

slip will be fitted with three tracks of standard gauge rails, and each track will accommodate four cars. It will be operated by hydraulic power, and with an arrangement of heavy weights and pulleys—the weights are huge squares of cast-iron, weighing 150 tons each—the slip may be raised or lowered to suit the state of tide.

One of the most valuable products of the Union mines is fire-clay, which is found in apparently inexhaustible beds. The demand for this article in 1894,

THE LOCAL and the output last year exceeded 1,600 MANUFAC- tons. The brick for the first set of ovens TURE OF at the Coke Works was all manufactured FIRE-CLAY from this clay by the B. C. Pottery Com-

prietary of the works at Union have decided that instead of shipping clay a distance of over 100 miles and then bringing it back again in the form of bricks they will manufacture their own brick on the ground. In the fourth photograph illustrating this article, in the wooden building to the right, not quite completed, is where the machinery

for making the fire-brick will be placed. The building is, meanwhile, already fitted with elevators, a temporary engine and boiler have been installed, and some excellent sample bricks were pointed out to me by Mr. Work as having just been turned out from the moulding machine. A kiln is being built near the large flume at the end of the ovens, and the fuel will be supplied for its burning by the gas generated in the manufacture of the coke. The Company, in fact have, to use a colloquialism,

"got things down to a very fine point." Besides making their own brick, from clay obtained from their own clay-beds, near at hand is excellent building sand and gravel, a handsome building stone is brought from their own quarries, and the magnificent trees of fir, pine and cedar, are cut into planks and timber at the Company's saw-mill, the only building material which it is necessary to purchase away from home being lime. Then the machinery equipments, both at the coal mines and at the coke works, are almost perfect, and I need merely cite in proof of my assertion, that a force of three boys and one man only are employed in the large machinery building at the works. Mr. Work—an appropriate name, by-the-way, for a man so energetic and painstaking—has been in Messrs. Dunsmuir's employ for a number of years, and before taking charge of the Union Coke Works, was manager and superintendent of the firm's extensive wharf and coal-yard at San Francisco. He is pardonably proud of a fine collection of photographs, showing the wharfs, the great bunkers, and the five enormous derricks which were built under his

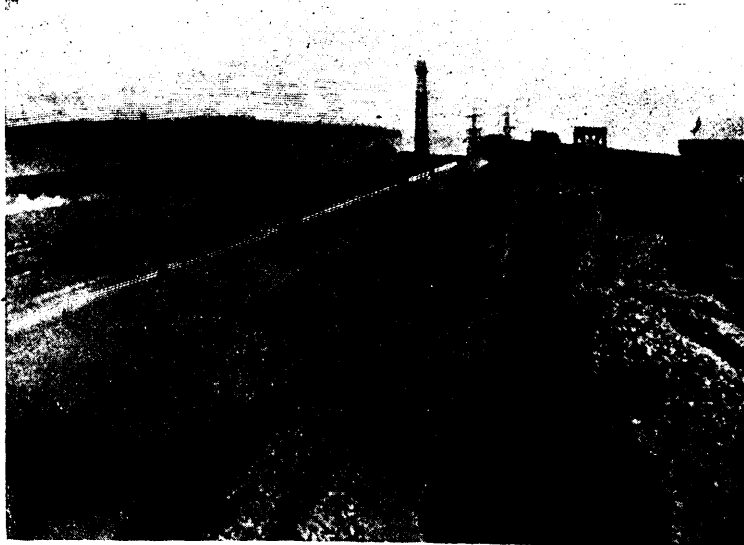
direction, and a yet another view of a memorable rush for coal, when over two thousand carts occupied the yard, the owner of each making strenuous efforts to be first served. It must be remembered that British Columbia exports nearly twice as much coal to San Francisco as any other country.

Union, or Cumberland, as it is now called since its incorporation a few months ago as a "city," is situated some ten miles from the wharf, and

THE "CITY" OF being reached by rail, the passenger car CUMBER- to the long train of cars laden with coal LAND. from the mines. Union is—well, not

exactly the sort of place in which one would, from choice, desire to permanently reside. It is, in fact, about as unattractive, and from a residential point of view, as undesirable a spot, as is to be found in all British Columbia. At this time of year, too, it is a veritable furnace, for the surrounding hills afford so effectual a shelter that it is a rare thing when the air is stirred with any sort of a breeze, and the summer sun beats down with its full strength on the clearing. With

the exception of the Superintendent's, Mr. Little's, residence, with perhaps two or three others, and the principal stores, the buildings at Cumberland are unpretentious in the extreme. But all this merely emphasizes the fact that the people of the town are not there for their health's sake, and notwithstanding the somewhat squalid surroundings, it is evident that the community as a whole is contented and prosperous. In the town itself, the population numbers probably about a thousand and whites, but this



TRUCKS LADEN WITH COKE AND THE STORAGE SHEDS.

estimate does not include the suburbs—I use the word advisedly, as I can explain. Armed with authority from Mr. Little, I boarded the nine locomotive, and started off on a visit to Slope No. 4. On the way thither one passes through these suburbs. They are quite distinct. There is first the suburb peopled chiefly by the white coal miners. The houses here are principally little two or three-roomed cottages, painted white, and on one side of the street raised up for several feet on piles. Next we come to the Chinese quarters, with shacks of weather-boards and battens. Every man, however, has his little patch of vegetable garden, to which he devotes constant attention. I noticed one Celestial energetically watering his patch of potatoes with a long-handled dipper, which he filled from a handy spring, scattering the water in a really remarkable manner. Besides the Chinese there is also a large Japanese settlement, and an Italian colony, and in passing by a building occupied by dark-eyed Neopolitans, I was not greatly surprised to hear a sweet, clear-toned voice singing a song familiar enough to Mediterranean tourists, but passing strange in