

Early Vancouver

Volume Two

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Narrative of Pioneers of Vancouver, BC Collected During 1932.

Supplemental to volume one collected in 1931.

About the 2011 Edition

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Before the Pale-Face Came

PROVINCE

VANCOUVER, B.C., SUNDAY, MARCH 12, 1933

*There is no such thing as a "Paleface"
in British Columbia; they are all
"Whitemans" J.S.M.*

Interpretation--Abridged

Musqueam	existing village	Squatshts	an island
Mahly	"	Chulwhahulch	dry passage
Che-shtun	a boulder. Legend, Creation	Puckahls	white rocks
Ky-ooham	" Legend, dog's howl	Lucklucky	beautiful grove
Homulsom	" Legend, Creation	Kumkumlye	grove of maples
Huphapailth	place of cedar trees	Chetchailmun	group of boulders
Kullakan	a boulder. Legend, fence	Hupahapai	place of cedars
Chitchulayuk	" Legend, big wind	Steetsemah	former village
Tsa-atlum	a cool place	Chaychilwhuk	derived from "near"
Pookcha	floating sandbar	Whawhewhy	little place of masks
Kekohpai	a small bay, crabtree	Uthkyme	snake slough
Eyalmo	good camp ground	Sahix	a point
E-eyahmo	another camp ground	Ustlawn	head of bay
Simsahmuls	tool stone	Tlathmahulk	salt water creek
Snaug	a former village	Homul cheson	a former fort
Aunmaytsut	commit suicide	Swywee	a lagoon
Kiwahusks	two points opposite	Chutaum	a point
Skwachice	deep hole in water	Smullaqua	a bay, "tragedy"
Simamchuze	a former cove	Stuckale	a bad smell
Ayayulshun	another soft under foot	Skaywitsut	go around point
Ayulshun	soft under foot	Chulks	stone in sling
Staitwouk	white pipe clay	Kee-khaalsum	gnawing
Slahkayulsh	Legend, "He is standing up"	Stoaktux	rocks "all cut up"
Chants	" His fishing line	Chakhai	sizzling noise
Sahunz	" His wife (kneeling)	Tumbth	paint for face
Chaythoos	a former village, high bank	Eyesyche	sheltered waters
Ahka-chu	a little lake	Ulksen	"knoll," all Point Grey
Whoi-Whoi	a great village, masks	Kwy-yowka	Steveston
Fahpee-ak	Brockton Point	Whykitsen	Terra Nova
Estahltohk	large, pretty house		

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By MAJOR J. S. MATTHEWS.

With acknowledgements to many Indians.

LD Indian say 'I go Ulksen;' young Indian say 'I go Vancouver;' all same thing;" and then Yahmas (Tim Moody), born long ago in the forest hereabouts, now venerable Squamish Indian of North Vancouver, swept a wrinkled palm across the map from Chit-chul-ay-uk to Skwa-yoos (Point Grey to Kitsilano Beach).

"I think may be three thousand, perhaps five thousand Indians live around Vancouver when Mr. Vancouver come," asserts August Kitsilano, only living grandchild of Chief Haatsa-lah-nough, from whose name "Kitsilano" is derived. "Whitemans here (Gulf of Georgia) before Mr. Vancouver. I was born at Snaug, the old village under Burrard bridge; when I little boy I listen old people talk. Old people say Indian see first whitemans up near Squamish. When they see first ship they think it an island with three dead trees; might be schooner, might be sloop; two masts and bowsprit, sails tied up. Indian braves in about twenty canoes come down Squamish River; go see. Get nearer, see men on island, men have black clothes with high hat coming to point at top; think most likely black uniform; and great collar turned up like priest's cowl. Whitemans give Indian ship's biscuit; Indian not know what biscuit for. Before whitemans come Indian have little balls, not very big, roll them along ground, shoot at them with bow and arrow for practice, teach young Indian so as not to miss deer; just same you use clay pigeon. Indian not know ship's biscuit good to eat, so roll them along ground like little practice balls; shoot at them, break biscuit up."

"Then whitemans give molasses. Indian rub on leg for medicine. You know Indian sit on knees for long time in canoe; legs get stiff; rub molasses on legs make stiffness not so bad. Molasses stick legs to bottom of canoe. Molasses not much good for legs, but my fine old ancestors think it good medicine for stiffness; not their fault, just mistake; they not know molasses good to eat." Then Mr. Kitsilano laughed heartily.

