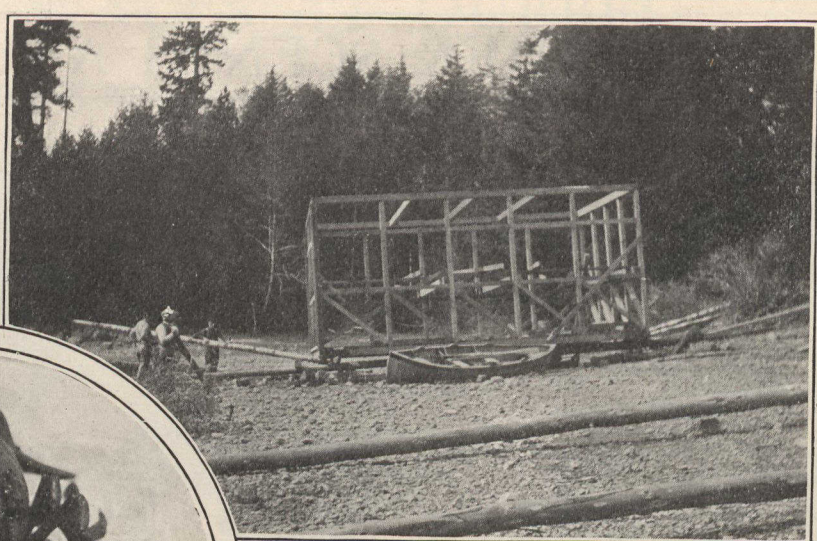
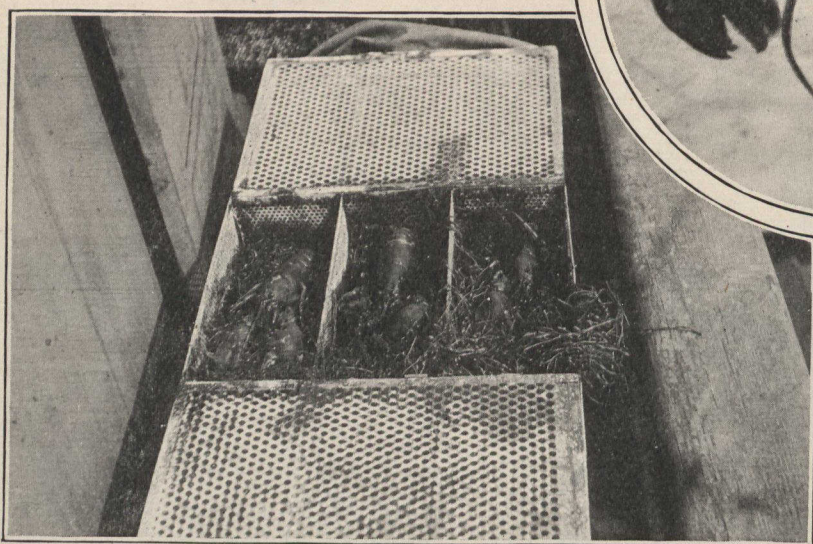


"Georgia" in Nailer's Bay, the Lobster Pound floating alongside.



Building a Lobster Pound.



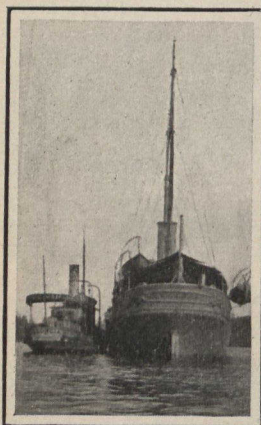
The Lobsters in their separate compartments in the Trays.



Transferring the Lobsters.

# Transplanting Atlantic Lobsters in Pacific Waters, at Sooke, British Columbia.

By BONNYCASTLE DALE



The "Georgia" in Sooke Harbour.

