transparent egg-shell China painted in red, representing Chinese ladies taking tea. An attendant brought in a pot of tea, which when poured out was of a pale straw colour, but the flavour was indescribably delicate; you seemed to inhale as well as taste it. There were no ladies here, so we went on to the merchant, whose 'small feet' wife received us very pleasantly. There was no lack of conversation, for although Mrs Lam Tung could not speak English, her five or six sons could, for the little fellows, standing one above the other with so little difference in their height, attend the Public School here, which is kept up entirely by the Government, and no fee is charged, upon the plea that it is better to use the ounce of prevention by educating the youth of the province, than trying the pound of cure later on, in prisons and penitentiaries. The boys looked very handsome in their Chinese dresses, and paid great attention and respect to us, but were almost reverential to the teachers of their several classes, who came in while we were there, and who were very bright and superior young men. Many of the cleverest reporters, lawyers, doctors, and statesmen are drawn from among these teachers as they have to attain a very high class of education to pass the School Board examinations, but teachers are well paid, so after a few years they are enabled to put themselves to the different universities, and to

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rise by their own efforts. In Canada there are so many possibilities for those who are prepared to win; they only need courage and perseverance, and there is always room at the top!"

Whilst aunt has been telling me all this we have been making our way to Sing's laundry, about which I felt some curiosity. Sing himself met us, looking exactly as aunt had described him for his wedding, only that the red tassel was on his hat. He conducted us down the same two flights of steps, but not into cellars, as I had imagined, for the three or four stories of the house are built up from below, where the hill-side is almost perpendicular, giving ample chance for light, and a broad and beautiful view of the river perfectly uninterrupted.

Mrs Sing knows aunt very well now, and brought out of her best to entertain us with. Sing sat down by the stove with uncle, and discussed the narrow policy of the whites with his countryman. "If no Chinamen he work cheap, what can cannery-man or farmer do? You pay white man Saturday night, s'pose Monday morning him heap dlunk, what cannery-man do he fish? he allee spoil; oh, too muchee losee money he. I no sabe; allee man go big house talkee, talkee; 'no more Chinaman,' he say, but dat man he allee time keep China cook—Chinaman work he garden, I no know what for!" and Sing shook his head in sad perplexity.

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We left them talking and went into the inner room where a god of progenity, with baby faces peeping out from all over him, grinned from a lighted corner as he had done in the last place we visited. There were two beds in the room now. In one a very fat little girl was sleeping soundly, her red fancy cap pulled tightly down over her ears; like her white sisters, she had refused to part with her finery upon going to bed.

Under the larger bed was a basket of fruits and nuts, among which burned the little lamps, like the fairy lights on a Christmas-tree. In the bed was the fattest little wee baby I had ever seen—only a month old—and another little baby boy. The eldest boy was dressed in Chinese glory, and helped his father to entertain his male guests in the ironing-room above. He was called "Joe," and was five years of age. Aunt could hardly believe so long a time had elapsed since she had gone to see the girl-bride. Indeed, she was very small and childish-looking yet. All the children had a British name as well as Chinese, and—strange for a Chinaman—Sing seemed as proud of his two little girls as of his boys.

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## CHAPTER IV

GULLS AND OOLACHANS—REMINISCENCES OF THE GREAT FIRE OF 1898—NEWS FROM THE NORTH—SKELETON AND DIARY—MIRAGE—INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS OF THE SPECTRAL CITY — TRAGIC END OF THE SKOOKUM (STRONG) MAN.

WE looked very eagerly, as may be imagined, for our promised news from the North; we got just a short note from Juneau, and then a blank for five weeks. The time seems so long when one awaits anything, but so short in retrospect.

One thing here seemed very strange to me at first; there is no mail delivery. Business people, and those who can afford it, hire a box in the Post Office, where you can take your key and open it at any time that the outer doors are unfastened.

At present the Post Office and other Government offices are in a long wooden shed, pending the completion of the handsome new structure which is to replace the building destroyed in the great fire of 1898.



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We had almost ruined the lock of uncle's box by going after the Eastern express had arrived at noon, the Victoria mail at two, and the United States mail at half-past five, which comes in by the Great Northern on the south side of the river, and soon to be connected with the city by a bridge, which is to cost more than a million and a half dollars—the river being so wide and deep here that the bridge will require great strength to withstand the spring freshets, when the snows in the mountains melt, and the Fraser has to carry away all the waters of the inland watersheds. It is then very swift, and goes swirling on its way in muddy eddies at the rate of twenty miles an hour, carrying huge trees and stumps along as easily as if they were straws, and it was playing with them.

I had felt very low-spirited all the day, and could do nothing but sit and brood with my hands in my lap. A shadow of evil seemed over me, and I could settle to no occupation, not even to play weird and heart-rending minors on my beloved violin.

About three o'clock I settled myself behind the curtains of the bay window in the dining-room and watched the river, which was beginning its annual rise. I looked vacantly at first, then my gaze became fascinated. Surely for the last hour the

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white wings of sea-gulls were going, going, going, like the spirits of a dream towards the mouth of the river. Ah Shune came in to set his table about half-past five, when aunt joined me, and we both gazed silently out of the window, between the budding trees, at the murky river running swiftly.

“Am I mistaken, aunt, or are those sea-gulls I have seen passing in a steady flight down river for more than two hours?”

“Those are gulls, child. You remember the little candle-fish or Oolachans you saw in blocks of ice when we were at the market? Well, they are coming up the river now in countless millions. The gulls start up with them at daybreak, following their course for miles up river. Towards evening they begin their pilgrimage back to the islands at the sandheads, where they nest, carrying food for their young, after having gorged themselves; that is why they are flying so silently. At every mudbank or sandbar along the river you will see lines of gulls standing as solemnly as cranes picking up the delicate little fish as they are crowded up by their multitudinous companions in the shoal. For perhaps a week the main body of Oolachans will be passing up. They are so delicate that salting spoils them, and the only way to keep them is by cold storage. Many are salted, of course,

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both by whites and Indians, although the latter have a way of drying them in the sun without salt. They are too tender to be spitted, so they contrive to fasten them between two twigs so as to hold them without injury, though the Indian precincts have anything but an inviting odour during the process. I should think if they were put up in the same way sardines are they would be much richer, although they are nearly twice as large.

"The Indians just take an Oolachan rake, made like the old-fashioned curling-comb, with teeth of long wire nails half-way down a stick, and rake them into their canoes, getting them full in a short time. Before the white people came they used to make the teeth of these rakes of wood hardened by fire.

"Tons of these fish are sold in Victoria, Vancouver, Seattle, and other Puget Sound cities, besides refrigerator car-loads which go east. The farmers use those which are thrown up on the river banks for fertilizing; but they come in such vast quantities, all this makes no appreciable diminution in their numbers."

My mind had gone back to the Post Office as aunt talked, and I asked if the one which had been burnt stood where the wooden structure now was.

"No," she answered; "where the new one is being erected, but it was nothing as large or commodious as this will be; indeed, the business of the city had

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outgrown its proportions. I never shall forget the awful night of the fire if I live to be a hundred. The flames seemed to leap in mid-air across the street. Your uncle was standing in Columbia Street, not expecting the fire to reach there, when a perfect river of flame shot up M'Kenzie Street, and struck the Hotel Guichon, which was a four-story building of brick and stone, and it seemed to wither in its blast and shrink as a card-house might have done, the occupants, who had felt secure, escaping by the back street with their lives and what they stood in. The season had been an unusually dry one, and everything was like tinder waiting for the spark to ignite it. The fire crossed from street to street in gutters, which were made of cedar-wood, and came up from Front Street by way of a six-feet sewer lined with the same material. It burst in sudden flame, roaring through it like a flume, and took the furniture factory of Winter Brothers, which was built below the surface of the street in a deep ravine some three or four stories down.

“Then the holocaust began on the north end of Columbia Street. M'Kenzie Street is near the centre, you know. The Episcopal Cathedral, which was built of stone, stood at the top of the ravine, and so quickly was it in flames that the Rector, who could get none of the excited crowd to help him, ran with

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a wheel-barrow and saved the records and some of the sacred vessels and ornaments, as well as the four small carved pillars of the altar of Westminster Abbey, in London, which had been presented to the Cathedral in the time of the first Bishop of New Westminster, the Right Reverend Acton Windemere Gillette, D.D. The Methodist church and parsonage, which were built of wood, a fine new brick church belonging to the Baptists, and nearly opposite us, were soon in ruins. All the streets below and south of us, and people only waited for ours to go to move out of all the residences on Royal Avenue; but by the blessing of God on the work of Phil and Tom, who kept on the roof till poor Tom was almost blinded by the smoke and flame, we escaped, and so did the Avenue. Every one said the trees by which we are surrounded had much to do with it.

"I spent the night on the lawn. They all tried hard to persuade me to go to Mrs Stouton's, but I couldn't leave those venturesome young men; for if the house did take fire, there was no knowing what risks they might have run. It would have been bad enough to have lost one's home, which could have been rebuilt or done without; but if anything had happened to them, nothing in this world could have made up the loss. Phil had already been one of a band of volunteers who had carried large quantities of dynamite

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and giant powder from out of a cellar beneath a burning building, for if the fire had once reached it, not a building would have been left standing on the town site. I didn't know it till long afterwards, though, when he was back at M'Gill's.

"The lawn, verandah, and house were filled with the goods and chattels of burnt-out people, and the floors made sleeping-room for many more. What a Sunday morning the sun rose upon, and how ghastly the smoking ruins looked in the daylight! Half-dressed people and children were standing, lying, or sitting by the little they had saved. Some few had thought to snatch something to eat as they ran; the majority were without a bite, and there was neither hotel nor store left to go to.

"Vancouver soon sent over tramcar loads of the more urgent necessities, steamers came in from Victoria, and our good cousins across the line sent in a whole train-load of all that could be needed, everything new and good, with no thought of expense. Soon the homeless crowds were housed in tents, with blankets, cook-stoves, new clothing, and food supplies.

"Now Columbia Street and most of the burnt district has been rebuilt, but the business houses and hotels are generally only two instead of four stories high, more suited to the limited demands of seven or eight thousand people."

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Mina burst into our quiet talk, her hands behind her, and her eyes shining: "Guess what I've got!"

"Not letters!" we both said under our breath.

"Yes, letters!" and she flourished them aloft. "Some for everybody; and a whole volume for you, Agnes. I waited till the mail from the United States was sorted, and there they came tumbling into our box. You see we ought to have had two of them three weeks ago, but I suppose they missed one boat, and all came on together."

We lit the gas and sat down to our "feast of soul." All the first part of mine was only for my own heart, but the "volume," as Mina had called it, told a weird tale of horrors.

"As they were coasting among the islands, out of the general line of navigation, one of the Indians saw a weather-worn rag floating from a bush, and called our attention to it. We hoped it might prove some signal which had been put up by poor Dunston, and landed forthwith. After wandering round the small island, the Indian noticed the marks of an old trail, which was so overgrown no white man would have seen it. He followed it, and after a few minutes returned, saying laconically, 'Mica Charco!' (You come.)

"A little way in the bush was a rudely-constructed hut, covered by the remains of a sail-cloth. We stooped and looked inside, and there, stretched upon the bare ground, was the skeleton of what must once have been a large man.

"'White-man,' announced the Indian, pointing to it,

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"I stooped to examine the skull, when a small note-book lying by the skeleton fingers, in which the stump of a pencil still lay, attracted my attention. The clothes, which were rotting away, were such as a miner would wear; the heavy boots were lying near. I knew at once it could not be the remains of poor Dunston, for it must have lain there undisturbed for at least four or five years.

"We examined all the clothing, but no paper or document was there, not even a watch. The hair was fair and curly, the teeth sound, the bones unusually large and strong. We buried him there, and I brought away the little memoranda and send it to you. It is interesting, but don't let it alarm you. I expect the poor fellow was delirious with hunger and pain when he wrote some of it."

It began without date or preface.

"Left alone on a desert island like Robinson Crusoe, —no, not like him either, for he had sunshine and summer weather; I have ice and snow, blizzard and storm, and all the long winter before me, unless—unless Sutka tells Larsen where I am; but most likely Ned, the fiend, will drown her before he comes to a settlement, although he wouldn't put her off here with me.

"Oh, this weakness, this accursed weakness in my legs! I never thought he could have beaten me in a fight; but when I slipped, he kicked me in the spine. It was not a fair fight, and he must have known I was not the man I had been when he challenged me. . . . The winner to take canoe and girl, the loser to stay here with gun and blankets. . . .

"Sutka promised to tell Larsen, and now it is three weeks since they left. I shall soon forget to keep time. How the blizzard is shrieking outside! It's a good thing we landed and made this shelter before we quarrelled. I wish I had a fire and something to



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eat. I must make some better shelter. How cold I am! My blankets seem of little use. Everything is so wet I can't make a fire by friction, and I have no matches. It seems like company just to put this down, but I must destroy it if I find I get no better in a few days. I can't sit up, only lie here face down, or on my back. When poor old Bob was here we managed to catch some seals. The poor, faithful brute brought me several, after this numbness became worse. He must have gotten on an ice-floe to fish, and drifted away. He has not been here for a week. Oh, this white and silent loneliness, this hunger! If Larsen, the big Swede, would only come!

“How my mind wanders! If Lucy had been true! There are so many *ifs* in life. She took the old man and the money. She would have kept me dangling on too, but I was too honourable in those days for that. . . . Now—I fought with a half-breed over a Siwash wench, and got my knock-out blow.

“Oh, this thirst, this thirst is parching me! I must have water, and my legs are a helpless weight. I must drag myself once more on my belly to the spring. Oh, mother, mother, is that you? Don't look at me so sadly—the big boy you used to be so proud of. . . . What a fool I was to wreck myself because one woman was false! Mary loved me, and, I expect, has taken no one else. Why couldn't I have been content with her, mother? Your advice was so good and sensible; now here I am, wrecked body and soul. O God, have mercy on me, man has had none, only two women—my mother and Mary. . . . I think my mother is dead, she comes to me so often, and I feel less lonely for her visits, although she looks so sad and never speaks. . . . There! I have been and drunk my fill of the pure water once more; dragged myself there and back on my belly. I wonder how

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many hours it took. I saw a canoe-load of Indians pass, but could not make them see my signals, or hear me for the noise they made. I think they must have been to some trading post, and had liquor aboard. Indians! Yes; I went with two Indians once away up the coast. They admired me and called me 'Skookum-man.'<sup>1</sup> One turned back before we reached Muir's Glacier. Snake and I saw the old man camped by his pet, watching every change in it. I felt too degraded to go and speak to him, but he gave Snake some tobacco and tea, and we went on up the river till the ice in the winter stopped us. Then we camped, and hunted, and trapped for the season. I remember seeing the mirage that people say is like Bristol. The city of Bristol, indeed! City of the dead! Snake saw it too, and told me of the yarns a very old Siwash used to tell around the fire in their winter sweat-holes. Warm places, too. I wish I had one now; my legs would get warm again perhaps, now they seem cold and dead. A hole in the ground covered with brush and dirt, a fire in the centre with an opening above for the smoke, the trunk of a tree notched for steps, and you went up and down through the smoke. Ha! it was a wild life. Little or no clothing needed down there, always some old squaw making a savoury mess over the fire—dried fish on sticks roasting, or fresh meat or fish some of the hunters were always bringing in. And I could always take my place with the best, and be the first to get my knife into the big white bears. I am so hungry, I must chew something. I can smell the fish cooking. . . . My God! hunger is hard to bear! and harder still to feel a strong heart beating above dead limbs, and a live brain telling you of all you *should* have done. . . .

"My God! my God! have mercy, and hear my mother's prayers for me; I am afraid to pray for my-

<sup>1</sup> Strong man.

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self I have been so vile. . . . Ah! there is mother, and I am a little curly-headed boy by her knee, and I say as she holds my clasped hand tightly in hers, 'Our i'ather.' Yes, 'Our Father'—go on, mother—'which art in Heaven.' Oh! take me, even me, there, dear Lord, to be with her. I have broken her heart and Mary's . . . . and I deserve all I suffer. . . . .

"Ah! I have had a long and merciful sleep. The clouds have passed, and the aurora is again bright enough to write by—but I must have water! How calm and rested I feel, nothing seems to matter. But water, water—I must have water. God give me strength to return to this shelter to die. I don't want to die in the open like a beast, or with my boots on. . . . .

"Once more I am back and feel refreshed, but so hungry. Mother, are you there? Yes, I think I am coming soon. . . . .

"That city Snake and I went to is all ice. He wouldn't go in; he was afraid of the Indian tradition, which says, 'Any one who enters will fall into the hands of his enemy and die a lingering death.' Perhaps that is what gave the half-breed Ned the courage to attack me. But so many of these half-breeds have all the bad qualities of both races; and he had. He was the 'Skookum-man' till I came, and he never forgave me. . . . .

"A lingering death at the hands of my enemy—well, my worst enemy has been myself, and my own wild and ungovernable temper. He must have known my strength was going, or he would not have contradicted me. Perhaps the old squaw, his mother, made some decoction for me; she understands the working of many roots and herbs. . . . .

"I can see Lucy's neck of ivory as she sat by me at Lord —'s dinner—the flashing diamonds in her night-black hair, can feel the fire through my veins at her saucy glances . . . . can see poor little Mary's

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brown hair and soft eyes—poor little sweet violet—as she tried to seem happy in my happiness . . . . her pain at my Beauty's falseness. But she was right. What could she have done on a younger son's allowance? and she had no fortune of her own. Sweet cousin Mary had, but I never thought of that. . . . Now it is Mary I love, and Lucy I despise, despite the strawberry leaf upon her beautiful brow, but death and foul decay walk beside her, and have claimed her beauty at a price. . . .

"Mary would help me even here if she could. What mad fools men are, and how blinded by their passions! Then, when it is too late . . . . Oh! that piteous 'Too Late'! . . . .

". . . . The streets in that city were all sheathed in ice, and the petrified people were all sitting, or standing, lying down, or in the act of walking, when the sudden wave of intense cold must have frozen them instantaneously. Their clothing, their houses, and furniture are not of this age. . . .

"We saw thousands of mountain goats frozen in a glacier, their heads and horns standing above the ice. Everywhere they had been eaten off by wolves and bears, as they thawed out.

"Such wolves as they are up there too, long-legged and gaunt, but they prowls round singly; if they went in bands . . . .

"I must be in the ice myself; I am so cold, so sleepy . . . ."

Here the pencil seemed to have fallen from the stiffening fingers. The whole had apparently been written at different times, and with increasing difficulty; some parts it was impossible to decipher.

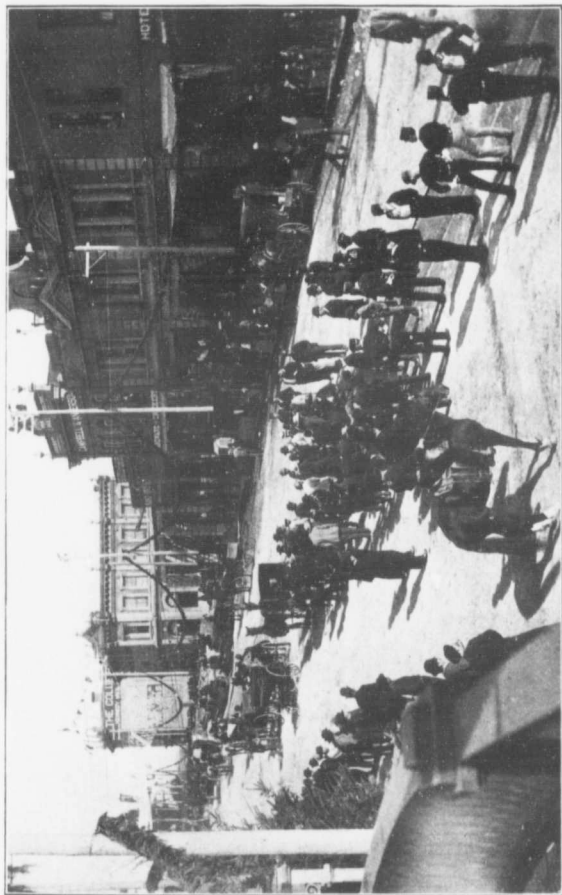
## CHAPTER V

LAST "MAY DAY" — CELEBRATION OF THE "OLD  
HYACKS" — THE MAY QUEEN AND HER SUITE  
— FROLIC FOR THE YOUNG — CHILDREN'S  
BALL.

WE had heard from the North, and all felt better and more hopeful of a successful termination to the expedition. So when aunt suggested we should go to the May Day Celebration we agreed with pleasure.

The Fire Company, who call themselves "Hyacks," from a Chinook word meaning "quick," make a great children's day of it. They call a meeting two or three weeks before, and select a "Queen of the May." The little girls watch eagerly for the announcement of their choice. That grave question settled, the men of the Brigade canvass the city for subscriptions, which are liberally given. Then they buy great stores of nuts, candies, oranges, and toys for distribution among those who contest the races and games.

In our uncertain climate you may imagine how



LAST PROCESSION OF THE "OLD HYACKS," N.W.



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anxiously the weather is watched, for the children count upon coming out in their new summer hats and dresses on that day, and milliners and dressmakers have had their hands full.

Aunt went to the window last thing before retiring to look at the sky, as much interested in the coming event as the young folks.

Next morning Mina jumped out of bed, and ran to the window, throwing up the dark green blind with a rattle.

"It's a lovely morning!" she exclaimed; "the sun is shining hot on everything, and the flags are flying on all the ships and steamers in the river, as well as every flag-pole in the place. Do come and see these Indian children going up to the park already; they were too splendid to wait."

There was a group of them dawdling along. I never saw an Indian in a hurry yet. Indeed, time has no special value to them. A canoe that has taken two months to chip out they will sell for ten dollars; a basket or toy of any kind which has taken all their leisure for two weeks they will sell for fifty cents and be delighted. An Indian came to the door the other day and offered a little basket of clams to aunt, and asked twenty-five cents for it. "Oh, Charley," said aunt, "that is too much." "Well, how much you tink, den?" he questioned in perfectly good faith.



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Those now passing were dressed partly in the clothing their mothers obtain from the white people in return for berries, curios, and so on, and partly in those made by the unskillful hands of the squaws. Everything fitted where it touched, and very little of it was suitable. A small girl with a skirt to her heels, a woman's waist folded over in front, and the sleeves turned up to allow of her hands being at liberty, was adorned with a hat brilliant in cheap flowers; but her companions admired her immensely, and she seemed perfectly conscious of her superior personal appearance. "That astonishing piece of millinery could hardly wait till noon," laughed Mina.

At one o'clock the procession started from the Hyack Hall. The Queen, Queen-elect, and their four maids of honour, prettily dressed in white, and all, with the exception of the Queen-elect, crowned with white flowers. Their carriage was gaily decorated and drawn by a handsome pair of horses, the flowers and ribbons and bright tassels dancing as they tossed their heads and pawed the ground, impatient to be off.

Presently the band of eighteen pieces came up in their dark blue uniform. They arranged themselves in marching order ahead of the royal carriage, upon each side of which walked the elder and principal Hyacks as "Guard of Honour."

Then came the chemical engine, a great favourite

## The People of British Columbia

with the firemen, then the steam fire engine, followed by one of the hose-carts, all gaily decorated, and drawn by three pairs of the handsomest horses one need wish to see. This was all brought up by Hyack veterans and recruits bearing the trophies won at different tournaments in Seattle, Victoria, and Vancouver, notably the splendid silver trumpet carried off from Victoria, which was proudly borne along by the captain of the Brigade. Men on horseback, and ladies and children in phaetons and buggies, brought up the rear.

On the side-walk marched hundreds of people, composed of many nationalities, gathered from all parts of the province; and such a well-dressed, well-to-do-looking, orderly procession it would be hard to beat in any part of the world. All this time the band played lively and stirring marches. How they found breath enough it is hard to say on the uphill march to Queen's Park, fully a mile from Columbia Street.

The fire-engines and the paid company only went part of the way, leaving the veterans of the "Old Hyacks," the remains of the Volunteer Company of early times, and the honorary members of to-day, to conduct the festivities.

A few years ago this park formed part of the encircling forest; now some eighty acres have been cleared and graded, and it is used for all athletic

## The People of British Columbia

sports by the young men and boys, who are famous for their La Cross, cricket, football, and cycling. Here a building capable of holding several thousands of people has been erected, in which is held the annual Agricultural Exhibition, as Westminster forms the centre of the farming district. A race-course encircles the park, and the people are very proud of their facilities for outdoor amusements and public sports.

Arrived at the park, the royal party were escorted to a May-pole, profusely decorated with flowers and ribbons. Near its foot stood a throne, approached by several brightly carpeted steps.

The two Queens, with their maids of honour, were handed up by the attendant Hyacks; when the retiring Queen spoke as follows:

“DEAR SISTER,—I greet you with royal welcome as my successor—the Queen of the May. The past year during which I reigned has been one of peace and prosperity throughout our whole realm, and it is my pleasing duty to thank these, my loyal subjects, for their continuous devotion. The future is before us, and over its unknown destinies it is your good fortune to preside. I counsel you to let your throne be graced with the charm of justice, and to sway with moderation the sceptre which is now placed in your hands.

## The People of British Columbia

"To the Hyacks, my most faithful counsellors and defenders, I beg to return most grateful thanks; and with loving memories I commend them to your royal confidence. They have chosen you from among the fairest in the land as worthy of the honour of their Queen, and you need not fear, for their loyalty and devotion will never grow weary.

"This crown" (placing the crown on the head of the Queen-elect) "is the emblem of your queenly office. Wear it with dignity, my royal sister, and receive now the pledge of my loving devotion" (kissing the Queen). "Hyacks, behold your new Queen!"

This address was received with much cheering, and after their welcoming shouts had subsided, her Majesty of the May delivered this speech from the throne just vacated :

"DEAR SISTER AND LIEGE SUBJECTS,—The floral crown which has just been placed upon my head is the emblem of authority, but it will be my aim to rule by love, and thus hold secure throughout my term of office the loyalty and devotion of my subjects. You have endorsed the choice of our gallant Hyacks, whose courage and wisdom has never been questioned. The crown, dear sister, which you have resigned, must be recognised as the emblem of authority, and all our faithful subjects must submit to our rule. But Peace will be our motto, and by

## The People of British Columbia

peace and love will we reign. Pleasure alone will govern our proceedings, and all cares must be banished from mind on occasions of this kind.

"I command you, therefore, to come with me to the beautiful May-pole, around which you shall dance as true subjects of the May Queen ; and under the watchful supervision of our gallant Hyacks, may we while away the happy day in the innocent and pleasing amusements it is my wish you should join in and make merry."

The Fire Chief called for three cheers for the ex-Queen, which were most heartily and lustily given.

The gay knots of ribbon tied up at the head of the pole were now let down by a nimble young Hyack ; more Hyacks standing below received them, placing a ribbon in the hands of each of the scores of little girls who stood in a circle round. The band struck up a merry quick-step, to which the little ones moved in time. They were almost all of them dressed in white, many with bright sashes and long flowing hair, varying from silvery white to coal black. The ribbons from the head of the pole when let down and held out were so numerous as almost to hide the queens and their maids of honour, who sat at the foot of the pole. When put in motion by the dancing fairies, their garments, sashes, and hair tossed by the breeze, as they circled with the rainbow-hued

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## The People of British Columbia

ribbons, gave a dreamlike and elusive effect, which was only heightened when the Hyack who had remained under the streamers cut them all off at the head of the pole, and each nymph skipped off with six or eight yards of the rainbow tent.

We were soon brought back to earth, for the Chief sprang upon the steps of the throne and said: "Every child who would like a bag of nuts and candies, go over to the hall; there's plenty waiting for you there." Hardly were the words out of his mouth than hundreds of children were running in that direction; brightly flowing hair, gay sashes, the grey and dark suits of the boys, and numberless heels looking as if blown in one direction by a cyclone.

More Hyacks stood inside the building, beside boxes and barrels filled with small bags, each containing an orange and some nuts and candies. A low gate had been erected at the entrance, through which the children were admitted by twos, each given a bag, and passed on into the building, so that none might be left out. A number of oranges were thrown to a distance among the elder boys, who scrambled for them.

Then began the sports—sack, wheel-barrow, foot, and three-legged races for boys; foot races for girls. All this time the band discoursed lively music from the balcony of the hall, and the regal party drove

## The People of British Columbia

round and surveyed their liege subjects at their sports.

Presently the band went to their stand inside the hall. The regal party entered, and the dancing began. A circular opening, corresponding in size to their stand, has been left in the floor of the second story, allowing the music to penetrate to all parts of the building, and it is a pretty sight to look down upon the moving group below, whilst the same movement of promenade and dance is going on around you.

It has always been a rule of these good Hyacks that no two adults shall dance together, or the sport would be absorbed by the elders. An adult must dance with a child. The dancing was kept up till half-past five, when the royal party, escorted by the Hyacks, drove to the residence of the parents of the newly-elected Queen for rest and refreshments. At eight o'clock they were to return and open the Children's Ball, which would close at ten.

At half-past seven the doors were again thrown open by the Hyacks, and people came crowding in—some with babies in their arms, while the baby carriages of others, with their sleeping occupants, were carefully hoisted up the long flight of steps by the hosts of the evening, and mothers and fathers came in with troops of boys and girls.

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A few policemen stood about, but they were not needed, as the gentlemanly conduct of the Hyacks was repeated in that of their guests. No lawlessness, no disorder—the boys of course ran and shouted; but for so large a gathering, none need wish to see one more well behaved.

Mrs Stouton, aunt, and I had wandered everywhere and looked at everything. We only saw Tom and Mina occasionally.

“Ah! look, Mrs Stouton, there’s Mr M’Donald; he’s getting grey at last. He used to conduct our balls, weddings, May-days, and funerals from the time I came here, and long before, and they can’t get along without him yet!”

A group of “old-timers” got together and discussed the difference between “then” and “now.” Mr M’Donald saw them and came over for a few words of greeting.

“Ah, Mrs West,” he said, “don’t you remember your Susie was the first May Queen, just thirty-seven years ago to-day, and now she has children of her own old enough!”

“Old enough!” laughed her mother; “why, her eldest are all boys, you know, Mac, and David is nineteen.”

He returned to his post, and seemed as capable of ordering all these numbers as he had been of the



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little bands of "long ago," when the people of the Crown Colony numbered but few, and all were like one large family, the interests of each being the business of all.

The music struck up, and out came the reigning Queen, holding on to the fire captain, followed by the ex-Queen with the chief engineer; then followed more Hyacks, far from the heyday of youth, but gallant still, each leading a little girl in white; then others—doctors, lawyers, military men, civilians of all classes—each leading a little girl; till scores had emerged from somewhere in the dim background into the full glare of electric arc lights, doing the Grand March first, and merging into the Sicilian Circle, which the little girls went through wonderfully well, being directed, of course, by their partners. Scarcely a boy danced, and ladies failed in their persuasions to get them out. Other dances followed, made easy for the children, till ten o'clock, when it was evident some crowning event of the evening was expected.

Presently eight Hyacks—four of them in grotesque female attire, the other four in male costumes as fantastic, and all wearing masks—appeared, to the breathless delight of the young folks. They danced an old-time set of Quadrilles, with many improvised steps and movements, and made their exit amidst thunders of applause.

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The royal party then left, which was the signal for all the little ones to retire, when the elders took their places and danced to their hearts' content. We waited for Mina to have a dance or two—I didn't feel equal to the exertion—and then went home, sleepy with such a long day's amusement in the open air.

## CHAPTER VI

GOING TO VICTORIA—A RIVER STEAMBOAT—ESQUIMALT NAVAL STATION—DRY DOCK—RE-UNION—INDIAN MEDICINE-MAN—TRIBAL VENGEANCE.

IT was now near the middle of May, and an invitation from Mrs M'Win, wife of one of the Senators for Ottawa, came to aunt and Mina and me to spend a week or ten days in Victoria, so as to include the Twenty-fourth of May, when all the Province allows the Capital to celebrate the Queen's Birthday, and the Colonists come from far and near to attend it.

"What boat are you going on?" asked uncle doubtfully.

"The *Rover*, I suppose," replied aunt.

"I don't like that *Rover* on the Gulf; she's a stern-wheeler, and no stern-wheeler should be allowed to go where there is any probability of a heavy sea."

"The weather is very calm now, dear, and I have written Mrs M'Win, saying we shall arrive by that boat to-morrow!"

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"Oh, I suppose you'd rather be drowned than break your engagement," he returned testily.

As we stepped on board next morning I must confess to feeling a little nervous, but everything went well; and so calm was the trip, that we sat out on the awning-covered deck the entire day, only going in for breakfast, lunch, and dinner with more than our usual appetites, and we greatly enjoyed these well-served refectations.

This was only a river boat, uncle had said, so of course I had to inspect it. With almost a flat bottom, it was built two stories above the water. The lower one contained the engines, kitchen, freight, and cattle. The upper was divided into three large compartments. Going in from the bow, you entered a room with upholstered stationary seats all round it, having windows above them. Smoking was allowed here, so of course the men monopolised it.

The long narrow dining-saloon had small state-rooms opening from it on either side. These contained three narrow berths each, on a kind of slatted shelf, one above the other. Each stateroom had a door and window opening upon a covered balcony, which ran the whole length of the boat on either side, extending the full width at bow and stern, making delightful posts of observation as well as affording pleasant shade.

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The third apartment at the stern was the ladies' cabin, and was more luxuriously upholstered, being fitted up in drawing-room style, and containing a piano.

Most of the river boats seem built upon the same plan, only varying in size and the quality of their fittings.

We reached Victoria Harbour about half-past eight, having been eleven hours making the trip of about one hundred miles. We had made so many landings to take on and put off freight at canneries and farm settlements before we reached the Gulf, which had taken up the time. How small and rock-bound it looked as we passed in; but when fairly inside, it was snug and safe enough.

Mrs M'Win met us on the wharf. What a dear, bright, kind-hearted soul! One's heart went out to her at once.

We drove up Government Street, over James Bay Bridge, and stopped at a pleasant house overlooking the salt water—indeed, the lawn sloped down to it, with a boat-house at its foot. The pillars of the verandah were covered with climbing plants, beautiful in their tender green, while at the fence laburnum and lilac trees filled the air with their heavy perfume.

A young man rose from a seat on the verandah, and came forward to meet us. I soon saw the

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absorbed attention with which he regarded Mina, who received it with the greatest unconcern.

The Senator was still absent in Ottawa, not on the business of the country, as the House had been prorogued nearly a week ago, but on affairs of his own. Pretty soon we said "good-night," and left the elder ladies to their quiet chat.

Next morning at breakfast something called Mr Robert M'Win's attention to the ring Mina wore, and I saw his dark, expressive face grow pale. When we were in the garden later he asked me, with ill-affected indifference, if he had to congratulate his friend Mina on her engagement, or if it was only a fancy of hers to wear a ring. I told him all I knew, and pretended not to see how badly he felt over it.

A horse and carriage were now brought round to the front gate, and the two elder ladies and we two girls drove to Sanaach, about ten miles distant, and inspected a beautiful nursery of fruit and ornamental trees, besides flowers, shrubs, and plants of various kinds. Aunt made her selection of flowering plants, praised those she had already bought there, and we returned in great good-humour over fine macadamized roads, just as good as the English turnpikes. It was quite a treat, after the badly-made roads around New Westminster.

When I expressed myself to that effect, aunt

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laughed and said that would soon be remedied as we were going to have several new roads opened up, and the old ones were delightful in summer, any way.

We drove next day to Esquimalt, the British Naval Station on the North Pacific Ocean. What a splendid harbour! We were told that all the ships in Her Majesty's Navy could ride upon it at once.

