

and maybe alike in the future in the race they shall produce. That breed of men which has braced and strengthened a whole world with the salt of the North Sea is finding a congenial home in the North Pacific, under conditions and amongst environments uncommonly like those from which it drew its first gigantic strength. We are sea things still, we English, and the grey roughness of northern seas to battle against suits us better than the luxuries of civilisation and the sloth of peaceful days.

The gates of our Jötunheim are at the mouth of the Stikine River, which is the first stage on the road and a vast country still unexplored, with reserves of gold and fur still untouched; a country peopled by primitive men still free from the curse of civilisation and the responsibility of a moral law; a country teeming with great game, full of questions to be solved and knowledge to be acquired; a country which stretches from the coast range to the Arctic, having an area of nearly 200,000 square miles.

But men are already peering beyond the gates of Jötunheim. The whisper of 'Gold on the Jakon!' has been heard unmistakably this year, and soon the reckless, fearless leaders whom all the world follows but ignores, the prospectors and pioneers, in blue overalls and flannel shirts, stone-broke and perfectly happy, will pour down the Arctic slope as they have poured across the Pacific slope, in California, in Cariboo, and on the Fraser. Good luck be with them! They may be rough, but they are *men*, and that is much in these days. Already there are towns in Yankee Yukon, Circle City, Fort Andally, and a settlement, I fancy, on Golden Miller Creek, from which men took not a few pounds in dust last year, though there were but 900 to 1,000 miners in the whole of the Yukon district. This year there will be a rush; in 1896 there will be, if reports are still favourable, a greater rush; already roads to the Unknown are being surveyed, and my daily paper contains a notice that someone has applied to the dominion for a charter to build a railway from the Jaku River, which is unexplored and over which we have no rights of navigation, to Teslin Lake.

It is time, then, if we would sketch the old life of the Stikine and Cassiar, to do so at once. From time immemorial the great river has been the Indian's main road from the coast to the interior, the market-place upon which were exchanged the strange things of civilisation for the furs of the Far North.

Certain families of Phlinkits (Coast Indians) had a monopoly of this business with the interior and compelled the Tal Tans