

The ore body exposed in some of the old workings is a marvellous sight and reminds one forcibly of the fortune caves of Arabian Night stories—great masses of sparkling galena ore in places 37 feet wide! But I must hurry on.

You get some rare glimpses of scenery along the Kaslo & Slocan Railroad which, by the way, is a wonderful piece of engineering work, the road being built for a great part of the way high up the steep slopes of the mountain sides and one can look sheer down the precipices from the vantage point of the car window into the valleys hundreds of feet below. Approaching Kaslo the view of Kootenay Lake is very fine. At Kaslo I met Mr. G. O. Buchanan, one of the pioneers of the place, who gave me the materials for the following historical sketch of the town. Kaslo seems to have received its name from an Indian trapper of marten who worked in the neighbourhood from twelve to twenty years ago. This Indian was probably named by the priests Costello, which became contracted to Caslo, and when Mr. Buchanan first visited the bay for the purpose of staking a timber limit, just eight years ago this month, the creek by whose banks he and his companions camped he called Caslo Creek. In 1891 the present site was pre-empted by Mr. G. T. Kane, and shortly afterwards it was surveyed by Mr. J. Keen, P.L.S., who inscribed the site on official maps as Kaslo, perhaps for reasons of alliteration—Kane, Keen, Kaslo and Kootenay. It may be stated here that Kaslo was part of Mr. Buchanan's timber limit, his claim being jumped before the year had expired. The historical first building—a log cabin—was built by Mr. Kane in the spring of '91. This building may still be seen and occupies a site on Third Street.

In the fall of the same year, on the strength of the discoveries in Jardine & Briden camps, Kaslo was boomed, and the Kaslo-Kootenay Land Co. was organized to sell lots in the townsite. This boom, however, might not have been persistent but for the amazing discoveries in the Slocan camp which attracted attention from all quarters. In the rush thither the wealth of the Jardine & Briden camps was temporarily forgotten, and except for the efforts put forward by Mr. King, through his paper, the *Kootenaiian*, might have remained so up to the present time. In the spring of '92 the rush to secure claims in the Slocan commenced, and shortly afterwards the camp was invaded by an army of experts. It is interesting now to recall the fact that the whole of this rich, silver-lead producing region (the richest in the world perhaps) was utterly condemned by the scientific visitors. At the first celebration held in the town May the 20th, 1892, a prize of \$25 was offered for the best specimen of ore shown by a prospector. This prize was carried off by a man called Henney, who brought his specimen (a huge lump of galena) in a sack on his back all the way from the Noble Five mine. The story of the heroic effort, whereby the Kaslo people in the fall of '92 secured a wagon road leading into the mining camps, has often been told. How the business men of the place (and none of them were very well off at the time) subscribed sums of from \$100 to \$1,000 in cash towards the enterprise, until with the generous contribution of the Pilot Bay Smelting Company, and the Government and Townsite Company's appropriations, a sufficient sum was raised. The slump in silver in '93, although it created an exodus from the town, did not prevent the enterprising citizens from taking steps towards incorporation, and the summer of that year saw Kaslo the first "city" of West Kootenay, with Mr. Robt. F. Green as its first chief magistrate, a position which he now occupies for the third term. The first years of municipal control, however, were clouded by inauspicious circumstances, a great part of the town being destroyed first by fire and later by flood. But the tide of prosperity set in with the commencement of railroad construction in 1895, and the last three years there has been a period of steady growth and progress. There has been no boom and consequently no failures and no set-backs; the population is possibly no larger than it was in the boom times of '93, but it is now a settled and permanent population with no idle people.

