

these are virtually nil. Some of the very men who on the platform demand most loudly state railroad ownership, are set on the hunt for extensive railroad charter privileges, and just as eager as any others to sell them to the highest bidder. Hence state railroad ownership must here be regarded as a present chimera, and the utmost that can be obtained is more or less effective governmental supervision of the rates and traffic conditions of chartered railroad undertakings. This can easily be had on the lines of British railroad legislation, if the people of Canada call for such control. We are however, speaking generally, at present inert in our attitude on this question, though aroused too easily at times by party clap-trap and those that have little that is practical about them.

STAGING TO CARIBOO.

Under this caption, we shall endeavor to take the reader in imagination with us over the route from Ashcroft station to the C.P.R. to Barkerville on Williams Creek, Cariboo. Starting from Ashcroft at the early hour of four in the morning, we are with others hurried aboard the B.C. Express Co.'s commodious stage coach, drawn by six spirited horses, the ribbons in the hands of Fred Tingley, an expert frontier driver. On a crack of his whip, and off we started at a gallop. Our travelling companions, ten in all, are not yet fully awake, but the keen and bracing air of early morn will quicken start circulation and put an end to somnolence. Although fully half a ton of mail matter and quite as much freight are stored up on the stage, we make excellent headway, arriving at Hall Creek about six. Here, some 11 miles from Ashcroft, we break fast, and with a change of horses continue our journey to Clinton, 23 miles further, where we partake of the hospitality of Mr. Jcs. Smith, whose genial smile augurs well for the early prospect of a good dinner. This we are not disappointed. Mr. Smith's hotel is in point of comfort and liberality of comestible supplies, replete, and so good has been this summer's trade that our host is, for the better accommodation of the travelling public, adding a handsome addition to his hotel, which contains among other accommodation a large dining room and twelve bedrooms. From Hat Creek to Clinton we follow the Bonaparte river, along the shore of which considerable mining is in progress. Here the B.C. Development Co., of Vancouver, is in particular actively engaged in prospecting a number of properties with very encouraging results. On one of the claims a lead has been uncovered showing eight inches of galena, which is said to assay in gold, silver, copper and lead worth \$400 to the ton. A band of Cornish miners is here also working a property on the wagon road; they have

a tunnel in 300 feet and expect soon to strike the main ledge. Their expectations run high, and, if realised, we may look for much solid prosperity in and around Bonaparte camp.

Leaving Clinton behind, our journey to the 83-Mile House, where the B. C. Express Co. has provided excellent accommodation for passengers, the meals being wholesome and the beds comfortable and scrupulously clean. Here we remain over night, making an early start next morning. We are next driven rapidly over a rolling country, gradually ascending to a higher altitude, and passing through fair and fertile meadows and grazing lands until we reach 150-Mile house, having in two days traversed some 135 miles. Between 83 and 150-Mile house prosperous ranches are seen, and in and about them several thousand head of cattle. The climate here is healthful and favors a great variety of agricultural products. Its soil is alluvial deposit and includes the sands and clays peculiar to such a formation. The salt meadows of this region are particularly rich in the elements of fertility as is evidenced by the crops of grass they produce, whilst in the mountain region beyond are great cattle ranges—lands where in abundance grass grows naturally so soon as the trees are cleared away and the brightest of sunlight admitted freely. The rich meadow pasturages are here well meet for dairying, whilst along the streams the wide reaches of grain land with fields where in abundance grow the finest of roots stretching up the slopes and along the plateaus. Every kind of domestic animal that is reared in a temperate climate here finds congenial habitation, and horses, mules, milch kine, oxen, beef cattle, sheep, swine and poultry live and thrive in continually increasing number. These facts have been amply proven by Messrs. Veith and Borland, the well-to-do proprietors of the 150-Mile house, its stores, hotel and ranch. These gentlemen are old timers and have grown rich by trading with prospectors and miners, raising cattle, horses and grain, and extending hospitality with a hearty welcome to the travelling public. Their bar is stocked with the choicest wines, liquors and cigars, and their cuisine is excellent. Our wants are here carefully attended, and through the kindness of Mr. Borland a double-seated spring wagon is placed at our disposal. This enables our party to leave the trunk road and drive to Harper's Camp on the Horseshy River, some forty miles from the main road. Here is a typical frontier camp. On the bank of Horseshy stands Alex. Mee's hotel and as we draw rein the door of this hostelry flies open and the guests rally forth to greet us. The ensemble is a picturesque scene right worthy reproduction by brush or camera. The group includes miners, characteristically attired, so too trappers, Indians, Chinamen, and of course also dogs. After scrutiniz-

ing carefully they shout in chorus, "Alex." The shout at once summons "Mine Host," a big, strapping fellow bearing, it is true, a wooden leg, yet withal full of energy and as seen at a glance a thorough good soul. We feel that the best at his command will be ours and in this we are not mistaken. Our horses are quickly stabled, and ourselves made comfortable in the quaintest hostel imaginable—a long shack some 10 feet wide and 30 feet long, partitioned off. The front fills the requirements of a bar, general store, office, barber shop, card room, and general living room. Yet in this far away spot with such restricted facilities, Alex. Mee provides us with comfortable quarters and an excellent table, the food abundant and good and also well cooked and served. This pioneer house of Alex. Mee's is destined to be the nucleus of a busy and prosperous settlement of possibly several thousand people, if the indications of mineral riches form any apt criterion. At Harper's Camp, on the "American Horseshy," an immense area is now leased from the government for alluvial gold mining. A brief mention of the operations of several companies in this camp will give an idea of the magnitude of their undertakings. Senator R. H. Campbell, of San Francisco, is in charge of the management of his company, the Miocene Gravel Mining Co., of Cariboo, Limited, an incorporation with a capital stock of \$30,000, controlled by Senator Campbell, Mr. D. Drysdale, of San Francisco, Mr. Fred Coulthard and two other gentlemen of New Westminster. It is a close corporation and there is no stock for sale. This company owns 12 leases and 4 claims, in all 1300 acres of placer ground, situated on the supposed old channel of the Horseshy river. To ascertain if this be so or no, extensive prospecting is being actively pushed by the Senator in a miner-like manner and if proper engineering and skilled mining can insure success, Senator Campbell has a sturdy under grip upon it. The shaft which he has sunk a depth 250 feet and drifted on the rim of some 60 feet, is model work, and affords indications that bed-rock will be reached very shortly. The gravel coming from the drift resembles that of the rich gold bearing creeks of Cariboo in the sixties, and colors are beginning to show in the pan. The Company possesses its own saw mill for cutting the lumber required in its operations, whilst the shaft is fitted with two pumps, with a first-class steam engine to work them. This hoists the buckets. Work proceeds by day and night with three shifts, and evidence of good management is seen everywhere about the works. Located on the present Horseshy Creek and adjoining the "Miocene" is the Ward's claim, owned by the Horseshy Gold Mining Co., Limited, capitalization \$100,000. The claim comprises 360 acres, and is a hydraulic