

that large stretches of rich agricultural lands are to be had here. Gradually the ranching country opens to view, and every here and there can be seen buildings denoting settlement to some extent.

ON TOWARDS THE COAST.

AT length the train pulls up at Kamloops. Here is a town which was in existence long before the C.P.R. was constructed through the mountains, and here since away back in the seventies a Hudson's Bay Company post has been located. Round it a little town had gathered a dozen years ago, which grew rapidly after the advent of the steam horse. The town is the central trading point for the ranching country, while it is also the point from which supplies are drawn for the mining region further up the Thompson river. The trade of the town comes from a distance of at least 150 miles into the interior both north and south. Kamloops is also a divisional point of the C. P. R. and that has the effect of locating quite a railway population in the place. It rivals it it does not exceed Revelstoke in a commercial sense, and it is much more compact and town-like in appearance. The population of the place runs up close to 2,000, about 200 of which is the result of its importance as a railway divisional point.

After leaving Kamloops the scenery again grows wilder and more rocky and barren, as the Thompson Canyon is entered. Down the valley of this stream the track leads along shelf-like ledges on the mountain side, with here and there a tunnel to be passed through and frequently a narrow-bridge to cross, which spans some deep and narrow gorge. Nearly one hundred miles of such travel is made before Lytton is reached, where the Fraser joins the Thompson and the valley widens out considerably, but loses none of its frowning grandeur. At most places the track is only a narrow ledge along the mountain side, while away below the boiling Fraser rushes over rocks and boulders, leaping over cascades and tearing through narrow rocky gorges in its mad rush to the sea. Six miles beyond Lytton the Fraser is crossed by a steel bridge hanging high above the boiling waters below, and after that the track leads along the north or right hand bank, but the road bed there is still along ledges in the steep mountain sides, unless where the valley widens, and allows of travel along some more level land down nearer the river. Across the stream the old Cariboo wagon road can be seen winding itself along the steep sides of the mountains. On rocks by the stream can be seen the little shacks of the Indians who are engaged in spearing and netting salmon, and around their little camping points can be seen the fish cleaned, salted and hung up to dry. Such are the scenes down the valley until at North Bend where the valley widens quite a little the train stops to allow of a meal at a comfortable hotel. Here the traveller who wishes to investigate more into the grand beauty of the Fraser Canyon, can stop off for a few days or the prospector for precious mineral can halt and make his preparations for a journey inland on a prospecting trip.

There are great differences of taste in scenery as in other matters, and even in rugged mountain scenery, there is a great scope for differences of opinion. Some travellers prefer to all others the abrupt rising snow-

capped peaks of the Rockies and Selkirks, others prefer the softer beauty of the Arrow and Kootenay Lakes, or the more expansive views along the shores of the Shuswap Lakes. Very many travellers however, prefer the Fraser Valley, and particularly that stretch of about twenty-five miles from North Bend down to Yale. If a foaming river dashing over rocks and boulders, leaping over cascades, and hemmed in by almost perpendicular walls of rock has any attraction for the traveller, then he has it here in this twenty-five miles of travel. Then if he lifts his eyes from the rushing, thundering river below, and looks upwards it is only to behold tall ghost-like peaks, with the snow on their tops blending with cloud and mist, so as to almost puzzle the eye to determine where mountain ceases and where cloud begins.

But this is a region famous not for its scenery alone. Away up these rocky gorges the daring gold hunters made their way in the fifties and sixties, and millions of dollars worth of the precious metal were picked out of the bed of the great river and its tributaries by these daring adventurers, many of whom lost their lives in their perilous travels, and were swept away in the roaring torrent of the river below. Across the valley from the railway track can be seen the old Cariboo trail, following its snake-like course along the side of the opposite mountain range, at points descending to within fifty feet of the water's edge, and at others following a tortuous course upwards to an altitude of one thousand to twelve hundred feet above the stream. From the railway car it looks like a path fitted only for goats to travel over. Yet the wagon of the explorer and freighter made many a trip along this mountain trail in bygone years, and the road is still used for such travel, although not to anything like the extent to which it was twenty to twenty-five years ago.

Placer mining in this Fraser Valley has fallen to a pretty low ebb in the present day, and every year it is becoming more evident, that quartz milling must in the future be the system of mining in the Cariboo Country. Comparatively few systematic attempts have been made as yet at this style of mining, but the whitened waters of the boiling river prove, that the work of extracting the gold by some method is still being carried on.

About ten miles above Yale, in one of the deepest gorges of the river valley, the old Cariboo road crosses the stream on a suspension bridge, and runs alongside the railway down to Yale. The slender looking bridge over the grim chasm has a kind of fascination about it, and the eye of the traveller is fixed upon it, until a quick turn of the track hides it from view. Further on the train dashes through a tunnel, and almost immediately after reaching the daylight again begins to slow up, and in a few minutes stops at Yale.

In the pioneer days of thirty-five years ago Yale was a lively spot. Up the river as far as this point light draft steamboats made their way, and kept up a kind of irregular traffic with the points on the coast. Until the construction of the Cariboo road above, which was done in the early sixties, mining prospectors and adventurers on reaching Yale went further up the river in their search for gold, with their lives in their hands so to speak, and many a thrilling tale can be told of the attempts, some successful and others unsuccessful, to make a passage through the terrible canyon immediately above this point. Below Yale, on the river bed, washing out gold is still carried on, but the work is pretty well given up by white men, and the pig-tailed native of the Celestial Empire has almost a monopoly of the