The place swarmed with sailors in every stage of "Jack ashore."

"Think of wives and mothers, sisters and sweet-hearts, in the dear old country, who are wondering what this fine lot of men are doing out here, fretting and wearying for their return; and here they are, as healthily happy and contented, as only our British tars know how to be," said aunt.

"You'll see them to perfection on the Twenty-fourth," promised our hostess.

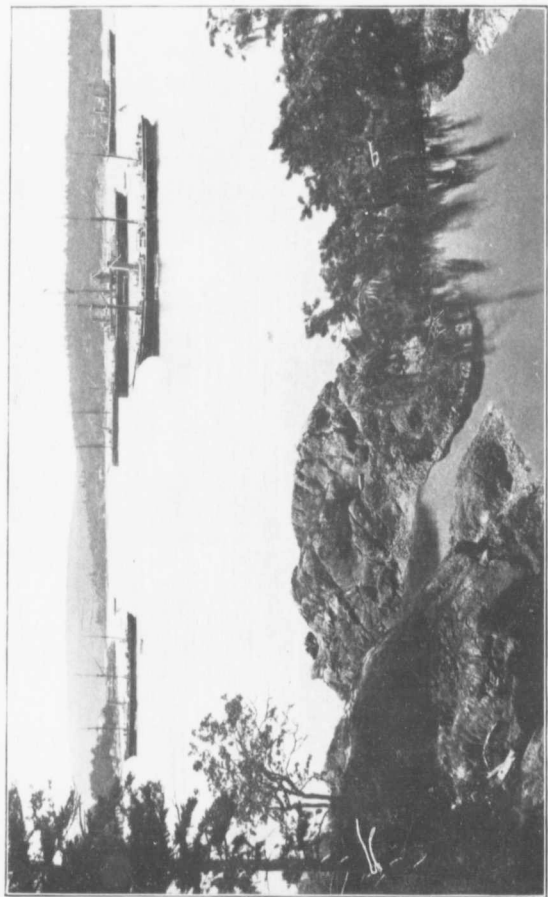
"I wonder how long before Phil gets down from the North; we do miss him so much," grumbled Mina. "I do hope he'll be here for then. Tom's coming down."

"Nothing like hope," said aunt, with a twinkle in her eye; "and when you two have seen enough of this dry dock, we might as well go back."

We had reached the bottom of the immense stone basin, and were critically examining a large vessel, which was propped up in it, undergoing repairs.







BRITISH NAVAL STATION, ESQUIMALT, B.C.

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“What makes you in such a hurry, aunt? We like to be in this cool place, where the hammers make such a hollow sound, and we can walk right under this big ship, where the whales and fishes have been. It feels uncanny.” But aunt and Mrs M'Win both favoured going home, so we got our carriage, and were soon bowling smoothly along the shady well-kept road, with here and there huge boulders by its side, as if carelessly thrown by some giant hand at play. Here and there were bare rocks flatly covering the surface; here and there beautiful glimpses of the salt water between the trees; and all along lovely residences, from the small flower-covered cottage to the stately mansion with its well-kept grounds, its groups of romping children, parties at lawn tennis, and finely-appointed equipages waiting at the principal entrance for the afternoon callers.

We crossed a long bridge, the one through which the crowded tram-car had broken with its living freight, many going down, but few coming up alive. There were several mills and factories at this end of the city. As we came into Government Street again the driver had to thread his way carefully, for besides drays, hacks, carriages, and carts of all descriptions, runs a line of electric cars. This is the principal business street, and contains many handsome stores and buildings.

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We jumped down at Mrs M'Win's gate, still wondering at aunt's feverish haste to get back. She was hurrying into the house, when a supple form stepped forward, caught her in its arms, and cried: "Hello! little mother!"

"Dear boy!" was all she could say, while she murmured, "Thank God," in her heart.

Mina rushed to him next, whilst I, whose very life seemed to have returned, stood holding on to the gate, trembling like a leaf, unable to speak or move, and staring like one half asleep. He came down to me, holding out his two hands, his honest heart looking out from his clear eyes. He kissed me as I looked helplessly up at him, drew my cold hand gently through his arm, and led me into the house, where he made me drink a glass of wine. Then a burst of tears relieved me. I had scarcely realised how my very life was bound up in his till now. All the lonely years of my childhood and early youth, when I had been thrown back upon myself, all the repressed and hidden love of those years had gone out to Phil, and its very intensity frightened me.

I felt like one in a dream as dinner proceeded, the only quiet one of all our bright gathering. As we left the table Phil said: "Get your hat and come out with me; my sudden appearance has upset you.

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Mother heard in Esquimalt that the boat from the North was in, so she was prepared."

"That is why she was in such a hurry home, and she thought she would give us a joyful surprise."

"Not so much that, I think, as she feared we might not have reached the boat in time for this trip. We had to make strenuous efforts, taking turn about with the Indians in paddling. I assure you we worked the poor fellows unmercifully. We had two canoes—both small ones, as we had a number of portages to make. One carried our provisions and tent, the other our ammunition and ourselves, each paddled by two Indians.

"We agreed at first that one of us would watch while the other slept, so we took turn about with an Indian paddling, whilst the other and an Indian slept. But, of course, we paddled four to two that way, and out-distanced our provisions; in consequence of this our last night's supper was fish, which we caught as we paddled along. We stopped only sufficient time to cook these, and then we decided not to camp and wait for the other canoe, but to paddle in turn, as we had done all night. We were fortunate enough to come out of the mouth of the Lynn Canal some half-hour before the steamer passed; we could hear her paddles through the fog long before she came up, but it was with difficulty we made her hear our

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signals, and had to paddle rather perilously near. We gladly donated the provisions and tents to the Indians, who had proved faithful friends and allies during our somewhat perilous trip."

"Somewhat perilous trip!" I exclaimed; "we were afraid you'd never come out alive; you know there were ten chances to one that you would."

"That's better, little girl," he said in his old teasing way; "you'll soon be yourself again."

"I'd have you to know I'm not a 'little girl,' and I'm only silent because I am afraid of a big medicine-man, who has been among the savages, and brought out a charmed life from their icy solitudes."

He laughed.

"Talking of medicine-men and a charmed life reminds me of two Indians—a man and a boy—who were brought down to-day charged with killing a medicine-man of their tribe. These men never use any medicine, only charms and incantations, as they believe illness to be the work of evil spirits, which only need driving out, when recovery is certain.

"The medicine-man was summoned to attend a sick child of this man's, but his charms were of no avail; the evil spirit remained, and the child died. He was called in to a second child of the same man's, and again failed. That was not all; for a third child fell sick. Probably it was measles—the Indians die in

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large numbers when that gets among them, for their surroundings are anything but clean, and in the North very little ventilation is allowed because of the cold. The medicine-man likewise attended it, but it died as the others had done, in spite of charms and incantations, for they took the poor little creature out and rolled it in the snow, with every symptom of measles upon it, as described to me by the father.

"This was more than Indian clemency could stand. A meeting of the tribe was called, and according to tribal custom, the medicine-man was sentenced to die at the hand of the children's father, who was to shoot him. When the time arrived for the execution of the sentence, the father's heart failed him, so he gave the rifle to the boy, instructing him to fire. The boy did as he was told, and now, according to our law, they will have to stand their trial."

"I wonder if they'll be hanged," I said.

"I think not, as they were only following out a traditional law of their own, the chances of which the medicine-man was quite aware."

We were strolling along Beacon Hill, near which was the residence of our hostess. It is somewhat conical, and rises a little back from the low cliffs of the Gulf, below which the waves were lashing, roaring and tumbling, their white foam glistening in the moonlight.

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"Here they are, Tom!" and Mina rushed out to meet us, dragging him with her. "Let's take a car and go into Government Street; it'll be a sight to see some of the country people who've come in for the sports."

Accordingly in a few minutes we emerged upon that crowded thoroughfare. Truly it was "a sight to see." A white man,—dirty, unshaven, and out at elbows,—slouched along, looking furtively from side to side, never meeting the full glance of his white brethren, and shrinking from the women of his own race. The Indian wife and a number of half-breed children followed, the girls brightly gotten up in cheap calico, with nothing on their heads; the woman with the thick indispensable woollen shawl over hers. A couple of boys seemed quite satisfied with their personal appearance in cut-down garments of their father's—that is, the legs of the trousers and the sleeves of the coats had been accommodated to the length of limb required; the rest "fitted where it touched," as Mina said.

"A squaw-man," commented Phil; "fallen so low that even the Indians of the woman's tribe despise him, and yet if you heard him speak, perhaps he's not quite lost the accent of Oxford or Cambridge."

Now an Indian in new store clothes goes along in all his dignity, followed by his admiring family,

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variously dressed in the cast-off clothing of white people. The Indian wife and family always seem to follow the husband and father whether he is white or red.

There were farmers dragging heavily along, with wife and toddling youngsters wearily hunting a lodging.

"I spoke for my berth two weeks ago," said Tom with a rueful face; "and now where do you think they have stowed me?"

"On the roof," laughed Mina.

"Not so bad as that quite, but on a cot in a big hall-way, with lots of other fellows."

"That's too bad now, since you were so thoughtful as to order ahead."

"Yes; and it's a dollar and a half a night at that, and board to pay as well—fifty cents a meal. You can get nothing decent under that just now, and the restaurant keepers are mighty independent at that."

"How long have you counted the cost of everything so narrowly, Master Tom?" quizzed Phil.

Tom and Mina exchanged merry glances, and then Tom came out manfully with his confession:

"Well, old man, I bought these two lots on the corner I pointed out to you long ago, and now Mina is drawing up the plan for a snug little cottage there; and if the old folks can be coaxed over, we'll be in it too by this time next year."



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Phil looked at the youthful couple a moment, and then said : " I wish you good luck with all my heart, and many years of happiness in that same cottage."

Dot laughed and courtesied, but Tom took off his hat in serious acknowledgment.

## CHAPTER VII

LAST CELEBRATION OF THE BIRTHDAY OF HER  
LATE MOST GRACIOUS MAJESTY QUEEN  
VICTORIA THE GOOD, IN VICTORIA, BRITISH  
COLUMBIA.

NEXT morning we were out bright and early at the park. Beacon Hill I saw by daylight was covered with grass, and quite a wide space lay between its base and the low cliffs of the shore. Completely encircling it went a smooth, even road, which is the Race Track. Driving round this, we turned off into beautifully shaded roads, cut out from the forest, with here and there small ornamental lakes, crossed by pretty little rustic bridges artistically arranged. We meandered leisurely among these while the cricket matches were played off.

At twelve o'clock the Royal Salute was fired from M.H. ships and the land forts; and directly after the Regatta, which is looked upon as the principal feature of the day, commenced.

We hurriedly took lunch, and gathering up our

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somewhat numerous party proceeded on foot to the wharves on the water front, where we were to take the Senator's steam launch for the "Gorge," which is an arm of salt water extending to Esquimalt. About three miles up from Victoria its course is narrowed between two walls of rock, and here it is only safe to pass in certain stages of the tide.

The rocky Gorge was spanned high in air by its rustic bridge for a background, its sloping and gradually widening sides forming a natural amphitheatre, from which thousands of people watched the Regatta. It seemed at times as though one might walk on their heads, so thickly did they stand in all the cleared spaces.

At the point where the rapid waters of the narrow pass spread themselves out, and grew calm and smooth, a large steam tug was moored, upon which, under an awning, sat the judges. The band from the Flag-ship was also stationed there, and as every victory was announced by the signal-gun, they made sweet music echo from rock, woods, and water in lively and stirring strains.

Upon the water small boats of every description—steam yachts, barges, schooners, small sailing-boats, and immense structures they call "scows," built in the form of a long square, sitting flat upon the water, the general use of which is to carry lumber, coal, gravel,





INDIAN CANOE RACES.  
Queen's Birthday Celebration. Victoria, B.C.

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and so on, towed by powerful tugs. These scows had been swept out and roughly seated, each capable of carrying several hundred people at a charge of twenty-five cents per passenger, the tugs puffing smoke and steam over their unprotected human freight, in its holiday attire and not-to-be-ruffled good humour.

Small boats plied on the river with fruit, cakes, candies, and light drinks. A girl serving on one of these was having a great flirtation with a jolly Jack Tar, who appeared to be very much in earnest in his love-making, and was a good wholesome specimen of manhood to look upon, with his sunny hair, his blue eyes, his tanned skin, and his well-knit healthy figure.

We all got off at what was marked "City Barge," and were greeted most pleasantly by the Mayor of Victoria, who gave us in charge to his bright and pretty daughters. They were acting as hostesses for the city, for here all the visitors were entertained—that is those who presented tickets; it could scarcely have been promiscuous. Here we met Lieutenant-Governor M'Innes, his wife and sister. They were a very handsome couple, and royally represented their beloved Sovereign. They appeared to be old friends of aunt's, and the Governor himself rallied Tom and Mina soundly upon their engagement. We took some slight refection, and escorted by the Mayor went ashore among the crowds of people.

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A girl was singing a comic song in a thin little voice to the thrum of a guitar, and a party of bare-footed blue-jackets who came up the steep banks with leaps and bounds called to each other to go and hear her. "Look hout for the broken glass, 'Arry!" one of them shouted back.

There were single and double sculls, sailing-boats, and Peterborough canoes; but the races that attracted every one's attention were those of the sailors, who contended for the honour of their several ships, and manfully they pulled. Just as they started the oar of one of the tars snapped almost with the first stroke, and in the same instant he plunged head first into the water without disturbing the headway of the boat, amidst hearty cheers from the attentive crowds.

It was perfectly inspiring to see the way these men bent to their oars, like so many reeds before the wind—very stalwart and sturdy ones, though.

The favourites, however, were the crew of the Admiral's Flag-ship, and when they came in a few feet ahead, the cheering was terrific, mingled with the strains of the band and the firing of cannon. The sun shone in true "Queen's weather" upon the flags of the decorations and the waving handkerchiefs of the people, whilst hats went so high in air it was a wonder they found their way back to their rightful owners.

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Next to this in interest was the Indian canoe racing. We saw five canoes start, each paddled by fifteen Indians. The canoes were thirty-four feet in length, and passed quite near to us on their return. Each Indian was on his knees in the bottom of the canoe, their paddles working together as if propelled by clockwork, with a peculiar *swis-s-h, swis-s-h, swis-s-h!* like nothing else I had ever heard.

The shouts and yells which greeted the leading crew were returned by them in such open-mouthed earnestness you could see all their great, strong, white teeth as they swept by, their deep brown chests heaving, their usually stolid countenances set in the strong excitement of the contest, and their long coarse black hair blown back by the velocity of their motion.

Each canoe represented a different tribe, and they paddled with a will. There was quite a noticeable difference in stature between the crews of the several tribes, the fish-eaters of the Fraser and lower coast being short and fat; those of the North—the winning crew in particular, who were heathens and held only to the traditions of their fathers—were very dark, almost chocolate-coloured, with short legs, very large strong bodies, square-looking faces, and arms disproportionately long. They were certainly not handsome, neither were they clean; you were apprised



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of their approach by the unpleasant odour emitted from their persons and clothing.

A squaw race had been arranged for this year, by the Committee presenting each squaw with a piece of bright dress goods, to be made up and worn by the competing crews. A colour to a crew. We pressed up to see the start. They paddled gingerly into line, each tribe represented by its distinct colour. The dresses had been made by the squaws themselves, and consisted of a full straight skirt to the ankles, a loose jacket of no particular shape, only that it is fastened at the throat and sometimes down the front, had armholes, and something that answered for sleeves. They had left their woollen shawls upon the shore, and now displayed themselves in the glories of red, green, yellow, pink, and blue.

The reds and yellows fouled, and the excited squaws started to belabour each other over head and shoulders with their paddles, to the delight of the on-lookers. Called to order, they were with difficulty kept in line long enough for the signal to start. Once off, they paddled like furies, and wasted no breath in words. The reds came in first, the greens second. How they exulted and snapped their brown fingers in the faces of the losers, whilst the defeated ones talked in loud tones of disgust, putting out their tongues at the winners, as they paddled hastily away

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to their friends, and, donning their heavy shawls, were soon lost in the crowd.

A greasy pole was fastened out from the judge's boat over the water, and whoever captured the Union Jack at the end of it was to get a prize of ten dollars.

Many dressed in bathing suits tried; some rushing on quickly, others going cautiously, but all taking an unwilling plunge, and swimming back to shore unsuccessful, till a sailor came on, walked as if he were on deck, made a dash at the flag, and hung in mid-air, trying to break off the green vine maple-stick upon which it was fastened; but amidst shouts and laughter he, like the rest, dropped into the water and swam ashore. Many more tried, but none succeeded in getting near the flag except an Indian, who tried the tactics of the sailor, but with a like result. "*No one could separate the Union Jack and the Maple,*" shouted some voices in the crowd.

"I hope the sailor and the Indian will get the prizes, though," said Mina; "I'm sure they deserve them." We all thought so too.

A novel race in the water was one upon what they called "Hobby-horses"—barrels fitted with wooden heads and tails, and propelled by double paddles in the hands of a rider sitting astride them, also in bathing costume. Many starts were made, but no one

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could guide these plunging palfreys, except a little boy, who paddled quite a distance before his steed rolled over, leaving him struggling in the water, but victorious.

We now started back for town, and as we passed a skiff with two ladies and gentlemen and several children in it, they hailed us, and laughingly asked for a tow. As they were friends of Mrs M'Win's, a line was thrown to them ; and that lady went aft and quite a lively conversation ensued. The gentlemen shipped their oars, and settled themselves for an easy trip.

Numbers of people had landed from small boats in different places, made fires, and were boiling their kettles and frying meat for supper.

We passed many charming residences lying in clearings on the banks, some with well-kept lawns sloping down to the water, and pretty boat-houses built below them ; others just big enough to camp in.

We had just passed a small steamboat belonging to New Westminster, which had run upon a submerged rock near the centre of the stream ; she was lying upon her side and nearly full of water. The people in the boat had called our attention to it, one of the gentlemen remarking that it had occurred as they passed. There had been only eight persons on board, who got into the small boat attached, and rowed off uncon-

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cernedly to the Regatta, as if shipwrecks were things of very ordinary occurrence.

Just then conversation between the skiff and the launch was interrupted, as a moderately-sized side-wheel steamer passed up at great speed, leaving a heavy wash behind her. Before the two men had time to reach their oars, or assist themselves in any way, the tow line seemed to drag them under, and the skiff filled with water.

We were some forty or fifty feet from shore. Phil and Tom threw off their coats and boots without a moment's hesitation and plunged into the water. Tom caught hold of two of the struggling children. Phil seized a lady with a child clinging to her, and started for shore, almost before we had fully realised what had happened. The other lady and two gentlemen were seen holding on to the upturned boat. Luckily, the water shoaled up about halfway to shore, and the men waded in with their burdens. By this time our launch had recovered her headway, and almost at the moment the others were landed was alongside the upturned boat, and had picked up the other three. The boat was now righted and pulled to shore for the others, and we made all possible speed home.

Phil and Tom were none the worse for the plunge-bath, and came down to dinner declaring their in-

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tention of taking in the fireworks on Beacon Hill, which were to commence at nine o'clock. Accordingly some seven or eight of us started out to see the crowd which would now be on Government Street, before going to the park ; and it was well worth seeing. So many different languages were heard, from the softly flowing Spanish to the guttural Indian.

Then the way some of the Indians were dressed ; they seemed to have no idea of the ridiculous. One had on a dress of pale blue silk, another was dressed in green velvet, whilst a third was resplendent in red plush, the great dark-brown faces looking out from small hats of lace and flowers, the curl all out of their bangs, which hung stiff and straight, limping along in shoes several sizes too small for them, and attended by admiring relatives and friends with shawls over their heads, the old half-blind squaws malodorous in the extreme ; and perhaps the whole party devouring fruits and candies voraciously, or else chewing gum, and twisting it round in their big mouths with a click and a crack. Several men wore overcoats heavy enough for an Arctic winter, and pattered along in bare feet. One girl was glorious in a cheap pink ball-dress, a white night-gown filling the space where neck and sleeves should be. This is a favourite device of theirs, and formed the waist to many a dress we saw, the more embroidered and frilled the better. They

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never seem to make fun of each other, however queer they look ; but they cast very envious glances on those who have been fortunate enough to secure anything extra bright.

“ Those coats, and the material for their dresses, barbarously as they are made, must be expensive, Phil ; how do they get them ? ”

“ The men earn good wages at fishing and logging, when they will work, but they are as unreliable as children. They'll lay off whenever they feel inclined ; and if the boss undertakes to argue with them Mr Loo will say simply and unconcernedly, ‘ Nica lazy, ’—that is, ‘ I didn't want to work, ’ and considers it an all-sufficient reason. Then when they earn money it is passed over into the good keeping of the squaw, and our brave Red man has to apply to her for funds ; and many is the lively battle of words I've heard when her ‘ man ’ wants, perhaps, a dollar and a half. After weighty consideration she may hand him out a quarter, and he has to be satisfied ; but the Indian does nothing without consulting his squaw ; indeed he seems incapable of deciding for himself. They live in a hut or a tent, so their household expenses are few ; and as these are almost invariably by the water, they can go out and spear a salmon or bait a sturgeon, which they don't trouble about doing till hunger or their squaw compels them to. The same element floats fuel past

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their doors; and when they need a fire, they just go out and hook on to a log, bring it in and cut just as much as they need at the present time. So the money they earn is frequently spent as you see, without regard to cost or utility.

"Look at that group of young bucks. Most of them have on new suits of store clothes, but look at the fit! They take a fancy to a particular suit, and if the sleeves are too long they turn them up. But they love the white shirt, and feel fully dressed in the stiff uncomfortable collar of the whites."

"Yes, but look at that ragged and shoeless urchin keeping close to that specially splendid specimen from the slop-shop."

"He's a son, most likely, of your 'splendid specimen,' and waiting round to do the bidding of the others. Won't his mother make a nice racket when she sees her 'man' has spent all on himself! I shouldn't wonder but she'll do the shopping herself next time, and Mr Buck will have what he can get. But they are good customers all the same when they come to town."

"Let's go to the park now," suggested Mina, "for the fireworks." So we all started in a body, boarded one of the crowded street-cars, gave our five cents to the tired and cross conductor, and were soon upon the scene of the fireworks.

Two small balloons and a number of rockets had

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already been sent off. We arrived in time to see a luminous sheep get itself entangled in a tall tree, and refuse to go up higher. An elephant behaved better, and ascended out of sight.

They had the usual wheels and stars, which were very pretty. When the latter were in full light they showed the face of Beacon Hill towards the forest literally alive with human forms.

Phil took me to see one of the lakes—"Alderman Lake" it was called—which was illuminated by numberless bright-coloured Chinese lanterns, making a glimpse of fairyland, with its background of dark trees, the reflection of which with the lights were repeated in the placid water. We had passed under long lines of these lanterns in all the principal streets, and many hall-ways and verandahs were also hung with them, making a very pretty illumination.

We returned in time to see the crowning piece of the evening, Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen, encircled by those time-honoured words in illumination "God save the Queen."

As soon as it became clearly visible a terrific and deafening shout went up from thousands of throats. There are no more loyal subjects in Britain's wide domains than those on this far Pacific coast. Indeed, the love and reverence shown are greater than one sees displayed at home, for, as aunt says, "they don't



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fully realise the blessings they enjoy when they have never been from under the 'Old Flag.'"

A haggard and tired-looking woman from the backwoods cried quietly as she said, "God bless her; she's been as good and true a wife and mother as the poorest among us—and she's had her troubles too." I felt as if I should like to speak to her. I was sure she was no ordinary farmer's wife from her speech, and the farmer himself, despite his coarse clothes, looked superior. There are many of these living in the solitudes of the Province who, as people say, "have seen better days."

Phil hurried me to a better post of observation just as, in compliment to the presence of the Admiral, some ships came into view below the image of the Queen, and the "Spanish Armada" was fought out in mimic show around her.

Then the bands from different quarters played the National Anthem, and the immense but orderly crowd dispersed. They seemed to lack the rougher element I had seen in the large crowds of the old country, and certainly it was a great advantage.

We all felt inclined for the supper which awaited us at eleven o'clock, when, by two and threes, we had straggled in.

"To-morrow is the horse-racing and the sham battle," Mina was saying in my drowsy ear; and I knew no more till nine o'clock next morning.

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INDIAN ENCAMPMENT.

## CHAPTER VIII

SECOND DAY—HORSE RACING—RUIN—A GOOD  
WOMAN—SHAM BATTLE—A SLIGHT REFECTION  
—RETURN—MOTHER AND CHILD DROWNED—  
THE TREACHEROUS CURRENTS.

THE horse-racing in the morning, every one said, was very good. It may have been, but I hated to see the beautiful creatures straining themselves to unnatural speed, or to hear the blows showered upon those less speedy; so I watched the faces of a crowd of men who stood, book and pencil in hand, waiting with hawk-like eagerness the result of the race, their eyes restless and expectant.

One among them seemed quite at his ease, and stood with his thumbs in the armholes of his spacious white waistcoat, scarcely glancing at the horses.

Presently the name of the winner was called. He listened, scratched his head, hurried to the judge's stand, and the next moment staggered back, white and deathly-looking: he had staked his all—and lost! A small nervous woman hurried to his side, took his arm, and led him unresistingly away.

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Aunt learned afterwards that his wife had him in his home, a farm many miles to the north of Victoria, as quickly as she could. When his children flocked around him, ransacking his pockets, which for the first time contained nothing for them, he burst into tears, the tears of a strong man, and vowed he would have nothing to do with the Turf again.

"But she was such a beauty. I reared her myself, and thought she could beat anything living," he said regretfully.

"Never mind her," returned the good little woman ; "we'll try and fix to keep this place, and then here we'll stay."

And so they did, and her husband kept his vow.

After lunch came the march-past of the sailors—some eight hundred of the bonniest men going four deep ; it did one good to look at them.

Then there was a sham battle between these sons of Neptune and the Volunteers from all parts of the Province, who were under canvas near the fortifications at M'Cauley's Point. Had the action been a real one, the poor Volunteers would have stood but little chance, for their white helmets could be plainly discerned from every ambush or cover they gained, and would have made splendid targets for riflemen ; nothing else was needed to mark their whereabouts.

The Navy, of course, were the victors, and when

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some slight refection was served in the form of barrels of beer and great fifty-pound boxes of crackers, they were as much at home and as happy over it as they had been with their guns.

A very large concourse of people viewed the manœuvres, and many carriages driven by coachmen in livery were in evidence a thing which has not as yet made its appearance at Westminster, although some of those sitting behind them had been "old-timers" of the mainland.

"Mother and you girls are going home to-morrow, I suppose," said Phil later in the day.

"By the same old boat we came in," put in Mina; "and pray what are you going to do?"

"I have to remain for the trial of the Indians, who were sent down on the Government steamboat ahead of us. Willie was loath to leave till we had tried every means of finding his father's body, so we stayed behind. I shall probably be two or three weeks here. When I go home, mother, I want to organise a camping-party somewhere on the coast."

"Glorious!" called Mina, waltzing round the room.

"Couldn't you join us, Bob?" continued Phil.

"I should like to," and his eyes followed Mina dreamily; "but I think I'd better not."

"Well, try, old fellow. You see Amy King is to be

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one of the party, and if we two couples go off our separate ways, the poor girl will have no one but the old ladies."

"Old ladies!" said aunt, who came bustling in; "who's talking of old ladies and Amy King?"

"I'm trying to persuade Robert to join us in a camping expedition, and as we intend to ask Amy to go with us, you see she'd —"

"Be left with the old ladies," said aunt, pretending to be indignant, "if Robert doesn't take pity upon her. Never mind his insinuations, Robert; you come, and bring your guitar, and then with Agnes's violin we shall have a splendid time."

"I believe I'll risk it, and join you," he laughed.

"I'd come too," said Mrs M'Win, "but the Senator'll be home by then, and I expect that's where he'll want to stay after his winter in Ottawa."

Several more young people joined us in the evening, and aunt made me bring out my violin, Mina took the piano, Robert his guitar, and we had music, instrumental and vocal, till the "wee sma'" hours. Then we had a waltz and a Scotch reel, but Mrs M'Win insisted on finishing up with "Sir Roger de Coverley" before "good-nights" were said.

The consequence was that when we boarded the *Rover* at seven next morning we were very sleepy,

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and soon after breakfast we turned into our berths and slept until the bell rang for luncheon.

By the time that was over we were near Plumper Pass, and securing a comfortably upholstered chair for aunt, we established ourselves upon deck at the stern, and prepared to enjoy the salt breezes, which, however, were almost too strong to be comfortable, and several people hid themselves in their state-rooms.

A woman, who appeared to belong to that locality, complained loudly to a ruddy fisherman that "the boat, sure, is unmanageable; them stern-wheelers hain't no business crossing the Gulf. See! we'll be on them rocks in a minute if she keeps on this way."

"Whist, woman!" he returned; "theer's plenty o' rume yit."

"Do you think there's any danger?" inquired aunt nervously, as she thought of uncle's objection to this particular boat.

"Nune whatever, mem! theer's a new mon at ta wheel; and he no weel kens ta tides and ta coorants; that's arl."

"Where's Mrs Maxie's place? It should be somewhere here, I know, but I can't see it."

"You're lookin' the wrong side for it," returned the woman, who seemed anxious to join in the conversation. "Just look over there. There's the Bay and



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the house. They've been and enlarged it. They get so many summer boarders, and they've plenty of fruit and fresh vegetables, and lambs and poultry, right on the farm, they haven't got much to buy; and then there's all the salmon, trout, rock cod, and lots of other fish in the Bay. I guess they're makin' money, they are."

"I'm very glad to hear it," returned aunt. "Mrs Maxie is an honest, industrious woman, and has had hard work to bring up her family and make her way."

"Ye ma' weel say that same noo; her gudemon hed naught but his size an' his good-natur' to help 'em wi', but a gude-hearted mon an' a quiet, fer a' that, an' as stiddy an' hard-warkin' a family es ye'd meet in a day's march."

"I suppose the lads are growing up. I always liked them when they lived in town. Nellie, you know, married and lives there now. She has one of the sweetest and prettiest of faces. I can never pass her without stopping to say something as she comes along with her baby."

"She's doin' main well," said the woman, in her half-envious tone. "Got her own house and lot, and works and saves, and tries to get along, for all the world like her mother. Here she comes now in that small boat with her husband and child. I guess she's goin' to

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town. We're slowin' up for 'em now. She's been stoppin' with her mother quite a piece. Charlie's rowin' 'em, I see."

Aunt got up, saying she'd go and see Nellie and her baby get on board. We still sat where she had left us, asking the fisherman questions of local interest.

I looked up, and aunt smiled and nodded to some one down by the side of the steamboat; then her hands went up in horror, and her face blanched.

We rushed to her, and she pointed with straining eyes and bloodless lips to where the men were grappling hurriedly and uselessly with their oars at the side of the steamboat. The next moment the boat had passed under the wheel, and disappeared in the churning, seething waters. They had undoubtedly come suddenly into one of those strong currents, which at all times make these waters dangerous to small boats. Every one ran to the opposite side towards which the strong current set. The brother was struggling in the water, near the steamboat. A life-buoy was quickly thrown to him, and secured by its rope to the steamer's side. Another with unerring aim was cast over the head of the husband, who was floating some distance off, apparently injured, for he only moved one arm.

But where was Nellie and the baby? She had sat

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cuddling it to her against the wind, perfectly unconscious of the coming catastrophe.

An agonising cry of "There she is!" made all who knew that anything had happened rush to the stern of the boat.

There she was, poor girl—her baby still hugged closely to her, floating face downward in the water, her long fair hair streaming out upon the restless waves, just for one brief second. One young athlete hastily started to throw off his clothes, but four stalwart men laid hold of him, and before his coat was off showed him that she had disappeared.

"Oh!" cried Mina, with gleaming eyes; "isn't there a man of you on this boat who has the courage to go after her and her baby?"

"My dear young lady," said some one, "she was dead, or she would have come up head first."

"But her baby," insisted Mina, "that may be alive yet!"

"I doubt it. They sat where the full force of the wheel struck them square; there was never a word from them, you mind."

"You are all cowards!" raved the poor girl, stamping about the deck, beside herself with grief and horror, for she had known Nellie as long as she could remember anything.

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The lad near the boat was soon hauled on board, but it was a work of time to get down the steamer's boat, and go after the husband. When they at last reached him, and he was gotten into it, he asked: "Is Nellie safe?"

No one could answer him, and as he looked from one averted face to another, he groaned as he sank in the bottom of the boat: "What for did ye come after me, then?"

He looked like a dead man as they pulled him on board. The water is so icy cold on this coast, a person soon gets thoroughly chilled.

They took him to the engine-room, removed his clothing, poured brandy down his throat, rolled him in hot blankets, and after awhile he revived, but one arm had been broken by the wheel, and he had sustained other injuries.

Up to this time no one had paid any attention to Charlie, who was huddled up in a dark corner, still in his wet clothes, his face hidden in his hands.

"Mother! mother!" cried Mina, "Jimmie has seen from the shore that something is wrong, and has just come on board. Do go down and meet him; I expect no one else knows him."

Aunt went down to the lower deck and I followed her. At the entrance to the engine-room stood a

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stalwart young fellow in his shirt-sleeves, with no hat on, his fair hair standing up, his blue eyes gleaming.

"I tell you, you cowards, you've murdered my sister!" he was saying.

"No!" called a voice from the excited crowd; "it was all Charlie's fault, he rowed too near."

"It's no such thing," said my little aunt, stepping out among them. "No one shall accuse Charlie! The wind and the current caught the boat, and nothing could have saved it. I saw it myself." Then turning to Jimmie, and taking his big brown hand in her little white ones, she said: "It's not his fault, Jimmie."

The crowd, most of whom had seen nothing of the accident, as it had occurred at the ladies' end of the boat, turned away, the faces of many, even the rough boat hands, as white as chalk.

"Where's the baby?" asked Jimmie.

"With Nellie!" whispered aunt, and then she broke down and sobbed bitterly, as did also the young man, still reiterating his belief that had there been a *man* on board, his sister would have been recovered, dead or alive.

We cruised around for several hours, but nothing more was seen of Nellie or her baby. Some flowers

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she was taking to town for her garden floated by, roots up; then the valise containing her own and the baby's clothing, a small cardboard box with something else—all these comparatively valueless things, only the best was missing.

"There she is!" cried some one. A boat was hastily pulled to a floating waterproof cloak, which, alas! was empty.

The solitary figure of a woman was seen all this time waiting by the little landing-place.

"That's the poor mother and grandmother," said aunt tearfully.

"How shall I tell her?" moaned Jimmie.

Aunt got a bottle of brandy on the boat, and gave it into Jimmie's hand, in case there might be none in the house. Holding the bottle mechanically he stepped into the boat, and steadied it for his brother.

Aunt took hold of Charlie's hand and conducted him along the guards, where she would not have dared to go another time. As she held his hand before he stepped down into the boat, she said: "Mind it was not your fault, Charlie; you are not to think it was." Then, lowering her voice to a whisper, "It was the will of God."

He stepped into the boat, and, stiffened as he was by cold, from long habit he took up an oar, and they

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pulled towards the anxious woman, who had waited, and, no doubt, found the time so long.

The steamer remained stationary, every passenger crowding to the side from which they could watch the receding boat and the solitary figure.

We saw Jimmie jump on shore, take her by the arm (she looked so small beside him), lead her up the rocks, and along the home path. Then we started on for town, a very quiet and saddened lot of passengers, taking poor Nellie's husband with us for medical treatment, as there was no doctor on the island, and there had been none on board.

The young man who had wanted to jump in after Nellie came and leant over the stern, looking sadly and reproachfully at the powerful wheel. Aunt, who seemed to know so many people, went up to him, and looked down too.

