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Historic Yale

BY R. E. GOSNELL

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bad, pleasant and gruesome, are associated with the old hamlet, set down at it is in

spluttering of a freight engine nearby the savage not make them chill and way construction during the period of

HAT MEMORIES, good and der somewhat indistinct a not too ment. Night and day in Yale are as

The Lure of Gold.

the heart of the Cascades, in a deep niche in the mountains right where the Fraser, through a ragged gash, travels turbulently past to the sea. I arrived there on the 13th of May, lucky, contrary to tradition, for the day was fine, and the scenes of childhood. Were their hopes all golden? Was there no tinge quaint. Only the arrival of the Pacific

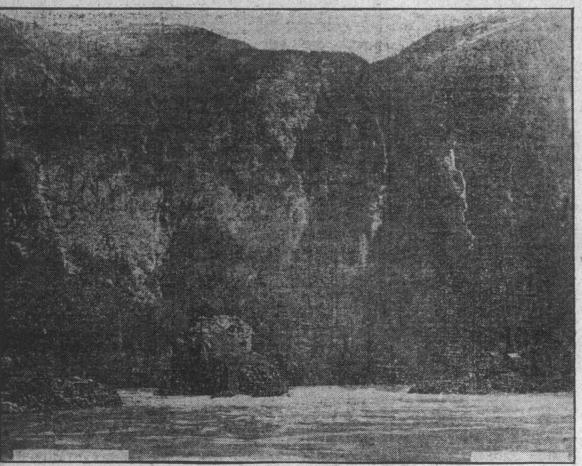
ent. Night and day in Yale are as different as proverbial night and day. You lose the blackness of the mountains which wall you in on every side

quaint. Only the arrival of the Pacific of despair? Did their hearts not ache as the chief metropolis of miners and cxpress, its passenger space limited to standing room, and the hissing and sweethearts far away? Did the fear of ment and as the headquarters of radional control of the pacific of despair? Did their hearts not ache as the chief metropolis of miners and mining in the early days of gold excites the pacific of despair? Did their hearts not ache as the chief metropolis of miners and mining in the early days of gold excites the pacific of despair? Did their hearts not ache as the chief metropolis of miners and mining in the early days of gold excites the pacific of despair? Did their hearts not ache as the chief metropolis of miners and mining in the early days of gold excites the pacific of despair? Did their hearts not ache as the chief metropolis of miners and mining in the early days of gold excites the pacific of despair? Did their hearts not ache as the chief metropolis of miners and mining in the early days of gold excites the pacific of despair.

YALE; AS IT WAS IN 1860.

the station, disturbed the general seren- draw their blankets closer about them? Onderdonk's glory. It was not desity. The sun had fallen behind the Did they not dream of rich finds and tined to greatness, however, and has of Yale; where the headless bodies of mountains to the west, and the "draft" which comes through the river rift in the Cascades, though snell, was not unpleasant. It was laden, not with pendent. It was laden not with pendent. It was laden not with pendent. It is not even a divisonal point of the C. P. R., the building of which has clustered its energies about it. Once once against the hulsides was full of haze, and to the eastward, just to the right but farther back of Mount Lincoln, it reminded one of the blue of distant bens of the Highlands in some of those nature color schemes for which Scotland is famous. The blue just wanted distance and intervening landscape of heather and sheen of lochs, to make the parallel complete. As the shades of evening deepened you got, however, after devouring their substance, dissenting, and almost glorious in its natural summer beauty, but circumpatches and a few remnants of the memories and a few remnants of the busional point of the C. P. R., the building of which last clustered its energies about it. Once Onderford \$5,000 for a piece of land rather rocky at that, upon which is shops. The owners asked \$15,000, and last year were offered \$50.

Cities must have gateways to wider fields of activity and opportunity. Yale is mountains to the west, and the "draft" of going back whence they came to fallen into a natural and almost inevit- white miners, murdered and mutilate,



LADY FRANKLIN ROCK, FRASER RIVER.

