

around the lower end of the boiler. This powerful squeezer is the only one in use in the whole Dominion; its daily performance requiring four attendants, is equal to thirty men, and its friendly pressure exerts an influence similar to fifty tons. These are appreciable advantages even in the estimation of the unscientific; but to those posted it has other equally valuable peculiarities. This fifty ton squeezing giant forces the hot iron of the rivet thoroughly into the hole, and the heads of the rivet perfectly solid on both sides, while the disadvantages of the old-fashioned hand system are that the thread of the rivet is formed only on one side, and the iron invariably becomes cold before being properly finished, while in the case of machine-made rivets we noticed several of them red hot after being completed. 5th. In the foundry, in which fifty men are engaged, the average casting is over six tons per day. There are two separate departments here, one of which is reserved for the very heaviest class of work, such as propeller screws, etc., while the other is used for lighter green sand work. If constant exposure to intense heat will tend to make a man incombustible, the individuals I see flitting around, carrying their huge pots of molten iron, should be perfect Salamanders. The appearance of the interior of a large foundry like this, when they are engaged casting, is a novel and exciting scene. The loud calls of the workmen, the explosions taking place every few seconds, and the many streams of fiery liquid at one time pouring into the different pattern boxes, recalls vividly to the mind the picture of the infernal regions. To add still more to the unnatural aspect of affairs, a dense, greyish cloud of sulphurous streams envelopes one, and through whose hazy depths the grotesque and weird-like is rendered ten-fold more strange and curious. My curiosity held me a spectator till the taste of sulphur in my mouth and nostrils, and a general smoky state of things internally, made a hasty retreat to the open air necessary. Passing through the finishing shop, in which we saw an immense assortment of machinery receiving the finishing touch, we found ourselves once more breathing pure air, and blessed with a glimpse of noon-day light. At the eastern extremity of the yard we behold two steamers on the stocks. The largest of the two, 170 feet long, is being built by Mr. Cantin, of the adjoining pre-