

a narrow channel known as Little Canyon, and again a few miles further at Kitsalas, or the Big Canyon, where development work is being done on several good-looking copper properties.

Kitsalas Canyon differs materially from the canyon

the dark mouth of the canyon. Later in the day fourteen canoes passed by with 180 natives, bound for the salmon canneries. Some miles above the canyon Lorne Creek enters the left bank, where placer ground has been worked for years with varying results. This



ABOVE LITTLE CANON, SKEENA.

of the Stikine. While the latter is a long, straight drive between high-rising mountains the former is more of a Z-shaped passage cut through huge beds of porphyry and tapped at several points by smaller channels of rushing water, causing a confusion of currents that would embarrass any but the most skilful of pilots. The run down the canyon when the river is fairly high is exhilarating in the extreme—almost more so. As we puffed our way out at the upper end of this narrow passage there came toward us at flying speed a south-bound canoe. Her crew of fourteen men and

summer was, I believe, a successful one for a few men. Above Lorne Creek we touched at Ninskanish, a pretty village under the paternal government of a missionary with business instincts, who runs a saw mill, raises cattle and generally transmits energy to his dusky flock. Back of Ninskanish rises the beautiful range of mountain peaks known as the Seven Sisters, a magnificent sight.

Up river again, with a long stretch of good land on our right of some 5,000 acres. Then Kitwongah on our left, with a fertile Indian Reservation, including



THE VILLAGE OF METLAKAHTLA.

women were paddling with great strength, and in perfect time, while at the stern the captain stood, well braced, and watchful, holding with both hands the heavy thirty-foot sweep that constitutes a steering paddle in these waters. For one minute we viewed a striking picture—the dark and graceful boat—the flashing red and blue paddles—the swaying bodies and swarthy faces, surmounted by gay-coloured silken head-gear; and then they were gone—swallowed by

a huge gravel bar, said to contain good pay gold, but exclusively pre-empted by a siwash cemetery. The totem poles of Kitwongah are particularly striking and well worth the study of the archæologist. Above Kitwongah, on the left bank, is seen the old Grease trail, travelled since olden days by siwashes bound for the oolachan run in the Naas River.

On past Kitseguekla, through a narrowing channel between rocky hills, and then at the Forks, where