"It would ha' been certain death if I'd ha' jumped in after her, but I couldna see her drown before my vera eyes."

"I'm sure she was dead," sighed aunt.

"I think she was, likely, but then she may have been only stunned, and then the bairn, ye ken."

"Ah! she held on to that."

"Only woman-like! only woman-like," and tears were in the eyes of both as they looked at each other.

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Poor Nellie's husband, besides his fractures, had a bad seize of rheumatic fever. He didn't want to get well. The three or four years of his married life had been all too happy, and he was loath to start out again alone; but a good constitution, and the careful nursing of his father-in-law, who followed him to town next day, brought him back to this workaday life, and all its needs and perplexities.



## CHAPTER IX

BARGAINING WITH INDIANS FOR OLALLIES—THE  
INDIANS FISHING—THE LOSS OF THEIR CHILD  
—DETERMINATION TO BURY IT AT "THE  
MISSION"—GOING UP THE FRASER AFTER A  
"COLD SNAP."

ALMOST the last words of Phil to aunt, when he had seen us on board the *Rover* for home, were : "Mother, the blackberries will soon be in ; put up plenty this year, won't you ?"

"Those are his favourites in jam and jelly, Agnes, and I'd better initiate you into the mysteries of making them."

Accordingly, after our return, the store-room was opened up and thoroughly cleaned; and all the jam and jelly jars made ready. Aunt's Celestial "help" had gotten through with all the spring cleaning, blanket washing, and so on, while we were away, having called in the assistance of some of his numerous "cousins." They have always a supply of them ready

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to call in for all casual work, and much small pilfering goes on by the household Chinamen to assist their brethren in need. Uncle says they make a business of it, always taking anything they want in such small quantities it is difficult to catch them, but doing it day by day, it mounts up in the long run.

I waited a little impatiently for the berries to come in. We went up into the garret, aunt and Mina and I, and sorted out all the clothing and hats that had been put away there, and laid them as if ready for the second-hand shop.

We were sitting one day after lunch, the quiet hum and heat of a summer's day filling the air and making one feel comfortably idle, when "Olallies! Nica tickee Olallies!" sounded in at the kitchen entry in the pleasantly plaintive accents of the Indian squaw, and Mina and I went out.

There was a group of Indians, squaws, boys and girls, and small red, fat papooses. One squaw had a small papoose stretched in a long narrow coffin-shaped basket, its arms bandaged down to its sides, its brown toes and its plump neck and chest only exposed, besides, of course, its head, its black bead-like eyes being all that was movable. A band made of grasses and coloured in gay stripes was fastened at the head and foot of the papoose basket, and passed across the

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forehead of the mother, swinging the child gently to and fro across her shoulders under the inevitable woollen shawl as she jogged along.

"How old?" inquired Mina.

"Mox moon," she said sadly, holding up two fingers, and evidently pleased at our admiration of it. Its head and face looked so disproportionately large to its little red-brown body.

Aunt came out with a brightly coloured breakfast shawl in her hand, and making a gesture with it towards the papoose, said: "Nica potlatch" (I give).

The squaw smiled and nodded, and then aunt and they went to work bartering. The Indians seemed to enjoy it: the pleasure of a bargain is lost to them when a set price is offered and accepted. Even in shopping the Canadians themselves haggle and barter over the articles they wish to buy, and you never see them pay the price first asked, as old country people do.

Mina brought out a bundle of clothing, most of the Indians squatted down upon their heels, a basket of ripe blackberries was unslung from the forehead of a young squaw and stood down between aunt and the Indians. The articles were gravely inspected and passed round for the general expression of opinion,

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which was expressed mostly by grunts of approval or the opposite, accompanied by many serious nods or shakes of the head.

Aunt showed them what she would give for a particular basketful, not in the least expecting them to be satisfied. They held their chins on their palms, the tips of their fingers in their mouths, duly considering the knotty question. Then they deliberated in their native guttural, and the spokeswoman stood up, a tall, pantherish-looking young squaw. She objected that the clothing was too old (putting her fingers through a slight rent), and that they had walked many miles since the morning was "very small," in order to get good berries.

Aunt shook her head and looked as grave as they did, but took up a skirt and added it to the pile lying at the young squaw's feet. She again objected that the berries were scarce this year, there had been too much rain, her eyes, meantime, intently scrutinizing a bright plaid morning wrapper, which she had coveted from the first. All this was carried on in Chinook, the language or jargon exchange between whites and Indians, which had been introduced by the Hudson Bay Company, and is often the medium of communication between the different tribes, who would otherwise be unable to understand each other.

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Being a jargon, it is naturally limited, making it in literal translation often very humorous.

Both sides now remained silent for a while, aunt apparently as indifferent to the berries as the Indians to the clothing.

The young squaw, seeing that aunt made no movement, stepped forward, and raising the coveted wrapper, looked it over, then dropping it at her feet, intimated that she was satisfied. Aunt pretended she wanted another small basketful thrown in, and, after a few more feints and parries, that basket was carried into the kitchen, and so on, till we had a sufficient quantity, and the Indians went off laden with old clothes, perfectly satisfied with the result of their barter. These berry baskets are water-tight, and were used for liquids before the white people came, cooking being done in them by means of hot stones dropped into them, they being placed in a heated hole in the ground. They are very strong, as the frame is made from green roots of a uniform size, bound and fastened together by dried grasses woven in patterns. This one represented caterpillars at regular intervals upon its surface; others had squares or diamonds also at regular intervals, the grasses having been dyed in deep blues and reds by means of juices extracted from berries and

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roots which the Indians know how to obtain. Indeed this basket-, mat-, and moccasin-making supplies the place filled in civilised life by knitting and embroidery.

The group in the accompanying "snap-shot" had just arrived from Douglas, unloaded all their goods and chattels promiscuously, erected a temporary shelter, and whilst the little squaw washed the dishes, and the husband and son rested lazily after the meal, the squaw has taken out her basket and gone to work. She moistens each strand of grass in her mouth (as the picture shows) before weaving it in, to make it more pliable. The basket to the right of the Indian lady's naked feet is one of the water-tight baskets they use for berries. She is comfortably resting her back against some sacks of potatoes, happily oblivious of our dog, which is sniffing behind her, and we had time to call him away before this picture of careless repose had been disturbed, for they are absurdly afraid of strange dogs.

As we were picking over our berries in the kitchen I remarked: "The clothes you gave them are worth far more than their berries."

"Oh! they are well aware of that, but you know I have no more use for the clothing; there are no actually poor people here who would accept them; the Indians have the comfort of them, and I get my

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berry supply for the winter. You see now how it is they always present such an oddly-dressed appearance, what with the clothing they pick up in this way, and those they make themselves, which fit them equally well, the 'coat being cut according to the cloth': large, if they happen to have bought freely; small, if the quantity is scant."

"Those Indians seemed poor enough, though, didn't they?"

"Not they, indeed! each tribe has its Reservation, which consists of some of the best land in the province. The potatoes are growing in the few 'patches' they have exerted themselves to clear. These are tended by the aged and decrepit they leave at home when they go to the cities for the summer, where they obtain plenty of work, fishing, logging, and road-making. The squaws, as you see, supply the families with clothing, and in the fall their canoes are loaded to their fullest capacity with flour, sugar, blankets, cooking-stoves, and other necessaries to last them the winter. Then they have no rent to pay, no fuel to buy, and can supply themselves with fish and game for the taking; and yet in the summer-time you'll see them going to their camps with strings of fish heads from the canneries, to save themselves the trouble of fishing.

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“Many of the more enterprising—and these mostly from the Indian Reserves, where the priests of the Roman Catholic Church have resided with them for a number of years, and taught them somewhat of the value of forethought, one of the many civilising influences they exert among these children of the forest and stream—will return to town with canoe-loads of apples and potatoes for sale. Others go to the hop ranches, and pick, being very quick at the work, with their clever little brown hands.

“The country stores supply what few things they may need in winter, and then there are the skins which they bring down in the spring, otter, beaver, bear, mink, and others. Poor! Oh no, the Indians are not poor. Your uncle was telling me a very pathetic incident which illustrates this.

“The Indians are gradually dying out. They recognise this, and will tell you how many a certain tribe numbered ‘mox-tot-lum snaw’ (twenty years ago), and how few are left of it now.

“Consumption and scrofula are rife among them, and should any epidemic, like measles or small-pox, assail them, they give right up. Those who live by lakes or rivers, in the height of fever and delirium will leap right into the cold water, many dying before they reach the shore, and, of course, all who do this have



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received a shock from which it is almost impossible to recover."

Whilst aunt was talking, we were picking over the berries, weighing them and their proper proportions of sugar. Others were put to steam in a large stone jar at the back of the stove. These stoves and cooking ranges all seem to be made of cast iron, and stand right out in the kitchen on little iron legs, so you can walk all round them, the smoke being carried away by a six-inch iron pipe, which is inserted into a brick chimney. Ah Shune now came into requisition to squeeze the juice from those which had been steaming for jelly, in order to save our hands somewhat, although for light, clear jellies aunt says she puts the fruit into the jelly-bag after steaming, and lets it hang and drip all night, which obviates the squeezing process, saves the hands, and makes a brighter jelly. I am trying to remember these things, as all the luxuries of a household in this country depend upon the mistress. Perhaps your servant may be a good general cook, but not know how to make sauces or set a table, and a person needs to be able to come to their assistance in whatever they lack. For all Ah Shune has been so many years with aunt, for instance, she always makes her own jams, jellies, sauces, pickles, and fruit syrups herself. "It would be such a dis-

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appointment in the winter," she says, "to find that these pleasant accessories had gone bad for the want of a little care, and then one knows what is in them if they are made at home."

"But, aunt, you were telling us of an Indian incident."

"Oh, yes. An Indian and his squaw did a good summer's work fishing. The squaw pulled the second oar in the boat which they owned. There must be two in a fish-boat, as the net is some 450 feet long and 80 feet deep. An empty five-gallon coal-oil can is fastened to the end first thrown into the water and the long net is carefully paid out. It takes an experienced hand to do this without getting it entangled, and the person at the second oar has to let the boat drift or row it, according to how the tide and the currents are running, so as to assist the thrower as much as possible.

"All along the top of this net, 'floats,' cut out of cedar wood, are fastened. They are shaped like an egg, and are about twice as big as that of a goose. These floats make the net hang like a curtain in the water, and catch the fish by their gills, as they try to swim through.

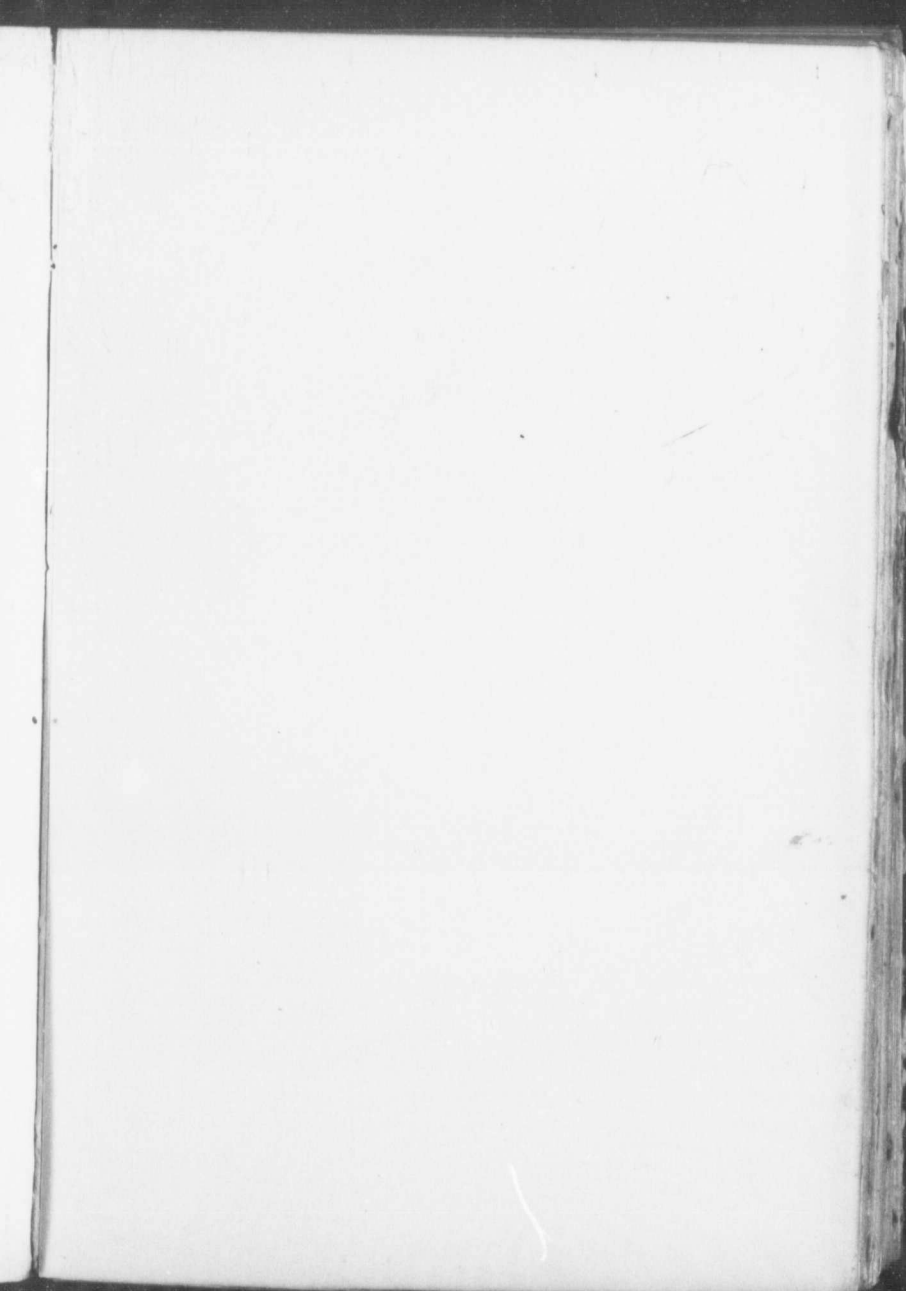
"The squaws often make these nets in the winter time. They are worth about one hundred and twenty

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dollars each, so when any one, white or Indian, possesses a fishing-boat and net, they are very well off, as two persons can earn from eight to twenty-five hundred dollars a season, according to the way the 'fish' or sockeye salmon run, as this is the favourite fish for the great markets of the world, and has a very dark red flesh full of oil.

"These salmon come up the river in vast quantities every four years, which is usually also the year of high water in the Fraser, when the low-lying lands are flooded, and the mighty river goes swirling on its way dark with mud, and flecked with foam, so thick with mud, that you can only tell by the bobbing of your floats when it is time to haul in your net, which has to be done with as much care as was used in putting it out, and you see the shining beauties frantically throwing themselves round as they are drawn irresistibly over the side to add their quota to the laden ships which will soon be ploughing their way to other climes with the dainty morsels on board.

"This woman, who had been christened 'Lucy,' held the second oar, and their one surviving child, a boy of four, played in the bottom of the boat, sat knee-deep in the cold shining salmon, laughed and clapped at their frantic efforts to get back to the river,





AFTER A COLD SNAP. FRASER RIVER, B.C.

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and gloried in his father's ability to club them on the head in time to frustrate their attempts.

"Fall, or as you say at home 'autumn,' came. Their purse was full, they bought anything that took their attention or pleased their passing fancy, not omitting any toy, however expensive, the 'tenase man' (small man, or boy) wanted.

"They went back to their ranch-a-rie, or Indian village, for the winter, when the fatal scrofula took determined hold of the child, and though they brought him to town, and had the best of medical advice, he died at Christmas.

"The father gave right up, leaving to the mother all arrangements for burial. They were Roman Catholics, and good ones. The Indians have a fine burying-ground at St Mary's Mission, on the Fraser, where their own resident mission priest buries them with all the solemn rites of their church.

"The winter before you came was very different to the one you saw, Agnes. The floating ice was coming down from the northern stretches of the river, clashing and shelving, cake on cake, piling up on the shores, grating and grinding, cutting piles, and undermining wharves. I liked to walk along on its banks and hear the turbulent mass roaring and groaning as the tide left it, or again picked it up on its

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return. All the river boats had to be taken out of the main river to places of safety, or their light hulls would be cut and crushed like egg-shells. The only thing that might live in it would be a canoe, and the crew of this would have to draw it along over the stationary ice, holding on to its sides, in case of an air-hole or rotten spot dropping them through the ice into the conflicting currents beneath.

“Lucy had resolved that at the Indian Mission the child should be buried at all hazards. She appealed to her husband for advice, but he only lay face downwards and moaned. She sought out the few Indians in town, but they refused to take the risk of the forty miles’ trip; she offered them ten dollars apiece, and finally succeeded in getting them to make a start. She took their own large canoe, and set out with her sad burden. A few miles below her place of destination the ice had become packed, but not sufficiently to be safe or continuous, for these packs often break up suddenly, which is almost certain destruction to any one who happens to be among them at the time. But the river must be crossed, for it lay between Lucy and the Mission, so pushing the canoe on the ice, and dropping it into the open stretches they got across, but not till each of the four

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Indians had demanded and received five dollars more apiece. To have the funeral rites performed to her liking she paid fifty dollars more.

"In the following spring Lucy and her husband were fishing for themselves, sitting silently in a canoe with the lines over the sides, when he said to her suddenly, 'How much money have you?'

"'Fifty dollars,' she returned, not wishing to own all she had, as he had acted very strangely sometimes since the death of the child.

"'Give it to me.'

"She handed him two twenty- and one ten-dollar gold piece. He took them, and laying them in his hand turned them over and looked at them. Then he threw them as far as he could from him into the deep water.

"'Why did you do that?' she asked with surprise and some anger.

"'I can earn plenty of *that*,' he returned with a gesture of contempt; 'but the child—man cannot bring him back, and God will not.'"



## CHAPTER X

“BUCKSKIN,” AN INDIAN PONY—EXCURSIONS  
THROUGH THE FORESTS—ENGLISH BAY,  
VANCOUVER—PORT MOODY—ACCIDENT ON THE  
ICE AT BURNABY LAKE—A SAILOR’S BRIDE.

“AUNT, do come to the back door! There’s one of the loveliest little cream-coloured ponies—not exactly cream-coloured either, rather darker. He has a side-saddle and bridle on, and one of those things round his neck.”

“Martingale,” suggested Mina.

“And martingale, all the colour of himself; and his saddle-cloth is black, but his tail and mane are like silver. Oh, he’s such a beauty! An Indian is holding him, and I don’t know what he says.”

I had run in excitedly. I never saw such a pretty pony, and he was rubbing his nose under the Indian’s arm in a caressing, affectionate manner.

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Aunt and Mina exchanged laughing glances, but neither got up to come with me.

Phil entered. He had been back from Victoria several days.

"Agnes has discovered a wonderful little pony out at the back gate, Phil, and has come in out of breath for very admiration. Shall we go and inspect it?"

"Come on," he returned, laughing, as he led the way. "Bring some lumps of sugar, Agnes."

I ran and got the sugar and followed them out.

"Do you think him pretty?" he asked.

"I never saw such a little beauty!"

"Give him some sugar—not from your fingers, he might take fingers and all. Just lay it on your palm. There! see how carefully he picks it up with his lips."

The animal looked at me with its large fawn-like eyes, and began sniffing round me for more. He seemed perfectly friendly. Phil sprang into the saddle and cantered him up and down the back street. When he returned Mina did the same.

"Come, Agnes," said Phil; "won't you try him? I'll lead him along first."

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I couldn't spring from his hand as Mina had done, so he lifted me into the saddle, put my knee over the pommel, set my left foot in the stirrup-slipper, instructed me to grip the pommel with my knees, and to sit square in the saddle so as to look between the horse's ears. "Now," he said, after he was satisfied with my position, "turn your knees into your horse's side, and your elbows into your own, resting your hands easily at your waist. There! that's first-rate for a beginner." Then taking the reins he led the pony off. Aunt and Mina watched us start, and then went indoors.

Phil instructed me as to the use and abuse of the curb rein, showed me how the double reins should be held, and then allowed me to walk off alone. The walk didn't suit me; I put the pony into a canter, held on by both reins, and, as a consequence, he stood on his hind legs. Phil ran up, took the reins himself, and after that I was not only contented to have the pony walk, but preferred that he should be led.

"How would you like to keep him, Agnes, and learn to ride?"

"Keep him, and learn to ride! Why, ever so much, but I'm afraid he'd cost more than I could afford."

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"He belongs to us, and we'll lend him to you for a little riding. How will that do?"

Phil turned to the Indian and said a few words I didn't understand. The Indian grinned and nodded, and went off, apparently satisfied.

"What shall we name him, Agnes? The Indian called him 'Buckskin'; you see, he's just the colour of chamois or dressed deerskin."

"So he is, he's such a lovely creature; yes, call him 'Buckskin.' Did you notice his eyes? They are so large and soft and brown." I was standing by him, stroking his neck, and feeling a little cramped from my unusual position in the saddle.

"What is it, Agnes? Out with it, something is on your mind."

"I don't see how you know that. But I was thinking it was too much expense."

"I thought so. Now you see it was the little mother who saw this pony and sent me after it. She thought——" but I had hurried in, and throwing my arms round her neck, I began to cry.

"I never had any one before to think of what I liked or disliked," I sobbed; "and now I've got so many of you all at once."

"There, there," she said, stroking my hair; "don't

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think anything more about it. I just did it to please myself."

"Anything pleases you that makes other people happy."

After this the first thought in the morning was, "Is it a fine day?" If it was, then Mina and I donned our riding habits, and with Phil went off somewhere for the day. I learnt, like aunt, to love those overgrown roads, where the summer sun exhaled the perfumes of the forest, and evening dew was heavy with the scent of pines. One thing I noticed as the hoofs of the horses went almost silently along the turf or sand, that the woods were painfully silent. I missed the song-birds of home, although I had heard them there with little heed. Sometimes aunt and Mrs Stouton drove after us with lunch-basket and tea-kettle, and we camped in some lovely spot for the day. Whenever our destination was Stanley Park on the English Bay side, Miss Mattie, an old friend of the family, was sure to be one of the riders.

Aunt had forgotten her tea-kettle on one of these occasions and waited at Mount Pleasant, as you enter Vancouver, for us to come up and learn of her oversight. Phil went off to get another at a convenient store near, and in the meantime some idlers gathered round our cavalcade, and with hands thrust deep in

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their trousers' pockets made audible comments, much to Miss Mattie's amusement; but when they one and all returned the verdict, "Hayseeds," I must say I showed some annoyance at their disrespect, which seemed to please them greatly, while the hearty laugh of Miss Mattie disconcerted them so much they "took their departure," as she said. We were very dusty of course with our twelve-mile ride, and we had two or three more to go before we reached what we called "our camping-ground" on English Bay. Here Phil picketed all the horses among the dense trees of the forest, which is an Imperial Army Reserve, and we boiled our new kettle on the beach for tea, wandered round, lounged and chatted till the cool of evening, when we returned, but with Buckskin tied behind the phaeton, and me inside with aunt and Mrs Stouton, for the ride both ways was too much for me yet, although the others thought little of such a distance, for they had been almost raised "in the saddle," as Miss Mattie said.

"Port Moody to-day! That is only six miles out, and if Agnes gets too tired we can put her on the C.P.R. train, and lead Buckskin home."

"Put me on the train indeed," I laughed; "why, I can ride that distance all right, I'm sure."

At half-past eight we came to the little Brunette

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Stream, running along as clear as crystal and as cold as ice water. We rode our horses in, and let them drink and wash their feet.

How it murmured round the logs and boulders lying in it, and rushed along over its white pebbly bed, the trees lovingly dipping in their branches as it went, and flecking it with glancing lights and shadows.

Phil pointed out to us what a motive-power it would make if only dammed up, how it would work flour, or woollen, or saw mills at very little cost.

"That will be when the country has 'dewalloped' itself, as a candidate for election to the local House said, and labour will have to be cheaper, so father says. I don't know much about that; but one thing this stream develops well, and that is the most delicious trout, and any one can have them for the trouble of catching. Another of its uses, and to my mind quite important is, it's just so handy to wash one's horse's feet in."

We all laughed and wended our way up the somewhat steep hill on the opposite bank, a deep and wooded ravine on our left, the naked sand-hill on our right from which the road had been cut.

A little beyond its summit we found many acres of

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land, which had once been cleared, fenced, and farmed by Colonel Moody of the Royal Engineers, by whom the town site of New Westminster was laid out. He had planted some Scotch heather, the seeds of which had been sent in a letter from home, but now acres and acres of land were covered with its golden bloom. "Brilliant and beautiful, but useless," said Phil.

"Nothing is useless that is so pleasant to look at as that, Mr Utilitarian," laughed Mina in her happy, saucy way.

We cantered merrily on along the narrowing road, between the tangles of gorse which brushed us on either side, as we went one behind the other.

"Look to your left," cried Mina, drawing rein; "do you see that water through the trees? That's Burnaby Lake, where the skating is generally done, both from Vancouver and here. Last winter the Hockey Clubs of the two places played several matches; but it is dangerous, the bottom is so treacherous, and we have had some very sad accidents occur there. One particularly: a very successful High School boy, whose good mother was helping him along in his studies, went out one Saturday, and ventured too far; the rotten ice broke, but the poor boy kept his head and directed the others what to do, warning them



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also that the water was very cold, and that he was fast becoming numb. But, as so often happens in such an emergency, there was not a rope within miles that could reach him, nor an axe to chop down poles. I don't know how long he held out, but he finally succumbed, and his comrades only succeeded in getting him out too late to save his life. They made a temporary bier, and carried him home on their shoulders the three miles to town. His mother was busy in the house, when she suddenly became aware of the many trampling feet coming to her door, and she said to herself quite calmly, 'My boy is drowned and they are bringing him home.' She stood and mutely watched the door, numbed by her grief, and saw him laid in his wet clothes on his bed, without a feeling of surprise. She was a brave woman, who had been well born and bred, and had had many reverses of fortune to meet, but had never shrunk from her duty ; now her pride and hope for the future lay there stark, and only God and her own soul knew what she suffered. She has since gone with her husband and a younger son and daughter back to England, where she inherited a fortune. Mother says these things are all in the hands of God, and that some day we shall know the 'why for' of it all ; but it seems to me that some people have suffering on

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suffering, losing what they prize most, whilst others go thoughtlessly and carelessly on, feeling, caring, and suffering not at all.

"I remember it all so well, for I was going to the High School at the same time, and he helped me with many a mathematical problem. One summer, closing for the long vacation, we had the Opera House, which then was a very large plain building, but it would hold some fifteen hundred people. It was burnt down in the great fire. We gave our Exhibition examination there, and this lad recited the whole of 'Mary, Queen of Scots.' Some of them got a little restless in the crowded hall, but he never stumbled, and 'The Scene Changes' went on to the end. How the 'scene has changed' for him!"

Dear little Mina! the tears were dropping on her lap as she thought of her old school-mate and his untimely end. She and I were riding very close together, with Phil and Miss Mattie on ahead. I think he would have been surprised had he heard her, but the dear little fairy's soul lay deep, and we only caught a glimpse of it now and again beneath the sunny surface.

We now came to the summit of a "hill," they call it here; we should call it a mountain at home.

"Let Buckskin have his head," Phil called back

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to me; "he's as sure-footed as a mule, and used to this kind of thing."

We passed the entrance to several farms, and one very handsome residence situated among the pines, with good stabling attached, was being prepared for a well-to-do Britisher, whose family had delicate lungs, and he was going to try what a residence in the pine forests would do for them.

About half-way down, where the horses had to zigzag to break the steepness, and you felt as if every step the animal took he must go over head first, his hind quarters seemed so high in the air, we came in sight of Port Moody Bay, completely landlocked on three sides, and not as wide as the Fraser; but it is the head of salt water, and navigable for ships all the way to the Canadian Pacific Railway Station. Above that the mud flats are disagreeable at low tide, but teeming with cockles, crabs, and clams of large size, as well as mussels, although it is scarcely safe to eat the latter, as they sometimes prove poisonous.

"What is that building standing up on piles right in the water, Phil?" I asked.

"That's a shingle mill."

"Shingle mill?" I said enquiringly. "I hear so much about shingles here, but I never see any. You know

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they just put rough shingles on the roads at home first, when they are going to macadamize them."

Phil and Mina looked puzzled now. "What are your shingles like?"

"Just stones broken up by hammers generally, and all sharp and uneven."

They both laughed, and Phil said he'd row us over to the mill, and show me what their shingles were like.

In the meantime we had ridden out to quite a large hotel built upon piles over the rocky and muddy beach, with a wide approach and surroundings of planks raised in the same way.

Out came our old acquaintance of May-day, Mr M'Donald. After greetings had been exchanged, Phil enquired if we could put up our horses.

"That ye can, lad; there's the barn and plenty o' feed, but ye'll ha' to luke arter 'em yersel', ta mon's awa'. But cum this way, young leddies; my lassie an' ta China cuke'll git ye plenty o' the best we ha'," and he led us into a large low-ceiled dining-room.

"Why, you've a lot of tables set, Mr M'Donald; who have you here now?"

"Oh! an' ye see, lass, we're no' deserted; we've a lot o' railway hands boarding here. They're fixin' ta road-

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bed for the Limited Express, an' it's great gude ta Canadian Pacific Railway is doin' arl the time fur the country. But Maggie'll see to ye; she's jist in fur the day fra the ranch, an' brought me in a few things fra the auld wife."

"Is he calling mamma an *old* wife? He'd best not let her hear him! O Mina, I'm so glad to see you," and a tall, handsome girl came in like a whirlwind; then, seeing Mina's "English cousin," stood back, and looked awkward.

"This is my cousin Agnes, Maggie; I assure you she's not as dreadful as she looks," said Mina, in her playful way as she introduced us. "Maggie is an old school-friend of mine, Agnes," she continued. But I felt shy too, and found nothing to say. I thought Maggie the handsomest girl I had ever seen. Tall and broad, her oval face a clear brown, darkening into red on her cheeks, with her large dark eyes, curling lashes and arching eyebrows, set in a frame of hair, which curled in little rings over her Pompadour roll, with the Psyche knot standing above it, and more little rings escaping upon her neck. She wore a white shirt waist, tastefully tucked and trimmed, with a cherry-coloured tie fastened in a sailor's knot. I wondered how any man could see her, and not fall over head and ears in love?

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"Phil, here's this sober Agnes reflecting upon Maggie's good looks, and wondering all sorts of things. Every feature is a note of interrogation."

"Why, Maggie, you've grown into a perfect beauty," was his greeting, as he looked admiringly at her, with both her hands clasped in his.

My heart sank right down, and I felt a strange feeling of unrest. Mina was watching me with mischief in her eye. Phil and Maggie were chatting away like old friends. I thought I should choke, and with a gasp I fell forward upon the floor.

When I came round, they were standing about the room talking in whispers, and Phil was bending over me. "She's all right now, girls; bring her a very hot strong cup of tea!" I opened my eyes and looked imploringly at him. I thought he must know all that had passed in my mind. But for once he seemed all astray, and talked of the ride having been too much for me. I felt thankful.

As soon as I had taken the tea I felt better, and more ashamed of myself. I begged them to go to lunch, and leave me to sleep, feeling glad to be alone, and too miserable for anything else. I did go to sleep, and after an hour or so was awakened by merry voices outside, and a great

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guffaw of laughter from some one whose voice I had never heard before. I sat up, and as Phil soon came to see how I was, I asked him who had laughed so loudly.

“That was Captain Herrman. Maggie's to be married to him this trip of his ship, and go with him. They were engaged when the Captain was here before, but old Mac wouldn't hear of their being married then as Maggie was only seventeen; but he said, if when Herrman's ship made this port again they were in the same mind, he'd have nothing more to say. The Captain was just telling us how he managed to get command of this ship for lumber out here. Maggie and he were not allowed to correspond, though he sent her curios he picked up in different foreign ports, and Maggie sent him a valentine each year. He was telling us he thought his ship had sailed without its rudder long enough, and he was determined to anchor right here, rather than go on in that way any longer, so poor old Mac has got to part with his lassie after all. But Herrman is only going this one voyage, and then he's got a position on one of the coast steamers, and expects to be back with Maggie inside of a year, if all goes well.

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"Now, little one, can you come and get some lunch? If you feel you can, do by all means; if you'd rather lie here I'll stay with you, and Herrman will take the girls out on the water."

I ate some lunch, and only feeling a little tired, joined the rest. There was Captain Herrman standing by his ship's boat—a typical Norseman, with great square frame, yellow hair, and eyes like the deep blue of old porcelain.

"Why, he's handsome enough even for Maggie," I whispered to Mina, who laughed and told her.

We went on board the ship, and inspected the contrivances the Captain was having put in for Maggie's comfort, and then went over the shingle mill.

"I don't see anything but wood here," I said as we walked between whirling bands or by buzzing saws.

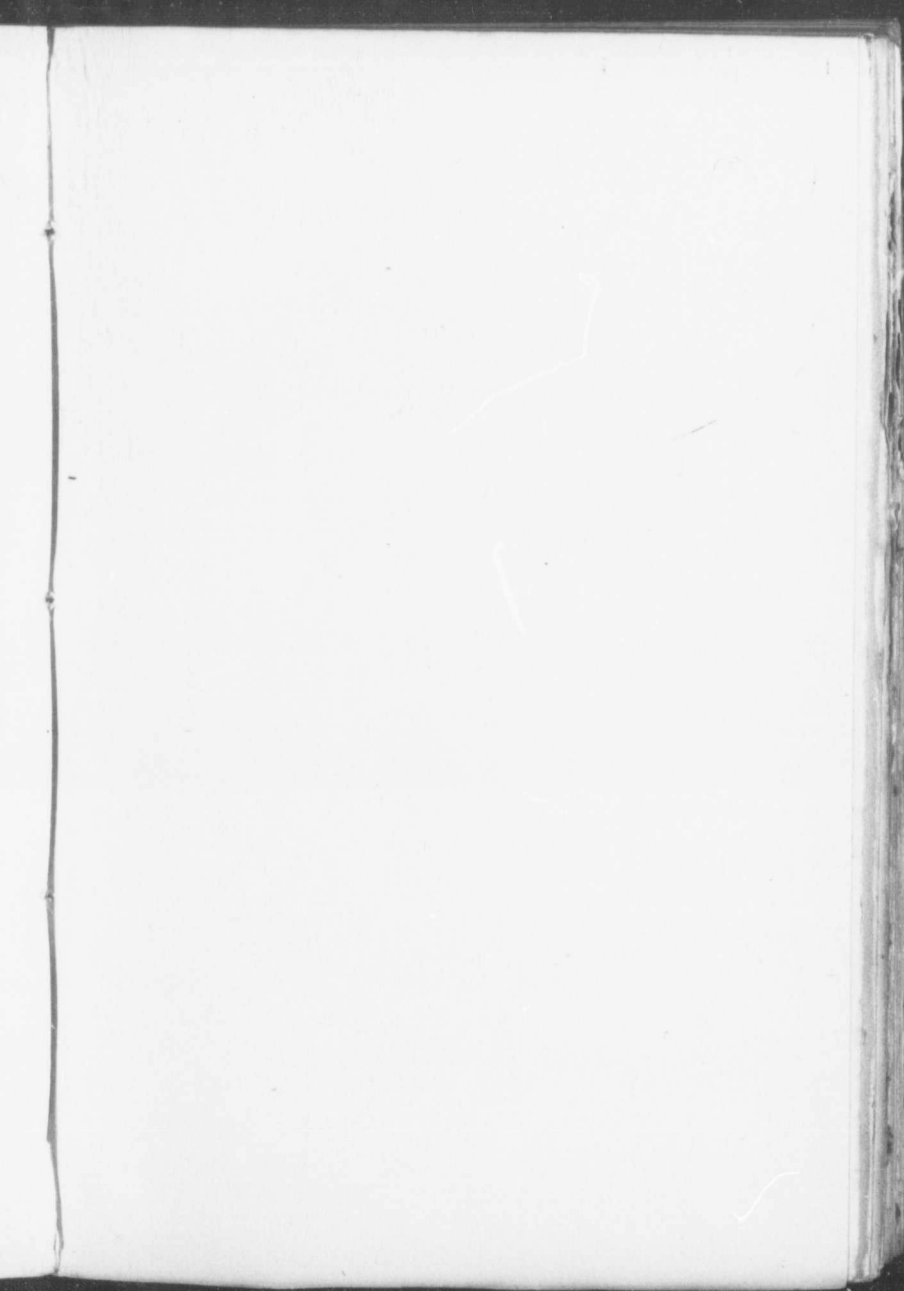
Phil took a little piece of thin board, about a foot long and six or eight inches wide, shaved thinner at one end than the other. He explained that it was made from cedar, which splits easily, is also very light in weight, and is used for roofing instead of tiles or slates as at home, and was called a "shingle."