"Indians have plenty food long ago; not go City Hall for meal ticket. But whitemans food change everything. Indian not want tea and sugar then; know nothing about it; now must have tea and sugar. Lots meat then; bear, deer, cut up in strips and dry; no part wasted, not even the inside. Clean out the gut, fill him up with something good, make sausage, just like whitemans; only head wasted, throw head away. Then salmon; plenty salmon, sturgeon, flounder, trout, lots all sort fish; some sun dry, some smoke dry; Indian know which best wood for smoke dry; lots crab and clam on beach."

"Indian woman know how dry berries; dry lots berries, just like raisins. Dry them first, then press into pancakes, big flat pancakes about three pounds each; stack cakes in high pile in house; when want cook break piece off. Elderberry put in sack, you know, Indian sack; put sack in creek so clean water run over them and keep fresh. By and bye, get sack out of creek, take some berry out, put sack back again, all same fancy refrigerator. Oh, lots of berries till berries come again.

"Then vegetables. Indian woman gather vegetables, dig roots with sharp stick, down deep, sometimes four feet, follow root with stick, break off, some very nice for eating, some (fern root) make white powder for flour, some dry for winter. Oh, lots food those days."

Vancouver was not just forest, nor empty wilderness, a century ago. A populous maritime community, estimated at one to two thousands families, lived in picturesque villages peeping from beneath a great green wall of trees rising up along the shore in a high serrated pallisade. Behind that sinuous line where forest met sea, lay a land of mystery and the gods, buried beneath massed foliage, the habitat of bear, elk, wolf, beaver; now our home. The felling of a tree with blunt stone chisels and round stone hammers was the work of days; the forest giants were unconquerable, land trails were few, they "lived" in their canoes, Indian life knew sea, beach, and river. They were a warm-hearted, law-abiding people of virile men and sturdy women of sense, strong, honest, moral and God-fearing, whose wisdoms include such proverbs as "a true ruler governs by kindness," and "take no notice of a barking dog (agitator)."

The villages, and other landmarks, all bore names; one alone survives to be used by English-speaking people; the historic Musqueam on Marine drive, where Fraser, after having almost reached the sea in August 1808, was turned back by the threatening Musqueams.

"Old Chief Capilano, my gandfather, tell me," says Ayatak Capilano (Frank Charlie) of Musqueam, aged about 80; "he see first white man come down river; come from east, just one man. 'Old' Capilano big boy then, just so high, bout five feet; he live to about 100, then die."

The sudden appearance of a strange human being with bleached face upon the river before the fortified village of Musqueam must have been a startling event for the aborigines of Ulksen (Point Grey). What followed can only be surmised, perhaps much oratory, perchance the tidings flew by fast canoe—and those great canoes manned by ten or twenty swarthy paddlers were swift—to the big villages of Eyalmo (Jericho), Whoi-Whoi (Lumberman's Arch) and Hamulcheson (Capilano River).

What did those villagers think—a century ago. Their prophets had foretold that some day a great event would happen; that all-powerful gods, gods with prodigious powers to rule the elements, to turn people into stone, would yet appear, but no sage had foreseen that an enormous oakwumugh (village), spreading for miles, and lumlam (houses), some reaching to the heavens, would spring forth like a mystic thing out of the forest; no sage had foreseen that the very sites of their homes, their villages, would vanish, aye, the very names be forgotten.

Be seated, at sunrise, in an imaginary "dugout" with paddlers in garments of tanned leather as they shoot down the North Arm, and skim the waters of English Bay to tell of the strange whiteface; to herald the doom, the end, of an order old even before the birth of Christ.

West of Musqueam a little creek, well known to Marine drive motorists, empties into the Fraser beside the double-towered Indian church near a shallow beach. Here is Mahly, where we push off; we have a long day before us.

At Mahly "Old" Capilano saw the explorer Fraser; there the "old chief" had his first home, the other one was at the mouth of the river which bears his name. Soon we pass Che-ah-tun, a legendary rock, "God send him" they say, and also Ky-ooham, the stone dog on the shore nearby; Ky-ooham, the sound of a "dog's howl."

A mile below Mahly, near the Fraser Monument, modern charts show Point-No-Point, a high bluff with boulders beneath, but Ayatak says "No, that's Homulsom, big domed-shaped rock on beach, bout five feet high, God put him there before he made the Indian peoples; God send eight men to start the Indian peoples; bye and bye turn them into that big stone. Small boulder beside Homulsom, that's bowl in which they wash face." Not among whitemans alone was cleanliness next to Godliness.

