THE NORTHERN GOLD FIELDS

Four Months' Continuous Travelling Amidst the Exhaustless Rich Prospects of Cariboo.

Huge Fortunes Lying Undisturbed and Unheeded on Hillsides and in Old Channels.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

BARKERVILLE, Oct. 24.—How many of your readers of to-day are familiar with the geography of this immense gold belt I do not know, but I for one feel like a mere fly on the wheel when, in a constant journey of over four months' duration, I see how little one can accomplish in this great tract of almost unknown rich alluvial deposit. When one looks back over the ground that has been traversed, miles upon miles of country covered with gravels of glacial deposit from the foot of every mountain and hill to their very summits, through a belt twenty miles wide and over one hundred miles long, in nearly every yard of which can be found the precious metal, he cannot but be impressed with the boundless possibilities of the Cariboo district. I have been to the tops of the highest mountains in the belt, and even to their very summits can be found

COLORS OF GOLD,

while many of the streams have been worked up as high as five and six thousand feet above sea level. The reader must not imagine that the mountains here are that high from their base. The most of the creeks north of Cariboo lake are 4,000 feet above sea level, and the highest mountains are not over 3,000 feet above the creeks. Nearly every mountain has its own share of streams running from its summit down its timber clad sides and emptying into the larger streams, some of which run away north for over 100 miles, and then empty into the Fraser only to come back south to meet the waters of the Quesnelle river, which drains the southern portion of Cariboo.

So much for a short reference to one of the richest, if not the richest, desposits of gold gravels on the continent of North America. Here mining is yet in its infancy, although over fifty million dollars has been taken out of the creek, yet if all the ground which has been mined either by drifting or hydraulicing were put side by side it would not average over five miles square, and I think I am within a safe limit when I say it would not amount to more than that. In my opinion they have not commenced to mine here yet. There are many places that twenty-five years ago it would not pay to work which to-day would pay handsome dividends. You can take a pan of dirt anywhere on the hillsides, even in the rocks, and get colors of gold—sometimes three, four and five cents to the pan. But the great drawback to mining here is the lack of means to bring the water to where it is required for hydraulicing; and, on the other hand, the presence of too much water in the miles and miles of unworked streams whose bottoms have never been worked because the water could not be kept down. The cost of pumping was too great in the olden days. When one mine stopped pumping on any creek, all had to stop. In these days of electricity, however, we

MAY LOOK FOR A REVIVAL

of mining in the old deep workings, which will surprise the world with their hidden treasures. Already borings have been put down to beat some of the creek bottoms, and the prospects obtained have been astonishing, some of which I will give later on.

Within a radius of 20 miles of here there is at the present time no less than twenty-thousand horse power of water running to waste day and night the year around which is only waiting to be harnessed by the ingenuity of man and applied to the mining industries of this wonderful field of wealth. I venture to say that within ten years' time we will see millions of dollars taken out of these almost fabulously rich creeks by the aid of the electric motor which will be employed to drive the mighty pumps then in use for the purpose of keeping the workings dry. The water thus raised could again be used through other pumps to wash down the rich deposits that line the banks of nearly every stream in the country. From my knowledge of electricity I venture to say that that 20,000 horse power of electrical energy can be laid down here complete for half a million dollars, giving one hundred horse power to each mine, which is double what they used in olden days, and would operate two hundred mines at the first cost of twenty-five hundred dollars each. There are creeks here to-day that would pay the first cost of that plant in one day (viz. $2,500). There are even hydraulic claims that would pay for this plant in one week, where now they can only work a few weeks in the year for the want of water.

A FIELD FOR ENTERPRISE.

I know of claims here to-day which will pay 50 cents to the yard from grass roots down which if they had a 100 H. P. pump on them to take the water from the creeks and hurl it against their banks with terrible force could move 50,000 yards of earth in each season, which at 50 cents per yard would be $25,000. If anyone doubts my statements let him go and see some of the plants that are working by steam to-day in California and Oregon, where the pay does not run more than a few cents to the yard.

