

## British Columbia's Eldorado.

KASLO, 5 June, 1894

The stern wheel steamer Nelson, of the Columbia and Kootenay Navigation Co., plies between Nelson, Kaslo, and Bonners Ferry, in Idaho. On her I took passage to Kaslo. It being after midnight when we passed Balfour and Ainsworth, these ports could not be seen. The latter place is the larger of the two, but is only a small village, with some of the silver mines first discovered in Kootenay within a short distance of it.

Kaslo, forty five miles north of Nelson, on the Kootenay Lake, is a regular boom town. In population and in buildings it is almost twice the size of Nelson, and the volume of business transacted here seems to be much larger than that of its older rival. Appearances are rather deceptive, and I am told that Nelson transacts a much larger wholesale and retail business than it is credited with at first sight. But the streets of Kaslo are more crowded, the stores and hotels do a larger retail business, and the citizens talk bigger than those of any other town in Kootenay.

The present population of Kaslo, I learned from reliable sources, is about 1,500. During the end of the winter and early spring it was from 2,200 to 2,500. The loss of population is due to the exodus of prospectors to the hills for the summer work.

The town site is on a sloping terrace formed by the action of Kaslo river, which comes down through a valley or "gulch" west of the town. Kaslo Bay is a beautiful little inlet north of the town, where the big rafts of logs are moored for the use of the large sawmill and planing mill operated by Mr. Buchanan. The steamboats land most of their freight there. The steep wall of a mountain coming right down to the waters of the tiny bay has been laid off in town lots, which if they are ever built upon will enable the dwellers in the upper streets to drop in to visit by way of the chimneys of their neighbors on the street below. There is enough of Kaslo already laid off to form a second Chicago, and notwithstanding the fact that the hills come down close around the town, the maps present a very comprehensive system of streets, without regard to the topography of the country immediately around the town. The real estate boom is flat now, and there are few sales of property except for building purposes. The town, only a few months old—less than a year—has grown wonderfully fast. The main street is well filled up with hotels and business places, many of them very creditable buildings. There are sixteen licensed hotels, headed by the large and pretentious Slocan, and three public boarding houses, in addition to smaller concerns. No saloons are permitted, each place that secures a license must have accommodation for a specified number of guests. There are two dry goods houses, four general stores, one hardware store, three groceries, two furniture stores, two tinshops, three tailors, five bakeries, one brewery, two newspapers (the *Examiner* and *Claim*), one private bank, one commission firm, half-a-dozen cigar shops and news depots, two druggists, two jewelers, two butchers, two blacksmith shops, one shoemaker, two boat building shops, powder factory, a telephone exchange, etc. There are several new buildings in course of erection to be occupied as hotels or stores. The real estate offices are too numerous to be counted with certainty. Law, medical, and assay offices also form part of the mercantile life of the town.

The population of the town is very largely American, although is well represented in business circles. Manitoba is represented by a branch of T. A. Garland's Portage la Prairie establishment. It has another branch at Nelson. Haslam & McKelvie of Brandon purpose opening in dry goods and gent's furnishings as soon as possible. Thos. Norquay, son of the late premier of Manitoba, is one of the real estate kings of Kaslo.

Although Kaslo is crowded with miners,

speculators, gamblers and the general float that follows a mining town, mostly American, it is an orderly town, where life and property is as safe as it is in the city of Winnipeg. They are an enterprising people the Kasloites, and if push will bring and keep their city in a leading position in Kootenay then it is bound to take it.

At present business is dull because the winter roads and trails are broken up, and the summer ones are scarcely in fit condition for travel yet. I would not recommend anyone to go to this district looking for work, there are plenty there already. Experienced prospectors do well and later on miners will be in big demand. About 500 miners have gone out over the hills into the Slocan district and into the Lardo district. Those who are waiting for better trails are camped around in tents and shanties, forming a very large but not pretentious addition to the town. When Mr. Van Horn's party was here they spent a few hours in the town, and visited Lardo, a village at the north end of Kootenay Lake, eighteen miles from Kaslo.

The price of staple articles in dry goods and groceries is not as high here as one would suppose, about 25 to 40 per cent higher than in Winnipeg. The people dress well, and in addition to the stock of mining clothing—the most important of all—each store keeps a fine line of gents clothing and furnishings, while they also carry an excellent stock of ladies wear and dress goods, for, in addition to the number of respectable ladies, which is becoming larger every day there is a large trade in the finest of goods, to be done with that element which follows mining camps; more of a select class here than is usual on the opposite side of the boundary in similar places.