On the opposite bank is seen the stream Stablo-Cluck, the beautiful legend of which is given in the text.

that impression of majestic solemnity jected human carrion by the wayside- scribed to the smallest possible limits blood of youth, in deep shades of living or distant tinkling of belis or lowing of at a long evening at monte Carlo—for kine; no beacon lights of miners or wooden scintillate from windows of wealth and a happy denoument to the word are from the country barks of the word. Some spire of the word are from the country of one and high checkered, many-scened, life's drama.

The morrow was beautiful. The sun lake Ontario; but I have never seen a naturalist. There are many varieties are many varieties are many varieties.

The morrow was beautiful. The sun lake Ontario of 1858 who had continuously results and a long evening at monte Carlo—for a school or a small summer hotel render trees, and he seemed to be respectively and such the Hudson's fay to meet the many school or a small summer hotel render trees, and he seemed to be respectively and school or a small summer hotel render trees, and he seemed to be respectively and school or a small summer hotel render trees, and he seemed to be respectively.

The morrow was beautiful. The sun lake Ontario, but I have never seen a naturalist. There are many varieties than any other spots and have conditionally and the morrow was beautiful. The sun lake Ontario or lake On ing, derelict clouds, partially obscure shone warm, as it had not before this one hotel, a store and post office, a rail- such health and color in trees. Alberta of wild flowers and plants I have not tions which produce results not to be sided in Yale for "fiffy years."

created by by the silhouetting of dark what dreams of the future when for- by every possible condition. It has not green. The foliage is resplendent. mountain shapes against the sky, tune had come? It is only in the years, even prospects as a mining camp. Its bright by dawning moonlight, that of the mining trail, of buffeting, of afford. There are no noises but those tough and long game, that sentiment is argentiferous or metalliferous in any of the mountain streams. The river eliminated and ideals and parents and sense of promise. It is far richer in ting him in my mind as a Middle On- a wealth of native flora, dogwood, attain the unattainable. does not roar, nor its waters sough. At this season it flows smoothly though fabric of the dreams—when the game terest which attaches to its history will "I come from swiftly by. There are no hooting of is played for its own sake, as poker is owns or calling of nightbirds to mates, played at a whole night sitting or faro imparting to it possibilities as a garden saw. Our's is a fin ecountry, but we red and white huckleberries, raspberor distant tinkling of bells or lowing of at a long evening at Monte Carlo—for kine; no beacon lights of miners or the one lucky stroke which will bring school or a small summer hotel renger calling memories of an old love.

house, a ladies' college, a few places of only we haven't trees."

TIMES

Starting Point for El Dorado. The Canadian Pacific railway track, I a smell of its green leaves and would was going fo say, is the main thoroughfare, but there are other highways and
byways sufficient and to spare for the
wants of the community. Here the old
what we're standing on," was penned Cariboo wagon road took its start, Yale as an old experience, and there are sunbeing the head of navigation and the starting point of land travel for the and Yale and North Bend and Spuzzum, golden interior. Of course there was shut in as they are, that may fall across ultimately an all-land route from New our path in but few other places on Westminster, but a water route had its advantages and retained its supremacy "You have a beautiful place here," until the C. P. R. rendered the road, as far as Ashcroft, useless. The main with her garden. as far as Ashcroft, useless. The main as far as Ashcroft, useless. The main as far as Ashcroft, useless. The main "Yes," she said, "but it is so quiet we forget sometimes we are alive."

How many would give their wealth are for a short season, that the river along which were the main places of business, some of them wholesale depots of trade that had its ramifications throughout the inter-

ior. You walk along this and you see some of the old warehouses still stand-she went on. some of the old warehouses still standing but tenantless. You also see the landmarks of others which have crumbled or were destroyed by fire. Along here were the places of the Oppenheimers, Dietz & Nelson (who in those days did not know Uriah and Jonathan) which each wishes to have and can't which each wishes to have and can't these mountains. You climb the one work to work the health business might Co., Robt Clark, and so on and so on, names many of them now almost historic in the province. Along this street, within at least 200 yards, were thirteen saloons, the scenes of numerous revelries by night, where men drank and danced with painted women, and fought and sometimes shot and knifed each other. Into these dives poured the earnings of many a miner and trader and driver—the stories of makings' arestill current. You are pointed to the site of a saloon which netted \$1,000 a week to its owner who left broke, robbed by gamblers, bartenders and harlots. One or two left with money. The rest died dissipated or went away penniless. A question arises, where did all the money which at times flowed like water but nobody kept, go to?