What is needed here is railroad communication to get in such appliances at a reasonable rate; then and not till then will we see this great and immensely rich country developed, the opening up of which will startle the mining world. The pay is here; all that is needed is capital backed with the right kind of men. There is not one person in a thousand that has any idea of this great mineral belt unless he has been there to see for himself. The pen fails to describe what the observer can find out in a few months' travel through this district. Take for instance Cunningham creek, whose entire length is about sixteen miles, and I am safe in saying that not three miles of it has been worked. There are places to be sure where the gound was too deep for the machinery they had twenty years ago; there are also places where canyons exist in which the water is too swift for the gold to remain. There are some places where fortunes were taken out of a small piece of ground not exceeding half an acre, and often not more than ten feet to bedrock. But the great question is, where is the bulk of the gold that should be still in the above creek? My opinion is that there are still

LARGE FORTUNES LYING UNDISTURBED

upon the hillsides and in the old channels. I saw one place where Chinamen had taken out over $10,000 on an almost perpendicular hillside which was covered with earth—hardly, in fact, sufficient earth to cover the bedrock. They made an offer of $2,500 for the adjoining acre but the owner would not sell; neither can he work it for he is too old. It is a lamentable fact that there are quite a number of such men in this country; they hold large tracts of good mining property under the real estate act, which was and is a curse to this country and to the owner also, as some of the holders have not the means to open up their claims. Others have the means but are waiting for a rise in value, whilst a few are waiting till the adjoining claims are worked out so they can get a cheap dump and the water out of some old ditch.

But, to return to the subject, one has only to look around and see who is doing the mining on this creek—two white men, the rest Chinamen; and although they are Celestials they deserve more than passing mention considering the expense they have gone to. One company of them have this summer dug a large ditch over four miles long, which would cost if built by contract at least $2,000 per mile. They energetically prospected till they found a good location on a bench near the bend in the creek, and are now taking out over $6 per day to the man. There are several other Chinese companies on the same creek and all are doing fairly well. One white man took it into his head to follow suit, and the result is that less than three feet under the surface he is getting pay to the extent of ten, and sometimes twenty, dollars per day, and now he has a lease of half a mile, which I hope will pay him handsomely, as he deserves it after having contended with bad luck oftener than good during fourteen years of solitary life. There is about six miles of the lower part of this creek which was never bottomed, on account of water being too plentiful, but it would take a Philadelphia lawyer to find out where there is any vacant land for mining in the creeks now. The country has been plastered with

LOCATION STAKES BY THE HUNDRED,

one man alone having staked over seventy miles of creek diggings this summer for people some of whom will never see them, and it is well for them that they do not. There are now over 300 leases recorded in the Richfield office, and one can hardly see the walls of the porch at the courthouse for the applications that are posted on it for leases. If one-half of them, or even one quarter of them, are ever worked there will be more people here than there ever were in the palmy days. Several parties are going to prospect on lower Cunningham creek this winter, and I sincerely hope they may be well rewarded for their labors. Next week I will talk about Antler creek.

We have had a great change in the weather; the last three weeks we have had Italian skies and very hot days, with frost at nights. The oldest residents here say they never saw such beautiful weather for this time of year.

Ernest Rivard put an end to five large wolves with strychnine last week. They were part of a band that were making things unpleasant around here for awhile. The

CARIBOO GOLD FIELDS COMPANY

are rushing their flume to completion and by the end of the month will have it ready for blocking. There are about seventy men at work for the company in the woods, and on the flume and at the mill. Pete Egan is rushing out the lumber from his portable mill for the works, and there are four teams of four horses each hauling lumber and timber.

Another contract for 150 feet of a tunnel on the Princess group of claims, owned by the Cariboo Gold Reefs Co., has been let to Mr. Blackwood, who now has a force of men at work driving day and night. The first contract of 100 feet having proved profitable, it was decided to go on with the present work.

The Cariboo Gold Fields Co. are also driving a tunnel on a ledge on Proserpine mountain, which is showing up in good shape.

There have been some very fair samples of ore brought in this summer as the result of careful prospecting, and some of them have yielded well in assaying, more of which I will tell you when I come to quartz.

Last night the citizens were aroused by the clang of the fire bell for the first time this summer; the fire was found to be in Chinatown. The brigade soon had a stream on the building, and kept the flames from spreading to any adjoining houses, as there was a good head of water in the reservoir.