To the paddles' measured splash we speed along. High above is Huphapaith, now University Hill, the "place of cedars" through which for a mile or more the beautiful Marine drive winds about through a forest slit; cedar so useful for canoes, for walls and roofs of huts, so much easier to split with wedges of deer's horn than is fir, so soft for undergarments, so fluffy for the lining of infants' cradles. Loggers, alas white loggers, will some day find that splendid cedar, and then log chutes, like ugly gashes, will mar that verdant cliff.

Kullakan flies past, literally "a fence," but what sort is now mere conjecture, perhaps a barricade of split cedar trees across the narrow lane twixt cliff and sea to baffle the stealthy raiders from the north as they creep upon stockaded Musqueam. The group of boulders there were "playing ball" when they were petrified by the gods.

Farthest west in all Vancouver stands Chit-chul-ayuk, a great round boulder beneath the masts of the wireless station, biggest rock of all, tip of Point Grey; a step from your motor car and, behold, Chitchulayuk on the beach below.

Long years ago, so long that no one knows when, Chitchulayuk was an Indian man. Word reached him that a great medicine man was coming on a great official visit, and being beset with that most vicious of human weaknesses, jealousy, he conceived the destruction of the great man by making a big wind which would blow the great man away. The big wind was in process of creation when the great man appeared unrecognized, enquired what they were doing, and was told that a great man was coming, and they intended to blow him away. In punishment the jealous Indian was turned into stone, as a permanent reminder to all—even to whitemans—until the last generation, of the folly of jealousy. All this is true, well more true than Jack and the Beanstalk, for there up to his neck in water still stands Chitchulayuk for you to see; doesn't that prove it? And the big wind still blows at Chitchulayuk.

The tide is full; as we cross Pookcha, "floating" sandbank—from the appearance as the tide ebbs from the northern extremity of Spanish Banks—we hug the shore. The great cleft in the cliffside, near the cable hut, below the Anglican College, is Tsa-atslum, a "cool place," facing north, where on a hot day cool zephyrs blow, and cold water comes from the spring; a favored spot for Indian picnics.

Next is idyllic Kokohpai, "crabapple tree," a pleasant grove of crabapple trees shading a sandy arc of Marine drive, where, in rapturous bygone days, sprawling Indian babes trickled warm sand through tiny fingers while barefoot mothers paddled on the strand, caught smelt, and dried them; alas, Kokohpai no more, but the foreign name Locarno, "improved" with ice cream blazonry, and fleeting cars go honking by.

At first it was Eyalmo. Then, in 1860, British tars from warships marked it "Indian Huts" upon their charts; three years later Corporal Turner, Royal Engineers, wrote "berry bushes;" when Jerry Rogers logged there they called it "Jerry's Cove;" today we call it Jericho. But truly the air station is at Eyalmo, "good camping ground," and the golf club at E-eyalmo, "another good camping ground."

Whitemans may scoff—at the primitive home and the simple life, but who of affairs, whose life is a life of business and care, would not covet a home beneath the trees of that paradisaical park on that sheltered cove behind the sandbar; the biggest village and the longest huts on English Bay, beautiful primeval Eyalmo, the restful.

We stop for a bite at the potlatch house (clubhouse), receive much hospitality, bear steak broiled, and smothered in oolichan grease; the Indian housewife's pride is her wooden grease boat and besides, the more "gravy" on the steak the greater the honor to the guest. Then on again we go.

At Sim^Ssahm^{SA}ula (accent on Sim^{SA}) "tool-sharpening stones" (sandstone) a forest creek alive with trout crosses Fourth avenue behind the beach (old English Bay cannery, Bayswater street). The clam-midden on the bank above (Point Grey road) is now a smooth green lawn.

Twenty thousand whitemans swarmed one day last summer upon the sands of Kitsilano Beach, once a grassy sandbar before a verdant swamp, a little pool; an everglade all framed about in towering green. Skwayoos is insufficiently sheltered from winter storms for a permanent oakwimugh, but the swarming shoals of smelt in summer attract Indian campers. The Gyro Club children's playground was once an elk "yard," Sam Greer, indomitable pioneer, shot a wolf beside the present bathhouse, muskrats burrowed in the muskeg, salmon struggled to the pool at Third and Cedar, pioneers potted at ducks in Cornwall street slough, or dragged smelts up the sand with a garden rake.