Among the institutions of Kaslo must be mentioned the sampling works, in which ore is tested and graded before being shipped; the large saw mill establishment, the two banks, the large school house with its four departments, the numerous fine store, hotel and office buildings, the system of water works, put in by the municipality at a cost of \$30,000; the electric light works, two newspapers, and the fine wharfs wherefrom ore is shipped over the lake to be subsequently transported by one of three great railroad systems. Meanwhile the area of profitable mining is extending nearer and nearer in the direction of the town. The claims of the Whitewater and of the South Fork of Kaslo River are rapidly coming to the front. A concentrator is be-

ing erected at the Montezuma mine, and both the Silver Bell and the Black Fox have recently shipped ore. During this summer the hills within sight of Kaslo on both sides of the lake have been visited by prospectors and a number of promising claims have been located. This summer also the old steam launch *Idaho* worked her way up the Duncan River into Howser Lake, and now makes regular runs from Duncan City, at the foot of the lake, to the log jam 20 miles up the upper Duncan, carrying prospectors and their supplies. An enterprising firm furthermore promises to build a steamer to navigate the lower river between the two lakes, but whether this experiment will prove successful or not, it is certain that the time has gone by when efficient means of transportation can be neglected, and if the river proves unfit for navigation rails or wires will have to be laid or strung to carry down the valuable ore, of which there is certainly an abundant quantity now lying on the dumps, from this section.

After staying over night at Kaslo, I took the S.S. *International*, owned by the International Trading & Navigation Company, to Nelson. Both as regards comfort and service this boat is a very long way behind what you get on the C.P.R. vessels. After waiting for two or more hours before breakfast was announced (you board the boat at 5:30 a.m.), passengers, I found, were obliged to twiddle their thumbs on an average period of twenty minutes between the time when they gave their order to the waiter and the time when it was filled. That sort of thing would not be tolerated on a C.P.R. steamer. The scenery on Kootenay Lake is very similar, and therefore as beautiful, as that on Lake Slocan. Picturesquely situated Ainsworth and the Pilot Bay smelter (of which people are asking the reason for its present idleness) are the chief points of interest.

There are three ways of approaching Nelson, all of them beautiful. By the Columbia and Kootenay Railway, after gazing at the magnificent torrents of the Kootenay River, the eye is charmed by the gradually unfolding view of the still lake lying at the foot of its precipitous mountain, with Nelson on its other bank rising tier by tier from the waters edge. The Nelson & Fort Sheppard train brings the traveller helter skelter down from the summit between the Salmon River and Cottonwood Lake, and rushing round a corner suddenly shows him the town and lake lying hundreds of feet below him. But by far the most beautiful view is afforded by the route I took, by steamer from Kaslo. The approach to Nelson is then by the West Arm, an outlet of Kootenay Lake, a splendid water way 20 miles from Balfour. It appears to end in a *cul de sac* of mountains, but as a matter of fact the river disappears round a rocky point to the right and the view afforded is simply a semi-circle of mountains, with Nelson lying in the centre at the mouth of a valley. Behind it rises Morning Mountain, on which is the Athabasca Mine, and round its shoulders is Poorman. To the left, across a canyon rises Toad Mountain, its bush-clad flanks barred by a straight broad clearing, along which leads the tramway to the Silver King, 5,000 feet above. Over all towers Mount Dawson, and the craggy peak of Mount Atkins, nearly 8,000 feet high. By whichever route you come, the eye is at once attracted by the tall chimney of the smelter standing on a prominent bluff and pouring forth clouds of yellow smoke. Several large buildings in the town itself also stand up well in view, giving the idea of what Nelson really is, an important town. Among these buildings is the Court House, the Phair Hotel, the new Lake View and Grand Central Hotels, and a large new hotel not yet completed, close to the Court House. Peeping out of the brush about the town in every direction are snug looking villas and several handsome residences, affording proof that people are making their homes in Nelson.

Moreover, business is looking up wonderfully in the town, thanks largely to the policy of the present capable municipal government. In mining matters too there is a decided stir. A new furnace is to be built for the Hall Mines smelter, and it is contemplated to use the 120-ton furnace for lead smelting purposes, and the C.P.R. recently built a spur track into the reverberatory room here to facilitate shipments of matte. The ore from the Athabasca mine recently treated at the Nelson smelter gave the very satisfactory return of \$100 to the ton, and a number of other fine prospects under development on Toad Mountain will also be shipping soon. At the head of Hall creek a ten-stamp mill was lately installed on the Fern mine, and the runs were so successful that the company owning the property decided to increase forthwith the number of stamps to twenty. Enough ore has already been blocked out in the Fern to keep a 20-stamp mill running for two years. A large force of men are at work on a group of claims on Give-Out creek. In fact, in all the camps surrounding Nelson there is