Ernest Rivard is pushing ahead the big drain for the Cariboo Gold Fields Co., working three shifts; he is now in 1,300 feet, and has 1,200 more to go. They are at present about thirty feet under the surface.

"CARIBOO."

TORONTO TOPICS.

TORONTO, Nov. 2.—(Special)—General Gascoigne arrived here to day to participate in the united garrison parade to-morrow.

There was a sensational collapse of the action of George Alger here to-day against the Equitable Life Insurance company to recover $7,000, the amount of a policy on his wife's life. He was placed under arrest on a charge of trying to defraud the company.

Chief Justice Meredith has refused to hear the case of Moncrief vs. Preston, in which W. T. R. Preston, late organizer of the Liberal party, is charged with handling money illegally in connection with the late provincial elections. Mr. Meredith was at the time of the alleged illegality leader of the opposition. Preston's lawyer begged that the case might be proceeded with, but the chief justice absolutely refused.

Pictures of the English and French fleets on Lake Ontario at the time of the war of conquest in 1760, have been found on a map of Canada in the British Museum.

James Rayside, ex-M.P.P. for Glengarry, died yesterday.

ALBERNI NOTES.

ALBERNI, Nov. 1.—(Special)—G. A. Kirk, of Victoria, left on the 31st. ultimo., for the Golden Eagle group of claims and will be absent a week.

Gleason has drifted from the bed-rock at the side into the deep channel and has struck good pay. His claim is on Mineral creek.

It is rumored that the party who went from Victoria on the Rainbow have staked a number of claims along the Sound.

"Haow d'ye like that cider?" asked a close old farmer of a poor fellow that he had given a glass instead of a tip for a job. "Good, but it's a pity you didn't have another apple." "Another apple—why?" "Because you could have made another barrel of it, you know."

Foreigner—How contradictory all these papers are! I can't make head nor tail of them. I wish you would come to my aid and give me a real unbiassed opinion of the last Congress.

American—All right. Wait till the ladies are out of the room and I'll begin.—Des Moines Leader.

Jewsharps are made chiefly in Boccorio, Italy, the seat of the industry since the sixteenth century. A good workman can make seven dozen in a day, and, simple as the little instruments are, no less than twenty tools are employed in their manufacture, including anvil, hammer, tongs, and so on. There are, moreover, twenty-four distinct operations.

THE TERMINAL CITY.

Dominion Politics on the Mainland—A Municipal Revolution Promised in Vancouver City.

Mining Developments All Over the Mainland—What Is Doing Near the Fraser.

VANCOUVER, Nov. 2.—(Special.)—The political situation is at present very confused as regards the Dominion representation of the Mainland constituencies. In Vancouver the Conservatives have not yet chosen their candidate, but the Liberals and Nationalists have already united in the choice of Rev. G. R. Maxwell, who will abandon the pulpit for the platform if successful, whilst the Orangemen and McCarthyites have a pledge from Mr. D. Donaldson, formerly a well known Ottawa Conservative, that he is in the fight to a finish. In New Westminster it is thought likely that Mr. G E. Corbould, M.P., will retire, and it is understood that Mr. T. C. Atkinson, the present police magistrate, is not unwilling to stand as a Conservative in his stead. Here, too, the Liberals mean to put forward the strongest candidate they can obtain, giving him large latitude on matters specially affecting the West, but they have not yet chosen their champion.

The big property owners and most representative citizens of Vancouver are determined to oust the present aldermen at the coming municipal election, and strong combinations are already formed for the purpose. The present municipal representatives will probably be attacked on all sides, as they have earned the disgust and anger of almost every section of the community. One of their recent senseless acts was to fine a man $5 for selling a candle to a customer on Sunday, who needed a light almost as much as the aldermen themselves, whilst on another occasion they mulcted a struggling widow lady in $5 for selling a package of cigarettes on Sunday to a man who was in her refreshment rooms partaking of a meal. The property owners are meanwhile up in arms, finding that the rates are going up rapidly whilst the city finances are getting into a complete tangle. They feel that there is little compensation for these deficiences in the fact that each alderman has secured for himself this year a salary of $300 more than he is worth to the city. Numbers of old reliable city officials have been replaced by cheaper men and friends of the powers that be, while other respected officials are threatened with instant dismissal. The latest movement of the Solons of Vancouver is to threaten with early discharge City Solicitor Hammersley, who has prevented the carrying out of some of the intended vagaries of probably the most curious municipal combination which has ever held office in British Columbia. They were carried in on a wave of reform and it is in a few months they will be carried out on a wave of disgust.