"My father," relates Chil-lah-minst (Jim Franks) born on the famous beach, "have little hut down by corner (Yew street). Come down Skwayoos from Squamish, bout this time, fall. Lots smelts Skwayoos. Squamish peoples come down English Bay get food, smelts, berries; go back Squamish for winter, oh, that long time ago. My father's name Chilahminst, too; make canoe Skwayoos; all his life make canoe, chisel, chisel, chisel, round stone for hammer, then 'burn' canoe with pitch."

Ulksen, "knoll or nose" (all Point Grey) is far behind; our phantom canoe enters False Creek—"false" because it led nowhere—a narrow marine avenue of green branches lapped, like a tropical lagoon, by the tides.

(Continued from Page One.)

From the heights of Shaughnessy once flowed a rill which reached False Creek beneath the Burrard bridge, but forty years or more will elapse after our passing before the good Chief Chip-kaay-am (kind old Chief George) will establish beside it the first Indian settlement of Snaug, build a big potlatch house, and, in the '70's, invite Rev. C. M. Tate, Indian missionary, and Vancouver's guest at the opening of the great bridge last July, to preach in it.

Granville Island stands upon an extensive sandbar—a white pioneer once staked that sandbar as a pre-emption—where, between two converging brush fences several hundred feet long in the water, hurdles of vine maple fastened to sharpened stakes driven in the sandy mud to guide the fish into the traps, Indians trapped quantities of flounder, herrings, etc. On we go, past Aun-mayt-sut (Cambie street south) of unhappy omen; someone killed himself there, for the word means "commit suicide," and then pass through Kiwahusks, "two points exactly opposite one another" (Main street). Across this narrow strait—it gave Main street its location and odd twist—the "False Creek Bridge," our first bridge, connected Gastown by forest trail with South Vancouver. To the eastwards Skwa-chice, "deep hole in water," spreads before us.

"No more Skwachice now," says Que-yah-chulk (Dick Isaacs) aged Indian. "They fill him up, make C. N. R. yards where we used to catch the sturgeon all the time. One time great big hole in head of False Creek; fresh water come up out of deep hole; come from Burnaby Lake by big tunnel. Indian find saltwater seaweed up Burnaby Lake; it go up tunnel from Skwachice, that's the way they tell." Geologists assert that False Creek is an old bed of the Fraser River, and that seepage through gravel from the lake is quite possible.

Indians, and pioneers too, portaged large canoes from False Creek to Burrard Inlet across Carrall street—to escape the long paddle around, and "bucking" the tide of the First Narrows—but we

turn west again to Smam-chuze, a tiny sandbar cove at Howe street. "Think Smam-chuze little island once," say our Indian friends. "Little bit of grass and two or three crabapple trees on top dry part; where Indian put dead man in trees so wolf not get him; Indian always put dead man in trees so wolf not get him; tide gradually wash grass, trees, and graves away." Villagers from Snaug across the creek tied canoes in Smam-chuz before taking trail through forest across our city to Hastings Mill; a schooner anchored in Smamchuze in 1902, is still there, but on dry land beside the railway bridge.

The famous English Bay was still Ay-yul-shun, "soft under feet," Indian barefeet, when in 1862 its soft white sand so charmed John Morton, our first settler, that he pre-empted it. Ay-ay-yul-shun, "another soft under foot" place was a short strip of sand at the foot of Broughton street. Indian blankets were woven from mountain goat's fur, then powdered with "staitwouk," a clay substance gathered at the creek mouth at Staitwouk—hence the name (Second Beach) rolled into leaves and roasted before a fire to turn it white as chalk with which to dust the blankets for whitening.

Slah-kay-ulsh, accent on "kay" (Siwash Rock) means "he is standing up." He (the rock) was an Indian fisherman before he was turned into stone by the gods; one of his petrified wives is just behind him; the other wife, Sahunz, "kneeling woman" is a low rock on the shore beside the steps down the cliff from Prospect Point. Chants, that is Siwash Rock's fishing line rolled into a ball and also petrified into a big stone, is between Slahkayulsh and his wife Sahunz; the great hole in the cliff above is their kitchen and where Chants, the fishing tackle, was kept.

"You see, it was this way," says Chil-ah-minst, "three great men, very powerful, go all the way round the world making it; I think one man make the world, but others say three. If great man find poor people they teach them, help them, so they no more poor; if they find people too smart they say 'you go bad place (hell), we not trouble about you.' That's how Siwash Rock came where he is;

too smart; powerful men turn him into rock so other people see not much good be too smart."

