

one hundred and seventy-five tins, and moved by chain and pulley for convenience in transit, and the hole in the top being filled up with solder the cans are tested by immersion into tanks of boiling water. Should any air-bubbles appear, to show the presence of leakage, they are at once swung out and repaired before being boiled in the large kettles, which hold six coolers at a time. Indicators affixed to each kettle mark the time allowed—in

this case fifty minutes — and at its conclusion every individual can is again pierced to create a vacuum, the instrument used being a small wooden hammer with a sharp spike inserted beneath it. This is wielded with the unerring precision and dexterity for which a Chinaman is famous, and which, combined with his stolid pertinacity and powers of endurance, make him so valuable a servant. The holes are again soldered, the tins are loaded on to waggons holding some seven coolers or trays, and taken to the retorts or steam-boilers, where as many as three waggons can be placed at a time. Here they are kept for one hour, at a temperature of 240° Fahr., at the end of which time they are thoroughly cooked and ready for use. After so many vicissitudes a bath of alkali is administered to clean the cans of all grease, and they are sprayed with fresh water.

At a lapse of twenty-four hours a further testing is given by experts, who tap tin after tin rapidly with an iron tool, the practised ear rapidly detecting any fault heretofore unobserved, and even, after an interval of three weeks or more, this testing operation is again repeated, thereby considerably mini-

mining all danger of faulty goods being put upon the market.

The final process of lacquering, labelling, wrapping in paper, and packing in wooden boxes of four dozen tins it did not fall to our lot to see, for as late in the year as October eighty Chinamen were employed in one of the largest establishments attending to this last epoch in "the strange eventful pilgrimage" of the tin of salmon, so far, at

any rate, as the cannery on the River Fraser is concerned.

Statistics recently published give the output from the twenty-six canneries on this river at 22,600,000, several thousands of cases being shipped to Australia, but by far the greater proportion taken by the British Columbian salmon fleet direct to Liverpool and London, in addition to the large quantities which were shipped to the British Isles from ports in Eastern Canada.

"Hyu skookum salmon,"

said one of our number, airing his Chinook for the benefit of a good-looking Indian lad, who was sunning himself on the little quay. "You bet," replied the Siwash complacently; and with a hearty laugh at the rapid development of the race, we stepped into the boat and were soon steaming away homeward-bound, the Cannery, with its picturesque figures of Indian and Chinaman, growing ever more weird and indistinct in the glorious haze of the setting sun, till, little by little, they all faded away, and nothing more could be seen but the beautiful river with its pathway of trembling molten gold.

[The photographs were taken by Mr. Thompson, Artist, New Westminster, B.C.]



Fisherman delivering his Catch.