Hither gathered at various times the active factors in the political and so-cial and business life of two colonies— Str James Douglas, Col. Moody, Capts. Parsons and Grant and the members of the Royal Engineers, Chief Justice Begbie, sir Joseph Trutch, Moberly of engineering fame, Hon. Edgar Dewd-ney, Peter O'Reilly, the Nelsons, G. B.

Memories of the Past.

Wright, Wm. Powers, the Oppenheim ers, Hudson's Bay Company officials naval officers, high governing officials of all classes, political leaders—a host too numerous to mention, but all writ high or low in the annals of the province in some capacity. Your old time cicerone, who guides you within and through the limited space of these ancient activities, points out where Sin James received a delegation with reference to the building of the Yale wago road from New Westminster, and tells you how Hope lost the much coveted prize of being the metropolitis, instea

serious injuries to all and the death of Mrs. Tingley; where officialdom lived and where the present old timers have their abode; where the first miners took the old Indian trail over the mountain to the north of the town for the then unknown diggings that soon were to become famous as the greatest yet where Hill's Bar lies, that deposit o mountain detritus, formed in the Frase out of which two million dollars wer taken, the scene of the exploits of Ned Macgowan and his associates who were expelled from San Francisco by the Vigilantes of that city: and where Governor Douglas was entertained by these men and was delighted with them; ed the armchair, rests over Hope, now white upholstered in snow; where the Jew's Nose poises above Yale on the north side and where underneath is a cavern with a mysterious Indian legend attached to it; where Stah-lo-Chuk, a mountain stream drops to the Fraser the eternal weeping of a Kloochman for her sins; where Mount Lincoln, named commemoration of the martyred president, rises 2,000 feet above water; where in C. P. R. construction days Onderdonk built his shops and where he lived in the most imposing many other things, where the waterlaid down enclosing an oblong com prising the business centre. Though the franchise has ten years expired and belongs practically to no one, the waterworks still do service. The old oden pipe, made by boring timbers, as in Victoria of yore, is still sound, but t leaks badly at the joints and is going from bad to worse for want of repair.

Paradise of Trees.

The conspicuous features of Yale are its orchards and gardens and wild wers and its trees in exuberant state of health. The soil, that rich reddish uld, was made for such. Everything now is in the height of bloom, like a maiden full in her teens of the red "My, what trees," remarked a man

"Where do you live?" I asked, spot- Cascade wilderness of mountains—have times break our necks in attempting to With an important air Harvey added. ario farmer. spira, syringa, serviceberry, barberry, "I come from Alberta, near Calgary." white and pink rhododendrons, ferns

residence occupied by old timers, some He made a good deal of money in a German professor, about fifteen years bined, accounts for this. Chinese and Indians, and old deserted few years on the prairies and I could ago, got a rare collection not only of buildings, but to a lover of the past and of nature it is full of interest. Such and of nature it is full of interest.

and of nature it is full of interest. Such an one can enjoy a day or two's visit trees. So there is some compensation there greatly.

So there is some compensation bears—grizzly, black, brown and cinnamon, bighorn and mountain goat, timmon, bighorn and contains the same of the same o men who own a thousand fertile acres in the Middle West, sigh for a sight and

"Scenery and climate and trees are



HELL GATE CANYON FRASER RIVER

Barnard's express, the Hudson's Bay get, what a profitable business might nearest and others rise higher beyond. scattered up and down the river. As

way station, a church, a Chinese joss is a fine country for grain and stock- enumerated for not being a botanist, got elsewhere. Something in the soil I don't know even their names. A or the climate or the water, or all com-

> We are told that Bass's ale can he manufactured nowhere else than at equal to those of Great Britain. Valo while it grows apples and pears and all small fruits well, has the special cherry faculty, and as it is well situated for shipment-the same being equally true f other points along the river-Fraser river cherries will ultimately become nore famous than were its gold-bearing bars, and will yield more wealth to nore stable population. What a pity that the old time prospectors didn't turn their attention to horticulture after the placers in the river had been worked out.

