



NET-DRYING BENCHES AND SALMON FISHING BOATS, PORT ESSINGTON

the map. Hither from time unreckoned the coast tribes camped to rest before the long, hard pull up the Skeena to the salmon spawning beds. Thus the name Spokeshoot (last camp). And here still in the month of June, when the prodigal salmon seeks once more the fresh waters of his birthplace, gather the various tribes and sachems. But instead of the unsheathed tomahawk and painted visage of other days, they find awaiting them at Spokeshoot jovial-faced cannery-men seeking their braves to man the boats and suave, oily Chinamen bargaining with their women to fill cans.

Winding sidewalks of mouldy plank, unused since the close of the last canning season, creak beneath the feet of a cosmopolitan crowd; hordes of Chinamen in cue and slippers, gangs of stolid Indians with high boots and Stetson hats, bevvies of Indian girls bedizened in dirty finery, an occasional sea-cured white man, a few forlorn Hindoos and a stray negro. But who are those brown, sturdy individuals in cap and mackinaw? They are hanging about the wharf studying every detail of the neat little fishing-boats now reposing at anchor by the various canneries. At first glance you might say they were Indians. Indeed, so striking is

this resemblance that the Indians themselves notice it, and when these men first appeared upon the rivers and steeps of British Columbia they were hailed by the natives as *tellicums* (friends). On closer acquaintance, however, you find none of the Indian indolence. Their speech and actions are quick and crisp. They have brought to a country in which there is a population of 1.75 to the square mile some of the feverish energy necessary to procure a livelihood where every square mile of land must support 317 human beings.

These are the Jap fishermen—the hope and stay of the cannery boss. He has white men to run his machinery, and a Chinese contractor for a certain consideration per case has relieved him of every care as to the salmon from the moment it first enters the cannery until it is packed in neat 48-lb. cases ready for shipment. This shrewd Oriental also sees to the making of the cans, and has his men busy with tin and solder by the 1st of May. But the honor of the cannery manager's plant and the continuance of his job depend largely upon the size of each season's *pack*, and to the Jap boats he looks for the large *catches*. True, the Indians are expert boatmen and experienced fishermen.