When we left for home in the cool of the



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evening, Maggie had promised to come to us for a few days in town with her mother, to complete her trousseau, and we were to go out and be her bridesmaids, as all her sisters were married.





PASSION PLAY.  
Indians Encamped en route at St. Mary's Mission, B.C.

## CHAPTER XI

### AMONG THE INDIANS

GOING TO CHILLIWACK—TWO THOUSAND INDIANS  
—TUESDAY—INDIAN PROCESSION ONE AND A  
QUARTER MILE LONG—EXHORTATION TO “KEEP  
AWAY FROM THE DRINK”—RECEPTION IN  
THE DRIZZLING RAIN—“WHAT YOU THINK.”

“I HAVE something very good to tell you wander-  
ing Jews,” announced aunt, as we sat enjoying  
a late supper after our return from Port Moody.  
“There is to be a representation of the Great Passion  
Play at Chilliwack, and two thousand Indians are to  
be there for the occasion. I called on Bishop  
Dontenwill, the head of the Roman Catholic Church  
in the province this afternoon, to ask if there would  
be any objection to you young people going up to  
witness it. He assured me there could be no  
possible objection, and further, promised to give you  
every facility for seeing it to the best advantage.

“He told me that the Indians would assemble at

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St Mary's Mission on Saturday, where special services will be held all day Sunday.

"On Monday they will all go on to Chilliwack by steamboats, canoes, and special train. His Lordship follows on Tuesday. A programme has been prepared for each day, but Friday is to be the great day of representation should the weather permit. It certainly doesn't look very propitious at present, but then you can all take your rain-coats, gum-boots, and umbrellas; and you know by this time, Agnes, no one here minds the rain. You take so much interest in seeing the Indians at all times, and this will give you a chance which seldom occurs."

"But two thousand Indians, aunt, drawn from many different tribes; don't you think some old feuds might be opened up, and trouble of some kind ensue?"

"You need have no fear. The presence of his Lordship, Bishop Dentenwill, and half-a-dozen priests will be all that is required. They have a wonderful control of these erstwhile savages. The services of the Church are to a certain extent spectacular, and the religion taught by them realistic, for no one knows better than the Indians themselves the sacrifice of personal comfort and ease the priests undergo in order to bring their bodies up to a civilized standing, and raise their souls heavenward."

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“Any one would think you were a member of that Church yourself,” I thoughtlessly remarked. Aunt looked a little grieved as she replied, “You know I am not, Agnes, but I hope I have not grown too narrow in the limitations of so small a community as to be blind to good where I see it. I have never read in the Bible that God will ask us at the Last Day to what Church we belonged ; we shall simply be called upon to give an account of the talents which have been delivered to us, and he to whom but one has been given will not be asked for ten. I know of the practical benefits to both whites and Indians from the restraining influence of the Roman Catholic Church among the various tribes over which the Fathers hold sway. I have often told you how prone the children of the forest and stream are to follow in all the worst ways of the civilization which has invaded them during the last forty or fifty years. Once let this gathering of two thousand half-civilized Indians get the drink they like so well, and you would see a community of mad men and madder women. Then their old tribal feuds would crop up, their resentment of the restrictions brought upon them through the influx of their white brothers would flash into fury, and from fighting and butchery among themselves, they would annihilate the settlers who have lived peacefully

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among them for years. They would remember the wrongs received at their hands; the young women who had been taken from their tribes, and supposed they were the proud possessors of white husbands, only to find themselves ruthlessly put aside when occasion or fancy dictated the dastardly action, and sent back to their tribes with perhaps a large family of half-breed children for that tribe to bring up and care for in their own haphazard fashion; for no matter what tribe an Indian woman marries into the tribal law provides that upon the death or desertion of her husband she returns to her tribe, to which her children belong, and not to the tribe of their father; thus the cowardly white man could repudiate all responsibility, and go his way unencumbered, leaving his offspring to their fate. Do you wonder it has been said again and again that the half-breed inherits the evil qualities of both races? The keen sensibilities of their white blood, the inborn aspirations for a higher life than that of the aboriginal mother, throws them back upon themselves, when they are made to feel the contempt in which even their own fathers hold them, as they shrink from any public contact with their own flesh and blood, mixed as it is. Of course there are exceptions; some men, more honourable than those I have spoken of,

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marry according to the white man's code the mother of their children, and bring them up as best they can. Here again the Roman Catholic Church comes to their aid in providing schools, presided over by Sisters for the girls and Brothers for the boys, under the supervision of the higher orders of the Church. But you will see more for yourself in a week's intercourse than I could tell you in a year!"

"I am sorry I spoke so flippantly, aunt. It is like we do in so many things, just ridicule what we don't or can't understand. But you will go with us, will you not, you know so many of the Indians and half-breeds, and they know and like you?"

"I should like to go very much, but I am afraid the damp weather and my poor rheumatism won't agree, so you must go by yourselves. The Bishop advises you to call on the Sisters of St Mary, as some of them propose to go up in company with others of the Instruction of the Infant Jesus. They will assist in the singing and so on."

Accordingly Mina and I made an early and informal call upon the busy Sister Roderick, Superior at St Mary's Hospital, an institution carried on under their supervision, and a great boon in a new country where there are so many more men than women, who in times of sickness would otherwise find it



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difficult to obtain proper nursing and attention, good as their rough comrades' intentions might be. The Sister received us very kindly, but advised us not to wait for them, for the hospital wards were filled, as we knew, by the sufferers from a recent boiler explosion on the Fraser, when a number of both whites and Indians were scalded in a most appalling manner, and the Sisters thought it would be impossible for them to get away.

Tuesday saw us leaving the Westminster Station on the two-ten train for the junction, there to take the Overland Limited Express on the C.P.R. as far as Harrison.

The water of the Fraser was very high and went down in angry, muddy swirls; many a fence was covered in the low-lying lands, and many a roadway to the river went down into its waters, and one could scarcely realize the ending was perhaps submerged a quarter of a mile beyond.

The train came to a standstill at the Pitt River Bridge, and so did our hearts, for looking out we could see the green, clear waters of the Pitt River backed up by Father Fraser till it covered the wooden trestles, and lapped unquietly around the heavy beams of the superstructure. We passed slowly over, with little more than the rails above

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the flood. Had but one trestle been loosened anywhere, our human freight, without exception, would have been in eternity in less time than it took us to pass the quarter mile or more of the uneasy river. We forgot to note the beauty of its short wide course, as it flowed between the grassy banks of the Pitt meadows into the spreading lake beyond, with its circling wall of mountains, whose heads to-day were wreathed in grey and fleecy clouds.

At Mission Junction we saw his Lordship get in and join the Sisters, who had left Westminster at the same time with us, but with whom we were not acquainted. At Harrison upon the narrow platform he recognised us, and we were introduced to the Sisters and the travelling Mother Superior of the Orphanage, and two visiting Sisters from Montreal; and they all proved to be most sweet and womanly. The friendly Mother was as bright as the morning, her clear grey eyes seeming to read one through and through, whilst her pleasant mixture of French and English put us at our ease.

We went down some steps to a small platform, over a single plank into a small steamboat called the "Minto," which has only been running the last year or so, and is a great convenience to settlers on either bank of these wide rivers, as before

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this the only means of communication was by canoes, which the Indians would load down to near the water's edge, and, as a lady remarked, "you felt there was too little between you and the treacherous Fraser to be altogether comfortable."

The green and placid waters of the Harrison, backed up by the Fraser, lay in their rock-enclosed depths. Mountains everywhere, with scarcely a foothold to make a landing, so precipitously do they rise, here and there bare, here and there in verdant forest. Here and there in their higher peaks the clouds seemed to have become entangled, and in their efforts to rise were buffeted into the forms of fantastic wraiths, and a storm of rain was driven against the towering heights in white mists, with here and there a patch of sunshine struggling through.

June weather had mercifully turned cold and rainy, and many hundreds of low-lying farms will gather in, by the blessing of God, abundant crops, instead of the wide-spread desolation which followed the floods of 1894.

We passed into the puffing, panting, fussy little boat so near the boiler that we had to go sideways, and hold back our skirts from its oily surface. Down two steps, and the whole interior was one room,

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say twenty by twelve, lighted by four windows of one pane each, so high up on either side that you had to kneel upon the oilcloth-covered benches which were arranged on either side, or stand up to see out. At the other end was a little compartment similar to the engine-room through which we had passed, and here the captain had his steering apparatus; but to-day he was engineer as well, for this individual, on arriving at Harrison Station that morning, had taken a sudden resolve to have a holiday, so the captain passed back and forth to his double duties, whilst a friendly rancher in the meantime tended the engine fire and oiled away at the machinery as he had been directed.

Over a clearly defined line we passed from the green depths of the Harrison to the muddy and turbulent waters of the Fraser. A gentleman who didn't seem to feel any too secure, watching our progress as we skirted along close into shore, and had remarked we were only going "as fast as a fellow could walk" against the current, exclaimed: "By Jove, Smith, we're standing still now."

"Oh! no," returned Smith placidly; "we're going just as fast as ever."

"I tell you we're standing still, man! I've been

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watching the white notch on that log, and we haven't made an *inch*. She can't make it, against that torrent!"

"We're just going over," replied Smith, with a quiet smile in his eyes, "and have kept in a direct line with your white notch!"

"Are you nervous, Mother?" I asked of the Lady Superior. She turned her bright eyes up to me and made a contemptuous, laughing "No!" with her mouth.

Our trip was now up Mac's Slough, which is so narrow and overgrown that the high water took us up in the trees, and they had to stop and cut off boughs enough to let us through. Even then the stump of one which had been cut off before broke its way through a window as the boat forged ahead after her release.

We landed on a mud bank, where a covered stage or "bus" drawn by two horses awaited the passengers. Several waggons and a "Democrat" were there for the use of his Lordship and the Sisters. Indians held the reins in these, and made no bones of backing over roots and small logs, as secure of their teams as of their canoes.

The "bus" was crowded, and the Bishop kindly offered Mina and me a seat with the Sisters, which we

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were delighted to accept, as we had been wishing to go with them.

Two aged Chiefs in their robes of state, and several of the Oblate Fathers, welcomed the Bishop. The two Chiefs, old as they were, mounted and rode on either side of his Lordship's waggon, forming a guard of honour, whilst the Fathers occupied seats with him.

We went through perhaps two miles of the greenest, pleasantest, farming country I ever saw. The valley was completely hemmed in by mountains, which were far enough away to leave many square miles of open prairie land almost level.

Pretty farmhouses, orchards, and crops of hay were waiting for the mowing machine and the sunshine. A few fields of oats, cattle in herds, and occasional glimpses of the Slough up which we had come occupied our attention, till a burst of music made the fine pair of horses the Indian was driving, and which were undoubtedly his, dance and curvet, giving him plenty to do. But he soon brought them to order in the placid, even way these people have. Over the Slough, on a pretty wooden bridge, the sudden turn bringing into view a long line of procession, consisting of many hundreds of Indians, of both sexes and all ages, from the papoose in his "basket" to the tottering crone.

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The women and children were in waggons, bands of well-dressed young men walking, and substantial-looking Indian men on horseback.

A very handsome banner seemed to trouble our horses, as the stalwart bearer marched along at their head. The pole of it was a young sapling several inches through, and when the wind caught it, and it streamed out upon the breeze, there were few white men who could have kept it in place; and this our friend knew perfectly well; he also knew his brother Indians were watching to see if he "gave out."

There were no less than seven brass bands marching ahead of their different tribes, and proud were the people who owned them, and right conscious of their own worth were the musicians—and well might they be, for they played well, and any army need not be ashamed to follow the stalwart bucks in their neat uniforms.

The special band escorting his Lordship were the Squamish, who had a uniform of navy blue with narrow trimmings of red and a jaunty French peaked cap. They marched through mud and water with plenty of breath to spare, and, mind, they played with scarce a break the entire distance.

Each tribe had its own banner, and kept its

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place in the line, its own loads of squaws and papooses, its own young men, its own horsemen.

I was thinking as we passed along of what I had said to aunt, but I never realized as I did whilst in their midst that these same people, so peacefully celebrating together, had, not so many years ago, been hereditary enemies, fighting and warring with each other, their tribal languages then, as now, distinct; that the only times they met had been for bloody warfare or cruel executions; that the grandmothers of these squaws had been wildly screaming for the blood of those who had left them widows, or had killed their sons; and the very papooses were exercising their young ingenuity in scorn, contempt, and torture. To see them here, two thousand of them, marching in peaceful procession, in charge of six or eight Fathers, their wild passions subdued to calm, their vengeance at rest, their friendships fanned to flame, their bodies clean and well clothed, their intellects raised by education, their talents, which had lain dormant for the want of a culturing hand, brought into play—when we see all this, what can we say of the Fathers whose lives have been spent among them, and who have brought the tribes to this stage of civilization?



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Could any one suppose that men of dull perceptions and aimless ends would accomplish all this? Could such succeed in the world of commerce? Any one would tell you no. But of the best of their intellects, the wisest of their organizers, the most magnetic of their minds, the closest observers of human nature—endowed in fact with every quality that goes to make a successful man of the world—it is such as these who have been sent into the wild fastnesses of forest and mountain to reclaim these children of Nature. With all these qualities must be combined a dauntless courage and an untiring perseverance. Does any one suppose money could buy such men? No, nor hope of promotion, nor any of the gauds of this world; it must be something higher, holier, more exalted. I was feeling all this and more as the procession wound its mile and a quarter of length over the muddy road.

Now come with me to the Ranch-e-rie or Indian Reserve. It contains some four hundred acres of the best farming land in the valley of the Fraser. The village itself is built round a long square, which encloses several acres of level grass without tree or stump, and is eminently suitable for recreation grounds. The north side of the square is occupied

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by the new church, which has just been built and completed by the Indians themselves, the head of the workmen and architect of same being a deformed dwarf. Behind the church stand some very good houses owned by the Indians, and now given up to the girls from the Mission Schools of St Mary, in charge of the Sisters who teach and look after them. Not only are these girls taught the usual lines of an elementary education, but those who show capacity are also given music, singing, and drawing, besides being initiated into all the methods of cooking, cleaning, sewing, and tidying up used in the housekeeping of the whites. On the two long sides of the square are built in a line good and pretty houses and cottages, owned and occupied by the Chilliwack tribe.

In the adjoining fields or "clearings" were arranged hundreds of white tents, each tribe and community being camped separately, and designated as in the procession by its own flag or tribal sign.

Imagine the accommodation required for two thousand visitors, who had come to the dedication of this same new church, and you will realise the meat, bread, flour, groceries, and vegetables alone required to feed them. Each family provides for itself.

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Think of yourself cramped into a small tent with your wife and babies, beds on the damp ground, the cold rain pouring in torrents, and only a camp fire in the open to cook by. Would you grumble and complain? I think you would, very loudly. But no word of discontent came from these children of Nature. Where you would meet "repose of manner" like theirs I don't know. The squaws walked quietly through the downpour from above, and the mud and clay at their feet, carrying pails of water; or the men with loads of wet wood or arms full of provisions tramped in and out without a word. Or they would smile and answer your greeting, as they pulled their wideawake hats a little lower perhaps and remarked, "Too bad, so much rain spoil everything," and pass placidly on; why fret at the inevitable?

I wondered where the small boy was who creates such an uproar in a white gathering. I found him stretched on the floors of the tents, looking peaceful and content, for was he not allowed to camp with his own people, instead of being under the care of the teaching Brothers?—the smaller ones paddling through the mud-holes with their little sisters, feet and heads bare, till their shoulders had become uncomfortably soaked, when they would seek the chilly comfort of the dripping tents.

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The only person who seemed to make any objection to existing circumstances was the papoose in its basket, who would set up a loud and continuous wail until its bodily wants had received due attention, when it would placidly blink with its great, solemn black eyes at the other occupants of the tent, as its basket stood poised against the tent pole, or was slung by thongs of deer-hide from the end of a vine maple sapling which had been stuck in the ground for that purpose, and was kept gently swaying to and fro by a half-naked urchin who was lying on his back upon the floor, and had attached the thong to his finger or his toe for that purpose.

There is a common idea that the "Indian walks abroad with his dignity," while the squaw follows, carrying the load. It was not so here; the men carried the heavier children, many of whom seemed to prefer being with their fathers.

The procession had now marched round the entire enclosure. The Chiefs, the Oblate Fathers, and the bands then escorted the Bishop to a raised daïs near the centre of the square, and there a bright young Indian of small stature read an address in such good English it would have shamed the enunciation of many a well-to-do Briton. Then for the benefit of the older Indians, and the many tribes who under-

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stand each other only through the medium of Chinook, another Indian, of spare build and nervous eyes set in dark rims under his black brows, stood a step below, and translated the address into that jargon, taking very long sentences without the least hesitation.

It spoke well for the fidelity of these people, that before welcoming the new Bishop, they spoke words of deep regret and heartfelt reverence for his predecessor, whom they had greatly loved.

His Lordship then made his reply, urging the necessity of abstinence from "the drink" with special insistence.

After this a reception was held, when many hundreds of Indians were introduced to his Lordship by the Fathers and the Chiefs. They all bent the knee and kissed his hand, as he stood patiently there in the drizzling rain till the long summer night closed in, and the Indians went away to their long-deferred supper, the Bishop to his, and we to our hotel.

Phil had seen us in good hands, so he had gone to an hotel, not knowing we had been left with a valise which was too heavy to carry, even if we took it between us. Sister Wencislaus spoke to our charioteer, trying to induce him to take us

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and it back; but he said his horses were tired. He would send "Sam" with us to carry our valise and show us the way. Accordingly Sam appeared mounted on a sorrel mare, which curvetted and showed off her paces to great advantage. She only went at a walk, but it took us all our time to keep up with her.

"How much?" I asked, as he handed the valise to a man lounging in the hotel porch.

"What you think," he returned indifferently.

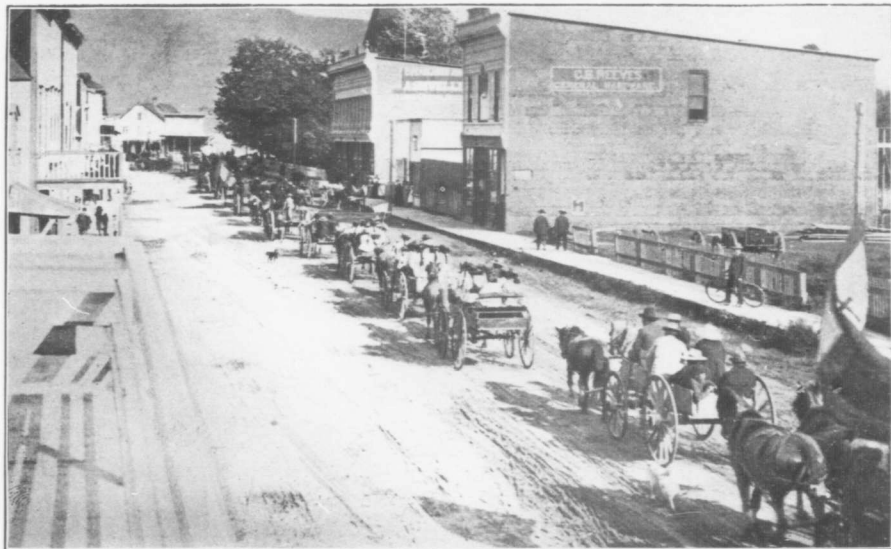
"I knew he would say that," laughed Mina; "you can't get them to say what they want; it's always 'What you think.'"

## CHAPTER XII

WEDNESDAY: REQUIEM MASS — PROCESSION TO  
THE GRAVES OF THE INDIANS—ORDER AND  
SOLEMNITY—RAIN AND PATIENCE.

WEDNESDAY morning broke dark and cloudy but without rain, and Mina and I left Phil to renew old acquaintances while we repaired to the Ranch-e-rie.

To-day a Requiem Mass for the late Bishop was to be sung. It had commenced at six o'clock and was still proceeding when we entered the immense tent, some two hundred by one hundred feet square, which had been erected by the Indians for the occasion. The sides for some six feet high were built of rough boards with a canvas roof. The floor was thickly strewn with pea-straw, and in this knelt or squatted two thousand Indians—the squaws to the left, men to the right, looking towards the temporary altar, which was draped in black,



PASSION PLAY.

Part of Indian Procession escorting Right Rev. Bishop Dantonwill, O.M.I., to the Encampment.





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relieved by trimmings and crosses in white. This black draping was continued half-way down the tent, with small pieces of white sewn on at intervals.

The Bishop, attired in black, with a cross outlined in white lace down his back, made an imposing figure, surrounded by the officiating priests and Fathers, likewise in vestments of black and white.

The acolytes were all Indian boys from the Mission Schools, their ruddy skins and jet-black hair showing in sharp contrast to their white robes.

It was a most impressively solemn service, all the intervals being filled with the soft, rather shrill voices of the squaws, led by the Sisters and Mission girls. These girls were all dressed alike, in neatly made gingham dresses of the same light pattern, and they wore white veils upon their dusky heads.

Responses were made by the men in their deep, deep, chest notes, which seemed to roll out without effort.

The squaws had their papooses with them, and one or other wailed here and there all throughout the service. Now and again an older child would

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seem overcome with terror, and cry and sob till it was passed over to its father, who would quickly hush and reassure it. Many of the men held young children in their arms, some sleeping, others gazing in wide-eyed wonder at all they were unable to understand.

No word was passed between the reverent multitude except as prayer or response called it forth.

About nine o'clock there was a slight movement where the Sisters and Mission girls sat, near the altar. They were now seen moving in their silent way down the centre aisle, all the girls and women following two and two with no rush for places.

A priest stood at the entrance to the tent, and they passed one on either side of him as they went, the men and boys following in the same order, and keeping regular single file about four feet apart. Thus they wended their way slowly to the Indian grave-yard, more than a mile away; chanting, chanting as they went, in ever-rising and falling cadences in a minor key, which gave the waves of sound as they came and went, swelled or died away, an indescribably sad effect.

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This procession was estimated as being nearly a mile and a half in length, but not a boy rushed hither and thither, not a woman talked, nor a man passed a word to his neighbour, only they hushed the children who fretted in a quiet, patient way, or the squaws gave sustenance to the hungry papoose in its basket.

Whenever the singing ceased a squaw took up the rosary, and then the others of her tribe answered. The same with the men, but their deep chest notes, less restrained in the open air, were like the full bass of an organ.

The priests passed out last, followed by the Bishop, who was attended on either hand by the two aged chiefs we had seen yesterday, shrunken and shrivelled, and bronzed to a chocolate brown, but very proud and happy in their distinction.

All the Indians knelt in a wonderfully small space, whilst the Prayers for the Dead were chanted, which service must have lasted some two and a half hours. Then they silently re-formed, and went back as slowly and reverently as they had come, and in the same order, each tribe having its allotted place—never a word of friction, never a look of levity, but the tears would be running down the face of many a heavy squaw, and dripping unheeded from the eyes

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of the stalwart men—the very old, who could scarcely totter along, seeming to take most comfort in the solemn service, probably feeling how soon it would be said over them, and realising that, although gone before, they would not be forgotten.

After a short service in the tent, and an address from his Lordship, in which he again strongly enforced temperance, they were dismissed; and soon the square was empty, the throng having melted silently away, disappearing among the white tents, more than usually subdued.

In the afternoon each tribe took its turn in the new church for service, led by its own Mission priest. There were no seats, and they knelt as they had done in the tent—men to the right, women to the left, all responding to the Chief, who also knelt among them and conducted the service, as he does at their own village, morning and night; so that the church bell rings over many a lonely river, lake, forest or mountain, calling the Indians to prayers, when the priest, who has numerous villages to attend, is unable to be there.

Wherever you travel through the interior, or along the coast, you will see the white spire of a Mission church, and to its call, from cabin and shack, comfortable house or leaky tent, come the Indian people;

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no rain so heavy, no snow so deep, no cold so intense, or heat so fatiguing that they have to stay away—the feeble, tottering crone comes hobbling on her stick; the bent old man, who was once perhaps a mighty hunter, and can show the scars of his encounters with the dreaded grizzlies; the young squaw with her papoose in its basket, needing no artificial sustenance; the young man carrying his small child, the older ones walking. Only dire sickness or actual decrepitude keeps them away, and their faith is like that of “little children.”

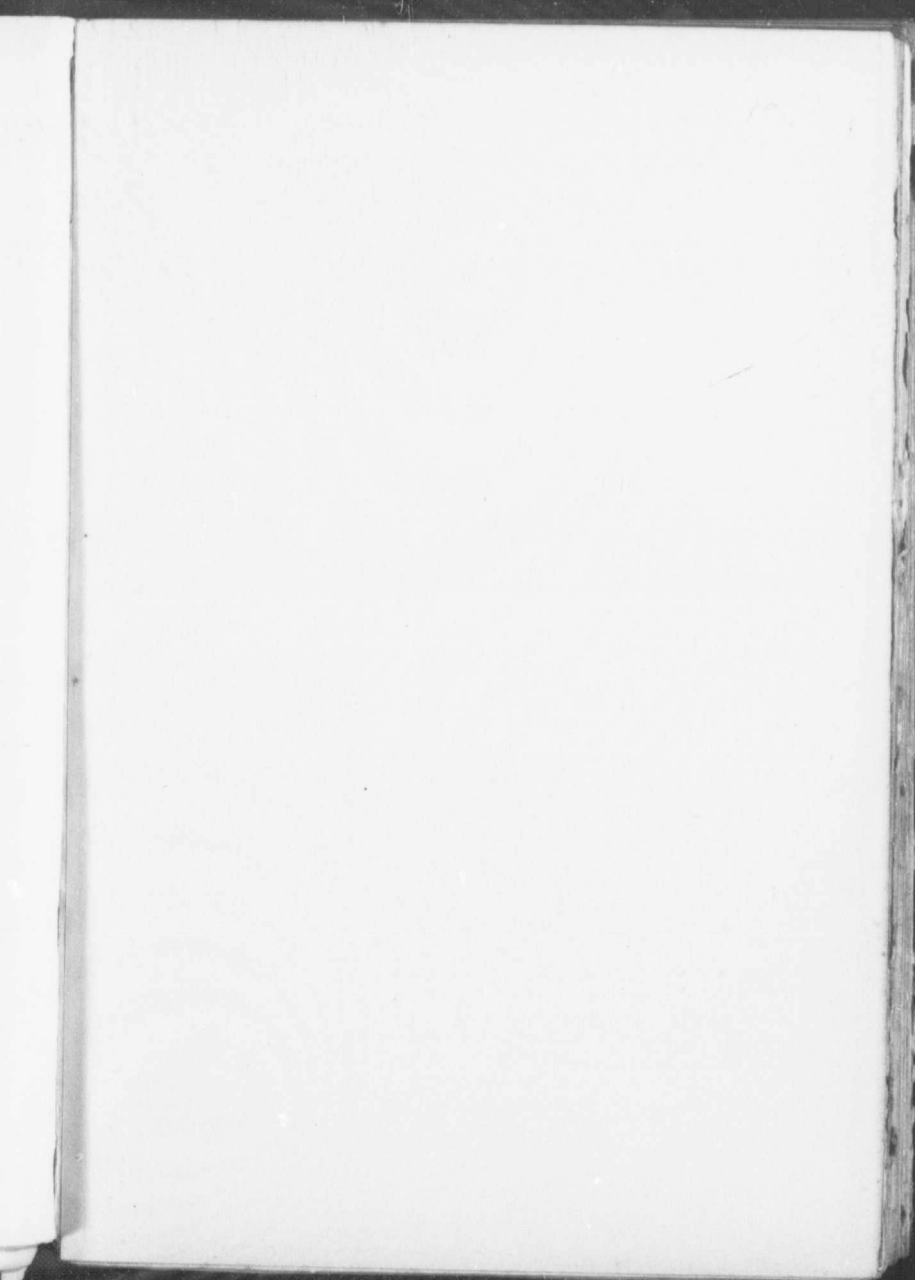
In those far-away places, the good Mission Fathers have no anxiety for their flock, but when these same people come to work near the settlements of the whites is the time for fear; for with their childlike nature they are easily led astray by unprincipled men, who think nothing of ruining them body and soul by their vile drink, so long as their own greed for gain is satisfied.

In the evening a lecture on Temperance was given by his Lordship, and translated by the different Chiefs to their several tribes.

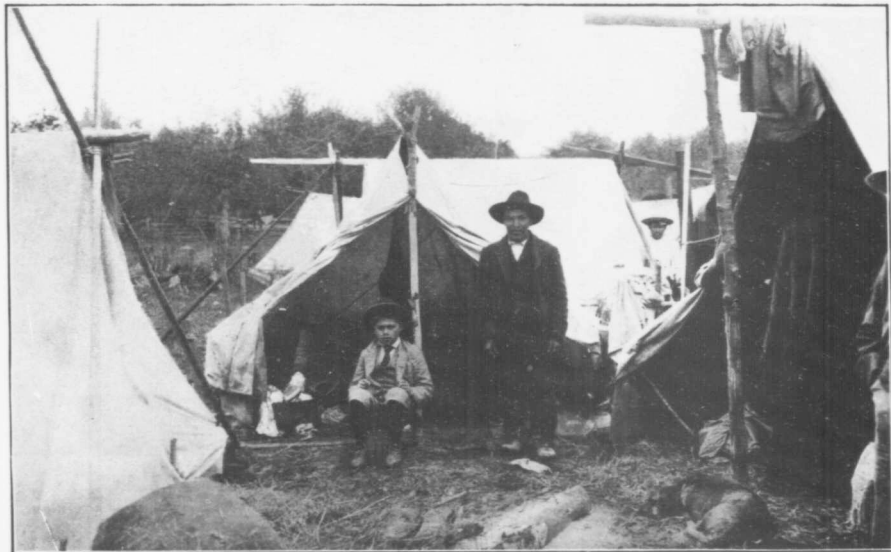
We returned to our hotel in the village of Centreville, as the more thickly populated part of Chilliwack is called, its peculiarity being a number of well-built houses standing in goodly gardens, and

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owned by the pioneers of earlier days, who have given over the care of their ranches to the younger generation, and live at ease among the friends of their earlier and struggling days.







PASSION PLAY.

In the Camp. Boy from Indian Mission Schools.

### CHAPTER XIII

THURSDAY: HIGH MASS—FATHER LEJACQ'S VOLUNTEER CAPTURED—INDIAN BANDS—CHILDREN'S DAY—ENTERTAINMENTS BY MISSION SCHOOL GIRLS AND BOYS—A SQUAW AT AN ORGAN—THEIR FIGHTING BLOOD ROUSED.

ON Thursday morning at six o'clock High Mass was celebrated in the large tent. The temporary altar had changed its sombre appearance, and with a background of pale blue and all the sacred vessels from the Cathedral at New Westminster, brought up for the purpose, an impression of higher things than those of mere earth was produced; and the hearts of many hundreds of those who had but lately been savages were raised in adoration from the things they saw to those which are beyond this veil of flesh.

The voices of the officiating priests sounded distant and spiritual, the moving acolytes, the burning incense, the grand central figure of the Bishop himself, in his vestments of amber

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embroidered in gold, all appealed to a sense of "things above."

After all, it is only the finite we understand in any measure; the infinite is immeasurably beyond our grasp—clever, progressive, and far-sighted as we deem ourselves. *B* comes before *S* in the alphabet, and it is many stages from the body before the soul is reached; we can only form our ideas of the future from the vanishing and imperfect present.

When I was a lonely little child, and used to go to church with the housekeeper, we had a seat in the old edifice, in which more than one generation of my unknown mother's and my dear aunt's ancestors had worshipped. It was boxed up high; and when I was in and the door was shut, there was nothing I could see but the ceiling, the upper parts of the old arched windows, the pipes of the organ in the high gallery of the west-end, and the heads of the motley choir, when they stood up to sing. Naturally I sat down on a footstool, laid my weary head on the cushions of the seat, and went to sleep, to the great annoyance of the good old lady, who looked over her spectacles after shaking me soundly, and asked in an awful whisper, "What I should do if I went to

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heaven, when I could not keep awake long enough to pray to and praise God through one service?" I promptly replied, "I should go to sleep." She gazed at me again, appalled at my hardness of heart, and said: "But there is no sleep there." "Then," I said firmly, "I don't want to go." The old lady was too shocked for expression, but as she had to stand up for the singing of a hymn, I escaped further reprimand. As the hymn progressed I thought of the torture it would be for me to be forced to keep awake for hundreds and hundreds of untold years, looking at the blank walls of a high pew, a piece of ceiling, and an occasional glimpse of a choir whose music I disliked. I fell asleep again in sheer sorrow, I had so much pity for myself.

This incident came vividly before my mind as I saw the rapt attention, the utter and peaceful quiet of look and manner, no sound but the wailing of a papoose from its basket here and there, as it rose and fell in different parts among the reverent congregation.

If heaven were represented to these people as a continual service, it would mean nothing wearisome, only a beautiful change from musical instruments to musical voices, modulated tones,

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and reverent gestures, grand vestments, and brilliantly-lighted altars.

They joined in all the service themselves, and in every interval, where in a cathedral the organ would have been played, their own massed bands, standing outside the tent, played softly a volume of sweet sounds. From savagery to this! "By their works ye shall know them."

At the close of the service the Bishop delivered an address. Then he gave his blessing, and they dispersed.

The afternoon was spent in preparing for the entertainment to be given by the children of the Mission Schools; but the rain was pouring in torrents, and the many feet had churned the square into a vast mud puddle; the grass had entirely disappeared.

We were loath to leave the tent, and stood chatting with others from our hotel. I was thinking of the years of patient work, not done in the eyes of men, but in the pathless forest, the silent mountains, by rivers and streams where the feet of other white men had never trod; seen only of God, where the solitary worker, with no human heart to lean upon, no hand of his own race to bear him up, plods on; of his privations, mental,





RESTING AFTER A BARTERING EXPEDITION.

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physical, and social, when Father Cherouse, the man whose magnetic influence is felt from tribe to tribe, came up. One of the Americans remarked to him, "And you have no salary, Father?"

"Salary!" and he turned his forceful gaze upon us, as with a comprehensive gesture he included the entire encampment, "could *money* pay us for this?"

"Yet," persisted the same speaker, "you must be hard up sometimes?"

"For ourselves, that matters little; if we had more, we should simply do more for our people."

