

In the cannery itself 50,000 cans are filled daily by a large staff of workers, some Canadian, some Indian, but chiefly Chinese. I did not feel that my love for canned salmon was greatly stimulated by the sight of the process. I was told that the owner of the cannery would probably net £20,000 as this year's profit. But the most remarkable fact I have to mention is that, as we passed along the banks of the Fraser River by the Canadian Pacific Railway, we saw the water literally black with salmon for about a hundred miles. It is their habit, in going up the river, to keep near its edge, and whenever a piece of rock projects from the bank and makes broken water, the salmon, instead of going round it, go right through the foam with a leap and a splash, while a shoal are gathered in the rear, waiting their turn. At other places you see shoals moving slowly upward. The quality of the fish at this season is not very good. What we got at the hotels was generally of a very inferior flavour to the salmon at home. I am told, however, that earlier in the season the flavour is excellent. It is said, too, that such as they are in summer, they are better adapted for canning than the other fish.

"Vancouver is the youngest city of the three. Its site was an unmitigated forest in 1845, and in June, 1886, every building that had been erected was burned to the ground. The city is literally not three years old; and much though I have been used to the sight of cities of rapid growth, I must say that Vancouver beats them all. It is already a city of long streets, big blocks, handsome churches and elegant villas. The Vancouver Hotel, built by the Canadian Pacific Railway, is as commodious and handsome a house as you could desire. Many persons connected with that railway have bought lots and built blocks in Vancouver, of course, with the object of booming the place. And now the price of land is simply ridiculous. I was told of a couple of building sites that had been sold lately for \$32,000. Whether this boom will last is doubtful; but the town seems to grow apace meanwhile. Many of the churches are in their second edition, the first having proved too small. I found no less than three Presbyterian churches. The distance between the two principal is a full mile. It is difficult to tell the present population of Vancouver—probably 12,000. It is not any special industry, but the fact of its being the terminus of the railway, that has given birth to it. It seems to me that this interesting young city will be moulded more according to the wholesome pattern of the Canadian cities than the more excited and feverish example of San Francisco. Its zeal for churches is very remarkable. Besides the Presbyterian, there are Methodist, Independent, Episcopal, Baptist and Roman Catholic churches in it, and it will not be behind other places in the quality of its schools.

"Banff is situated very near the eastern edge of the Rocky Mountains, and was named after the little county town at the mouth of the Deveron, through the influence of Sir George Stephen, one of the railway magnates, who was a native of the place or at least of the county. Its situation is superb. The Bow River, passing through the Rockies, affords to the railway a means of penetrating the mountains without rising to a height of ten or twelve thousand feet, but the river itself is some 4,500 feet above the sea level. The domain which has been constituted a National Park for Canada is upwards of twenty miles in one direction and ten in another, but the Canadian Pacific Hotel may be taken as the centre of the Park, and the view from it is superb. The Bow enlivens and beautifies the wooded stretch, from which ranges of mountains rise to great heights on either side. But, indeed, on all sides there is quite an amphitheatre of mountains, some clothed with pine almost to their tops, but most of them conspicuous for their masses of bare rocks, suggesting the origin of the name "Rockies." When we reached Banff we were afraid that the haze which had shut out so many fine mountains from our view was to play us the same trick again. But a heavy rain had fallen between Saturday and Sunday, and when we came out of the little church on Sunday—where, by the way, we had a most excellent sermon—the whole of the sky had cleared wonderfully, and the sun, shining in all his strength, poured his glory on the wonderful panorama that stretched on all sides around us. And this weather continued till we left the Rockies, and in a great degree reconciled us to the loss of the "Selkirks," and of