Smile not. Before the whiteman smiles he must first explain how Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt, no less an achievement than the turning of Slahkayulsh, the fisherman, into a column of rock, or the "Mother of All Indians," i.e., Mount Baker, into a mountain of snow.

At Chay-thoos, "high bank" (Prospect Point) is a grassy clearing where the Capilano water pipe enters Stanley Park. Here Chief Haatsa-lah-nough (Kitsilano), most recent holder of that historic name, lived, died, and was buried with pomp about 1880. Hay-tulk (Supplejack) his son, died there too, and lay in state in a mausoleum of reeds and red blankets. Stanley Park is largely ancient graveyard. The remains of Haatsa-zah-nough and Haytulk were ex-

humed when the park driveway was cut; both now rest at Squamish, and August Kitsilano, the old chief's grandson, is head of the family.

Haatsa-zah-nough, so tradition says, is the ancient name of the Squamish chief, who centuries ago visited English Bluff, Point Roberts, with his wife. Whilst there a woman broke the moral code; desertion by the entire clan was the punishment decreed; all left, Haatsalahnough with the others. "Where shall we go?" said Haatsalahnough to his wife, and then added "Oh, I know good place, plenty deer, beaver, duck, lots salmon, plenty food, good cedar." And so Haatsalahnough came to Snaug (Kitsilano Indian Reserve).

But the Haatsalahnough known to whitemen—he had no English name—came from the Squamish River with his brother Chief Chip-kaay-am in the early nineteenth

century. Chip-haay-am went to Snaug where he built a village from split cedar slabs. Chief Haatsalahnough went to Chay-thoos, Stanley Park; it is after this chief, not the legendary one, that our beautiful suburb is named.

Almost thirty years ago, our pioneer postmaster, the late Jonathan Miller, was invited by the Canadian Pacific Railway to furnish a name for a subdivision of land about Greer's Beach; he invoked Professor Hill-Tout's profound knowledge of Indian matters. The professor chose and anglicised the name to "Katese-lano," they kept the name but changed the spelling.

Ahka-chu, "little lake," is Beaver Lake in Stanley Park.

Historic Whoi-Whoi (Lumbermans Arch); countless thousands of prehistoric men have lived, loved, laughed, and died at Whoi-Whoi. They left behind a huge

Squt-sahs; anisland', now Deadmans Island, sacred to both races; the Indead dead rested high in fir branches; our pioneers beneath the roots. Chul-whah-ulch, (Lost Lagoon) 'gets dry at times', when the tide goes out. Puckahls, (C.P.R. Station) means 'white rocks', large smooth sheets of light gray shale beneath the 'Bluff'; the remains still show beside the cliff near the Marine Bldg. To the Indians Stanley Park was Whoi-Whoi, and Brockton Point was Paa-pee-ak³/₂.

In more recent times, the populous village--about 700 in 1862--Whoi-Whoi has seen many a potlach festival-- over 2000 sat down to one feast within memory of whiteman; there were made the first masks for ceremonial dances; an Indian apartment house one hundred feet long and forty wide near the Lumbermans Argh was demolished to permit the driveway to pass. To the Indians Stanley Park was Whoi-Whoi, and Brockton Point was Paa-pee-ak

(omitted from the published account)

shell heap eight feet deep and acres in extent; it furnished white shell surfacing for nine miles of our first park driveway. Who were they?

"More romantic and historical than any place in all Vancouver," asserts Quitchetahl (Andrew Paull) descendent fifth in line from the heroic Quitchetahl, the serpent slayer of Squamish. "As your great explorer, Vancouver, progressed through the First Narrows, our people threw, in greeting before him, clouds of snow white eiderdown feathers which rose, wafted in the air aimlessly about, then fell, like flurries of snow, to the water's surface, and rested there like white rose petals scattered before a bride; it must have been a pretty welcome."

Capt. Vancouver, in recounting his reception, records "Here we were met by about fifty canoes," "these good people," "showed much understanding," "conducted themselves with great decorum and civility." "Our new friends soon returned, made presentations, and, if possible, expressed additional cordiality and respect." No wonder Capt. Vancouver wrote "these good people."

We call it Water street; old-timers call it "Gastown;" the Indians called it "grove of beautiful trees." A grove of light green maples, of which no doubt the famous "Maple Tree" was one, clustered before a crescent of taller, darker firs about a beach washed by wavelets; a rapturous emerald setting with a promising name, Lucklucky, our city's birth-place.