Father Marshall, a venerable-looking man, with white hair and beard, a fine physique, and cheerful manner, passed, and was hailed by our outspoken American friends, who had come all the way from Spokane and Tacoma to witness the Passion Play, and, incidentally, to secure Indian curios, for which there is a prevailing fad among them just at present.

"Can you tell us, Father, how it is these Indians haven't brought any baskets and things along worth having? I've been from tent to tent, and got no satisfaction."

"Perhaps," returned the Father cheerfully, with a lift of his shoulders, "they didn't come to trade."

"Just what a saucy minx of a half-breed told me. When I asked her for curios, she came out



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of her tent, closed the flap in my face, and remarked, 'We didn't come here to sell things; we came to pray,' and her fine big Siwash 'man,' who was going out with his brass instrument under his arm, laughed, and seemed awful pleased at her cheek. Then I've been around with my kodak. I wanted to get the interior of a tent, but no sooner would I get my box fixed for a shot than down came the tent-flaps, and I'd got nothing to take but blank tents; and anybody could set one of 'em up in their own back yards and fire away as many times as they wanted to without coming all this way to do it."

"Probably the ladies did not want to be taken *en déshabillé*," laughed the Father in his French way. Father Lejacq joined us, and she continued:

"Oh yes, another half-breed told me they didn't always live like that, and they didn't want their pictures taken for white people to see. But, Father, have you been long among them, and have they treated you good?"

Father Lejacq said: "I've been here—that is, in the country—forty-five years; and I can't complain of their treatment. I'll tell you one incident, which may interest the ladies. When I travel, I always

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take an Indian with me—a volunteer, as I am. One young man and I had gone thousands of miles together, for he had been with me two years, going from post to post. At Stuart's Lake I noticed him sitting around with his head in his hands, sighing and looking very sad. At last I said to him, 'What is the matter with you, Antone?' Without looking up he replied, 'Woman, she want to marry me.'"<sup>1</sup>

We all laughed at the droll way he told it. Father Lejacq proceeded: "It went against his conscience to leave me—but the woman? What was he to do? I told him just to do as he felt in his own heart he wanted to. So he went to see the woman, and I hadn't the least doubt of the issue. When he returned she was with him, and I married them.

"Before my next visit he had repented, wanted to be *un*married, and continue his travels with me, but of course that couldn't be, and he had to abide by his bargain."

"And I guess he's doing penance yet!" exclaimed the lively American.

The good Father laughed, shook his head, and went off.

<sup>1</sup> This happened to Father Lejacq in Stuart's Lake.

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After supper we repaired in a body from the hotel to the tent, and found ourselves well ahead of the performance.

The first to arrive were the Sisters of St Ann, in charge of the Mission school-girls, who came in walking two and two, dressed in their neat light gingham. Truly the Indians understand the art of silence, for never a word was spoken. They marched to the platform, and with no hurry or flurry helped the Sisters to put everything in place for the night. The young men fastened up a wire above the front of the platform, along which curtains were hung, with another line of the same near the back, hiding the working Sisters and the stage properties, at the same time affording a dressing-room.

When the curtains were first drawn back, a line of little Indian girls, ranged according to their height, was disclosed, with one of their number seated at an organ. They sang a song of welcome very sweetly and prettily, accompanied by the little squaw at the instrument. The audience, which as before, was massed in squatting lines upon the straw-covered floor of the tent, listened with intelligent interest.

Then followed songs and dialogues, well rendered ;

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the dialogues being not only well rendered, but in *good* English. The little girls spoke out well. One piece about "How they quarrelled" appealed to the men's side, when one little girl shook her finger in the other's face, in very good simulation of a quarrel.

Every time a hit was made the men applauded, the squaws laughing quietly. Several over-dressed half-breed girls near us laughed and chatted, and threw themselves around, as many white girls would ; but the squaws eyed them angrily, and the men looked another way.

A Wand Drill by a dozen girls was very prettily done, and so was a Garland Drill by the elder ones.

Between each piece given by the girls a band of twenty-four boys, dressed in blue serge sailor suits and hats, trimmed with white braid, came on, and played selections on brass instruments. A little fellow with a triangle who stood near Brother Collins, who was their leader and instructor, could not have been more than four or five years old, but he kept perfect time.

Then the girls went home with the Sisters, and the rest of the performance fell to the boys, with the exception of the closing tableaux, "The Guardian

## The People of British Columbia

Angel and the Child," which was represented by an Indian girl of twelve or fourteen, and a bright little tot of three, whom we had all noticed whenever she had come out during the evening. It was beautifully realistic of a heavenly vision, as the Sisters had arranged it, and when the coal-oil lamps on the platform had been extinguished (there had been no light in the body of the tent), and the pale blue calcium lights turned on, the vast audience drew in one deep breath of admiration. Then the voice of his Lordship, who sat in the front row on a round wooden chair, over which a red shawl had been thrown, said "Good!" not very loudly, but it was very distinct, and began to clap, which brought them down to earth, and they all clapped, but not boisterously.

The sailor boys went through military drill, and some soldier boys gave a short sketch entitled, "Court-martialled."

The whole audience were delighted when some fire-crackers were exploded, especially when the explosion occurred some seconds after the word "Fire!" had been given, leaving the mimic guns silently in air.

The climax of enjoyment, however, was reached when the soldiers in paper helmets met the sailor

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boys in sham battle; all the fighting blood of centuries was roused, every Indian was on his knees or his feet, the entire side of bucks leaned forward as one man with arms and necks outstretched, looking formidable in the semi-darkness, as they shouted for the victor, or urged on the fallen. Hard knocks were given and taken.

The victory remained with the Tars, who shouted, as well as any other British boys could, "Hip—Hip—Hooray! Three cheers for the Queen!"

And so the assembly broke up, and we all paddled through the rain, into and around the puddles, each tribe going quietly to its own camping-ground, the men carrying the babies and lighting the way with lanterns, candles, and matches, for the darkness was deep.

## CHAPTER XIV

FRIDAY: A FINE SPECIMEN OF AN AMERICAN—A  
WET AFTERNOON AT MINE INN—WANTED, "A  
SEPARATE HEAVEN APART."

**F**RIDAY morning broke with clouds and rain. The day was occupied in the ranch-a-rie with religious services and the busy preparation for a possible celebration of the great Passion Play, which is only given when the Indians have succeeded in building a church for themselves. To-day the Bishop said he could not ask them to kneel and pose in the rain and mud, the celebration must be put off till Saturday, or, if that were still unpropitious, Sunday; but the Indians must leave on Monday, as they had return tickets on the train and steam-boats chartered to carry them to their different Reserves on that day.

There would have been one thousand more,

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with seven additional bands, had they been able to come down from Kamloops and the upper country, but the C.P.R., which had on previous occasions carried all the Indians for a cent a mile when they went for religious purposes, demanded half fare, which they were unable to pay, as last season was a very poor "fish" year, that is, the run of Sockeye salmon had been light besides having been so unusually wet, that when many of them had returned to their Reserves after an unsuccessful summer's work, they found their potato crops had rotted in the ground, so one of the Fathers told us; and as this, with the fish they catch and dry for winter use, forms the staple of their living, they had spent the winter camped near the towns, where they might pick up a little work, or the women could sell their baskets and curios, although in these bartering expeditions the men frequently go too, making motley groups; but they invariably leave the bargaining to the squaws.

The summer being the special time of activity in the West, for lumbering, fishing, prospecting, and mining, work for these people is naturally scarce during the winter months.

We returned to our hotel for dinner, where



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chicken, "pot-pie," fresh vegetables and fruits from the garden, newly-churned butter, fresh cream and home-made bread were done ample justice to. We sat at table till half-past two, for when we had nearly finished dinner, a man of grand physique came to our table, and as he satisfied an appetite in proportion to his size, talked to Phil of all the places of interest in the mining world he had visited. His delight was to make mother earth give up the secrets of her hidden wealth, and in his capacity of mining expert, he had travelled from the mines of Peru to well within the Arctic Circle of the North-West. He had but just ridden in from Mount Baker, some forty miles distant, where discoveries were being made. His horse travelled with him wherever he went, and he had already paid many times its original value in expenses, but he seemed perfectly fresh after his forty-mile ride, showing no signs of fatigue.

He told us so much of the Yosemite Valley in California, where he was born, it made one long to go there, and we parted with his pleasant company quite reluctantly, and repaired to the small, steamy parlour with its unusual overflow of guests.

Chilliwack is a prohibition town, so it was quite

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easy for a widow and her pretty nieces to run the hotel, which they do with great satisfaction to the travelling public, and I should say deserved profit to themselves. The only alien "help" being a Chinese cook, the work throughout is well done. Work finished, they all mingled with their guests, taking as much interest in each as an ordinary hostess would with her visitors.

In one case the operations of the broom were occasionally interrupted as the fair maiden appeared in one of the hall-ways, where a young man "just happened" to be passing along, and his dark brown young manship seemed particularly pleased with himself when she would stay and talk awhile.

We had there a stately personage, who seemed to own the house, and all that therein was. I was so unfortunate, a time or two, as to be found in the particular chair she honoured, and received a black look for my pains, as the matron swept out with her hungry brood, to await the relaying of that particular table. Another time I fell under the ban of her displeasure, for I was tired of the general hum of people and things, and went upstairs to the "Lady's Parlour." The only occupant of which being this lady, I laid myself down upon the lounge for a little rest and quiet, when bang! went the door,

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and, looking up, I found I had the room to myself, for which I felt anything but regret.

After a nap I returned to the small closed-up parlour, and there a very pleasant American lady was holding forth; she had come all the way from Spokane to see the play, and incidentally increase her collection of Indian curios. She had with her a bright young son of five or six. This lady was cold, and sent the little fellow to the China cook to get sticks every time the fire went out in the parlour, which it did frequently, for she had so much to tell of her curios, which she had collected from Mexico and all over the United States, that she forgot the fire, and as no one else felt cold, no one else attended to it. The rain was pouring in torrents, making streams down the windows, and she was describing with great gusto some "vury," handsome feather work, wampum, bead and shell designs, till she shivered and remembered the fire. Kneeling down, which was not easy as she had not been built on slender lines, she found the fire dead out. Calling the boy, she ticked off the articles she wanted upon her fingers, as she had done in speaking of her collections. "Now bring me some paper, some matches, some kindling wood, *and* some bark, and *I'll* soon make it again."

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"Why, Mamma," returned the urchin, "*I* could do it, if I had all those things," which raised a laugh throughout the crowded parlour.

As the fire didn't burn "vury" quickly, the lady got up and essayed to rouse it to greater activity. She was about again to kneel laboriously down, when the "irrespressible" spoke up shrilly. "Well, as you say yourself, Mamma, 'let well enough alone, and it will do well enough,'" which raised another laugh, but rather disconcerted "Mamma."

Every one there seemed to have a "hobby." A grave and dignified Doctor of Divinity, who was out for his summer vacation from a large city in the States, passed round a diamond enclosed in a crystal which had come from the diamond mines in South Africa. He would ransack earth (and other places) for gems; he confessed to an insatiable longing to handle and possess jewels of all descriptions. Nuggets from Australia and Alaska were passed round, pebbles and agates received learned names from the Doctor. The subject was growing somewhat threadbare when the daily "bus" stopped at the entrance to the hotel, and two lady passengers came in, and had a joyful surprise, for the lady of the Indian curios was a dear friend they had not expected to meet. They hugged and kissed effusively,

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all talked together at the tops of their voices, explaining how the recent arrivals had crossed the turbid river in a canoe, paddled by Indians, how they had gone out of their way to see the Passion Play, but guessed it was all over, how they had to meet the first train in the morning or lose their ticket, and many other things. The rest of the guests in the meantime slipped off to their rooms, got a little tidy, and had occupied all the available space in the dining-room, before the new arrivals recovered themselves.

A lady who gave out she "was touring from the East" sat to supper in her hat, laying down her railway guide and her note-book impressively beside her plate, and the bright reporters and clever photographers who were there for the Passion Play were duly impressed, for they gave a knowing wink across the tables, and proceeded to quiz each other for copy.

After supper, some people belonging to the neighbourhood came in to express their horror at the Passion Play, and to explain that when *they* had a camp-meeting, they camped with the Indians, only "in separate camps apart."

Listening quietly, one of the new arrivals remarked, "I guess by-and-by you'll set up for a separate

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heaven apart, won't you?" Newspapers suddenly hid the faces of the men, and the women were greatly interested in a little ditty some one was picking out on the piano.

## CHAPTER XV

SATURDAY: GREAT PASSION PLAY PRODUCED IN  
TABLEAUX BY SECHELT TRIBE OF INDIANS  
—A SHIP OF LIGHT—GRAND PROCESSION OF  
MORE THAN 2000 INDIANS—FIREWORKS AND  
ILLUMINATIONS BY THE ASSEMBLED TRIBES.

SATURDAY morning dawned bright and sunny with a brisk wind. All the Indians attended service, and then the preparations went on in earnest for the great representation.

The Cheam tribe built a scaffold and covered it with cotton, representing the end of a church with bell, turret, and windows, even putting red, blue, and yellow calico to represent stained-glass windows. This was erected on the end of the square facing the new church. An altar upon a raised dais, approached by several steps, was built below it. The high wind made it difficult for the men to work, as the structure was as high as the church it faced, but they worked with a will, and patiently replaced anything dis-



PASSION PLAY.  
The Procession formed outside the Square.





## The People of British Columbia

lodged by the gale. We thought it was a suggestion or design by one of the Fathers, but were assured it was the idea of the Indians themselves, carried out to do honour to the tribe they had come to visit.

Near the large tent a double arch was formed some forty feet in height. This was roped over and around with wreaths of evergreens, trimmed with many gaily coloured Chinese lanterns, and was the work and design of the Chehalis Indians, of which there is also a tribe across the border, in the United States.

Opposite the general entrance to the square was what appeared to be the least imposing structure of any, of less height, and looking much as if ropes only were rigged for the sails of a good sized yacht. A very pretty altar stood beneath the ropes, approached by three steps. This had been arranged by the Sechelts, a tribe from the sea-coast. Father Cherouse told us these were his most intelligent tribe, and from them were drawn the performers of the Passion Play.

Groups of squaws, talking and laughing, were busily engaged in making a sufficiency of wreathing to enclose the square, and this kept young men and boys, waggons and horses, busy bringing in the sweet-smelling fir, pine, and cedar boughs. The refuse was laid in the water-holes, an immense roller was smooth-

## The People of British Columbia

ing down the fast-drying mud, fresh pea-straw was laid all round the entrance to the new church, a band of squaws were scrubbing out the inside, more pea-straw was strewn over the large tent, small trees were set to simulate the Garden of Gethsemane, two platforms were constructed, one for Pilate, the other for Herod, and there was a general air of cheerful, quiet, orderly activity. All this time the different tribes had been going into the big tent, tribe by tribe, to hold service, so the chant and response floated with a peaceful calm over the workers, about whom there was no levity of demeanour.

After dinner, large boxes were carried into the big tent, and from these were taken the costumes to be worn by the actors in the Sacred Representation.

The Sisters helped in the dressing of the women, and the squaw who took the part of the Blessed Virgin was a fine, wholesome-looking specimen of maternal womanhood, whom the Eastern costume became to perfection.

I don't expect adequately to describe the scenes which followed. The background of primeval forest, the sheltering mountains enclosing this favoured valley, with their mighty heads enwrapped in clouds, the eternal snows in the yet greater distance seen through breaks in their fleecy folds; then come down

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to the little clearing, the Indian houses, the square, the quietly-moving groups, all duly impressed with the sacredness of the occasion. The grand presence of the Bishop in his purple robes, the attendant Fathers, the helpful, modest Sisters, ever to the fore where assistance was needed, ever in the background when possible; the Mission Schools under the charge of the Brothers; the girls, neatly dressed, imitating the quiet refinement of the Sisters.

The Procession is forming outside the square, chanting plaintively as it goes, softly accompanied by the bands, the same air floating, echoing, dying away, to rise again in the distance, as they pass with bowed heads and reverent mien.

The Passion Play is represented in tableaux. Each group comes out from the tent, and poses without any suggestions from the Fathers. Twelve stations, from Bethlehem to Calvary.

After these came Brother Collins in charge of the Mission boys, who were taken to each group, when its significance was fully explained, and the lessons to be drawn therefrom pointed out. Then they returned to their places, and the Procession, which had commenced its march outside the square, of which they made the circle on three sides, entered at

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the Bethlehem, and passed with the same solemn chant all along the inside, and near to the posing groups of Indians.

To say the whole thing was imposing conveys no idea of it. Realistic and solemn, the utter humility which permeated every one, the tears which rolled silently down the worn brown cheeks, the moist eyes of the stalwart men; every action was a prayer.

The players were arranged in spectacular groups at intervals around the square. The Eastern costumes well became the sturdy Indian figures, the dark skins showing well in the bright colours, their black heads looking particularly fine with the golden fillet of Pontius Pilate, the crown of Herod, and in the helmets of the Roman soldiery.

The waves of the plaintive chanting flowed on, only being so many voices and so far apart, the sounds followed each other, vocal and instrumental, in echoing sweetness, and came to you borne hither and thither on the breeze like wails of the deepest sorrow.

The men in each group, chosen to represent Our Lord, were strangely alike in face and figure; less sturdy than their companions, but with a plaintive, loving sweetness so well suited to the character they represented. All wore the same kind of robe. The



STRIPPING OFF HIS RAIMENT. INDIAN PASSION PLAY.



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sweetly-patient expression of the first face gradually deepened in sorrow and distress until you reached the figure in the crown of thorns, over whose head the Roman soldiery were breaking the "reed," culminated in the tense expression of sorrow, pain, and love on the figure stretched upon the cross, which was represented as just ready to be raised. The blood had dripped more and more as the journey continued. All was so realistic, one felt, with the deepest reverence and grief, that the LORD was there.

The crucified ONE on the raised platform was a lay figure, but all the rest were living Indians, which it was hard to realise, so statuesque were they, so immovable, and yet so full of life.

It took the Procession an hour and twenty minutes to pass from the Bethlehem to the Calvary, and these men stood posed all that time, not a muscle seemed to move, nor an eyeball turn aside, even the upraised hand of Herod had no tremor in it as we passed last of all.

At the cross, and with the figures still posed, the blood wet upon the clothing of the clinging Magdalene, the Virgin in her meek submission standing by with the other Mary, wife of Cleopas; the Roman centurion and his soldiers, and on the lower steps the Bishop and Priests stood, while Father Rohr delivered



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a most impassioned address in Chinook, which was listened to with breathless interest by the kneeling or squatting hundreds, even thousands, for the tents and houses were alike deserted, and every Indian was present to do honour to his Lord.

His Lordship, at the close of the address, repaired to the church, to give them "Benediction," and it was astounding how many could crowd in, squatting in their own peculiar way, each tribe in its place.

After the exciting and beautifully realistic scenes of the afternoon, the low chant, the solemn marching, the utter reverence of it all, we returned early to see the Indians in gala time, for the programmes of two days had to be crowded into one. If we expected any excitement we were disappointed.

Come again into the square with us and you will be met by the elderly Chief George of the Chilliwacks, and you will be seated on the stoop of an Indian's neatly-built two-story cottage. An unusually large family resides here, and the whole of the lower story has been left in one large room, with perhaps some of the old "community" feeling. On the doorstep is seated a pleasant squaw of large proportions, in her arms (not in a basket) a very much wrapped-up bundle, from which only the placid face of a sleeping infant is seen. "How old?" we ask. "Seven days,"

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she answers softly, as she gently jogs it to and fro. Yet this same woman had been at the Station of the Crucifixion, sitting on the damp ground, and listening intently, as she sighed in sorrow with her Lord.

One son, only ten days ago, had been killed in the explosion of the Ramona, one daughter was married and lived with her husband's tribe, others were at the Mission Schools, and several small ones were watching the busy scene around.

A stalwart young Indian stepped over the squaw as she sat upon the doorstep, and we heard him going up the stairs, presently to come out dressed in the uniform of one of the bands, a brass instrument under his arm. "My boy, play band," she said, with a mother's pride in the ability of her offspring, as she watched him depart.

All visitors had been requested to leave the centre of the square. "Many hands make light work." The rope of wreathing had been hung with Chinese lanterns, and as the long summer twilight deepened into darkness, quiet figures were seen passing to and fro with no hurry or bustle, and the whole square was encircled by gay-coloured lights some six or eight feet apart.

The archway of the Chehalis was a circle of red,

## The People of British Columbia

white, and blue, seen through the gaily-striped Chinese lanterns.

The altar of the Cheams, below the simulated church and bell-tower (which latter was lost in the darkness), was twinkling with many candles.

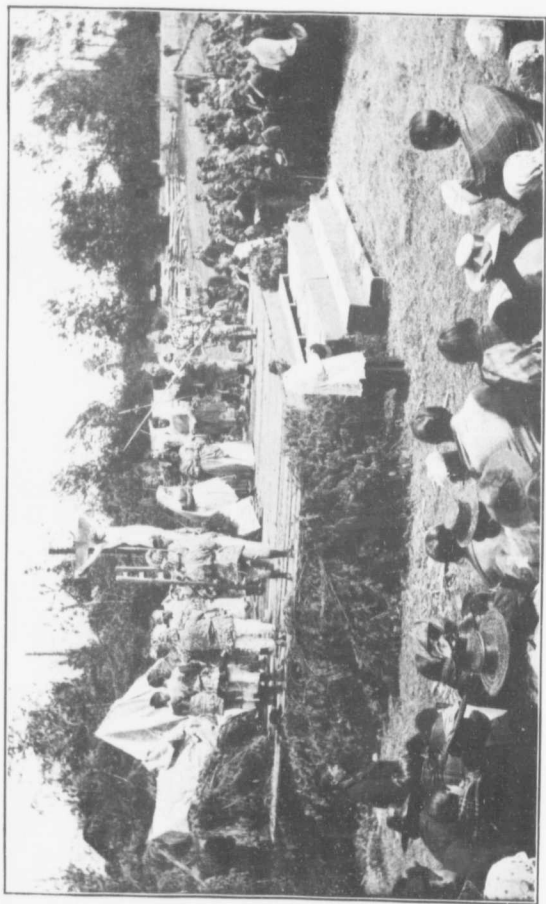
But the altar of the Sechelts, which had looked the least imposing of any in the daylight, appeared at night, with its candles and coloured fairy lamps of blue and red, as though all were placed upon a ship of light rising out of the darkness, for upon the artfully-arranged ropes were strings of lighted lanterns in the form of spreading sails.

A platform had been raised in the centre of the square, and here the bands first massed, and the revelries began with some very good concerted music.

Meantime all the Indians, who were not actually at work, had been to prayers, and the murmur of chant and response had floated from the lighted altar of the large tent, and from the massed crowds in the new church, over the busy workers, and into the souls of those waiting.

The night shut in with black darkness, and an occasional raindrop warned us that the clouds were very near.

Boom, boom, boom, went the cannon, which had



PASSION PLAY. STATION OF THE CROSS.



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sounded their loud-mouthed welcome to his Lordship on his arrival, but now they seemed so near, they made us start from the happy lethargy produced by the unusual scene around.

The voices of the Fathers as they called their instructions to their several flocks, the deep-chested, stentorian voice of an Indian, giving orders in a tribal language, and before we realised it, the bands had struck up in several places, and the marching hundreds, each carrying a lighted lantern, were on their quiet way, walking as before, in two long files round the square.

They stopped before the Bethlehem, which was covered in with canvas, and most brilliantly lighted with many, many twinkling tapers, where a service of song and response was held.

Again the bands played, and they marched chanting, weirdly chanting as they went, with steady steps and slow, till the Bishop and Priests were brought opposite the sails of light behind the altar of the Sechelts. Here they all massed, and a most impressive service was held. Again they formed, the bands played, the quietly-moving Indians chanted, the shrill notes of the squaws, being upraised, as it were, upon the deep-chested notes of the men, making an effect impossible to describe.

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Again they halted, and another but shorter service was held at the altar of the Cheams.

Turning to look up the square, the effect was unique; every window of every house was illuminated with candles, the Station of the Crucifixion being so ablaze that the figure of the Crucified One was plainly visible on the right of the church, shining out of the black night. On the left the twinkling lights of the Bethlehem, over the square the disbanded procession flitted hither and thither, their lighted lanterns still in their hands, from the platform in the centre went up rocket and bomb into the engulfing darkness, whilst the bands played lively airs.

Father Cherouse passed us, and we stopped him to say good-night. One of his nervous hands held the cassock across his poor, sore chest, and he answered us in a whisper, for his voice was gone. But he refused to say good-night, as the best piece of the fireworks was yet to come, and we must wait to see it. The Indians had made it themselves, as they had also done the smaller pieces.

We were well rewarded, for in a blaze of light appeared a heart in rubies, surmounted by a cross in brilliants which sparkled and scintillated from colour to colour till all died out, when looking







PASSION PLAY.

Portraits of Right Rev. Bishop Dantonwill, O.M.I., Oblate Fathers, and Chiefs of assembled Tribes.

## The People of British Columbia

around us in its expiring rays we saw the glint of hundreds of bright black eyes, looking out from quiet brown faces.

As we left the square we met Father Marshall, who reminded us the Corpus Christi would take place tomorrow.

This procession was very pretty, as the Indians had scoured the neighbourhood for flowers, and when the service was over, Priests and altar were almost buried in their leaves and petals. The Bishop had gone on up the line.

Portraits of Right Rev. Bishop Duntowhill, O.M.I., UMBRE FRUITES, HINE CHIEFS OF HESKAWAKA KLEPONG.

(11)

## CHAPTER XVI

### LEARNING TO KEEP HOUSE—A RIDE—MET BY BEARS.

**M**INA says I take life too seriously. Perhaps I do; but then I have always been used to go by rule and line, nearly all my life having been spent at school, as I said.

Now, since my engagement to Phil, I have been trying to get an insight into housekeeping. I made a cake according to a recipe, and it looked so nice when it was baked, I felt quite proud of it.

Mina took a bite at tea-time, and ran from the table. Tom was there, and when he tried it, he gasped, and quickly emptied a tumbler of water. Uncle took a taste, and laughingly told me my cake was "fine for cold days." "What did you put into it, lass?" he asked, as he turned it over. "It looks all right!"

"I stood by, and showed her how to mix all

## The People of British Columbia

the ingredients," said aunt, looking puzzled. "What did you flavour it with, Agnes?"

"Vanilla; that was what the recipe called for."

"Would you know the bottle if you saw it?" enquired Mina, who had returned to table, and was trying to keep from laughing.

I went and fetched it; an essence bottle sure enough, labelled "Vanilla," and partly filled with a red powder.

"Cayenne pepper," said aunt, and a roar of laughter went up at my expense. Ah Shune was stepping round the table with a wooden expression on his face.

"Did you see Agnes put this in the cake?" aunt asked him, holding up the bottle.

"Yes, me see," he returned with evident satisfaction. He had always resented my presence in the kitchen, especially if aunt was not there.

They all made light of the circumstance, but I asked aunt in the evening if she really thought I was fit to be married, when I didn't know an essence from cayenne pepper.

She saw it was no joke with me, and promised to take me through all the category of cooking and housekeeping, and for the next month my violin saw little use. I cooked, and cleaned, and baked,

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swept and dusted in real earnest. They could hardly imagine how really little I knew of domestic affairs.

One day Phil came in looking very serious. Ah Shune and I were deep in the mysteries of "currie and rice." He understood how things were now, and did not object to showing me anything round the kitchen. Aunt was looking on at us.

Turning to Phil, she saw something unusual had happened, and asked quickly, "What is it, Phil?"

He handed her a letter. She examined the postmark, "San Francisco." It was in an unknown handwriting. Then she opened it, and a little quiver about the mouth showed she hardly liked its contents.

"I had hoped you would set up here," she said, as she slowly folded it up.

"You know the saying about a prophet in his own country, little mother; and despite my five years' experience in the Toronto and New York hospitals, many people will look upon me as 'that boy, Phil,' and, believe me, it would be hard work to build up a practice here. Besides," he continued, laughing, "this is far too healthy a place for doctors to thrive in, and you know I should like to have a competency by the time I'm middle-aged. Isn't that right, Agnes?"

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I only smiled at him for answer. Home-making would be my work for the future, providing for it his; and I was not afraid. Poverty and sickness, riches and health, it would be all the same to me. I would be his helpmeet, so far as in me lay.

We went into the parlour. "You see, mother, Brandt says I should be there and settled before the end of October, as the place is principally a winter health resort." Turning to me, and taking both my hands in a vice-like grasp, he said earnestly, looking at me with his soul in his honest eyes, "I need not go alone, Agnes, you will go with me."

"I shall be better satisfied if she does," said aunt, and left us to settle it. I pleaded my ignorance of domestic affairs, and begged for another year with aunt; but it was finally decided, if father gave his consent, that I should go with him.

Phil wrote at once, told him how matters stood, and asked his consent to a speedy marriage.

In the meantime we meandered all over the lovely overgrown roads, with their tall pines and cedars, growing up three and four hundred feet above us.

One day we had ridden rather far for me, and were walking our horses slowly back along the Pitt River

## The People of British Columbia

road, when Phil's horse suddenly shied, and ran against me so violently as to throw my saddle over, and if I had not hung tightly to the pommels with both my hands, I should have been in the road.

It was growing dusk, whilst the tall trees and overhanging "brushwood" made it almost dark.

"Clar ho you tillicum!" (How do you do, friend!), called out Phil, thinking a stoutly-built Indian was standing by the roadside, picking berries to eat as he went along.

No answer came; Buckskin trembled in every limb, but stood still. Phil's horse plunged and reared, and refused to pass. I was holding on with all my might, watching the Indian, when lo! he lowered himself upon all fours, and crashed away into the bushes.

"That was a big black bear," said Phil quietly, "standing on his haunches and helping himself to berries. There'll likely be another not far off. Has Dick knocked your saddle over?"

He jumped down, and pulled it in place, saying, "I'll re-saddle him when we come to an open space; he behaved beautifully."

"See how he trembles, though," I said, my own voice shaking as I spoke.

## The People of British Columbia

"Never mind, we'll keep a sharp look-out this time. Dick shan't bump into him again."

We had only gone a few paces when Dick began to rear again and Phil shouted as loudly as he could. We saw the huge black body disappear into the bushes, and heard them crash under his weight. We were now in the more open road, and came to town in better time than I usually rode.

When we got home, Mrs King and Amy were there, discussing a letter from Robert M<sup>c</sup>Win about our camping party, and proposing we should take a coast trip instead of the inland one at first proposed, as we could then see the salmon-fishing and canning operations in full swing. It was decided we should, weather permitting, start out to camp on the second of July, giving us an opportunity to take in Vancouver's great festival, Dominion Day.

Mrs King couldn't go, and aunt had the dressmaker to see, so Phil offered to escort us three girls and make a day of it.



## CHAPTER XVII

VANCOUVER'S GREAT DAY—CALATHUMPIAN PRO-  
CESSION—BANDS—WHITE MEN AND RED MEN  
—OUR "HANDY MEN" ASHORE—LA CROSS—  
FOLLOWING THE SHORES OF "THE INLET" BY  
THE C.P.R.

WE are always glad of an opportunity to visit our Terminal city. Everything is done there upon a larger scale, as befits its greater population; besides, any one who has once had the pleasure of a drive round Stanley Park will not easily forget the unique beauties of it.

The first of July, Dominion Day, is the national holiday given over to Vancouver, where they right royally celebrate the admission of the Province into the Confederation of Canada.

Phil hurried us down to the eight o'clock tram, thinking it would be less crowded than those of the half-hourly service, which was to continue till noon; but we had scarcely taken our seats, than the crowd

## The People of British Columbia

poured in till there was no more standing room in the aisle or on the platforms, and many disappointed ones were left upon the platform to wait till half-past eight.

A band of Indians followed us in, and we soon found they were friends of ours whom we had met at Chilliwack, for they nodded and smiled, and shook hands with great good-nature. They seated themselves quite near us too, until their peculiar odour in the closely-packed and shut-up car became unbearable, and we insisted upon having our windows opened; a proceeding which many in the car seemed to resent.

We were well repaid for our crowded ride when we looked upon the waters of the beautiful land-locked inlet, for a semicircle of warships faced the city, looking small in comparison to the space around them.

From these were landed, with naval precision, some nine hundred sailors with their quick-firing guns. They lined up four deep, and marched through the principal streets, which were gaily decorated with arches, bunting and evergreens, some of the cleanest, most wholesome, and healthy-looking men to be seen in the world. Any nation might be proud of such sons, and the citizens duly

## The People of British Columbia

honoured them as they passed. Such a large proportion of them, too, had blue eyes and fair hair, I felt the contrast after being among two thousand dusky Indians. Their march past was the most inspiring event of the day.

Later, they seemed to permeate every gathering. A number took possession of a side street running at right angles to Cordova, where they sat upon the edge of the wooden side walk, stood their pots of beer in front of them, smoked their pipes, and enjoyed the antics of those who were too full of themselves, and had to let off their surplus energy by dancing a hornpipe, race up and down with a bicycle, play concertinas, or do a hundred and one odd things all of their very own invention.

Now, Cordova Street, for a principal business street, is rather narrow, especially when you take into consideration the tram track running through it, besides all the heavy waggons loading or unloading goods at the fine handsome stores upon it. This made no difference to the happy "handy men," for they went "full belt," as they called it, up or down on their bicycles, "having a jolly time." Two of them started down this street at racing speed, on "a bicycle built for two," regardless of everything but their own performance, and every one good-

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naturedly drove or ran out of their way, till a tall man with a big dog at his heels started to make his way leisurely across, looking in an opposite direction to that from which the Tars were coming. They saw the dog, and in trying to avoid it, ran right into the man's back, knocking him almost senseless. They jumped off in "a jiffy," picked up the man, carried him into a drug store, and got restoratives for him without the loss of a moment. Their concern was so sincere and so openly expressed, that when he came round he could only laugh and forgive the hearty fellows.

Looking up at the name on their caps, he said, "Why, bless you, my lads, I wouldn't a minded if you had hurt me. Hain't you got 'Amphion' on yer caps, and didn't some of yer help my brother-in-law and his partner as yer found clingin' to a up-turned fishin' boat on the Sand Heads? Why, coorse yer did; you took 'em aboard, and while some on yer brought the poor fellers round, for they was most froze to death in that cold Fraser River water, some more on yer righted their boat, pulled in the fish net, and brought 'em all safe along of yer. My sister's awful 'gone' on her man, and if he'd a bin lost, we'd a had a crazy woman on our hands. Knock me down! Law, yer can knock

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me down as many times as yer want ter, and jump on me, if it'll give yer any pleasure!" and they went off together the best of friends, to see the man they had saved on their way into port.

About noon a Calathumpian Procession wound its humorous way along. It was a comic representation of the different trades and businesses. For instance, a steam laundry had a pretty float, on four wheels, drawn by two horses. This was garlanded with flowers, trimmed with evergreens, flags, and streamers. The girls employed at the laundry were dressed to represent England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, with Britannia seated above in the centre; and very pretty they looked, although I have a strong suspicion that Britannia was personated by a yellow-haired lassie from Scandinavia. This was followed by a number of their delivery waggons, with gaily-decked horses and drivers.

Another was a globe of azure driven by a man in grotesque costume, who handled a pair of handsome black horses, driving the spirited animals tandem, without getting them tangled up, a feat which was by no means easy in a crowd like that, and going at a foot pace. This represented a clothes-cleaning and renovating establishment.

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A small covered fish-cart drove into the line of procession with no decorations whatever, being driven by a little man who shouted, "All alive, oh! Only five cents a pound! All alive, oh!" and as the crowd cheered, a woman of large proportions leaned modestly back as far as she could out of sight, whilst five or six children, who were crowded in, popped out their heads and hurraed. Many other designs followed, and the procession was brought up by an immense load of saw logs drawn by six heavy, logging camp horses.