Mining developments in all parts of the many great ore bearing districts of the province are creating great excitement here. Even within the district immediately surrounding Vancouver, which has not hitherto been regarded as likely to be rich in the precious metals, there are reports of promising gold finds in the hills above Seymour creek within six miles of the city, whilst more guarded reports as to similar possibilities on the hill sides about Mount Crown directly opposite Vancouver and across Burrard inlet are also attracting attention. It is further stated that the Burrard inlet mountains in general contain large quantities of refractory low grade gold ore running from $6 to $8 to the ton, which though at present incapable of profitable treatment, may yet some day by more perfect appliances be rendered capable of paying a profit.

On Lulu island and Sea island, in the Fraser estuary, at points equi-distant from Vancouver and New Westminster, traces of gold already discovered in the course of artesian well boring have caused the location of nearly 200 claims covering several hundred acres of ground in the immediate neighborhood. It might be mentioned that every one of the claimants has sworn as required by law that he believes there is various "rock in place" on his location. Although there would seem to be not a little of the boom, and perhaps even fake element, in this Lulu island excitement, there are many shrewd men who believe that there is considerable gold underlying the land in question. Meanwhile, further up the coast, there are being made good finds of gold bearing copper ore, and on various islands of the Gulf of Georgia—notably Texada—prospecting parties have lately been at work with apparently likely results as regards precious metal and copper discoveries in several places.

On Texada island in particular American prospectors have shown samples of the ore, and declared that they have found tin deposits in large and paying quantities, but they hold themselves so reserved in the matter that exact particulars have hitherto been unavailable. Should the alleged tin discoveries on Texada be verified the results will be of inestimable value to the province. The Pacific coast demand for tin is large, and constantly increasing, and mines of that metal would certainly yield better results than most gold mines. Good coal being plentiful in the immediate neighborhood at Nanaimo would lead to the establishment of a large and flourishing tin plate industry.

MURDER OF A WITCH.

PORT TOWNSEND, Nov. 2.—The steamship Al-ki, from Sitka, Alaska, to-day, brings news of the arrest of a Klawak Indian, who, suspecting his sister of witchcraft, killed her. The murder was particularly atrocious, and occurred three years ago. The Indian bore such a bloodthirsty reputation that the marshals never dared attempt his arrest. The story of the crime as learned to-day is as follows: An Indian doctor, failing to effect a cure, notified the tribe that one of the women was imbued with witchcraft, and was exercising evil influences over the patient. The subject was discussed in tribal conclave, and her brother ordained as executioner. He refused until made drunk, when his father-in-law placed a loaded gun in his hands and commanded him to slay the woman. Placing the muzzle against her side, the weapon was discharged, tearing the flesh into shreds. The Indians approved of the murder and prevented officers from obtaining enough evidence to warrant an arrest. Recently a white trader learned the facts and reported them to the officers. The Indian had built himself a stone fortress and armed himself with a rifle. One of the United States cutters anchored near him one day, and through strategy he was betrayed into the hands of the officers and taken to Sitka, where he is confined in jail. The woman is said to have been his fifth victim.

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A GREAT FISHERMAN.

He Could Land His Prey From Waters Other Men Fished Blank.

Charles Grant had a great and well deserved reputation for finding a fish in water which other men had fished blank. This was partly because, from long familiarity with the river, he knew all the likeliest casts, partly because he was sure to have at the end of his casting line just the proper fly for the size of water and condition of weather, and partly because of his quiet, neat handed manner of dropping his line on the water. There is a story still current on Speyside illustrative of this gift of Charlie in finding a fish where people who rather fancied themselves had failed—a story which Jamie Shanks to this day does not care to hear. Mr. Russel of The Scotsman had done his very best from the quick run at the top of the pool of Dalbreck, down to the almost dead still water at the bottom of that fine stretch, and had found no luck.