"The Maple Trees" (Kumkum-lye) grew in profusion at Hastings Sawmill; at Chet-chail-mun (sugar refinery--meaning unknown) seals flopped to the summits of a group of huge boulders, basked in the sun, and slithered down again to the water. Huphapai, "cedars," was once Cedar Cove to whites, now gone; a little cove and creek at the foot of the hill on Powell street.

Beyond the Second Narrows bridge is an old channel of Seymour Creek, now dry; this is the

famed Steetsemah, celebrated Indian fishing resort. Chay-chil-wuk (Seymour Creek) is derived from "near or narrow," perhaps means "Narrows;" then comes Whawhewhy, "little place where masks were made," Kwa-hul-cha (Lynn Creek), and next Uth-kyme, "pond of snakes," a slough crossed by a concrete bridge near the Low Level road. "Lots snakes there one time; when whitemans come they all go away." The bold headland above old Moodyville is Sahix, "a point or cape." A few yards east of the ferry landing at North Vancouver is Es-tahl-tohk, "a large pretty house is built there." Ust-lawn, "head of bay" is the pretty name of the North Vancouver Indian Reserve, and Tlath-mahulk, "saltwater creek," enters Burrard Inlet at the foot of Pemberton avenue.

Little portholes through which to shoot arrows at their foes were cut in the thick cedar sides of Indian homes at Homulcheson, the stronghold at the mouth of the Capilano River. In the fortress of split cedar trees was imprisoned, according to the aged Haxten, now over 100, the captured Indian noblewoman Kokohaluk. Then the stockade, temporarily undefended, was suddenly assaulted by her northern compatriots, the fortress burned, the lady rescued. A bloody fight with bow and arrow on the rocks near Skaywitsut (Point Atkinson) followed; the valorous Skwalocktun alone survived, the Squamish canoes smashed, the retirement of the northern warriors to bury their slain at Gibsons Landing, Paytsamauc's declaration--he was the Squamish warrior, brother of "old" Capilano--the journey north, the restoration of Kokohaluk to her adoring Squamish husband, and the making of peace. Haxten saw the slain covered with mats lying in the wild gooseberry bushes at Gibsons.

Capilano was not the name of a river, but of "Old" Chief Capilano; in early days it was spelt variously as Kahpillahno and Kiapil-anogh.

Between the river and the ferry landing is Swy-wee, a salt-water lagoon winding towards the former beaver dams; the name is presumed to be a corruption of swai-wee (oolichans) or candle fish, so-called because used when dried for torches.

Chut-aum is Navvy Jack's Point, near Navvy Jack's home, the first in West Vancouver. Next comes "tragedy," Smullaqua, West Bay; something terrible happened there, some disaster, perhaps warfart and many warriors killed. Stuck-ale (Great Northern Cannery) is pleasant enough to the ear, but suggests a "horrible smell," probably a skunk's paradise. Skunk Cove (Caulfield) is nearby. At Skaywitsut, accent on "Skay," we "go around point" (Point Atkinson), enter Eye-scyche "sheltered waters" (Howe Sound), and come to Chulks, "stone in sling."

It appears that when the gods were fixing the geography of the earth, Mount Garibaldi, about forty miles from Chulks, was adjudged too high; it was decided to lower it by knocking the top off; a huge boulder was flung at it. As the all-powerful thrower was twirling sling and stone around and around his head to attain the necessary force and speed, a slave accidentally touched the thrower's arm and spoiled his aim--some say the sling touched a raven's wing. Anyway, the stone--it weighs several tons--missed the mountain and landed at Chulks (Kew Beach), where it can be seen to this day in a crevasse facing south.

The bear and deer came to spring to nibble and gnaw the tender grass and buds at Eagle Harbor, or Kee-khaal-sum, "gnawing by animals." Stoak-tux (Fisherman's Cove) is "all cut up," an allusion to the fluted formation of the rocks. Chah-kai (Horseshoe Bay) is thought to refer to the "low sizzling noise," similar to frying bacon, made by shoals of smelt at night. Our women-folk buy their vanity at drug-stores; the Indian maidens got theirs at Tumbth, "red paint for faces," a little further north, and, more graciously than ours, shared it with her warrior.

Goodbye. Our tour is over; the long summer's day is closing. Far to the eastward the intrepid Fraser in his lonely canoe is speeding eastwards to the "Old World;" we vanish whence we came and our true friends, as many a pioneer well knows, our tired Indian companions, turn again home to their sunny Musqueam.