All this time fantastically-dressed figures raced back and forth on bicycles. Bands were interspersed at intervals along the route, two of them being those of the Sechelt and Pemberton Meadow's Indians, their music being as good as any. The edge of the side walk along the line of march afforded resting-places for their admiring relatives and friends, who are great lovers of music, and have great faith in the ability of their own "boys." Down they would squat wherever tiredness overtook them, regardless of appearances. Good Father Cherouse was there to warn and restrain.

After lunch every one was making his or her way to Brockton Point to see the champion La Crosse match. Now the champions of the world in this

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game are the New Westminster boys, some of them born and bred there. On their return from the East with the Championship, Westminster for once forgot its lethargy, and gave them an ovation.

It seemed impossible to get seats on the heavily-laden tram-cars, as each passed, without "hanging on" room, let alone "standing room." So we took an almost empty car going away from the park, and then got out as soon as we came to a car with sufficient room for our party. On our return we saw people standing where we had left them, and where they were likely to stand for some time to come, till the crush had subsided.

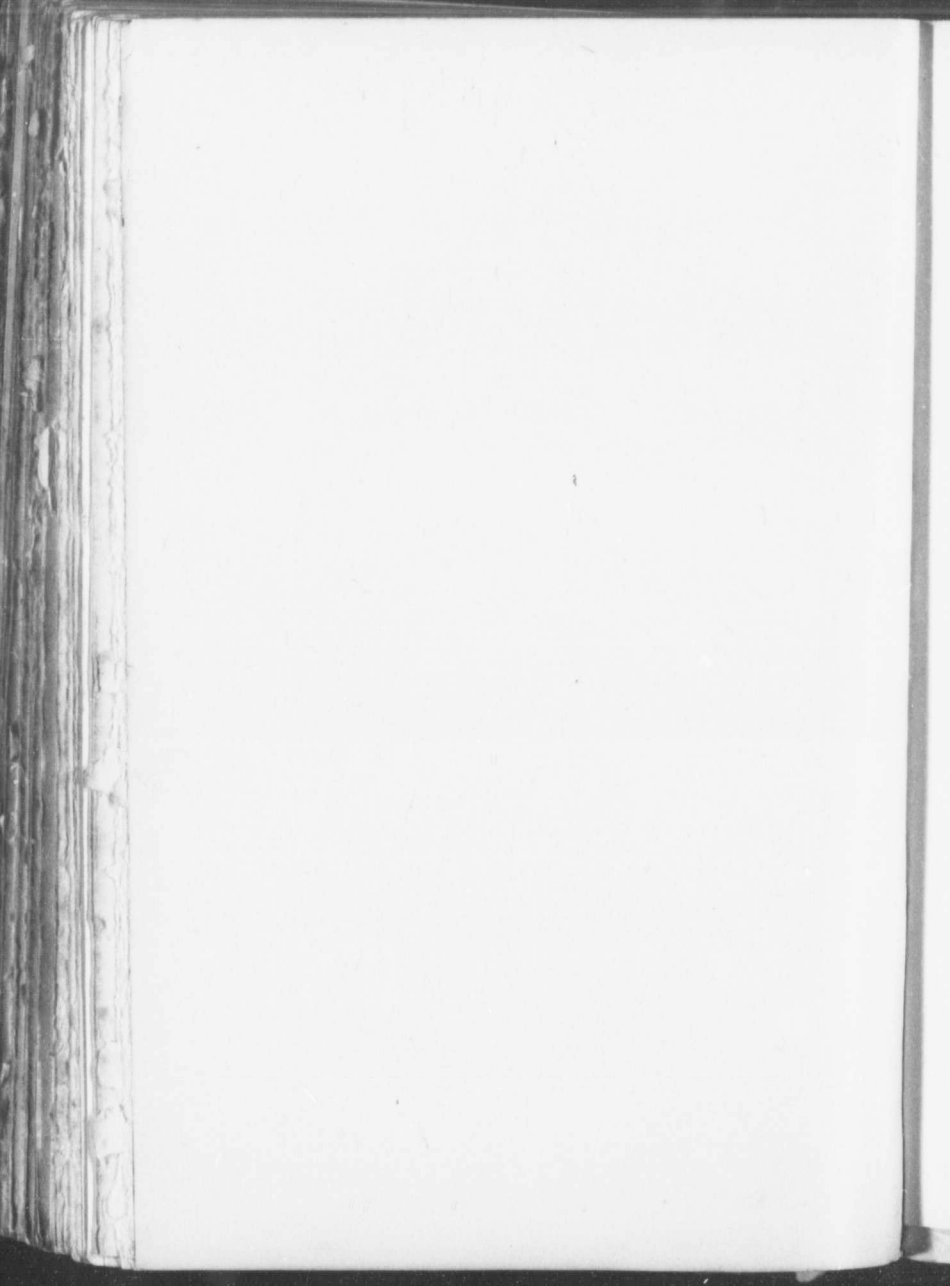
Arrived at the park, we went at our leisure to inspect Papa, Mamma, and the little Bear, all in a pit, sitting up on their haunches to secure the cakes and candy thrown by the visitors. They were greedy animals, and each kept all it got for itself; the monkeys chattering in their cages and fighting for the tit-bits; the eagles looking sadly out, their feathers hanging draggled and neglected; the aviary of brilliant birds from China, Japan, and the Southern Seas.

Two deer penned together, still quite wild, were pointed out as being the latest contribution to the Stanley Park collection. One of the steamboats



CANADA'S NATIONAL GAME.  
The World's Champion La Crosse Team, New Westminster, B.C.





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plying north had seen the pair crossing the Fraser Sound; they gave chase, and when the animals were exhausted, had lowered a boat and taken them without injury, as they were too tired to resist.

We wandered on to a chain of little lakes, where swans, geese, and ducks, swam contentedly around. A hair seal too showed his canine-looking head from another, and we were near enough to see his pathetic-looking brown eyes. Then through a road cut in the dense forest growth, where the sun scarcely penetrated, only it brought out the odours of pine and cedar, honeysuckle, wild thyme, musk, and many other mingled perfumes. Oh! when the sun shines in this country, the sweetness is indescribable—it is simply intoxicating.

We paid our twenty-five cents each at the gate, and made our way to the Grand Stand, but it was so crowded, a friend of Phil's kindly took us to the balcony of the Club House, which was also given over to the populace, much to the disgust of a finely-gotten-up individual, who, with much pulling at his moustache and many Haw! Haws! (supposed to be in English style), was remonstrating with the keeper upon the "impwopwity of letting in the cword, yer know!" whilst the poor little man protested his inability "to keep 'em out!"

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Here we are comfortably seated on the balcony, let us look around. The Recreation Grounds enclose many acres of land, a space cut out of the forest, and cleared with much labour and difficulty. On three sides the dense forest remains, on the fourth are the sparkling waters of the inlet. It is fenced in, and around this were packed thousands of human beings standing three or four deep, trying to get a sight of the players, who looked rather small of stature and decidedly youthful.

The champions were playing a picked team from the Young Men's Christian Association and other teams. A team consists of twelve men to play, and additional players to take the place of any who may be knocked out.

A group of girls stood near us, and their excitement was intense. They commented on the game as it proceeded, and seemed to know the value of every throw.

"Poor little Billy! Look, they've ruled poor little Billy off, and he don't want to go. Oh! see the cut in his head! the blood is running down his back. But he'll get it sewn up, and play again."

"Tommy! Tommy! Oh, Tommy, why didn't you put in that goal? I could have done it better myself!"

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"Look at the fellow with the bald spot! He's got the ball, and the goal's a gonner!" exclaimed a man; "and that red-headed feller never lets a ball pass him. He's the stiffest goal-keeper I ever saw!"

"Biscuits! Biscuits has got the ball! Run, Biscuits! Good play! Nineteen to nothing! Hooray!"

"Yes, you can 'Hooray,'" snarled a man near us; "you wouldn't 'Hooray' if it was our side."

"Yes, I would. I'd 'Hooray,' louder than ever, cause your fellers can't git a goal," and he went on to sing:

"Chew tobacco, chew tobacco, spit, spit, spit,  
Will the Vancouvers git a goal, nit, nit, nit."

This was more than the irate man could stand, and he made a dive for the lad, who slipped over the balcony, and down to the ground.

"Goal for Vancouvers!" "Goal for Vancouvers!" and the shouting and hooraying were tremendous. The man leaned over and called to the boy, "You can shout now, sonny; you can shout now!"

"Ain't I a-doin' it, then?" he yelled back, between his loud "hurrahs."

"Look at Boney! Run, Boney! Boney'll have a fit." It was astonishing how he would run and shout, and at the same time be so angry with his

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losing team, without "having a fit," for he was a large, heavy man, decidedly fat; that seemed why they called him "Boney."

But the two hours' hard play came to an end at last, and the champions went off the grounds on a 'bus, with their wives, sisters, and sweethearts inside. As they went they flourished their "sticks" and shouted their war-cry till they were hoarse.

"Allevepore, Allevepore,  
Allevepore viper vum.  
Bum get a Sockeye  
Bigger than a Cohoe  
Bigger than a Cohoe,  
Hump-back, Hump-back,  
Siz-Boom-Bah,  
Oolachans, oolachans,  
Rah-Rah-Rah."

As we left the gate of the grounds, the sight ahead of us was peculiar. The ground rose gently, showing the moving throng of gaily-dressed ladies marching upward through the forest shadows.

"Is La Crosse an Indian game, Phil?" I asked.

"Not exactly; I remember as a boy seeing the Indians here playing it with slightly curved sticks, no netting on as these have, and instead of a ball they had a stick three or four inches in length, sharpened at each end, much like boys play

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'shinny.' A Dr Geo. Beers, a Canadian in the East, saw the possibilities of the game, and improved it to what it now is, really the national game of Canada."

We made our way to the well-appointed Hotel Vancouver, where, no matter what the rush, you were sure of being well served.

Having decided to return by way of the C.P.R. we had a most delightful trip in the cool of the summer evening, along the shores of Burrard Inlet for ten or twelve miles, and then through the fragrant forest. Twenty-five miles this against twelve and a half by the dusty, heated, crowded trams.

As we left we caught sight of Father Cherouse looking after his people, and heard the strong blasts of the Indian bands, still sober and untired, showing the white man what they could do.

## CHAPTER XVIII

CAMPING ON "THE COAST"—AMONG THE FISHER-  
FOLK—HAPPY, HEALTHY, PROSPEROUS DANES—  
CHARACTER SKETCHES.

'IS Ah Shune going with us, aunt?' I enquired, as I saw that individual surrounded with pots and pans, plates and dishes, and a goodly supply of groceries, which he was packing with great care in the smallest possible space.

"No, child; Mrs Stonton is going to take her little Jap, which entirely suits Ah Shune's idea of the fitness of things. 'Camp? allee same Siwash!' he remarked to Phil, with a grimace of disgust. 'What for? me no likee, too muchee spoil 'em hands!' So he stays in town, takes charge of both houses, and will cook for the men, as your uncle and Tom and his father will stay here while we are away, at least while they are in town. Two of Mrs Stonton's grandchildren from the upper country are to go with us

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too. They are dear little folks, and not small enough to be troublesome."

As I was helping aunt and Mina to pack for the camp, I thought of the coming separation, for I felt convinced my father would have no objection to resign the responsibility of me to other hands. This was the only home I had ever known, and my heart clung tenderly to it. How I wished I could express myself better, be a little more demonstrative, and let them know how deeply I felt their kindness, and how dearly I had learnt to love them. I tried to say something of this to aunt, but broke down, and, laying my head on her dear neck, began to cry convulsively.

"Hullo, little one!" cried Phil's voice in consternation. "What is it? Are you regretting all this? Am I hurrying you against——"

"No, no, Phil, my boy. She thinks she hasn't made us understand how much she loves us all. She has such a tender conscience, poor child, as well as a loving heart. She thinks her quiet ways seem ungrateful. To think how she's been cut off from all affectionate intercourse all these years makes my heart ache, and she such a passionate child!" and aunt began to cry too.

"Come, come, this will never do; we can't have such



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showery days as these," he said, and gently pushing us apart he sat down with an arm round each, and began to talk such drolleries we were soon laughing.

"Now, come to lunch, you two over-strung individuals, and then it will be time for the train."

At the train we all met, a merry party, at least the others talked and laughed; I sat in a corner with Phil beside me, happy only to be there with them. We all repaired to the water front, where a fussy little steam launch piled with our camp outfit awaited us. None of us, except Robert M'Win and Phil, knew where we were going, but we seated ourselves comfortably under the awning, and were soon steaming down the inlet, and through the narrows, where the rush of waters was rather alarming, and for a time the lively chat was hushed, as we watched the captain and engineer of the little craft manipulate her safely through.

"What time do you expect to get *there*, captain," asked Mina, "wherever it may be you're taking us?"

"Oh! I guess we'll get *there* about time for you ladies to have your tea!" he returned, keeping up the mystery.

About half-past four we steamed into a little cove sheltered by islands in front, nestled down with forest-

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clothed mountains behind; a little shelving beach led down to the salt water, a mountain stream, as clear as crystal and cold as ice, came gurgling and tumbling over the smooth white stones, and lapping around the mossy tree stumps. Higher up, we could see it tumbling in a sparkling little cataract down the bare rocky ledges above the line of vegetation.

"This is the place I told you about, doctor," said the captain; "if it don't satisfy your ideas of camping, why, I'll stick to my bargain, and take you anywhere else you like!"

We all exclaimed with delight, and the captain was pleased to have "struck it right for once."

A clean sandy knoll with a few shade trees growing near made an ideal camping-ground. The brook gurgled along near. We had soon collected sticks enough for a fire, got out our tea-basket, and prepared for a hearty meal, for every one was hungry. By the time it was ready all the stuff had been put ashore, including a good row-boat, and the little *Clar-ho-you* steamed off.

Now we were "monarchs of all we surveyed," and I must say the sense of vastness, the utter stillness of everything, thrilled me with a sense of uneasiness. I wanted to make a noise, and had I been like our dear little Mina, I have no doubt I should have shouted till

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the Welkin rang. I felt I must have more sounds of humanity than the putting up of tents and the dull hammering in of pegs, the occasional jingle of tin pans, or the rattle of dishes. I took out my violin and played a long and dreamy reverie ; anything light or frivolous felt as though it would have been a desecration in that pure temple of the Most High God.

As I finished, Mrs Stonton's two grandchildren, Dolly and Jack, who had been stretched face downwards, their chins upon their hands, listening intently, sat up, and Dolly remarked, "I like that ; it's the same as saying prayers when we go into church. Now we'll play church is out, and you just do something with a jump to it, will you?" So I just did something with a "jump to it," and the weird feeling of vast loneliness passed off.

Now I must describe our camp, for while I was playing, busy and experienced hands had been at work. I said it was on a sandy knoll, but the trees were so arranged, accidentally of course, that they enclosed a space of some sixty or eighty feet across. Nestling back among the trees, and facing on to this space the tents had been pitched. Two for sleeping, one for dining, and a funny rustic awning for the kitchen. In the centre logs were piled, brought in from the

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beach, and as the daylight faded, a glorious camp fire sent warmth, light and gladness over the scene. Small spring mattresses had been brought for our sleeping tent, and these were put up in frames made by driving four sticks into the ground and braced by pieces of wood nailed across at the head and foot of each. Our tent was fourteen by sixteen, and accommodated six of these beds easily. It had a division across the centre, making a sanctum in which to undress for the bath. Some Indian mats were spread upon the floor a box made into a dressing-table and placed in the back division; another with a red tablecloth made a pretty card-table in the outer part. Here the beds were covered with carriage and travelling rugs, and was to be utilised as a parlour in which to lounge on rainy days, for a small box stove was placed in it, and here a bright fire of bark was already burning which dispersed the sense of dampness which might otherwise arise.

The men's tent was as large as ours, and they had numerous canvas cots, or stretchers, which were easily and quickly opened out. A pair of coloured blankets and a coverlet or rug had been allowed for each bed or cot, and one pillow. The usual white sheets and pillow-cases were

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put on, and I was astonished at the comfort of camp. I had had some dim idea of being rolled up in a blanket, and sleeping upon the ground.

We made a goodly pot of cocoa, and ate crackers, cake, bread, or anything that came to hand, for we were all hungry again by bed-time, when a fresh supply of wood was piled upon the camp fire to keep away any inquisitive forest folk who might come in search of our supplies.

We never opened our eyes till long after daylight next morning. When I looked across the tent next morning Mina was sitting rubbing her eyes, aunt was getting into her bathing-suit, the two children went scampering out in new tights, to run back shivering and dripping two minutes later.

"Come for a dip," suggested Amy, and away we all went, but oh! the water was icy cold, and you could only take a plunge and out. We were no sooner dressed than, all in a glow, we felt too hungry to wait for breakfast. Going to the cook-stove we helped ourselves to coffee, porridge and hot rolls, standing round with them in our hands, for Phil and Robert had yet to make a table and stationary seats in the dining-tent. They were already at work upon these, and by

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noon, with the help of some planed boards, we had brought with us, our dining-tent was furnished. We spread a white oil-cloth on the table, set out all our best silver, as Mina said, and it was surprising how comfortable we were, and how little of this world's goods were needed when the sun shone, and the sea and sky smiled upon us, to make us content, and breathe health into the depths of our beings.

Aunt and Mrs Stonton came wandering into camp with their hands full of small cedar boughs, and the children followed laden with the same sweet-smelling greenery.

"What are you going to do with that, aunt?"

"Put it in and under all the beds, rugs, and carpets, to keep away sand fleas, and living insects of all descriptions. Even snakes won't come where cedar boughs are spread."

Mina and I went and made up all the beds and tidied the tents, then there was nothing to do. We started to walk up the creek, but the ascent was too steep to climb with comfort, so we returned to where the men-folks were tightening tent ropes, driving in more pegs, and "fixing up" generally.

"I am puzzling my poor brain," said Amy whimsically, "as to whether we are on the mainland,

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or, like Robinson Crusoe, cast away on an island, and my poor intellect gives way under the unusual strain. Can any one relieve my anxiety?"

"Captain Hardy volunteered no information, and in the hurry of landing, and the pleasure of being in such a lovely spot, I never thought to ask him," returned Robert. "In fact I had an idea Phil knew, but he says he doesn't."

"Well, I propose to take the boat and find out," and suiting the action to the word, Amy was marching down to where the boat gently swayed upon the water, with the evident intention of going off on a voyage of discovery.

"Where are you going?" called Robert.

"To find out where we are," she returned saucily, as she stepped into the boat.

Robert seized the boat, as Amy was about to push off, and dragged it high and dry.

"Not for worlds!" he exclaimed. "Why, we might never see you again! Just wait till Phil and I are through, and we'll all go."

The elder ladies preferred to sit with their knitting on the beach; the children were too busy building mimic forts and blowing them to pieces with China fire-crackers, so we five started off, and about two miles' rowing brought us round a point, and to

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a collection of huts and tents, evidently occupied by fishermen.

Here we landed, and walking up to an old man who sat astride a log (for the beach was thickly strewn with drift-wood of all sizes and descriptions), we seated ourselves too, and the men began to talk, and we watched the distorted fingers of the seaman, busy with a clasp knife and an old piece of tarred "web" thrown away from last year's fish-traps, as he told us. He was cutting it into squares for "crab traps," crate-like looking things, upon which this web was fastened, and into it clams and fish offal were thrown as a bait. An opening was left through which the crabs crawled to take the bait, but when once inside their numerous claws would get entangled in the "web" or netting, and they were powerless to escape. These web-covered crates were taken out at high water, to where the beach showed for a long distance at low water, and there anchored.

"What do you do with the crabs?"

"Yoost sells dem to de crab kenery at Blaine."

He was a weather-beaten old Danish sailor; honesty looked out from his somewhat small, keen, grey eyes, as he "took us in, and sized us up," as Amy said. He seemed rather to like us, and



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what was unusual, where other girls were, he addressed himself more especially to me. In answer to the question, "Do you like this side of the world?" he looked up, and said, "It vos moosh better dan de odder side. I not like de Atlantic Ocean, it vos cruel hardt. But the Paceaific Ocean ees nice, ees goot. I not have to s-ail on *it* fifteen days vid only salt vater in de ship. I do dat on de Paceaific!" and he looked hard at us all to see if we believed him. He didn't expect us to, I think.

"Did you take salt water for ballast?" I asked, as he was looking at me.

With a twinkle in his bright eyes, he said, "I guess it vos ballast all right. It coom in itself off de coast ob New Foundland, vere ve get ketch in a fog, and bust de ship von leetle hole in de side. But de vinds dey blow and blow and keep on to blow, and ve hab to go all de vays to de north of Scotland before ve can make port. De Coompany send out tree ship to look for oos, but dey neber see oos, only a tug sixty miles out from port, he pick us up, and ve only hab some few biscuit not soaked vid salt water, and von leetle keg rüm not spoil, and ve get leetle biscuit, and von spoon rüm ebery day, and dat all ve lives on, and

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ve so veak, ve could do not'ing. Ve vos so glad as never vos ven ve see dat tug coom long side. No mans could valk on boord, dey too veak, so dey carry us aboard, and" (with a face of disgust, but a merry twinkle in his eye) "dey give us yoost von biscuit; and ve so hoongry, but dey give us no more. Dey take us to hospital, and dere dey give us leetle soup, leetle biscuit, leetle somet'ing ebery hour, for five days, den dey give us goot feed, and ve alright again. But I not like Atlantic Ocean any more, and I coom dis side and sail on de Paceyfic Ocean. I go to Brazil, and von times ven ve in Rio dere vos plague on shore, and dey not let us off de vessel; I go many place, but now I got my leetle land, and I feesh in de summer time, and live alone in de vinters."

"But you vos got your moosic," said a comrade, who had been working near.

I understood where our bond of friendly feeling came in now—we both loved music. "What do you play?" I asked.

"On de concertina and de flute."

After a little more desultory conversation, Phil found out we were on U.S. soil, and the mainland.

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A big gill-net fisherman pulled ashore just below us, with his half-breed wife at the second oar, and we went to see their "catch." They had a large Columbia river boat, which will stand as much sea as a schooner. The net was neatly coiled in the stern, the fish in a receptacle in the bottom of the boat, only about fifty or sixty, and they had been out since six o'clock yesterday evening. The man brought several fish, Sockeye salmon, ashore, carried a feather bed from the bow of the boat into a tent, and went off to sell his fish to a large scow which we had noticed moored near shore as soon as we rounded the point.

We stood and talked to the woman as she made a fire in a rickety old cook-stove under a tree. She seemed to think Phil ought to remember her; she knew him and Mina, and had been to the Convent of St Ann's as a boarder, when Amy was a day scholar.

They sat down and talked of school-days, and what the "Sisters" used to say and do, till the handsome half-breed brightened up, and looked like another woman. The man came back, but she sat and talked on to Amy and let him make the fire.

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"I don't like to live on this side so well as the other," she was saying plaintively, "because that is my home, and my father's ranch is there. So is my husband's, but we can't make a living there, they have too many restrictions; so we've come and fished here in the summer-time for the last five or six years, and go on our little ranch in the winter."

She didn't present her husband to us, but Robert and Phil and he were talking, and he insisted upon putting a nice fresh salmon into our boat, and we wended our way campwards. If you've never tasted a Sockeye salmon, fresh out of the salt water, you have something in store that is "hard to beat," as Robert said, when the cutlets disappeared at supper without any coaxing.

## CHAPTER XIX

CELEBRATING "FOURTH OF JULY" WITH OUR  
AMERICAN COUSINS—AN EMBRYO TOWN—AN  
ELOPEMENT.

"DID any one remember that this was the 'Glorious Fourth,' and that we are in the land of the 'Free and Independent U.S.?' " asked Robert, as we sat at breakfast next morning. "I collected information yesterday to the effect that if we row in the opposite direction from that we took last, we can participate in the inaugural festivities of the infant city of Westside, this being their first attempt at a public celebration. A show of hands now, those who want to go. Good! Carried! The vote takes everybody; no staying in camp!"

I protested against any such proceeding, but they all laughed at me, and I was assured large excursions of our people go over every year to Tacoma, Seattle,

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Blaine, and other places for the express purpose of celebrating with their neighbours.

"Why," said Robert, laughing, "our Volunteers went one year, and two of them became so overpowered by sleep — or something — that their friendly cousins cut off their buttons for souvenirs, and when they woke up—well, of course, there was consternation, and they had to go in search of a tailor and—other buttons. Did you never hear that the Mayor of one of those cities, I forget which, sent over to Esquimalt, and invited the Admiral to take his squadron and help to make things lively?"

I laughed, thinking he was only in fun, but aunt assured me it was perfectly true.

As we did not expect to get back for lunch, Amy and I packed our basket, not forgetting the inevitable tea-equipage, as nothing is so refreshing or so delicious as these "cups of tea" aunt insists upon out-of-doors.

Two o'clock saw us draw up on a beautiful pebbly beach, with quite a bluff back of it. We made our way among the wildly-scattered drift logs, perfect giants some of them were, and made us wonder what kind of waves they must be which could toss and tumble these monsters about as if they were kindling

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wood, throwing them high and dry above the summer tide marks.

Up the steep face of the bluff we clambered, guided by the strains of a brass band, till we came to the summit, where a pretty sight awaited us. The bluff, composed of calcined shells, formed a natural dyke and went down on the other side into a grassy hollow. Clumps and thickets of trees were scattered here and there, and amongst these were tied saddle-horses—horses with and without harness, all busy feeding and resting, whilst their owners enjoyed themselves. The vehicles were buggies, farm waggons, express carts, wood waggons; anything which could be pressed into the carrying service.

In the open a platform had been raised. The band was ranged in front, many spectators were grouped round, and many more were comfortably reclining on the rising bank, which afforded a good view of the proceedings.

After some delay the band, which, by the way, was from the British side of the Delta lands, struck up "The Red, White, and Blue." Then a pretty, slender girl stepped upon the platform with an immense volume in her arms, and proceeded to read the Declaration of Independence. As this went on and

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on, the younger portion of the assembly became uneasy, and their elders had to bribe them to a distance with sundry dimes and quarters, where in one of the shady clumps of trees had been placed stalls which displayed such tempting signs as "Ice cream," "Soft Drinks," "Cream Candy," and so on. Here the eager youngsters stayed their clamour long enough to empty numerous dishes of the commodities, dispensing with the ceremony of washing the utensils in their haste.

Still the reading of the Declaration of Independence went wearily on, and the poor girl swayed with the weight of the big book. When at last it ceased, the band struck up "Rule Britannia," whether by design or accident, I don't know. Amy suggested they could only play what they knew, and that was one of their pet tunes. But no one made any comment, and when we came to "size up the crowd," as Robert said, the majority were Icelanders, the leaders were British and Canadian settlers, and what was more, when they espied Phil and Robert, they promptly pressed them into service to assist in judging the games for which prizes were to be awarded.

Some little girls and boys stepped upon the



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platform and gave various selections in songs and recitations. Then the *pièce de résistance* was brought on, and very pretty it was. The band struck up, and from the thick bushes near by stepped four couples dressed in the costumes of the time of George Washington. The young men wore knee-breeches and so on; the almost white heads of two young Icelanders needed little powder, the other two men were shorter and darker. The four girls were dressed respectively in light heliotrope, cream, yellow, and blue, made *à la* Marthe Washington, and with powdered hair and patches. Very, very nice they looked as they mounted the platform, and went gracefully through an old-fashioned set of quadrilles.

After the efforts of these young people had been duly applauded, every one adjourned to a sandy field near the beach, where the usual games and races were gone through. The Squamish Indians and half-breeds taking part with great vim, and the white athletes had to work hard in order to carry off any prizes.

But the horse-race lagged; only two were entered, and the regulations provided that "three should start, or no race." Plenty of horses were there, but not of the racing kind. One wit solved the question by

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proposing that two horses and two bicycles should take the field, and that would "fill the bill." Accordingly this was done. Alas for the sandy field! One byke was ahead of the better horse, when into a hole it went, throwing its rider on his shoulder. Fortunately, although he was greatly shaken, no bones were broken. The horse following close fell into the same soft spot, but his experienced rider, heavy man though he was, kept his seat, and the second horse and byke came in for the prizes.

We went to inspect the embryo town, which had one street near the beach, containing at intervals two hotels, two or three stores, and several private dwellings. The spaces between were filled with fishing-nets drying, or the tents and shacks of Indian half-breed and white fishermen.

A wharf ran out to deep water, and here Indians were cutting and cleaning salmon, throwing the offal back into the bay, and wheeling the good, cleaned parts into a small cannery which had only just started, as the "fish" were late in coming.

As we dawdled round, looking at everything, a buggy drawn by a large handsome horse passed at a quick trot. Meeting it was a farm waggon con-

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taining an elderly man and a very fine-looking, well-built young woman, evidently father and daughter. The waggon stopped near a stable, and the man ordered the girl to go on and "he'd catch up." She turned to go to the field where some of the sports were yet in progress, when round a clump of trees drove the horse and buggy we had noticed, pushing the girl almost into the ditch, and making it impossible for her to pass on. The man seemed talking earnestly, and she was begging him by word and gesture to drive on, whilst she looked nervously in the direction from which her father would come.

"I wonders if Nora go wid him?" said a woman near us.

"He's her beau, ain't he?" enquired another.

"Yes; an' dat ole man, he awful hardt on Nora, make her work, work all de times, won't let her go nowheres, not let her out he's sight, an' she go wid Mac long time, but ole man, her farder, not wants to lose Nora's work, she's great worker, and plenty strong is Nora, an' he not let dat young mans come to house. He awful mean to Nora. Look! Nora get in buggy; she go get marret, I guess."

Sure enough she had got in the buggy, and

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away went the good horse at lightning speed. Two or three hours afterwards, when the old man thought to enquire for her whereabouts, he was told she had gone with "Mac" to the British side, and was married by then. He saw now why his neighbours, among whom he was no favourite, had suddenly evinced a desire for his company, and had kept him busy drinking and talking. The last we saw of him he was driving furiously homeward, with a waggon-load of men for the harvesting of his grain, and he had expected his daughter to cook for the "gang." He was too angry to care where he drove, and as he bumped over log and stone with the springless waggon, the men were holding on to their hats with one hand and the waggon with the other "for dear life," as Mina said.

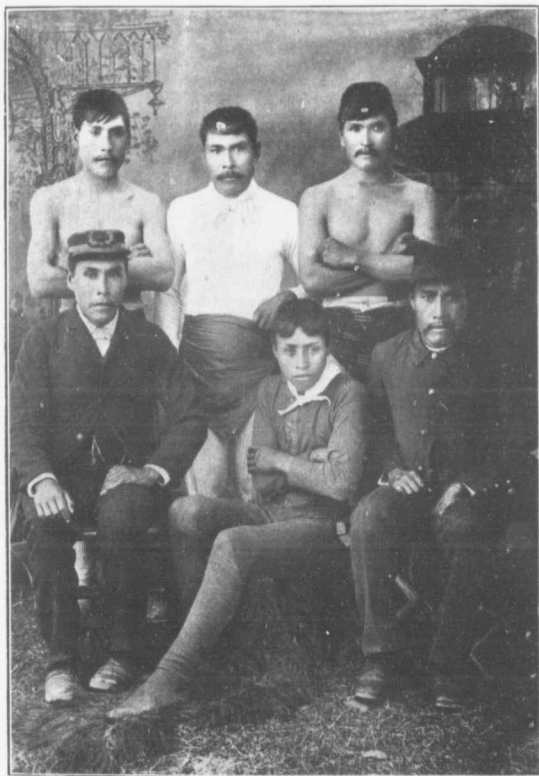
Looking out over the Gulf of Georgia at the islands lying green to the water's edge, or rising in rocky abruptness, the afternoon sun gilding all with its glory, and the soft see-breezes fanning our cheeks, we dipped our oars into the placid blue waters and leisurely rowed to camp.

## CHAPTER XX

NORTHERN INDIANS—ESQUIMAUX LEGEND—IN  
TROUBLE WITH THE CUSTOMS' OFFICER—  
FIGHT WITH A SEA-LION—TAKU INLET—"IT  
EES HELL."

**P**HIL had been to town and brought back our letters and supplies. The desire of my father's life had arrived—a son had been born to him, but, alas! it was dead, and his wife an invalid. How often one notices this in life, till you feel afraid to look forward with too engrossing a hope, or too deeply-felt an ambition, for when it comes, even in its fullest, is there not something to qualify it?

I felt very sorry for my father in his bitter disappointment, for I began to understand that it was through no fault of mine that he had cared little for me; it was owing to the intense desire of an old countryman to have a son to carry on his name and



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fill his place in the commercial world, when his own time came to leave it.

We were drifting along by the shore after supper, discussing our future plans and prospects, or rather Phil was dilating upon them, telling me of a sunny cottage that was to be ours in Alameda, across the Bay of San Francisco, where the climate is more equable, and we would escape the afternoon winds which sometimes make the larger city uncomfortable; only he would have to leave on an early boat, and be away all day, and so on. The time had glided along so quickly the twilight shadows were falling upon the water from the overhanging trees, when we spied in the distance a lone fire on the beach. We rowed up to it, and there, where the mountain comes almost to the edge of the Bay, and the big maples, like gnarled and twisted oaks grow to the shingly beach, tucked right under the broken wall of calcined shells left from the clam-bakes held here many, many years ago by the Indians who made their annual excursions from the interior for that purpose, was a tent pitched, and sitting at the opening crouched in a heap was an elderly squaw, her grey-white hair standing out in disorder round her somewhat large head, making it look of abnormal size, but her face was more than



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usually bright and intelligent. She appeared to be of a large square build, with very long arms. We seated ourselves on the drift logs, near the fire, and entered into a war-war (talk) with them.

Running and paddling in the water was a little half-breed boy, whilst an old Indian man sat curled up in a very small space close under the shell mound, from which the bones and implements of the stone age may be dug, although the bones usually crumble away after exposure to the air; but Phil has an immense human skull which shows no sign of decay, and we have stone "hammers" we call them, but they are more like short pestles, with only sufficient room to be grasped by the hand. The head of this "hammer" is about six inches in diameter, and the top two inches across. When first dug out, they are of a dark green colour, but turn almost black after exposure to the air. Stone arrow-heads too we dug out, beautifully carved, to look like feathers. In a collection aunt has at home there is a small bowl carved like the huge foot of a bear. This was dug up near the Coquittam River, and the Indians of the locality say that many, many snows ago a large band of Indians came down from the far North; they wore dresses of skins made from the white bear and the seal, with the fur turned inside,

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but they felt too warm in these, and began to go with very little clothing upon them. They were more numerous than the Coquittam tribe, which then numbered many hundreds, and as yet were allowed to rest in peace in their land. But the strangers ate so many berries and fresh-water fish that an epidemic broke out among them, and they died in hordes, till none were left to bury them. The Coquittams will show you where the bones of these nomads lie six or eight feet deep, only covered by as much earth as the decay of the grass, herbs, and fallen leaves would have made in the long period which has elapsed since their wholesale death. This bowl of theirs, these Indians say, was a medicine bowl, and in it they ground out certain juices of plants or roots.

But to return to our little old Indian of the present. He occupied as little space as possible, as though economy in that respect were a virtue. A bundle of bows and arrows lay near him, and some four or five toy canoes at his feet. He was carving out a figure to put into one of the canoes, and fitting on arms with small wire nails, from which he had filed the heads.

Each canoe was to be fitted with an Indian man in the bow carrying a double-pointed spear, such as they use in the Northern waters for spearing seals.

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In the stern was placed the figure of a squaw steering and paddling for her lord and master.