Addison, in the Spectator, tells of a shepherd whom he ran across in one of his rambles, who had become so expert in throwing up eggs and catching them that he could keep six or eight of them in the air for an indefinite length of time without damage to the eggs. What this man might have accomplished thought Addison, had he devoted the same time and energy to some useful purpose. It is almost pitiable to contemplate how much of the good land limited as it is, is still waste.

"Heap Gold!" Drew Chinese

There are still a few Chinamen



OLD CARIBOO ROAD, JUST ABOVE YALE.

The C. P. R. now follows this road. At lower left hand corner of picture is spot where E. Tingley's coach overturned, as told in the text, and Mrs. Tingley was killed.

be done? "Oh for a lodge in some vast You climb these and still others tower miners they cleaned up what the white wilderness," sighed the poet Cowper. higher-rugged, impenetrable, inacces- men had left in the bars. It has often

O Solitude where are they charms, That sages have seen in thy face? Better dwell in the midst of alarms

Than reign in this horrible place.

Glamor of the Mountains

PLATFORMS FOR DRYING SALMON, FRASER RIVER, YALE

Pope, philosopher, in his precise num-

What is is best;

"What a glorious country this!" cried They were among the first. I asked the same German professor as he had reached his limit of climbing. "What a could not tell me, the impression being answered back Alexander Selkirk sea of mountains!" When airships have through the same poet. Alexander reached a degree of perfection so that

we can discard the Alpine stock and

From a Commercial Viewpoint.

been asked where the Chinamen came from who mined in the river in 1858. that they had come from San Fran-cisco. Luckily for the elucidation of this question, there is an old Chinaman in Yale who was there in 1858. name is "Harvey," that is, his nickname. What it was in Chinese with Mr. Harvey for some time, and so is known by that name alone. Harvey is a character, still straight and active though over 70. He is a small man with beady eyes, alert as those of a fox. His unshaven face showed a crot of gray stubble and two long frosted looks hung down below his cap, betokening advancing years. Otherwise he might be taken for any age between 40

"How long you here, Harvey?" I ask-"Me fiffy years. Come in fiffy-eigh

Allee same white man," replied he with pride and an evident desire to impart further information. "Me mine a long time - catch em plenty gold - ten twelve thousand dolla.' "Heap rich now, eh, Harvey?" I quer-

men catch him all poker," and the old man laughed vociferously, showing the remnants of decayed teeth.

"You go back to China?" I asked. "No, me no go back China-no good -Chinamen no sabbe me-all dead. Me likee Yale." Harvey delivered this utterance with a look denoting how absurd he considered such a propo The old man, though fifty years in the country, has not improved his opport nities to learn English, and it was with difficulty he could be got to un derstand the main question as to how he got to Yale, but with the aid of bystanders he finally grasped the idea. "We come Hongkong-Victoria-no go San Francisco—come ship. Heap Chinamen come same time—two, three ships -fiffy-seben — fiffy-eight — allee same Chinamen-two hundred one time undred more time, sabbe?

It appears that the news of gold in British Columbia had spread to Hong skim these ranges like birds from apex kong, and these early arrivals had been to apex, what a glorious panorama will be revealed. Some day we may even Harvey went on to explain that there Man never is but always to be blest. be able to bridge the mighty chasms by had been few further importations So, Yale, Hope, North Bend and means of the gyroscopic monorail. As a long time, until in fact, the time of looking wistfully upwards and some- were, he said, 5,000 employed. pointing to the track: "We put him

down. White man no fix him. I learned that Harvey was an invete Coming back to earth and Yale and ate gambler and had spent all his subtrees—this I am told is an ideal cherry district, all along from Hope to Lytton.

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