The more respectable of the stores close on Sunday, most of them, I am sorry to say, only because their clerks "kicked" vigorously at working seven days in the week. Some of the others take a half holiday on that day. The least useful of the shops, the cigar stores, etc., nearly always keep open the whole day. The hotels make a show of observing the law. Drunkenness is rather uncommon on the streets, because Kaslo has a veteran chief of police and a couple of good policemen, who keep the fear of Canadian law before the eyes of the disorderly element. Perhaps no better compliment could be paid to our Canadian laws than the information frequently conveyed by one disputant to his antagonist—"If I had you over the line I would put a bullet through you!"

A telephone line runs along the west side of Kootenay Lake from Nelson to Balfour, Ainsworth and on to Kaslo. For the trifling sum of fifty cents you can send a message from either end, and for an additional twenty five cents you can have it delivered to any house at its destination.

I saw notices calling for tenders for the clearing of the right of way and furnishing of the ties for the first section of five miles on the Kaslo-Slocan railway, designed to connect Kaslo with Slocan mining district, from twenty-five miles and more westward of the town. People here do not have much confidence in the railway charter holders, I fear, and they are clamoring for the completion of the wagon road through the same district. Last winter the citizens contributed in the most liberal manner thousands of dollars toward the construction of this road, and over it as a winter road they received tens of thousands of dollars worth of ore, whose sale put plenty of money into circulation, so that last winter was a boom time at the ambitious port of Kootenay Lake. This ore brought down from the mines to Kaslo at a cost of \$40 per ton, was shipped on via Bonners Ferry to the American smelters, and the money realized for its sale was spent in and around Kaslo. Just let me instance. The owners of the Washington mine paid over to Mr. Humphrey, the great transportation man here, \$21,000 for hauling their ore from mine to town, a distance of about 25 miles. Mr. Humphreys took out large

quantities of ore for other mines, but owing to the fact that he had to open many of the trails, and his expenses were so high, he really made no profit for his winter's work. Some of the ore is brought down on sleighs, some is packed on the backs of horses and mules, and some of it is brought down in rawhide sacks, that is sacks made of the fresh hide of cattle and dragged along the ground half side down. They last well, and a horse can often draw a ton of ore in one of these, they slip over the snow so easily.

A word about the ore. It is the richest silver ore district ever discovered, and can simply discount the famous Coeur d'Alene mines. If silver was not in such a depreciated condition, there would be one of the biggest stampedes to this country ever seen. The mineral belt passes right through West Kootenay, and it carries gold, silver, copper, nickel, lead, iron and other metals, principally in ores. I have only seen one particle of native silver in the district, a poor one at that. But these great lodes of galena (lead ore in cubic form, fine or coarse) carry silver in some cases of fabulous richness, for masses of ore that will assay from \$1,000 to 3,000 per ton must be considered rich indeed. In speaking of assays the silver is reckoned in ounces and the lead in per cent.

You want facts concerning the mines in the Kootenay country, and I will give them as close as possible. I spent seven years in a silver mining country, and am not a tenderfoot in experience. I saw so many specimens from so many districts, and of such great richness, that I am constrained to say that Kootenay is wonderfully rich, and when the mines are opened up by railway connection there will be an immense production of silver and lead, and of what I am better pleased to see than either of them, the royal old metal—gold.

But there are great difficulties in the way of prospecting, developing and mining in this country, although its wonderful lake system has removed much of the difficulty. I do not merely want to boom the district. The Americans usually know a good thing when they see it, and that is why ten to every one of the mines are owned by our cousins who have come into the country in crowds within the last year to invest, develop and resell to English companies at a big profit. My next letter will contain Slocan Lake experiences.

HENRY J. WOODSIDE.

## Change Your Advertisement.

Advertising space costs a good deal of money, and no advertiser can afford to waste it or allow it to lose any of its value by neglecting to furnish fresh copy frequently. An advertisement that runs along month after month without change does not pay the advertiser. It loses its effect and is worth practically nothing after the first half dozen insertions. This is the reason that many people do not find their advertising paying them. An editor who never changed the news or editorial in his paper would not expect his paper to pay him, and an advertiser who never changes his advertisement, but expects the public to read and be interested in the same stereotyped card, day after day and week after week, need not expect returns from the space he uses.

Advertising is an art, a business in itself, and the average business man will find that he has not time himself to attend to the writing and taking charge of that branch and giving it the attention it deserves. He pays large sums for space in newspapers and other publications, and he cannot afford to neglect for the small additional sum that it would cost to employ someone who makes a business of writing advertisements, to take charge of it for him. The most successful advertisers in the country to-day are the ones who devote the same amount of attention to the advertising department that they do to any other department necessitating a like expenditure of money.