A neat-looking woman in a large sun-bonnet put her head out of the tent and addressed us in broken English and Chinook. The older Indians, she said, were her "pappa and mamma," who had come down from the Skeena River for the fishing and hop-picking. When these were over they would return to the North, taking with them their winter supplies.

The old man dug a hole in the sand with his little brown hands, and showed us the kind of house they would live in, and gave us to understand how nice and warm it would be. He built it round with sticks and laid stones over them; that was to keep the roof from being blown away in the Northern blizzards. This left a conical structure above ground with an aperture where the sticks met in the centre. Taking a larger piece of stick, he cut notches in it, and passing this down the aperture, he showed us that the Indian men, the squaws and papooses, would go in and out by this means, and that as the fire would be built directly under it, the smoke would likewise come out that way. The hunters would catch seals and big fish, bears and otters, and the squaws would cook, cook, cook all the time at the

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fire. Each family, with its tillicums (friends) and relatives would live in the same hole, having its own appointed place in which to spread its blankets and skins. When the long months of darkness came they would gamble and sing, tell stories of long ago, or the adventures of the last season, have plenty to eat, and nothing to do till the sun came up again. Then they would some of them come down to fish, others to mine. The latter he illustrated by taking a nail as a mining drill and pretending to bore a hole in a stone, making the action of putting in a stick of dynamite, then swelling out his cheeks, he imitated the puffing of exploding powder, spreading out his hands to indicate the splitting and scattering of the rock. The squaw watched with interest as he told his story in pantomime, and seemed to assent to what he said.

The younger squaw, who, when sitting down under the tent appeared to be of large stature, was quite disappointing when she came out, for it was only her body and head which were large and square-looking, her legs were very short, while her arms were extremely long, almost to deformity. The figure of the elder squaw was the same, whilst the old man was so dried-up, he appeared quite juvenile beside

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the heavy squaws. This is the general figure of the Indians from the far North, and you can scarcely call them Red Men, for they are almost coffee-coloured.

The elder squaw pointed to the sturdy youngster, and said teasingly, "Siwash, Siwash." The younger one laughed, and said, with an air of pride, "Yarka pappa, white man!" She told us she had a good house of her own on the Puyallup Reservation near Tacoma, and her present "man" was white. But one time, when she had an Indian "man," she and her pappa and mamma and the child came to the coast in the sloop she pointed out to us, as it bobbed lazily up and down near the shore, where it was anchored by a stone tied in a sack.

When her "man" went ashore to buy what they needed, he said to her, "You had better, when it is dark, bring the schooner down a little lower, as I don't know if we are in British waters!" Accordingly, after dark she hauled in the anchor, and made for what she supposed to be perfectly safe waters. But she had not counted on the current, and when she dropped her stone anchor she was on the British side.

Early next morning the Customs' officer came on

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board and demanded her clearance papers, but the man had them with him, both from Victoria and Port Townsend. She told the officer that, and begged him to wait till her man came back. But no; he seized the poor old boat and sent it round Point Roberts to Westminster, ordering them to meet it there or lose their property. They had only fifty cents among them, so they could not go by train. It was twenty-two miles, but they started out at once on foot. The sloop was worth little, but it was all they had, and they could not afford to lose it.

Pappa and mamma were old, and the papoose, who was then two years of age, was fat and heavy. "I think Westminster never come, we walk and walk and walk. At last I drop with heavy baby, no further could go. A white man in a waggon come and say, 'What the matter?' I tell him, I tell him, and he take the child and me for fifty cents, all the money we have, to south side the river. Poor pappa and mamma have to walk, but it only six miles more and they get to Ranch-a-rie before dark."

When the man arrived at the water-front, he was promptly seized, and sent by train in charge of a constable after his vanished family and confiscated property. On investigation it was found the Indian

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had his papers on him, that all this "fuss and feather" amounted to nothing, and they were allowed to depart in peace, taking their sloop with them. But the sturdy little northern squaw maintained she had been badly treated, and "I think," she said, "that customs man not made much seizures lately, and want to show he do something. Boats carry plenty opium here, he better catch them!"

All through this recital, which took some time in Chinook, the old squaw, who still sat on her heels in the tent opening, had, at every point made by her daughter, either laughed at the funny parts, or solemnly nodded her great white head up and down at the doleful ones. All this same time she was helping herself, with an unctuous indrawing of the breath, to clams from a baking-dish beside her. They appeared to have been cooked without seasoning in a lot of doubtfully clean water. One of the camp dogs became rather clamorous for a share of her feast, and the daughter, without pausing in her narrative, handed out another pan, into which the old squaw ladled a portion for her dog, and then calmly continued her own repast without the interruption caused by rapping the dog's head out of the pan before she could fill her own wooden spoon.

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The little old man sat whittling away on the figure of a buch with his pocket-knife, paying little heed to what was said. He intended to sell these works of art in Seattle, and nothing else disturbed his calculations.

As we left the interesting group in the gathering twilight by their camp fire on the beach, we thought what a "home-coming" for a white man.

On our return to camp we heard the strains of a concertina, and the voice of an old man singing a weirdly-beautiful air, which rose as if to the mountain tops, then dropped in sweet cadences to the depths of sorrow. Then came a mountain call in falsetto, followed by the same beseeching air, till my heart ached in accord with the mournful music. We rested on our oars till the last sad note had died away.

We found our Danish fisherman seated at the camp fire with our family group, the children one on either side of him eagerly begging for more, and asking what the last song had meant.

He explained, "Dat was Danish love song. Von sailor go vay an' leaf his sveetheart; he too much love her. Ven he coom back to vere she live in de mountain, vid plenty monies, an' all ready to marry her, she vos dead, an' he cruel sorry. Den he cry plenty an' sing dat song."



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Here again was the doleful theory I had been thinking of in the boat exemplified. This sailor's ambition for wealth had been gratified, but how bitterly disappointing was his success. Hark! the old man is telling the children of his experiences on the coast, and we were soon as much interested as they were.

"Von time I go nort', oop to Queen Charlotte Islands, to fish halibut, Ven de little steam-boat stop, ve all go two men to a dory, and den it unslung, an' ve lowered into the vater. My mate and me vos de first dory dropped astearn, an' by de time all vere over der quarter, de steamer vos long vays from oos. Ve put out and cast our lines, and de fish so plenty on dem banks, ebery time ve drops de hook dey bite quick, an' ve soon hab von hoonded an' fifty fish aboard, den ve doon pretty deep in de vater. Ve vos haulin' in our gear, ven a big sea-lion, big as a cow, coom at us orful mad. He coom 'longside and t'row von flipper ober de dory side an' try to coom aboard. Ve try to scare him off, so ve shout an' vave our oars, but he not care, he try to coom right at us, so ve beat him over de head vid our oars, and jab him in de soft parts vid our jack knives. Ve hab no fire-arms, an' ve get very tired fightin' him ; von,

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two time we beat him back, but he coom again, more mad dan eber, and fling his flipper ober de side, den ve cut de flipper, and stick de knife in his side, but he not care, only get cruel mad, an' soon would oopset our dory, only de steamer see somet'ing vos wrong, an' coom 'longside. Den de lion stop he's fight, an' he lay back, vid de blood all roun' him in de vater, an' he put oop he long neck an' look at de steamer. He not scared. Ven dey shoot him he joos get madder, an' ef de steamer not run him doon, he had us in de vaters in von minute more, an' den ve doon for, an' fin' out vot de odder vorld vos like. De captain say he veigh von ton, dat sea lion."

"How far North have you been?" enquired Amy.

"Nort'? Oh! I been to Dootch Harbour, vere only Siwashes stop, an' plenty dirty vons too. My neighbour and me go prospectin', an' he stick to it, but I coom back. He lucky! orful lucky! He get tirty t'ousand dollar, an' crippled vid de rheumatism he can't volk any more. Me, I only get my ranch an' my shack, an' my music, an' I can verk yet. Oh, yes! somet'ings to von mans, an' somet'ings to noder mans, pretty mooch de same ven you get tro'."

My miserable theory again! I must get away from it, or become morbid. I went round to aunt, and

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rested my head on her knees, finding it hard work to keep back a fit of hysterical tears.

Our visitor and Phil were talking of Taku Inlet, and its description made us shudder.

“More dan twenty Onglish miles is dat inlet, lying nor'east by sou'west, vays into de mainland, an' dere are two glaciers at de head. Von keep all de time movin' little vays into de inlet, an' den he break vid noise like t'under, an' it echo echo, echo. He get little quiet, little more quiet, den de sound it die vay, an' all ees so still. De ice shine in de sun like church spire an' bell tower, and castle turret. Den my mate he fire de rifle, an' de churches an' de castles fall in plenty pieces an' change deir shape; de iceberg break off again, an' de big noise go on. De oder glacier, he not live, he keep still. Dey both five t'ousand feet high, I hear peoples say.

“Fine days Indians come out to fish, an' fix deir house in de ground, an' do plenty t'ings; but ven it storm dat place ees Hell, for de vind blow down de icy canyons like t'ousand, t'ousand lions' roar, an' de icebergs beat von against de oder, till you can't hear ven you shout. It blow de vater too like small rain an' smoke, till you can't see anything it so t'ick, an' cruel, cruel cold. Den de Indians stop down in deir holes an'

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eat fish an' tings, an' gamble, an' fight, an' sing, an' tell stories; sometimes de squaws talk for long, long viles, till de storm ees ober. De swift current carry de icebergs out into Gastineau Channel an' Freedrick's Sound, an' den dey meet de ships goin' an' comin' nort,' an' it ees not good for de ships. De ribs of some of dem lie at de bottom; you can see dem on a calm day, but dey been dere so long no man remember deir name, only I guess de Indians could tell vere de vite men vent, an' who took de cargo, for I see good mirror an' chair, an' plenty vite mans' pots an' t'ings down soom deir sveatholes. I coom back, little monies do for me plenty."

## CHAPTER XXI

OTA THE JAP—HIS DREAM—LEARNING TO READ  
AND WRITE—JAPANESE FABLE OF "THE  
DOGS AND MR MONKEY"—VISIT FROM DANISH  
WOMAN—CHARACTER SKETCH.

ANY one who had never tried camping would think the time must hang heavy on our hands; but not so. The inward content bred by living in the open air predisposes to rest, and with my hands in my lap I could sit alone and watch the water hurtling round log, stone, or little island, without a desire beyond.

Even the future, to which Old Time was hastening, and for which I felt so little prepared, had lost its alarms; and when I would look round and find that Phil had been seated near me without disturbing my reverie, a sweet feeling of protection stole over me, and I felt able to meet life by his side, let it be tranquil or stormy.

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The month we were to spend in this sylvan paradise was drawing to a close. Tom, who had been with uncle in the upper stretches of the Fraser surveying miners' claims, was to join us to-morrow for a few days, and dear Mina, who was no longer "little," for she stood some half a head taller than her betrothed, and had grown serious for her, was to have some real companionship.

Phil could scarcely realize that she had grown old enough for the serious side of life, but he had ceased to tease, for it was patent to all that the young lives of Tom and Mina were bound up in each other.

Robert and Amy were frequently absent on long excursions, either on foot along the beach, scrambling through the woods for berries, with which they kept our table well supplied, or paddling off in an Indian canoe, which they could handle almost as well as the Indians themselves. From these excursions they brought us back trout, crabs, flounders, and so on. They were evidently becoming more and more engrossed in each other, and were apparently unconscious of it.

The three elder ladies would sit and knit, talk, or paddle out with the two children, and Mina stayed with them, or went with Phil and me, which left them

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to amuse each other, so no one knew, but all guessed the trend of their affairs.

The Jap cook was greatly devoted to Jackie, and it was fun to be out of sight somewhere and hear the little fellow helping Ota with his reading lesson. Ota was very anxious to learn. He had a book with small pictures about as large as a shilling, representing some utensil used in European houses, some article of dress, or some kind of food. Each was designated by the Japanese name above, and the English name below. It was a clever contrivance; and when once Ota got the pronunciation, of course in his own particular way, he would go over it a number of times, and seldom forgot it. Mrs Stonton had taught him to read as far as the second Primer. When she went over his lesson with him any word that was new to him he underlined with pencil, and next time he never failed to be perfect in it.

In writing he refused to learn the letters of the alphabet one by one; he did them all at once, and copied out whole pages of his reading book without being able to tell one word from another, till it seemed to come to him all at once; but it was not without hard study, for you would see the lamp burning in his little room, and if you passed the open

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door he would be sitting crossed-legged on his bed poring over his book with great earnestness.

Occasionally he went down town with "my flend," and it was generally morning before he returned. Mrs Stonton would go into the kitchen as usual to help with the breakfast, but no Ota was there, and no fire. If she went to his room to remonstrate, he would say, "My *too* muchee sick, you gettee blekfas." Tom talked to him about the evil of his ways, but he only said, "You mudder sick, he stop bed; 'spose my sick, *my* stop bed." This would occur only once in several months, and as he was very good at other times, Mrs Stonton was glad to let "well enough alone." But this country is hard on ladies with young children, or those in ill-health, unless they have female relatives, for each person's hands are full with their own work, and neighbourly help is almost impossible.

Ota liked to have his lesson perfect when Mrs Stonton went to hear it, so he would get out his book and coax Jackie to go over it with him. This the little fellow consented to do if Ota would tell him a Japan story. This point was generally conceded, and you could hear the little boy laughing till his sides ached at the funny pigeon English and Japanese



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mixture of language, illustrated by the fantastic gesticulations of Ota, or he sat open-eyed with horror at some fearful tale of carnage, where heads turned up and spoke after they were chopped off, and headless bodies walked.

I was sitting out of sight one time, and saw Ota, his short stiff hair standing up on end, his eyes rolling ; one of them had a decided lift to one corner, and you were never quite sure if he was looking at you or over your head. To-day he was strutting round in the camp kitchen, or rather under the awning which served as a kitchen, and was composed of sticks and branches crossed under a big cedar, and covered with pieces of floor-cloth, an old oil table-cover, some sacks, large pieces of bark, and anything that would keep a shower of rain off the cook-stove and table. The latter was propped up at the foot of the tree, and the most even pieces of cedar shakes we could split formed the top.

The cedar shakes are made by sawing a log without knots in it the length you require, and then splitting it down in even pieces. Cedar is soft, though durable, and splits readily by the grain. Over this cedar top a piece of white oil-cloth was tacked, and there you had a kitchen table easily kept clean. Above

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the table was nailed to the tree a piece of board picked up from the beach with large nails in it, and there the pots, pans, and cooking utensils were hung.

But Ota was ambitious to have a floor to his kitchen, so he picked up all the pieces of planking he could find along the beach, which were necessarily of uneven length and thickness, and many a time have we tripped on his "fine floor," much to his secret satisfaction. When he had finished this floor, he stood up and surveyed his work with pride, shaking his startling head as he remarked to Jackie, "My *too* muchee sabbee, my fix him, heap fine floor. Too *muchee* sabbee my." He had been all alone minding camp, and, seated near the stove, had gone fast asleep. After we returned he was telling his experiences, but had no name for them. "My t'ink my see, what you call him? My stop here," seating himself by the stove, "man come allee same," standing up with his legs wide apart, eyes rolling, hair standing up, a long knife in his right hand, the left held out in the act of "grabbing." He took one jerky step forward, his head rolling as though set in a socket, and hissed between his white teeth at every measured step, "My killee you! My killee you!! My killee you!!!" with a rising inflection at every repetition.

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"My *too* scare! nis allee same," taking hold of his hair and standing it bolt upright. "My *too soon* get up, no more shleep!" Jackie was rolling and laughing till Ota could get no coherent word out of him. He finally coaxed the child to go over his lesson with him, poring earnestly over every word, till suddenly it seemed to occur to him that he was tired, when he closed the book with a snap, saying, "My *too* muchee sabbee, my shleep!" and off he went to his little tent.

One tale I heard Ota tell Jackie was like this, only with indescribable gesticulations: "Two dogs sit down by cocoa-nut tree, dey catchee one piecee meat. One dog he say, 'You no cut him, you takee too muchee.' Nudder dog he say, 'Spose you cut him meat, you takee allo!' An' dey fight 'bout de meat. One monkey he sit in de tree, an' he say to he selp, 'My *too* muchee likee dat meat, heap good meat!' So he talkee dogs, an' he say, 'Good Mister Dogs, you plenty good mans, what for you fight? No good fight! My fixee dat meat allight.' He come down de tree an' he catchee dat meat, an' take him littee way up. He takee stick, makee allee same scale. He cut him meat one piecee too muchee heaby,

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den he put one piecee on one end de stick, one piecee on udder, an' he tie bamboo in de middle. 'Oh,' he talkee, 'one piecee too muchee heaby, my, bite him off, makee him allee same udder one.' Two, t'ree time allee same he do, not muchee meat stop. Dogs, dey sit down on de littee tail, an' look up at de monkey. He go littee higher up de tree. Now, de dog he see not muchee meat stop, an' dey talkee monkey, 'Allight, nice Mister Monkey, you heap good mans, gibbee my de meat now, 'spose one too muchee heaby allight.'

"Mr Monkey he go littee higher, and he say 'Oh! you talkee me makee him allee same. My *no* can gibbee you; my makee him allee same.' He bite one piecee, he bite nodder piecee. De dogs heap hungly, an' dey talkee him, 'Pleasee, Mister Monkey, gibbee now, too muchee hungly my.' But de monkey bite, an' de monkey bite; an' de two dog dey sit on de littee tail, an' dey look at de monkey, heap muchee solly, him dog. Mr Monkey he eat allee meat, an' he talkee dog, 'He piecee meat allee same now, go catchee some more.' He t'row plenty cocoa-nut an' hit de dog too muchee hard, an' dey go home, not fight any more."

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"Did they get any more meat when they got home?" asked Jackie, open-eyed.

"Oh! dey catchee some more one piecee. One dog he cut piecee littee too heaby, nudder dog he no talkee, he *too* muchee hully up eat him piecee."

As we sat one sultry afternoon doing nothing in particular, we received a visit from the Danish wife of the Danish crab fisherman. She stepped from her boat, tall, stately, well-built, and walked up the pebbly beach with the gait of an Empress.

I could not think who she put me in mind of, with her clear complexion, her hair of golden-brown, and her sweet, steady eyes. I sat puzzling myself as to where I had seen her before, whilst aunt was according her a hearty welcome.

Two children followed her, and soon they and ours were rafting back and forth in a big log, which had been partly hollowed out by fire, but as it was not evenly balanced, it hung lopsided in the water. Across this Jackie and Dolly had nailed seats, and with four huge spikes, which they had obtained by burning what was probably a piece of wreck from long ago, they had made very good substitutes for rowlocks by driving them

## The People of British Columbia

in upright so as to catch their oars. One of the latter they had whittled out for themselves, the other was an Indian canoe paddle they had picked up on the beach. The inside of the log was blackened by fire, so, when our bare-legged urchins had been "having a jolly wow," they were considerably begrimed; even when they were fresh from the bath they were almost as brown as Indians.

The little Danish girl, Magrada, as nearly as we could catch the name, was more dainty; she pinned up her pretty clean apron—it was "made of clot' from Denmark"—laid aside her shoes and stockings, got a clean piece of drift-wood, and made for herself the seat of honour in the stern. The little boy, Hans, was engineer, and *chew! chewed!!* the craft to Denmark and back several times, bringing out imaginary relatives, whilst Jackie stood by his sail, which was made of two flour sacks Dolly had laboriously and with large uneven stitches sewn together. A sack of flour here weighs 49 lbs., and is put into a sack of thin unbleached calico. These sacks, when the lettering has been soaked, are turned by the thrifty housewife to many uses, from dish towels to underwear, and so on. Looking at our visitor's apron

## The People of British Columbia

one could see it had been newly made from two of these sacks, but it was very tastefully trimmed with a most elaborate pattern of crotchet work. Her busy hands were working now upon some of the same kind of lace, and the faster she talked the quicker went her nimble fingers. It seemed a relief to her to use her tongue. Aunt sat down with her knitting, and the other ladies did some darning, so she felt quite at home.

"Mine oldest brudder he come out twenty years ago; he marry half-breed wife, she very good woman, an' her farder give her von leetle farm. She help him fish, an' in de vinter mine brudder he make for him von good boat, an' dey fish ober here now. Von year ago mine brudder he send ticket for me an' Hans to coom out here. Ve coom to Grimsby first, an' ve coom all across Ongland in de train. Oh, it plenty good in Ongland, an' ve like Grimsby, Grimsby von good place. But Liberpool ve *not* like, de mans too much *teefs* dere. Mine cousen coom out before ve coom, an' he takes plenty t'ings to he's folks. Ven he come to Liberpool it pour rain, an' he vos stan' by he's stoof an' vait to go on big sheep. Von man coom an' he say to Hans, 'You go on

## The People of British Columbia

boord de big sheep, I bring you t'ings,' an' Hans he go aboard; but no t'ings coom; dat man go vays vid dem, an' de food too vôt Hans have to eat on de train on de ooder side, an' Hans he *so sorry* for de t'ings he bring he's peoples an' dey not get, an' he cruel hoongry on de train as neber vos, cos he lose he's food, an' he got not mooch monies to buy more vid. He write an' tell me 'Be careful of de stoof, for mans very teef in Ongland; ven you gets to Grimsby all right, no vons try to steal, but ven you gets to Liberpool look out plenty mooch.'

"Ve vos vait, mine hoosban' an' me, for de big sheep on de dock, an' I stan's by mine stoof. Von man he coom to us an' he say, 'You peoples no vait here, you go on boord, I vill bring you t'ings on for yous.' Mine hoosban' he say, 'Dat all right, Olga; ve go aboard an' gets our good place, coom.' But I says, 'No;' an' I gets *very* mad, an' I tells dat man, 'You go vays; I can see to mine stoof mine self.' Mine hoosban' t'ink it not goot to speak to dat mans like dat, but I say, 'I not care, I vants keep mine stoof.' I speak in Dahnish, but he seem to know what I says all de same, an' he go vays. I stan' vid mine stoof till it go on big sheep vid me,



## The People of British Columbia

an' I lose not'ing. But I vos sorry for Hans; he hab goot new suit clothes made of Dahnish clot' in de sacks, de likes you not can buy here, an' only he's ol' suit on him, an' ven he coom out he hab not'ing else, an' dat Dahnish clot' es *so* goot as neber vos.

"Now ve got our little bit lan', an' ve makes small house, an' I got garden mine own now, five mile outside Blaine. I got two Gersey cow. Oh, dey give plenty creams," and as if contemplating the richness of the cream, "plenty *goot* creams, I makes so mooch butter as neber vos. I got chickens, an' all de voods I vant to burn; ve keeps goot fires all de vinter. I tell my peoples ven I writes all bout it. Dey say it vos hard vinter home an' dey pay as mooch for vood an' coal as for live; Von Dahnish crown for von small sack coal.

"Now I camp here vid mine hoosban', an' he fish de crabs for de coompany; von, two cents von. Mine older brudder he feesh for he self, an' I t'ink pretty soon he get crab cannery for he self.

"This vos goot coontry; I like it mooch. Plenty goot feesh, plenty voots, plenty vork—some moor mine peoples coom. My younger brudder, he

## The People of British Columbia

built von leetle house, he marry he's cousen pretty soon now; she stay vid me, she not talk von verd English."

Two little yellow-haired Danes now came up and interrupted the flow of our visitor's talk. All the children had suddenly discovered that they were hungry, and had gone to Ota for bread and jam. He gave Jackie and Dolly all they wished, but refused to allow Magrada and Hans a like privilege, of which they justly complained; so Mina went off with the sturdy youngsters, and fed them with bread and jam to their hearts' content, much to the disgust of Ota.

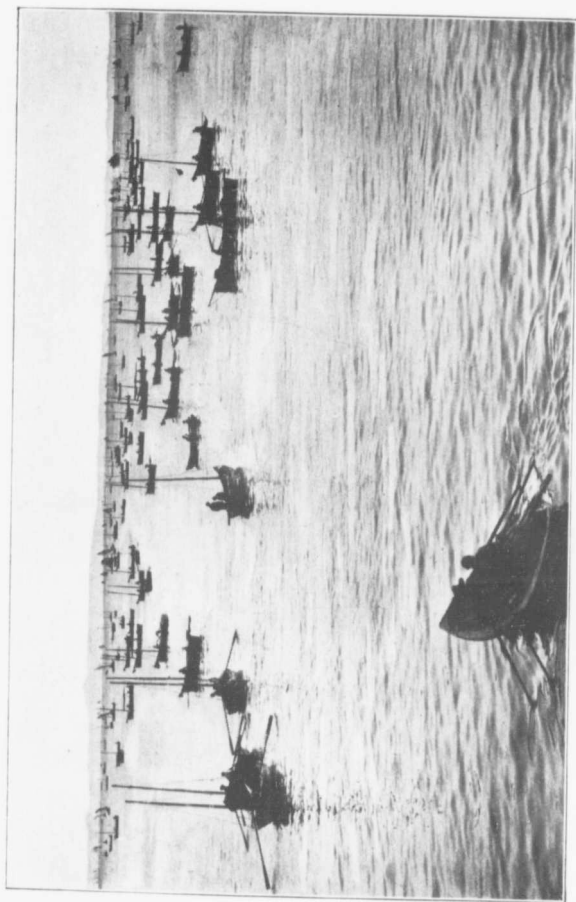
The mother stayed and had supper with us, and worked away on an intricate pattern of crotchet lace with her deft fingers, as fast as her pretty broken English flowed from her busy tongue.

## CHAPTER XXII

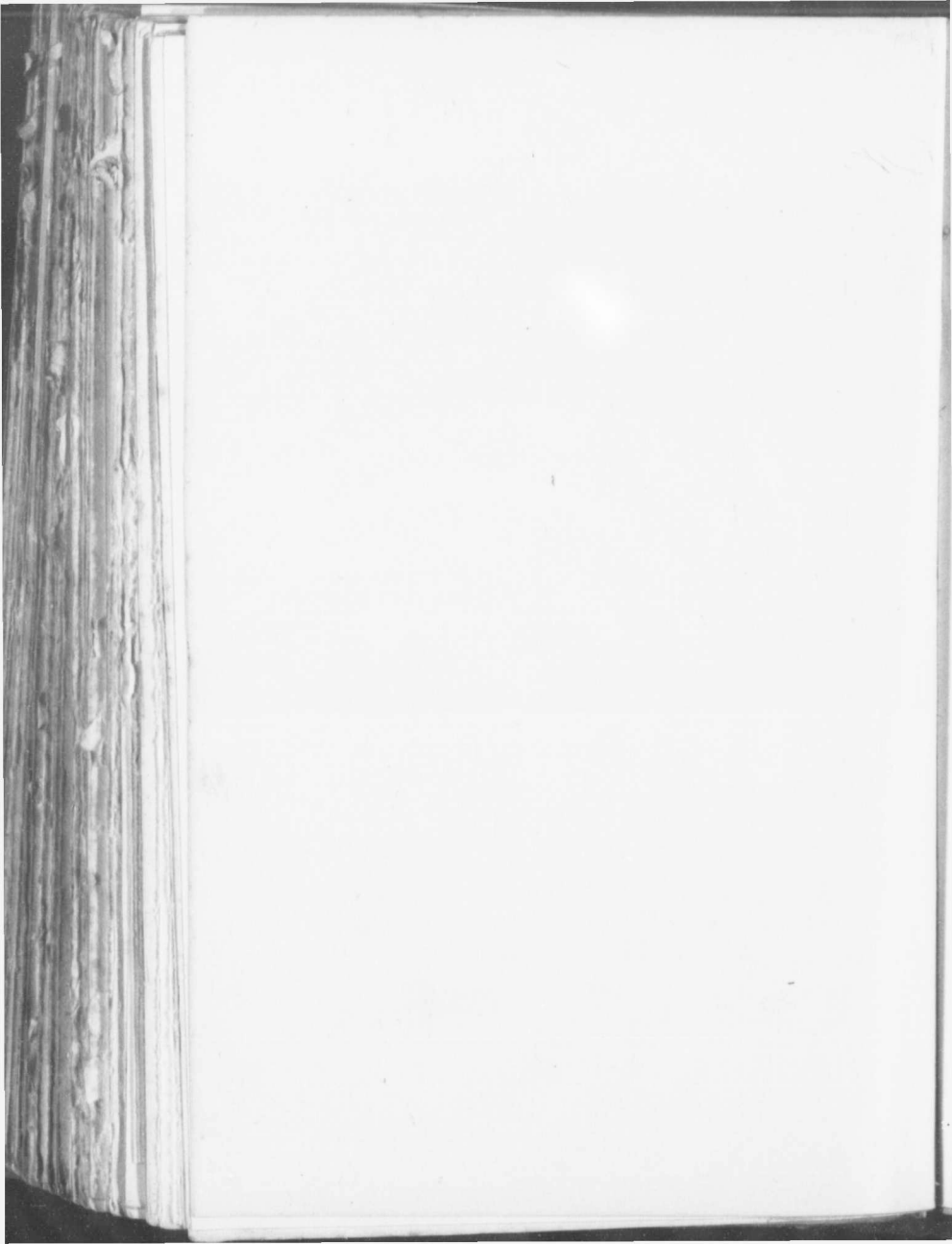
CANNERY AND FISH TRAPS — WHOLESALE DESTRUCTION OF SALMON — PROCESS OF CANNING — CAN-MAKING — JAPANESE REBEL — CHINESE OUTBREAK — PLUCKY LITTLE MANAGER — WESTERN SUNSET.

AS I said, our time was drawing to a close, and Tom was to come to-morrow. We prepared our lunch-basket with many good things, and proposed making an excursion to one of the largest canneries on the coast.

It was a long distance for a small boat, but we secured the old fisherman's Columbia River boat, which, though heavy, is perfectly safe, and will hold a dozen people easily. It is built with a keel bottom that can be dropped quite low in the water for stormy weather and sailing, or raised completely out to make less work in rowing. The sides also are covered in nearly a foot all round, and it is



FRASER RIVER FISHERMEN, WAITING FOR GUN-FIRE.



## The People of British Columbia

almost impossible to capsize it in the heaviest weather. The old man went along, as the elder ladies would not trust the young men with the sailing.

Only those who have taken such a sail can know its delights. The fresh breeze, the bright sunshine, the sparkling waters which gurgled round our bows, making the sweetest music, the gentle murmur of women's voices, the laughter of happy children, the knowledge that the sails are in competent hands, and by your side the beloved presence. I asked myself, Can a day so full of happiness, so care-free, ever come to me again?

In and out among the islands we thread our way, looking from the wooded shores of Point Roberts, with its crops of hay and oats, past the low-lying Lighthouse Point with its samphire marshes below the tide line, back to the hoary head of Mount Baker, capped by his eternal snows, and to the sheltering mountains of the coast lying nearer to us in Washington.

All too soon we are at the cannery wharf, and make a call upon the charming young wife of the manager. Her whole time is taken up with the care of a most wonderful baby. The fond father exhibited it with the certainty of its unapproachable

## The People of British Columbia

merits, and when Phil, after a critical examination of its "points," pronounced it one of the healthiest boys he had come across, the father took it for granted that his judgment was perfectly correct because it accorded with his own ideas.

It was now noon, and Mrs Thorpe insisted that all of us must go in with her to lunch, but there being so many we showed our big basket, and pointed out where the fisherman and Tom had already got the tea-kettle on. So she compromised with only aunt and me, and putting her big fat boy into his buggy, he was wheeled to the cook-house, carried, buggy and all, up the steps, and into the special apartment used only by the manager and his family. But Mr Thorpe, who looked a very young man to be in charge of so large an establishment, had no appetite.

He had to put the men to work at five o'clock every morning.

"Why, this morning," he said, in his slow, quiet way, "I counted the gaps and found six of the beggars were skulking. I went to their bunk-house, and found them bustling into their clothes, instead of having their breakfast over and in line for work. One big fellow, that is, big for a Jap—he

## The People of British Columbia

was nearly as tall as I am, and about twice as broad—walked back into his bedroom and locked the door as soon as he caught sight of me. I was ready for a scrap, and expected a fight; but I took hold of the handle, broke the lock, and yanked the beggar out by the collar. They always want to run around with a tooth-brush in their mouths for about half an hour after they get up, but I booted him into line, and the others followed of their own accord."

"Not like the Chinaman," observed aunt quietly.

He laughed, and fingered an ugly scar across his cheek. "No," he drawled; "but I knocked that yellow devil down with an iron bar before he had time to strike again, or I guess I wouldn't have been here now. That was when the Chinamen did the cutting-up of the fish by hand. All the gang were round me with their sharp knives almost before I had time to draw my revolver. That was on the Fraser River. There were only four or five white men in that cannery, but we were all armed. I said I'd shoot the first man who laid hands on Ah Foon, the man I had knocked down. And I'd shoot every yellow angel that didn't go back to his cutting in two minutes. I held my watch in my left hand, but I never took my



## The People of British Columbia

eyes off the gang. The other white men had rallied round me by now, and I ordered Ah Foon handcuffed and passed over to the authorities, besides several others who had held in with him. It was done, although at one time it looked as if an ugly fight would have to be made for it."

"And all this time your poor face was bleeding," observed the wife sympathetically.

"Oh! that was nothing. I had six or eight stitches put in, but I never laid off for a day. Perhaps I didn't drive that gang for all they were worth that season!"

We looked in at the white men's cook-house, where some two hundred white men of many nationalities were having their midday meal. There were captains of the tugs, engineers, overseers, trap-men, and so on.

We went over the cannery with Mr Thorpe, going in by a long slanting "run" that took us up above the seething, toiling gangs below. Passing over the crowd, we emerged at the opposite end, along an open wharf for several hundred feet to a building at its far end, which is called the "slaughter-house." Here the tugs and steamboats, scows, and sail-boats discharge their "fish." With "picaroons," which con-

## The People of British Columbia

sists of a slightly curved hook in a long wooden handle, they quickly throw the fish one by one on to a revolving wheel resembling the jackstraw which is attached to a threshing machine for carrying the straw up to the stack and away from the machine. This wheel records automatically the number of fish sent in. It throws them in shining, gliding heaps, among which several Norwegians stand waist-deep and pass them on again with picaroons to the cutters and cleaners. In some canneries these are Indian women, here they were Chinese. They used long, very sharp knives, and cut the fish with great quickness and dexterity.

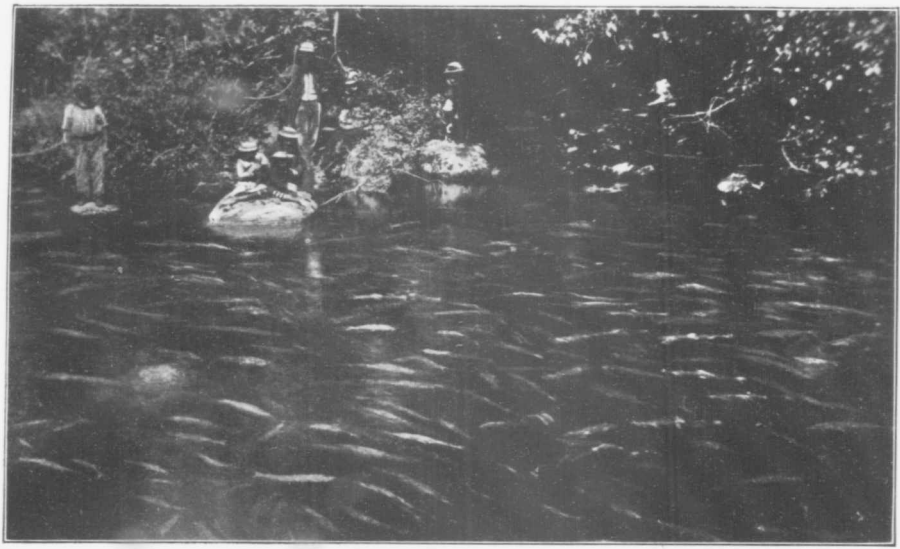
The fish are then washed in several baths of salt water, placed in carts with open slatted bottoms, and taken over to the cannery proper by Japanese. Each time the cart is emptied a spray of water is turned over it, a sprinkling of coarse salt follows, and back it goes for more. The offal on this side is thrown into the water again, but on the Fraser this is not allowed, so a scavenger-boat collects it, and a company extracts oil from it, selling the dry parts for fertilizing purposes.

