

realizing on the ore as taken out. There is also a brewery and bottling works. This is the commercial centre of Whitewater, South Fork, Woodbury Creek, Ainsworth, Campbell Creek, and Duncan mining camps. As a mining centre, Kaslo is destined to play an important role, as many promising prospects are already being opened immediately surrounding the town.

Boarding a train on the Kaslo and Slocan Railway, we are soon away up on the side of the mountains above, overlooking the town and lake. It is a magnificent view—the town, with its cozy homes, its regular streets, its wharves and depot along the lake front at one's feet, the blue waters of the lake stretching far as the eye can reach, towering above them the serrated heights of the Selkirks, the snow gleaming white on their summits. We round a curve and pass in among the mountains on our steady climb to Sandon. No one visiting this section should fail to make the trip to Sandon over this railway. The mountain scenery is superb, and all along the line is large game and good hunting. At Whitewater we see the neat houses and offices of the Whitewater mine. Soon we are running along the sides of Carpenter's Creek Canyon, and as we round Payne Bluff the creek appears, a narrow thread a thousand feet below the track. So sheer is the mountain wall at this point, that if one were to drop a stone from the car window it would fall to the bottom without striking an obstruction. We pass the Payne mine, whose fame has spread wherever the Slocan is known, and shortly we see the town of Sandon wedged into the canyon, and overflowing up the mountains.

#### SANDON

is less than four years old. It has a population of 2,000, and is the mining centre of the Slocan country; for we have doubled back into the home of the silver-lead miner. The town has good hotels, able newspapers, waterworks, electric light, two railways—the Nakusp & Slocan Branch of the Canadian Pacific (which company completed a handsome depot last year), and the Kaslo and Slocan, over which we have just come, and which carries a large tonnage of the rich ore from this camp.

Although the town is built in the canyon, it has an altitude of 3,460 feet, the mountains above it rising to a height of 10,000 to 11,000 feet above sea level. The water-supply is from two mountain lakes, one 210 ft., and the other 400 ft. above the town. The electric light plant is operated by power obtained from the same source. Look for the hotels and business houses and you will find them in the bottom of the gulch, with Carpenter's Creek tumbling noisily down its rocky bed just in their rear. The churches, schools, and residences are built on terraces cut into the mountainsides. Mines are in all directions, and the chief topic of conversation is naturally the new strikes being made in the various workings. Two miles up Carpenter's Creek is the town of Cody, where several mines are located. The ore is chiefly silver-lead, and the average value per ton is \$120. Shipments from the Slocan for 1898 were over 17,000 tons, and if the present rate of production is maintained it will be 40,000 tons for 1899, with a probable value of \$5,000,000. In the Sandon mines alone about 1,200 men are employed, the average wage being \$3 a day.

The rawhiding of ore is a curious sight to one who sees it for the first time. When the snow falls in the great mountains, covering the trails which wind their way to the different mines, the ore is packed in small sacks, and these in turn are tied in bundles in rawhides. Horses, mules, or the musical burro, known as a Rocky Mountain canary, are hitched to them, and they are dragged down over the trails to the point of shipment.

Trains of pack horses are also seen toiling their way up the trails, carrying on their backs supplies of all kinds for the mines.

A visit to the concentrators, a ride in a gravity tram-car up the dizzy side of a mountain, crouching low to avoid the snow-sheds, finally coming to a halt at the top; the donning of miners' suits, and the following of our guide through the long tunnels in the heart of the mountain, where the air drills are at work; the delightful tramp down the mountain over the snow, breathing the crisp, bracing air; the vigorous appetite with which we attacked the dinner when once more in the comfortable hotel, are all memories of our visit to Sandon which will long remain with us.—Ex.

#### A PROVINCIAL REPRESENTATIVE FOR LONDON.

It is imperative that British Columbia should have a representative in London, befitting her position. Her wealth of mineral, timber, fish, etc., should be properly advertised. Her sister colonies are kept well to the front in Europe, their advantages enumerated and the public generally kept well informed in all respects; Australian and African literature flood the United Kingdom and persistently invite attention to those portions of the Empire, as profitable fields for enterprise and settlement. Their agents, also, are continuously alive to the situation, are capable, faithful to their office, and ever on the qui vive to impart any knowledge, or assist in every particular those seeking information with a view to emigrate or invest. Result:—Millions sterling have been and are pouring into these colonies, Both Australia and the Cape have developed in consequence, satisfactorily both to the capitalist and the colonist. Money makes money, and, like manure, does no good 'til it's spread. The investor, however, is alive to conditions and naturally the most go-a-head and enterprising is the most attractive. Hence the progress of the States south of us. British Columbia must throw off this lethargy which seems to hold her down and which renders her position unbearable and her trade rotten. Representation is essential in the World's Metropolis, and we must have it a capable man and a man of integrity.

Millionaire, visiting friends in the Old Country, after an absence of a few years.

"Well, old man, you are a wonder, and I am proud of my old school-chum! It is pleasant to look back, retrospect, as it were, to the old days when we worried along on a salary, after a successful college career, which did not, unfortunately, serve our anticipations, or render us practical business men. No, our dreams of affluence could never be consummated while driving a quill, seated on the top of a three-decked stool. They remained the most tantalizing visions, until the innate force of your character woke up to conditions and you first broke away from the thralldom of office drudgery and took Horace Greeley's advice and "went west," where you commenced life from the bottom rung of the ladder, gaining the top, the pinnacle, attaining heights whereof our wildest imagination and ———"

"My dear boy, you are carried away, as Disraeli would have said, by the 'exuberance of your verbosity.' You evidently don't know the A B C of mining in British Columbia or elsewhere. I commenced at the top and worked my way down!"

Mr. Stanley Atherton, of Bolton, England, is examining our coal fields in British Columbia for the purpose of testing the qualities, quantities, etc., for Old Country capitalists.

The Canadian Pacific Railway terminus, offices, etc., are nearing completion, and we must say they are worthy the City of Vancouver. The structure is like the city it is situated in and the company it represents—solid! Its massive stone foundations, surmounted by a building of red brick, the architecture of which is renaissance, and reflects the highest credit on the designers and builders. The building is unique and imposing both from the harbor and city side.