

chief desire in speaking of the works of British Columbia is to remind you that they are great centres of population.

OUR LUMBER TRADE.—“Lumber” is a technical term used for timber such as you see in various building yards; there are beams, planks, boards, and deals. We call them there lumber. A lumber mill is simply this: a huge saw-mill with exquisite machinery, so carefully adjusted as to be capable of dealing with the heaviest logs with the least possible manual labour. We have two within eight miles of my own house—one belonging to an American company, and fitted with American machinery, the other English, both as to its ownership and machinery. When I go into those mills I hardly know which machinery to place first. The work that the lumber mill has to do is to turn the great trees of our forests into deals, boards, joists, and such-like. These huge trees are conveyed from what are called logging camps, which consist of five, ten, or even forty or fifty men. I know several such logging camps, some with seven or eight men and some with forty or fifty. Their duty is to fell the trees, clear them of their branches, cut them into suitable lengths, and deliver them in rafts at the lumber mill. They are then taken in and brought under the saws by the most exquisitely adjusted machinery. I have seen them enter at one end of the mill in large logs or trees, and turned out and delivered on shipboard almost as quickly as I could walk from one end of the mill to the other—some planed, some tongued and grooved, and some rough-sawn as they are delivered in a rough state at the docks here. I have seen as many as eleven ships waiting for their cargoes, and oftentimes the mills work day and night in order to supply cargoes to the waiting ships. Let me remind you that these lumber-mills are not merely a source of wealth, but they are also centres of population.

One other great work of British Columbia is our fisheries. I don't imagine I could find a term to express the limitless wealth of the fish we have without your suspecting me of exaggeration, and yet I have no desire to exaggerate, but, on the contrary, to keep within bounds. I have seen canoes go out at early morning by sixes, sevens, and eights, and come back by seven or eight o'clock as full of salmon as a sardine box would be full of sardines when you open it, and that with only two or three men to take the fish. You may purchase two or three salmon for a shilling. They are delivered to our fish-curing places, of which we have three or four on the Fraser river, and there they are dealt with after various fashions—salted and packed away in brine, both for home use and for exportation, split, stretched open by means of small skewers and smoked, and, lastly, put up fresh in tins,