In the main building were more machines of the jackstraw design, upon which the cleaned fish were

## The People of British Columbia

laid, as it made its way upwards to where automatically-arranged knives cut the fish in right lengths for the cans. About as much salt as would fill an ordinary thimble had already been placed in each can, which was passed on to where it met the filler. Here a contrivance like a long arm moved in time to catch each can as it passed, and with one "jam" of just sufficient force, the fish was put in place and passed on again to where some six or eight Chinamen stood ready with small cut pieces of clean fish to fill in all the little interstices. This they did with great swiftness, also judging as to weight at the same time. The next persons who took the cans, which are kept passing along on an endless belt, were young white men, who weighed them as they passed, taking out those which fell short—they were very few—and sending these back to the fillers in trays. Upon each open, filled, weighed can as it passed a line of white boys a small piece of waste tin was placed. This is to keep the solder from dropping in on the fish when the "test" hole is filled. The cans are then met by the "topping" machine. Going on from this by an endless chain the cans turn round and round in the hot solder, head down. From this they are taken by the nimble-fingered Chinamen and placed in wooden trays, which

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SALMON PRESSING UP TO SPAWNING GROUNDS. FRASER RIVER, B.C.



## The People of British Columbia

hold just two dozen a-piece. More Chinamen carry these again to the first steam retort, where they are placed in iron racks, or open trays of iron, 184 to a tray, and subjected to a pressure of 220 lbs. of steam for thirty minutes.

From this they are swung by chains and pulleys to wooden stands, where several experienced Chinamen strike each can with a hammer having a sharp point, with which they make a small incision. If the can had been perfect a jet of steam and water rises from it, if not, there is no response to the Chinaman's stroke, when a Celestial assistant who stands by quickly removes the steamless ones, which are sent to a line of Chinese ranged along the walls with jets of flame spurting out from an automatically-fed lamp, which keeps his solder and his irons hot, and they are "done over." So when any one buys a can of salmon, in which there are two soldered holes, it is a "done-over," and very likely to be bad, as some four of these tins are said to be packed in each case of forty-eight cans of salmon, the rest sold locally or to the nearer markets.

Now for the good cans. The test-holes are soldered, the spaces left by the bad tins are filled in, and each tray of 184 cans is raised on its creak-

## The People of British Columbia

ing chains and placed in the second retort. These retorts with their heavily-bolted iron frames look like huge drums, from whence is emitted an intense heat; and the engineers and "boilers" stand round with the perspiration making streaks of white as it trickles down their blackened faces. In these second retorts the salmon remain for 65 minutes subject to a steam pressure of 242 lbs.

This operation is a very critical one, for on its proper execution depends the success of the "Pack." Consequently an experienced and reliable man has charge of the retorts and regulates the steam gauges.

Exactly on the minute the great iron doors swing open, and out come the steaming cans. Each tray is swung into a strong bath of lye water, which removes every speck of grease, and from these baths Chinamen wheel them to the cooling-room, where the heat from 8000 cases of 48 cans each daily added makes it anything but a comfortable retreat on a summer's day, although the mountains of neatly-piled cans, all clean to the touch, are a pretty sight.

When the "packing" is over these cans will be taken by Chinamen, dipped in another bath of varnish to preclude any possibility of rust eating through them, and when that is dry, their small yellow

## The People of British Columbia

fingers will deftly label and place them in cases, as I said before, of four dozen to a case for shipping.

Many hands are at work now, and have been for months, making the salmon boxes—indeed whole “box factories” do nothing else—ready for this same shipping. The big ships are ploughing the mighty deep on their way to carry these dainty morsels, and all those of the canneries on either side of the line, to furnish many a relishing meal to the dwellers in the Old and New Worlds.

We passed, on our way out, a huge shed, standing high on piles in which was the clang of machinery. It proved to be for the cutting and making of cans for the Pack which this particular cannery makes for itself. In Westminster is a “Can Factory” which turns out many hundreds of thousands of cans each season. The climate is too damp to allow of any being kept over for a second year, as the least speck of rust would destroy the fish; in the same way the tin must not be carried over, but is made into cans for fruit, spices, coffee, and so on. These box and can factories only employ “white help,” which gives all a chance. The whole process of canning has to be contracted for by the canners with the Chinese bosses, who bind themselves to furnish the labour for so many thousands



## The People of British Columbia

of cases. Sometimes, when the fish are running by and the cans left over will be spoiled by another season, these Chinese bosses will refuse to put up another case after their stipulated number, unless a considerable rise in price is conceded; sometimes they get sulky with or "down" on the owner, and then nothing would induce them to continue work, and the word of the Boss Chinaman is law to the coolies under them.

Tins for 135,000 cases had already been prepared in this particular cannery, but sufficient for 150,000 were now in course of making, in view of the immense run of salmon. The "run" only lasts from beginning to end about six weeks, the press of work during this period night and day, Sunday and week-day, being immense.

I was too much absorbed in seeing and hearing all about the fish-canning process to notice that Phil was standing near, until he said, "Well, if you have followed your salmon from the slaughter-house to the ship's side, perhaps you would like to see how he is caught!"

"By all means," returned the manager, who, by the way, I noticed caused immense activity among all the workers the moment they caught sight of

## The People of British Columbia

his small person. "The tugs are just going out to the traps, and you can go on which one you like; you won't be in anybody's way, and I must get back among the gang."

As the tug pulled out from the wharf, the captain, a fair young man, yelled to Mr Thorpe, "When do you want your fish, Ned?"

"I must have 70,000 by six o'clock for the white cutters, Bob," he shouted back. The cutting machines were unable to keep the day and night gangs going, so all the men and women that could be got were put on at night at the rate of forty cents, per hour; some of them, who could work ten hours, making, you see, four dollars per night.

Away we went, steaming over the sunny, sparkling waters, glad to get in the shade of the engine-room or the captain's wheel-house.

Some eight or ten big square-looking scows trailed behind us, and a gang of Icelanders and Scandinavians crowded the stern of the tug.

We followed a line of piles or thin poles, rammed into the sand by a pile-driver. Upon these was hung a "web" or netting of strong twine, the meshes about two inches square, stiff with tar to keep it

## The People of British Columbia

from rotting; even then it only lasts one season. This is called the "Lead," and is from half to three-fourths of a mile long. The fish taste the fresh water of the Nickomacl River, and are deceived for the time being, taking it for the Fraser, where they were spawned four years ago, and keep on to get past the obstruction. They never turn back. The traps are constructed upon this knowledge of their habits. They skirt along the "lead," till they come to the "heart," into which there is only one opening. This heart is raised on piles, and encircled by "web." The fish pass on to an exit which leads them into the "pot." This is a bag of web, strongly fastened to piles which are braced by poles and timber from pile to pile. When once in this there is no escape, and the fish fight fiercely with each other and with alien fish till their fins and scales are gone, and they present a very disreputable appearance.

On this "pot" is constructed a small shelter, just big enough for a man to stand or sit in, and here the night-watchman is stationed before dark every night, with his rifle and his lantern, as the traps are sometimes robbed by the "gill-netters," who prefer this easy mode to the more laborious one of fishing for themselves.

## The People of British Columbia

When we reached the "pot" it was sunk deep in the water, straining on the piles and their braces. The "crew" now sprang from the tug into the first scow; a long iron contrivance something like an immense gridiron was let down by a donkey engine in the bow of the tug, and scooped the fish from the pot to the scow; this process was repeated till all the scows were full. But the pot hung as dead a weight as ever, and the crew got to work. "Up she comes, boys! Haul away that slack! Come on, men! Pull altogether this time! Warhoop! Warhoop!! Pull again, boys!" But the stalwart men could make no headway.

"Get the steam-winch out and help us," pleaded the foreman of the scow crew.

"Can't do it! I must take this fish to the cannery;" but seeing rebellion in the eyes of the disheartened crew, he added good-naturedly, "but I'll come back, boys, and lend a hand; do what you can whilst I'm gone."

In about half an hour we had returned, for we wanted to see it out, although the captain had volunteered the information that we "wouldn't be back before dark," and several other hints to the effect that he would rather leave us behind. Only

## The People of British Columbia

aunt and Phil and I had come. Traps were no novelty to the rest of the party.

What they wanted to do was to empty the pot of the fish that were in it, and they were anxious to do this without cutting out the pot and necessitating all the labour and delay of replacing it.

The steam-winch hauled, and the men hauled, and they tied the web together to hold every little advantage they made. At last the men seemed discouraged and wanted to give it up, but the young captain urged them to try again, pointing out that the tug at the next trap was still working on her pot, and he didn't see why they weren't "as good a crew as the other feller had."

There were thousands of dead fish in the trap, and their weight was immense. But they worked and worked, till at last they succeeded in getting the centre raised above the edge, and the fish began to slide out, every few thousand making the pot that much lighter, till 25,000 dead fish had been cast adrift with thirteen more traps to be emptied. The canneries could not begin to use them. What a fearful waste of good food! No one seemed to think anything of it. They were *only* salmon.

## The People of British Columbia

Myriads of little fish about three inches long were disporting themselves in the sunny water near the tug, all as unconscious and careless of the destructive forces at work so near them as we are of the workings of the Higher Powers around us.

As we were leaving, one of the far-sighted Norwegians made some remark to the captain, who flatly denied whatever it was, but he fetched his glass, and almost jumped for joy; the other tug had had to cut out her pot, and was now dragging it to a sandbar to empty it.

"So ve comes out all right," remarked the foreman; "ve beats de todder gang."

As we re-embarked for camp we saw a number of boats going out in twos. Those were the seine fishermen; their nets are so large they have to be worked off into the water by a windlass. They hold an immense amount of fish, for they enclose all that comes into them like a bag. Other boats were going out singly, with two men in each; these were the "gill-netters," whose nets hang down like a curtain in the water, and catch the Sockeye salmon by the gills, being made of a mesh which only takes them. As the water is clear here, these men have to fish at night.

## The People of British Columbia

As we passed a big scow boarded over like a large room, we noticed that salmon were being thrown from it into the water. "That is de Canadian scow," remarked our friend, the Dane. "De Customs officer he makes some fuss ober de tariff, an' hold de fish till dey bad; now they t'row dem away."

"I thought the duty had been taken off," remarked Robert.

"It take off to-day; but if de Onglish not get de fish, de Americans keep oop de price in de market, an' dese fish vas for von order for half pound flats. I guess dat Onglish Canneryman he lose money."

To look at the Gulf as we went along, it seemed impossible that any salmon could make its way to the Fraser, so thickly were the traps set.

Who shall describe the beauty of the sunset? If the colours *could* be reproduced on canvas, people would pronounce them extravagant. We seemed to be sailing into a mist of gold, which changed to rose, then to pale heliotrope, again darkening to purple.

Turning back to look at Mount Baker, we saw his hoary head illumined above the darkening earth, while all the shades of gold, rose, pink and yellow chased each other, and played on the eternal snows of his summit. They seemed to brighten into the very

## The People of British Columbia

gates of heaven, till night drew his purple pall about the snowy crest.

We sailed on over the phosphorescent waters, till presently, where the sun's light had last been reflected, rose the full moon. Gradually its light illumined the higher stretches, till at last it had crept downward and kissed the dancing waters, when we appeared to be in a pathway of light which reached from it to us.



## CHAPTER XXIII

SALMONOPOLIS—SQUAW DANCE FOR FISH—WONDERS OF OUR "FISH WORLD"—INDIANS IN YALE CANYON—A RIVER OF SALMON—COHOES OR SILVER-SIDES—QUALAH—RETURN—FAREWELL.

OUR sylvan retreat began to be very unsavoury from the remains of hundreds of salmon that lay piled up on our beach every morning, and would have necessitated our return, even had we intended to remain any longer. So it was decided that the ladies and children, under Phil's escort, should go to a landing across the peninsula, where we could take the regular boat for Steveston. Accordingly a strong farm waggon, of course springless, was brought, and we journeyed along the beach at low tide, drawn by a pair of heavy horses.

We reached Steveston, or Salmonopolis, as it is sometimes called, about six o'clock. It lies on the

## The People of British Columbia

extreme point of Lulu Island, and looks at high tide as though canneries and town were below the water-line, which probably they are, as the whole island, which is some sixteen miles long, is surrounded by a dyke eight or ten feet high.

On either side of the river, which is very wide here, being near the mouth, are canneries built upon piles, and around them is the busy coming and going of fishing-boats laden with their nets. Some of these are owned by the men, and then they sell their fish to the canners at a price previously agreed. This year they were a long time coming to an agreement, as the Japs were willing to fish for very little. The Indians held in with the white men, and carried the balance of power. Those of them who had received word in the North of trouble with the Japanese came down in their big war-canoes, bringing all their young men with them, and leaving their squaws and papooses at the ranch-a-ries, fully prepared to stand in with their white brothers, and fight the Japs, whom they very much dislike. They were extremely disappointed that the trouble was settled by simple arbitration. In the event of war on this coast they would prove strong allies, as they know the waters and the islands like a book.

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## The People of British Columbia

Many boats are owned by the canneries, then the fishermen get so much per day, and a certain percentage for their catch.

Can I bring to your mind the scene before me? The vast sandheads of the mighty Fraser, broken up into several channels, some shallow, and one deep; the low-lying islands which have been formed year by year from its great deposits; the busy fishing boats, sailing, rowing here and there, some casting their nets in the hope of getting a few fish; the lounging crowds of Chinese waiting to perform their part; the camps of ruddy Indians, away from the rest; the dapper little Japs with their generally alert air; the white managers, and the Chinese bosses, all go to make up a floating population for Steveston of over four thousand, while in winter three hundred is as much as can be counted upon. On all this the summer sun is shining from a cloudless sky, and gentle breezes are blowing—too gentle to suit the fishermen, for if it would only storm, the fish would come in, instead of playing around the sandheads in deep water, as they always do for some days before entering the fresh.

“Are you dead sure as they are in the deep water outside, Jim? Maybe they don't intend to come

## The People of British Columbia

in this year. I guess them traps on the other side has caught 'em all, an' we ain't a-goin' to git none."

"Looks mighty like it—Gosh! if it don't! Here's ten days later'n last year an' no signs on 'em on the inside yet!"

"Guess the Siwashes think so too; here's the old squaws a-goin' to give a Fish-dance; if them fish only see 'em, I guess they'd go back where they come from quicker 'en s'-cat!"

We had noticed an unusual commotion among the Indians, and had waited to see what was coming, when we heard this conversation.

The day was broiling hot, the slight breeze had died away, but gathered on the only public wharf were some thirty or forty squaws, their enveloping shawls thrown aside, showing their shapeless, heavy figures, their faces were painted, one side red, the other blue, and striped and barred with white. Each held in her hand two long sharp fish-knives. They stood facing each other in twos, and began a low chant, to which the tom-toms beat time. They kept up a kind of trotting, courtesying step as they turned back and forth to face the squaw behind them, then back to the one with whom they had started. The monotonous chant waxed louder and

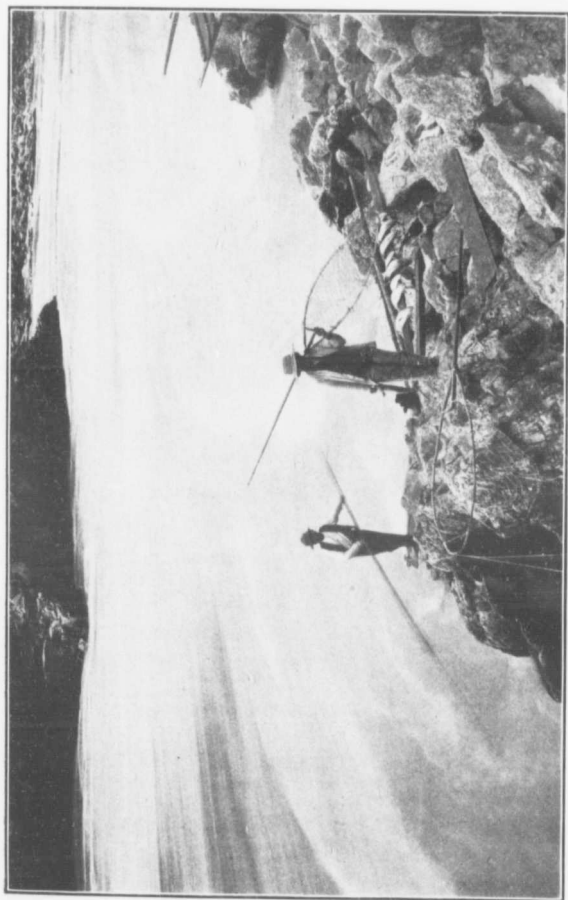
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faster, they flourished their knives more fiercely, the tom-toms beat louder, then came a pause, when the voice of one squaw would be heard alone in a kind of recitative, whilst she and all the rest of her tribal sisters kept up the peculiar movement. Then all would burst in again, till their excitement grew intense, and this they kept up for more than an hour.

One papoose was paying so much attention to the dance, or possibly to his own mother in it, that he fell over the wharf into ninety feet of water. The squaws never ceased their chant and dance, nor the tom-toms to beat, but one young lad jumped in and seized the choking youngster as he rose to the surface, and the two were hauled into a canoe and paddled under the wharf to the shore.

We wandered off along the top of the dyke as the squaws dispersed, trying to find a cool place, and Phil said, "This reminds me of a Wolf-dance Willie Dunston and I saw when we were leaving Taku Inlet. The Indians had collected on the shore of an island above the dangerous Seymour Narrows the old Dane told you of. The ice and snow were thick and deep, the dense forests moaned in the keen frost, and any little twig that was pressed by the foot of man or animal broke with a sharp snap.

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INDIANS FISHING IN YALE CANYON FOR SALMON.



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Every year these Yewcatlaws meet to do honour to the wolf, which they consider the emblem of their tribe, and they carve the high prows of their big war-canoes (happily now only used for racing or carrying purposes) into semblances of his head.

“For days the bucks, that is the young Indians, had been busy cutting and hauling a great supply of pine logs, to make a huge bonfire which on the night of the celebration would light up the weird waters with their treacherous whirlpools, showing the snow-laden forests, making them look like armies of fantastic wraiths, and perhaps, if a wind-storm should arise, the smoking cavernous mouth of Taku Inlet, making it appear like the entrance to the infernal regions.

“The squaws had been busy cooking venison, bear meat, fish both fresh and dried, wild fowl, and any dainty their souls craved. Pan bread was made on the night of the feast, by mixing flour and water together, and baking it in a frying-pan in front of the fire.

“Unfortunately for themselves and any white man who might cross their path at this time, they have learned the pernicious art of making a kind of potheen out of berries and other things, so of course



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they provide great store of this, for the tribesmen had gathered from far and near for the feast.

“When all was ready for the dance, the tribe, wrapped in blankets and skins, seated themselves round the huge pile of logs, but at some little distance from them. A pitch pine-brand is placed beneath and the fire is soon roaring its way upward.

“The wolf of the North, I must tell you, is very tall and gaunt. He has strong sinewy legs and a formidable head, with powerful jaws, and great fangs that when once set in anything of flesh and blood are not likely to let go their hold. His coat is of such a dark grey, it looks almost black, and his small eyes gleam with an evil light, as he noses near your camp, and inspects you across the fire. But they never pass over fire, and seldom come very near to it. If these creatures went in bands as the ordinary wolf does, nothing could withstand them, for their strength is prodigious; fortunately for everything else that has life, they roam in solitary state, but their hideous cries make night ugly, and your head lies uneasy, for if sleep overpowers your watchman, and the fires die down, Mr Wolf seizes his repast without delay, and it would be useless to follow him, for he drops nothing alive.

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"We left the tribe seated round the pile watching the flames leap and roar among the pitch-pine logs. They listened as they looked, and presently was heard at a distance the faint cry of a wolf. It came nearer, it took on volume, it surrounded the silent crowd, till there is a hideous outburst, and amidst the din fifty or sixty young men leaped out of the darkness, and gyrated round the fire. Their faces were painted in red and blue, barred and striped with white and yellow.

"They were dressed in the skins of wolves, the great point of competition being who should secure the largest number of tails—dangling from the back of his head, standing upright from his crown, and flapping all over his person.

"Round and round the fire they danced in a maddening circle, shouting, simulating the cries of the wolf and the screams of his victim. Nearer the fire they whirled, then almost out of sight in the darkness. Louder and louder grew the din, madder and madder the dance, till at a given signal from the Chief all was silence.

"One of the dancers here produced a wolf cub from under his skin, and presented it to the Chief, who accepted the offering in silence. Taking a sharp

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knife from the hand of a lad who stood ready with it, he laid the cub on the trunk of a fallen tree, and with one stroke severed its head from the body. All the tribe crowded round and dipped their fingers in the warm blood of the cub with which they smeared their foreheads, believing that the blood of the wolf would impart courage and strength to the recipient.

"The bonfire now became the funeral pyre of the cub, and the dance was continued to the sound of some such a chant as we just heard, joined in by all the tribe, until the remains of the cub were completely consumed.

"Then a grand 'potlatch,' or giving of presents, blankets, rifles, ammunition, and so on, closes the ceremonies. We left, for the orgies of the feast were about to begin, and no white man should expose himself to the mad fury of drunken Indians, for Loo is then not responsible for his actions, and is only safe when the stupor of his potations has overtaken him or her."

We walked along the outer dyke behind a fringe of scrubby crab-apple trees, which all leant inward away from the strong westerly gales which blow here during the winter months. There were some queer-looking

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parcels stowed in among the thickest trees, which proved upon investigation to be the bodies of Indians who had probably died some five or six years ago, and been deposited here, this being the mode of burial among some of the inland tribes.

That night a grand thunder-storm broke upon the coast, and next day, when the fishermen put out their nets, the floats were bobbing away at one end before the other was in the water, and the fishermen had to haul their nets to shore to take out the fish, or their numbers would have swamped the boats.

Now the busy ding-dong and rattle of machinery began, and Steveston's six weeks of active life in the the year was in full swing.

The floating population, temporarily housed in tents, shacks, and scow-houses, were busy as bees, the canneries that could obtain help sufficient, or had enough retorts, were working day and night.

Scow-houses are mostly an institution of the Scandinavian fishermen. A scow is built, and upon it is raised a small house, generally of two rooms; some of the more ambitious owners have four rooms and a half story-above. These houses are moved up or down the river as required, long lines of them being

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taken behind one tug, and Mr Fisherman, his family and effects are all moved together to or from the fishing-grounds. They pick up their firewood from the logs that float by in the winter months, and fish when they feel inclined, as there are no restrictions whatever upon that industry, except a small license for the Sockeye run, which only amounts to a few dollars.

Men of all social grades fish and work in the canneries. Many a young Dental, Medical, or Law student earns sufficient during the season to keep him going for the next college term. You may be sure he knows both the value of his time and his money, when he comes to use the one or disburse the other. Many young men here, as I said before, rise by their own efforts, and keen citizens they make. The mother-country may well feel proud of her Colonial sons. They seem to have an inborn power that makes them struggle and win against overpowering odds. Work they never think degrading, and to gain their ultimate triumph they can and will turn their hands to anything.

Let us go back to the canneries and see the fishermen discharging their fish at the wharves and jetties. The fish come fresh and unbruised

## The People of British Columbia

from the net, and are handed in to the tallyman who keeps count for each man. Sometimes they are paid for at once, more often not until the end of the season, but the fisherman if he needs can draw on the particular cannery for which he works. Many boats will make from two to three thousand dollars this year, with two men of course to share.

The Sockeyes now came in such myriads, that the Government stepped in and restricted the catch of each boat to 300 per day, for neither the canneries nor the Japanese salters could "handle" the fish, and unnecessary waste is deprecated by the authorities.

On this side there is a "Close Season," which begins on Saturday morning at six o'clock, and ends at six on Sunday evening. Patrol boats are out to see that this law is observed, the fish in the meantime being allowed an unobstructed run up river. The penalty for the infringement of this law is fine for the first offence or two, but an old offender loses his boat and net; and we heard a hard-looking specimen of humanity complaining that his boat and gear had been "confiscated."

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On Sunday night excursion boats are run from Vancouver, Westminster, and intervening points to Steveston to see the fishermen throw off, and it is a sight worth the trouble. Fifteen hundred boats, manned by three thousand fishermen, resting on their oars, as far as the eye can reach, waiting for gun-fire. There it booms! and every man standing in the stern of his boat begins to pay out his net, and every boat-puller to strain at his oars. The rattle of the wooden floats as they tumble over the sides of the boats, and the sound of the oars in their rowlocks make a music peculiar to the scene, and heard nowhere else.

The canneries on this side are built much in the same way as those on the other, only varying in size and capacity according to the owner's means. In the "Fall," ships from all parts of the world will lie at these cannery wharves, which will then look lonely and deserted.

A day or two after the thunderstorm we came up the river. Down its centre where the current runs the strongest was a black line of salmon backs showing all along, many feet in width. The fish were eagerly pressing their way onwards to the spawning-grounds. They never turn back,

## The People of British Columbia

nothing makes them swerve aside, they swim on and on, into the small streams and rivers, onward and upward, struggling over shallows, throwing themselves across a few feet of sandbar, wriggling through the rapids. At the Yale Canyon, one hundred miles from the mouth of the Fraser, where it is confined by mountains whose iron-like sides are washed bare by the rushing waters, and where giant rocks stand up in its darkened chasms to further impede the mighty volume of its waters making them roar and foam, you will see the salmon steadily wending their way, trembling from head to tail in the strenuous effort to overcome the torrent; sometimes when the calmer waters have been almost reached, a swifter swirl will carry them back over and over again, but they return to the charge, swimming cautiously in the lee of a rock or sandbar, till they overcome the whirlpool or die in the attempt.

Few, comparatively, reach the northern stretches of the river where it again becomes navigable. The fins of those which succeed hang in rags, their tails are worn off, their heads almost bare of skin, and their shining scales have been dropped one by one on the journey.



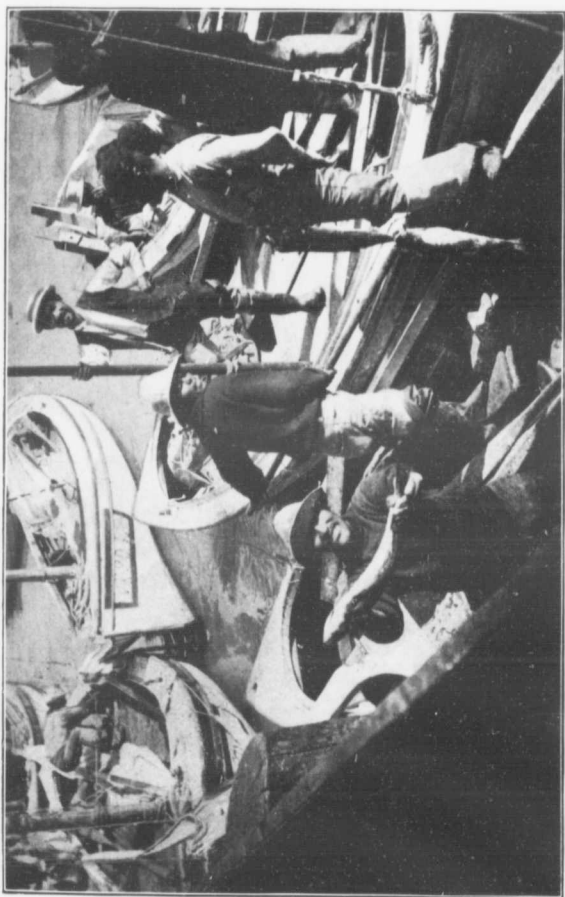
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Countless thousands, satisfied with the small streams and rivers tributary to the Lower Frazer, have fulfilled their mission and died, making the air foul for miles.

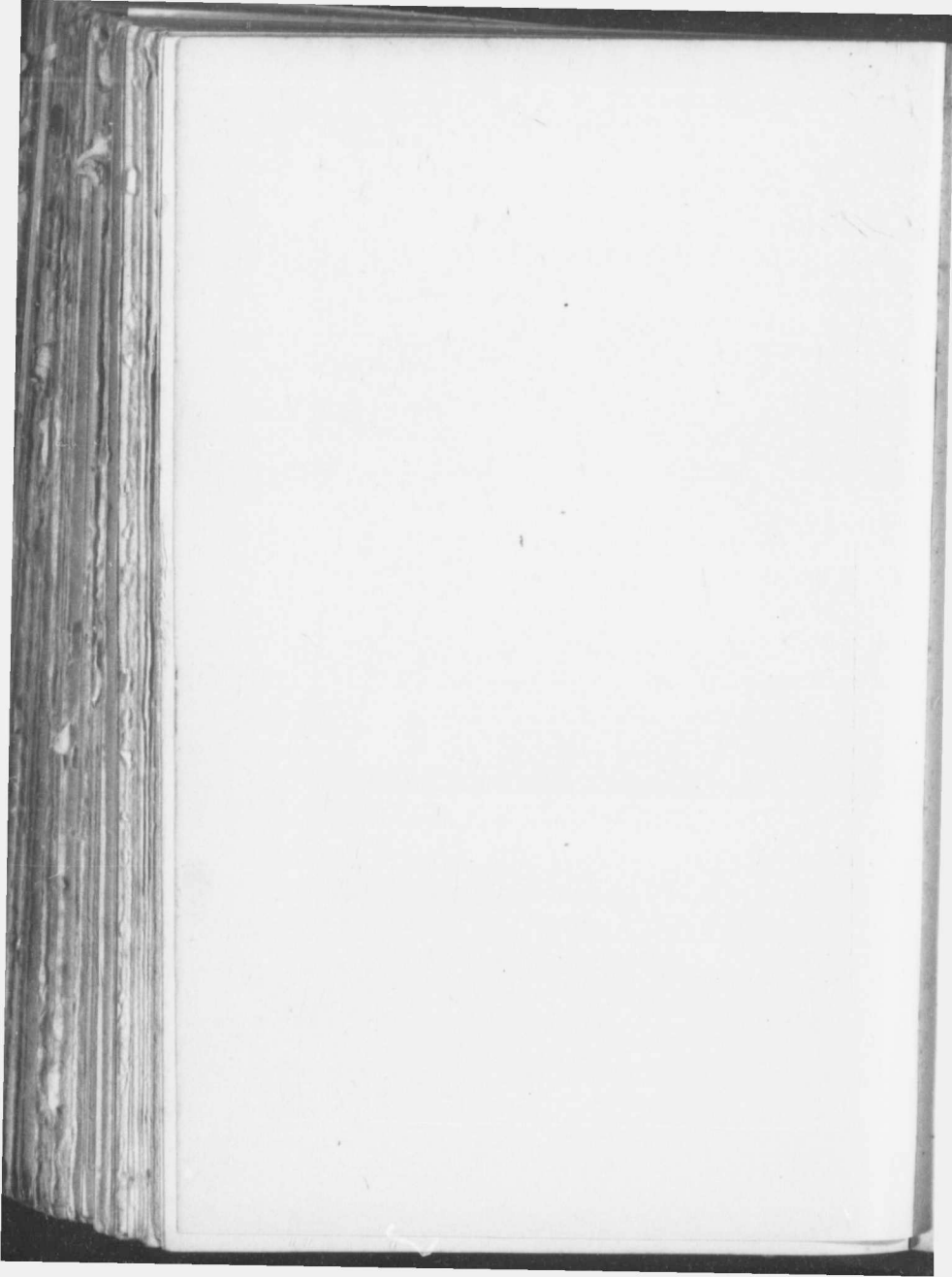
At one of these streams or "creeks" above New Westminster, we saw a boy with a gunny-sack fastened on the end of a pole, and kept distended by a stick across its mouth, scoop as many salmon at a haul as he could drag out of the water.

Many Indians of different tribes go up to the Yale Canyon to fish for themselves. They take a scoop-net, which has been made by the squaws, distended by a strong piece of vine maple bent in a circle, and fastened on a long pole. They secure pieces of boards and saplings among the rocks, and on these they stand below the roaring whirlpools, where the fish have to fight their way—and frequently remain awhile to recover strength for the effort to pass through; here they put down their scoop-nets, and it often takes several of their sturdy tribe to haul it out. The squaws take the fish, cut, clean, and bone them, then they hang them on racks to dry, and under them they build fires of wet moss, bark and green leaves, and they are smoked for the winter supply. No salt is used in the process, so their vicinity is avoided by

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JAPANESE FISHERMEN, FRASER RIVER.



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the white population, but the oil drips over the rocks as the process goes on, making them too slippery to walk on. Canoe-load after canoe-load passed down the river, and every ranch-a-rie has an abundant supply, and great will be the waste.

Sixteen million spawn has been secured for the two hatcheries on the Fraser, where experienced men conduct the feeding and so on of the young fry, till they are old enough to be turned out, when these fish, after four years spent no one knows where will come back in their turn to spawn. It is necessary to thus conserve the fry, as great schools of sea-trout follow the larger fish, and devour their spawn. Following this immense run of Sockeye Salmon, which are the smallest and daintiest of the fish, weighing only four or five pounds, come the Cohoe or Silver-Sides, which is three or four times as large as the Sockeye, their best colour being only a rose pink, whilst the Sockeye is of a deep, dark red.

Then come a mixture of these two runs, being the laggards, and they have a hard time of it, for with them come the Qualah or Dog Salmon, each weighing fifteen or twenty pounds.

These have a large mouth formed like that of a

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dog, with very sharp teeth.<sup>1</sup> This year the Japs are salting them in large quantities for export to their own country, otherwise they have always been allowed to pass untouched, except as they have worked themselves into shallows after the spawn of the Sockeyes, and lie gasping and dying as a penalty for their greediness. Some of the more thrifty ranches will then collect them for fertilizing purposes.

On our arrival at Westminster important letters awaited Phil from San Francisco. He had to be there by the 1st October, the beginning of the term in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, and as he was anxious to make a circuit of the Puget Sound cities, it was decided there should be no public wedding, but the ceremony was to be quietly performed on the 27th August 1900. I was to "stand up" in my travelling dress of grey and white, and we were to leave immediately after on the Great Northern, at a quarter past nine in the morning. Mina and Amy were to be the bridesmaids, Tom supported Phil, and Robert was there to escort Amy, for these two had also plighted their troth.

<sup>1</sup> Other runs follow, all making for their spawning grounds, the Hump-backs, Steel-heads, and Spring salmon.

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Some time, from my little house in Alameda, I may tell of all the glories of its Southern clime, and record my experiences as a Matron in the United States of America.

THE END



IN PREPARATION.

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# IN THE PATHLESS WEST

WITH

SOLDIERS, MINERS, PIONEERS, and SAVAGES

By

FRANCES E. HERRING

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THIS book tells of the early days of the Colony of British Columbia, its humours, its pathos, its days of isolation from the world, and of the cruelties, customs, superstitions, traditions, religion, and tribal government of the aboriginal Red Man. Among the matters dealt with are : The voyage of the *Thames City*, with the emigrant soldiers and their families, round Cape Horn ; Soldier tales of camp and on shipboard ('58) ; Life of the pioneer settlers, both comic and tragic ; North American Indians in their wild life ; Incidents of early gold mining in British Columbia ; Indian legends and tragedies ; The upbringing of Western Canadian boys ; etc., etc.

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