

by these I do not know, unless it be canoes made entirely by hot stones and stone hammers, as used to be the case in by-gone ages. This boy, it seems, was so weak and sickly that he could neither stand upright nor walk. His weakest parts were from the knees down.

One day he said: "Granny, put me into one of these three canoes," and this she did. After sitting in the canoe for a considerable length of time he became quite strong, and was able to walk like any other person.

After becoming strong, he used to swim about in the bay. One day, instead of a swim, he concluded to have a sail, and with this idea got his grandmother's aid to put one of them into the water. While this was being done, two of them broke, but they were successful with the third. After this, instead of swimming, he used to sail about on the bay, gradually venturing farther and farther from the shore.

One day, making a further venture than usual, he sailed up the Hunnah River, a mountain stream emptying its waters into Skidegat channel, four or five miles west of the place where he lived.

Tradition says that this river in olden times was three times larger than it now is. At present there is seldom water enough to float a canoe. It is also related that the waters of the sea came higher up on the land than is now the case. (Of the rise of the land evidence is everywhere to be found.)

After pulling up the river, he became tired, so in order to rest he pulled ashore and lay down. In those days at the place where he went ashore, in the bed of the river, were a number of large boulders, while on both sides of the stream were many trees.

While resting by the river, he heard a dreadful noise, up stream, coming toward him. Looking to see what it was, he was surprised to behold all the stones in the river bed coming down towards him. The movement of these frightened him so much that he jumped to his feet and ran into the timber.

He found he had made a mistake, because all the trees were cracking and groaning, and all seemed to him to say: "Go back, go back at once to the river, and run as fast as you can." This he lost no time in doing. When again at the river, led by his curiosity, he went to see what was pushing the stones and breaking the trees; on reaching them he found that a large body of ice was coming down, pushing everything before it. Seeing this, he took his canoe and fled towards home.

Some time after this adventure with the ice, Scanna gan Nuncus took his trusty bow and quiver filled with arrows and went out in order to shoot a few birds.