Jamie Shanks, who was with Mr. Russel as his fisherman, had gone over it to no purpose with a fresh fly. They were grumpishly discussing whether they should give Dalbreck another turn, or go on to Pool-o-Brock, the next pool down stream, when Charles Grant made his appearance and asked the waterside question, "What luck?" "No luck at all, Charlie!" was Russel's answer. "Deevil a rise!" was Shanks' sourer reply. In his demure, purring way Charles Grant, who, in his manner, was a duplicate of the late Lord Granville, remarked, "There ought to be a fish come out of that pool." "Tak' him out, then!" exclaimed Shanks gruffly. "Well, I'll try," quoth the soft spoken Charlie, and just at that spot, about 40 yards from the head of the pool, where the current slackens and the fish lie awhile before breasting the upper rapid, he hooked a fish. Then it was that Russel, in the genial manner which made provosts swear, remarked, "Shanks, I advise you to take half a year at Mr. Grant's school." "Fat for?" inquired Shanks sullenly. "To learn to fish," replied the master of sarcasm of the delicate Scottish variety.—Nineteenth Century.

THREE FOR A NICKEL.

A Shrewd Ohio Postmaster Causes a Rush For Postage Stamps.

The business world of the village of Johnstown, in Ohio, had succumbed to the heat and had lain down for the summer siesta. Plainly things needed a stirring up, and it was Postmaster and Editor W. A. Ashbrooke who did it. His humble instruments were merely a piece of white pasteboard and some black paint, the latter, however, mixed with a shrewd quality of brains.

When his preparation was finished, a large placard challenged the notice of all passersby with the startling legend, "Postage stamps, three for 5 cents." The first response to this alluring statement was from a drummer. He accosted the postmaster, "Do you mean to say that you actually sell three postage stamps for a nickel?" The postmaster replied that this was undoubtedly the case. "Well," said the drummer, "I never saw a reduction in stamps before. I'll take $2 worth. I don't need 'em, but it's the best bargain in stamps I ever heard of."

He waited with a gratified smile while Mr. Ashbrooke put his $2 bill in the drawer and counted out the stamps. By this time his expression of complacency had given place to one of chagrin, and as he pocketed the stamps he remarked, "Well, that's one on me."

Presently a winsome girl came tripping up with a letter to her sweetheart. When she read the placard, her eyes sparkled with pleasure to think that the stream of coin she was steadily pouring into Uncle Sam's coffers was to be even slightly diminished. She laid down a nickel with a confident air and said, "Give me three stamps."

The obliging collector of government revenues pushed her out two twos and a one. Then perhaps he didn't pay for his little joke. Feminine scorn held the floor in that office for the next five minutes. Then, with the somewhat feeble peroration, "Will Ashbrooke, you think you're smart, don't you?" the offended maiden flounced out of the office.—Pittsburg Paper.

Rough on the Parson.

McBride told a party of his friend this story: "You know, boys, little people have sharp ears, and they are not at all backward about telling any little scraps of information they pick up. This peculiarity has led a good many parents to resort to spelling words when their young children are present. Of course that sort of thing is of no avail after the youngsters learn to spell. Well, Mrs. McBride and I are in the spelling stage now, and little Freddie is often very much mystified by our remarks to each other. Last night we had our new minister to dinner, and Freddy watched the good man helping himself very liberally to biscuits. He thought it a good opportunity to put into use the family verbal cipher, feeling perfectly certain that the minister would find it unintelligible, so he called out, 'Mamma!'

"'What is it, Freddy?'

"'Mamma, isn't the m-i-n-i-s-t-e-r a p-i-g?' spelled out Freddy triumphantly.—New York Telegram.

Shoplifting Extraordinary.

Judge—What's the charge against this man?

Green Policeman—Faith, Oi believe they calls it "shop liftin," sor.

Judge—You believe? Don't you know? Explain what he did.

Policeman—Why, he troied t' blow up a droy goods sthore he wor discharged from.—Philadelphia Record.

The Reason of It.

Paresis—I have just discovered why political aspirants always have their legs pulled.

Giglamp—Why?

