

Brevity of speech is a characteristic of the miner. An anecdote is told of a thief who was entering a miner's tent to steal his "pile." The owner of the tent happened to be awake and cried out, "You git." "You bet," replied the visitor, who retired without further parley.

The main trunk road commences at Yale and is built as far as Cariboo—it was constructed by Governor Douglas, and was a very arduous undertaking as the road in many places had to be blasted out of the solid rock. It follows the Fraser as far as Lytton, 60 miles from Yale after passing through Cascade Canon. The scenery is grand and imposing, especially while passing the Canon. The road is built on the brink of many a "flesh creeping" precipice from which may be seen the Fraser seething and boiling far below. The highest elevation the road reaches between Yale and Lytton is called Jackass Mountain, 1200 feet above the river. At the base of this mountain Lord and Lady Dufferin camped out one night, when they made their tour through the Province. At Kamloops (B.C.) when Lady Dufferin came off the steamer, she so plainly dressed that two Frenchmen who were watching her, thinking she was one of the servants, remarked to a countryman, "C'est une belle femme." Lady Dufferin overhearing the remark turned and smiled, much to the confusion of the Frenchmen who then perceived their mistake.

Lytton is another hamlet and is smaller than Yale. It like Yale was formerly a great mining camp, but is now a dull place. When I arrived in the evening the wind was blowing and drifting the sand in clouds, so you may imagine my impressions of Lytton were not very favorable. It derives its name from Lord Lytton, who was Colonial Secy, when B. C. was made a colony. In one of the hotels there is a jawbone of a horse hanging upon the wall with the word "Halo," Chinook for "No," over it, thus forming the sentence "*Halo jawbone*," "*No jawbone*." *Jawbone* is a slang term very frequently used in the colony for the word "credit." "*Shooting your jaw*" is another slang term, signifying the same thing. Since I have introduced the subject of slang terms I shall give a few of those in most common use here. If you are sitting at meals and have a dish before you which some person desires to partake of and cannot reach, you will no doubt be accosted with the request to "*Shoot that dish down this way*." If one man obtains the advantage of another he is said to have the "*deadwood*" on him." When a person is on the verge of bankruptcy or in very poor circumstances, he is said to have reached the "*bedrock*," and if anxious to better his circumstances of course he is trying to "make a raise." "Vamoose the ranch" expresses to leave for parts unknown. You would not ask anyone to carry this or that, but to "pack" it. "I was mad enough to jump him" meaneth "I would like to put a head on him." "Petered out," "Dead broke" and "played out" all mean the same thing. If you do not succeed in an undertaking then you cannot make the "riffle." If a person is in good circumstances or inflated with the idea of his own importance he is "away up." The Chinook word "Skukum" is a very expressive term used to imply both moral and physical worth. The word "telikum" also enters largely into conversation and signifies a great friend. A story is told of a lady whose son, a boy about 9 years old, was in the habit of saying "You bet your life" whenever opportunity offered. One day he used the term before his mother, much to her annoyance. She, however, compromised matters by thus reproving him: "Tommy, Tommy, why do you bet your life? Why don't you bet your jackknife?" Such are a few of the slang phrases used on the Pacific Coast.

At Lytton, as elsewhere along the wagon road, stage passengers are charged \$1 a meal—which allows a good margin for profit I should think—but one should not grumble I suppose, for in early days the regular charge was \$2.50 per meal, and that might consist of only bacon

and beans! If bacon would fetch that nowadays I guarantee B. C. would be one vast pig-sty, and those places now devoted to raising stock would be overrun with swine. The next point the stage stops at is Cooke's Ferry, situated 81 miles above Yale on the Thompson River, a branch of the Fraser. It is 640 feet above sea level. The wagon road crosses over a wooden bridge to the west side of the Thompson. At the western end of the bridge is the post office and Meteorological Station, both under the superintendence of Mr. J. Murray. The Nicola River flows into the Thompson above the Ferry, draining the Nicola Valley, the best stock raising section in the country. From Cooke's Ferry to Nicola there is a fortnightly mail which is carried by Mr. Mickle, who also runs an express in connection therewith. He is a man well adapted for the business, on account of his accommodating spirit and obliging disposition.

The fare by Bamadd's Express Co. from Yale to Cooke's Ferry is \$18, that is for a distance of 81 miles. The fare by Mickle's Express from Cooke's Ferry to Nicola Lake, a distance of 60 miles, is only \$6. Behold the difference!

Freight is carried up the road from Yale as far as Cariboo by wagons, drawn principally by from 5 to 10 spans of mules, or from 12 to 24 yoke of oxen. "Teaming" is slow work, the average trip per day for mules being 10 to 12 miles. Patience is therefore a necessary qualification for a good teamster. The whip used consists of a two feet stock and a lash, 16 feet long, with a sharp pointed nail at the end of it which generally leaves its impression on the animal struck. My advice to those seeking health and especially any one affected with bronchial or lung diseases, is to take the stage at Cooke's Ferry and come straight to Nicola, where, providing they are not already too far gone, they will recover their health and receive a hearty welcome from the kind-hearted and generous settlers of this far-famed valley. The very smell and appearance of the "bunch grass" beef raised in this section is enough to tempt the fastidious maw of a dyspeptic, and as for an epicure, even if he is a man that has never said a prayer in his life, he will most likely say grace and exclaim when a juicy joint is set before him: "It is *mete* that I should partake of such food."

Clinton is the next point on the wagon road, and is situated about 26 miles north of Cache Creek. It is also called the "Junction" because the former road to Cariboo, built by way of Lilvert, which is some 40 miles south west of Clinton, joins the present road at this point. Clinton is 2940 feet above the level of the sea and forms the eastern limit of the dry arid belt which extends from Lytton. In this region irrigation has to be adopted, as nothing can be raised without it, the rainfall being so scanty. The surroundings of Clinton are very picturesque. I have been told by a gentleman who has explored the country in this vicinity that the scenery in many of the mountains is equal to the Alps in grandeur and sublimity. He also informed me that there are large caves in some of the mountains, hollowed out of the solid rock, which the mountain sheep frequent during the winter—the floors of these caves are worn as smooth as glass by the action of their feet. The mountain sheep is an animal covered with shaggy hair of a dirty white color and weighs about 120 lbs. Some of the old bucks, however, weigh as much as 500 lbs. It has very large curled horns, upon which it strikes when jumping from precipices, and is shy and solitary in its habits, frequenting lonely or inaccessible mountains "exempt from public haunt," it is therefore seldom seen in the valleys.

Returning to Cache Creek I took the stage for Kamloops. The road is built through what is called the Cache Creek Valley, a stock raising section. Kamloops is situated at the western end of the Lake of the same name, and