IT is a long run from Halifax to Vancouver—a long distance from where the fishermen of Sambro on the Atlantic coast gathered the sixteen hundred two-year-old lobsters, to the little sheltered cove in Nailer's Bay at Sooke, on the Pacific coast, where the lobsters were finally liberated. They came across the continent in a special car attached to the C. P. R. transcontinental train. They were in charge of two experts of the Fishery Department of the Dominion Government. The crustaceans made the trip in good condition as the temperature of the car they were in was kept as near an even 40 degrees as possible. There was some delay at Vancouver, transshipping from the train to the fishery cruiser *Kestrel*.

It was yet early morning at Sooke when we were saluted with the long siren call of the *Kestrel*. Soon we heard the waiting government fishery steamer *Georgia* answer from her berth at the Sooke wharf, so it was time Fritz and I were afloat. We saw the big grey hull of the *Kestrel* passing along the Sooke spit into the harbour, and the good old Rice Lake canoe flew along swiftly before willing paddles.

We pulled in alongside of the two steamers. The active little *Georgia* seemed dwarfed beside the big hull of the *Kestrel*. Both of them were painted a dull grey—a good colour if you do not want the

fishing law breakers to see you too far off. Acting on Captain Ackerman's kind invitation, we were soon aboard the *Georgia*; following him we climbed over the side of the *Kestrel* and were introduced to Mr. Sword of the department, Mr. Taylor of the biological station at Nanaimo, and the two experts that brought the lobsters across, Superintendent Cunningham and Inspector Finlayson.

Fifteen huge cases filled the aft deck of the *Kestrel*—big, strong cases filled with perforated zinc trays, twelve trays to a case and each tray subdivided into three compartments. In each compartment, snuggled in a bed of wet Atlantic seaweed, rested an active lobster. Above the top tray was the ice-tray. All of the waste water from this ran off through a zinc trough. The thermometers on each big case indicated the even temperature maintained. Messrs. Cunningham and Finlayson were busy already giving the lobsters a bath of cold Pacific ocean water, spraying the opened cases with a hose. All between the cases stood huge earthenware jars. I laughingly asked if they needed so many and such large jars, but the Superintendent explained that they had been filled with salt Atlantic sea water for use during the long overland trip—a trip that lasted from April the ninth until this morning of the sixteenth, deducting the few hours crossing the Gulf of Georgia and steaming down the historic straits of Juan de Fuca to Sooke, some twenty miles west of Victoria on Vancouver Island.

Now the trays were hurriedly drawn out of the cases and piled on the stern of the *Georgia*, as the *Kestrel* drew too much water to go up into the inner bay of Sooke. As Fritz and I wanted to be present at the final transplanting operation we headed the canoe up the harbour and paddled rapidly along with the tide. Something less than three miles away lay Nailer's Bay, yet though we paddled with

all our might those willing workers had emptied those cases and transferred those trays to the *Georgia* and had caught us before we made the bay.

On entering we saw the big frame of one of the floating crates that will impound these lobsters for the time being constructed on the shore. Two finished ones floated on either side of the *Georgia* and already—although we were not five minutes behind their arrival—the full force of department men and middies from the *Kestrel* were busily engaged placing the lobsters in the big floating pounds. Tray after tray was carried to the rail and lobster after lobster was carefully laid in the water. The lobsters had arrived in excellent shape at Vancouver; they had stood the trip well to Sooke—but the last three miles away from their ice-trays and cold cases had been more fatal to them than the entire transcontinental trip.

The men worked rapidly, placing all of the live ones in the big crates. Great regret was heard from all when a dead lobster was found in its tray. The heat from the engine room, the generally high temperature of the air, had killed many of the weaker ones; but I think almost two-thirds were in good, healthy, lively condition. Some darted down in the deep crate the moment they were liberated; others sank more slowly; some were weak and sank in any manner that seemed easiest. From pile to pile of cases the willing workers hurried. Soon one side of the steamer held only empty cases or cases containing a few dead ones; then the men working there joined the force on the other side and in an incredibly short time the whole sixteen hundred and twenty lobsters had been released or rejected.

A great box of food, the six to eight inch fish that we call the Oolican, was scattered into the two big floating crates and the hungry lobsters began to feed at once. Within the hour our canoe was headed