

the superintendent, tells me there must be 20,000 tons of milling ore in sight at the mine.

Mr. Drummond and Captain Duncan, of Nelson, (Duncan Mines Co.) were here with their mining expert at Christmas and examined the Smuggler property with a view of purchasing the controlling interest in the mine. These gentlemen were evidently favourably impressed with Camp Fairview, but it is not yet known whether the deal has gone through or not. Should it not the company will build a thirty-five stamp mill early in the spring.

The lumber for the Joe Dandy (Fairview Gold Mining Co.) mill is now being hauled and the machinery lies between here and Vernon, so we may hope to see construction commenced before many days.

The large hotel on Fairview townsite was to be opened on the 25th of January with a ball.

Times are very quiet here, but preparations are being made for the good things the summer surely holds in store. The deep snow on the mountains prevents prospecting and hinders development work, so we may not expect much stir until spring.

RICARDO.

A RETROSPECT.

THROUGH CARIBOO THREE YEARS AGO.

(Continued from Last Month.)

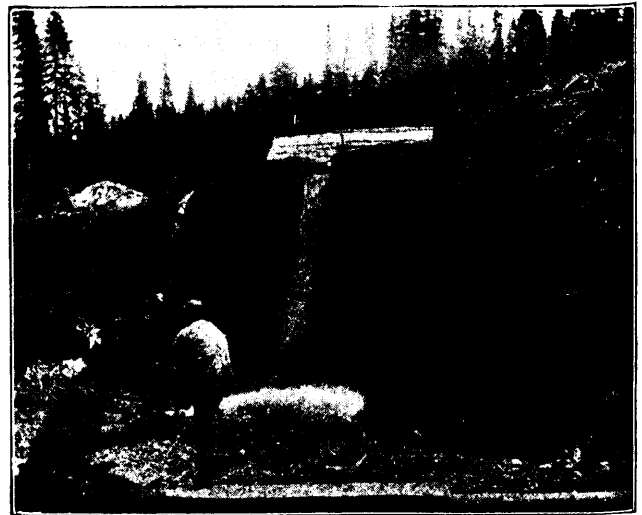
AT Quesnelle Forks we enjoyed several funny experiences. There was the Chinese restaurant where the food was served with all sorts of smells by a large Chinese lady arrayed in large blue trousers. The meal was funnier than nice; so was the lady. Then there was the old-timer, who, having expectorated copiously and wiped his beard with the back of his hand, started what we then thought a fairy tale, but have since learned to be a fact, something like this: "Well sir! Back in sixty-fower I see me an' — etc." Since then we have learned to respect the old-timer "for the dangers he has passed," for the experiences he has known and in many instances the exactness of his knowledge of local conditions and his close adherence to facts. There was also a gas-loaded kodak fiend, who spent the evening and yarned over the camp fire. He opened; I raised; he came back at me; I went him one better, and so on until all the sheep, horses, cows and gold mines that we had (?) owned were without any doubt much better than ever had been or will ever be owned by any person, and that had ever existed or ever will exist.

Returning to the talk of mines, leases had been taken upon Four Mile and Twenty Mile Creeks for hydraulicking and on Quesnelle River for dredging. At this date I understand that these are all in a fair way to being equipped next season. In fact the ensuing season will doubtless show a tremendous increase in the amount of equipment work over the work done in former years on the main Quesnelle hydraulics.

Leaving the Forks we followed the bank of the North Fork for half its length, crossing on a substantial wooden bridge just above Kangaroo Creek, and continuing along the north bank we reach Cariboo Lake and a little later Keithley ranch at the mouth of Keithley Creek. Here is a ranch, hotel and store. Over that bar counter have passed and in those old gold scales have been weighed many fortunes in gold dust, taken from Keithley, Snowshoe, Harvey and the surrounding creeks. Ever ascending to higher alti-

tudes we continue our way up Keithley Creek, along which is ranged an almost continuous line of sluice boxes into which innumerable Chinamen are shovelling the auriferous gravels of the creek banks. And this has been going on for very many years.

Turning sharp to the right we follow the course of Snowshoe Creek past the "Golden Gate" and "Long Tunnel" to the forks and then on up Little Snowshoe to the hydraulics. First is Veith and Knight's and on this a good deal of dead work had to be done before they could reach with their pipe the rich ground behind; further up is the Smith and Anderson, an example of what energetic and cautious management can make of a small investment. During our visit they were said to be getting back every year the amount of their original investment, although they only work for a few months in each year.



HYDRAULIC MINE UPON SLOUGH CREEK CO.'S SIDE LINES. VERY RICH GROUND.

Returning to Snowshoe we continue to climb until having scaled Breakneck Ridge (well named) we come down into Sawmill Flat, the divide between the head of Swift River and Antler Creek.

At the head of Antler is the ruin of a sawmill and further down are ruins of cabins of the miners of the more prosperous period when the creek yielded \$10,000 a day, and when three men in three weeks washed up \$83,000 and in spots the ground yielded \$1,000 to the square foot. (123 R. Mineral Wealth of B.C.) This was shallow diggings; the difficulty or impossibility of successfully contending with the incoming water did not allow of the deep ground being prospected. On the Nason claim still stand the shaft house and huge pumps erected in the vain hope of being able to reach bed-rock. Leaving Antler and touching Grouse, Canadian and French Creeks we come down Conklin's Gulch to Williams Creek and Barkerville. To tell of the past glories of the district of which Barkerville is the centre would take too much space. It is sufficient that the old times and the methods both of prospecting and mining have passed and the new science of mining and the newest machinery are finding their way in to tap the deep ground of some of the richest creeks the world has ever seen. For instance, on the Meadows is just such a place as the Kurtz and Lane Company spent years and a fortune in trying to get in sufficient pumping power to admit of their reaching bed-rock, the