Paresis—So that they can take longer strides when running for office.—New York Herald.

An Ancient Sign.

This is the announcement on an ancient sign, said still to be hanging at Falmouth, England:

"Roger Giles, Surgin, Parish Clark & Skulemaster, Groser & Hundertaker, Respectably informs ladys and gentleman that he drors teef without wateing a minit, applies laches every hour, blisters on the lowest tarms and vizicks for penny a peace. He sells Godfather's kordales, kuts korns, bunyons, docters osses, clips donkies wance a munth and undertakes to luke arter every bodies nayls by the ear. Joesharps, penny wissels, brass kanelsticks, fryin pans and other moozikal hinstrumints hat grately reydooced figers. Young ladys and gentlemen larns their grammur and langeudge in the purtiest mannar, also grate care taken off their morrels and spellin. Also zarm-zinging, tachying the brass vial, and oll other zorts of fancy work, squdils, pokers, weazzels, and all country dances tort at home and abroad at perfekshun. Perfumery and snuff in all its branches. As times is cruel bad, I begs to tell ee that I has just beginned to sell all sorts of stashonary ware, cox, hens, vouls, pigs and all other kinds of poultry, Blackin-brishes, herrins, coles, scrubbin-brishes, tarykel and godley bukes and bibles, mise-traps, brick-dist, whiskerseeds, morrel pokkerankerchers, and all zorts of swate-malts, including taters, sassages and other garden stuff, bakky, zizars, lamp oyle, tay kittles and other intoxzigatin likkers, a dale of fruit, hats, zongs, hare oyle, pattins, bukkits, grindin stones and hother aitables, corn and bunyon salve and all hardware. I as laid in a large azzortment of trype, dog mate, lollipops, ginger beer, matches and other pikkles, such as hapsom salts, hoysters, winzzer sope, anzetrar.—Old rags bort and zold here and nowhere else, newlayde heggs by me Roger Giles, zinging burdes keeped, sich as howls, donkies, paykox, lobsters, crickets, also a stock of a celebrated brayder.

"P. S.—I tayches geography, rithmetic, cowsticks, jimnastics and other chynees tricks."—New York Tribune.

Fragile Wedding Gifts.

"I hope," said the expectant bride, "that my friends will remember my fondness for fine cut glass and dower me plentifully with it on my wedding day. I think it is one of the few things in this world that are perfectly beautiful. I never tire of looking at it."

"Don't make such an injudicious wish as that," said her wiser friend, who had "been there" and knew. "You cannot hope to escape the fate of all young married people in havin careless and incompetent servants. And just fancy how you would feel to have your wedding presents, that you want to keep all your life as souvenirs of that important event, gradually cracked and chipped off the face of the earth. Don't say that you will take care of them yourself. That is what all brides say, only to find that the time things are broken is in dusting and brushing quickly by them, and not in the mere use, which would scarcely injure them in a hundred years. Take my advice and pray for more substantial wedding gifts, even if they are not quite so daintily beautiful."—Philadelphia Press.

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS

CURES

DYSPEPSIA, BAD BLOOD, CONSTIPATION, KIDNEY TROUBLES, HEADACHE, BILIOUSNESS.

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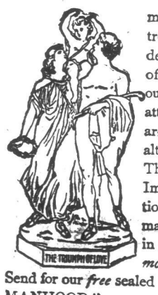

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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.

Vice-Chancellor Sir W. PAGE WOOD stated publicly in court that Dr. J. COLLIS BROWNE was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne that the whole story of the defendant Freeman was literally untrue, and he regretted to say that it had been sworn to.—*Times*, July 13 1864.

DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE IS THE BEST AND MOST CERTAIN REMEDY IN COUGHS, COLDS, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, NEURALGIA RHEUMATISM, &c.

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POOR who call call at his office Fridays are welcome to his services free of charge.

METHOD OF TREATMENT—No poisonous or injurious mineral drugs are used, but the medicines are all compounded from the very choicest, purest and most effective plants, roots and herbs in the whole range of nature. They do not act violently, but all of them harmonize with nature, and while their effects are marked and immediately apparent, they do not build up temporarily, but effect permanent as well as perfect cures.

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