

# British Columbia Mining Critic.

"I am Nothing, if Not Critical."—Shakespeare.

## British Columbia Mining Critic.

ISSUED WEEKLY.

Devoted to the Interests of Mining and the Protection of Investors.

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Letters from practical men on topics connected with mining, mining machinery, mining laws, and matters relating to the mineralogical development of Canada, are always welcome.

Manufacturers and Dealers in appliances used in and about mines are invited to send illustrations and descriptions of new articles.

Views and descriptions of mines and mining locations solicited.

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## THE B. C. EXPRESS.

Since 35 years ago the journey from the coast to Cariboo has changed considerably. To shoulder a burden of some hundred pounds and trudge heroically 500 miles over rough trails was then the easiest method. Now it is only necessary to order supplies put on the C. P. R. and shipped to Ashcroft, and from there conveyed on wagons to Barkerville, while the miner himself is whirled to his destination on the well equipped stage. All the hardship has been obviated, and where once none but men strong in constitution and inured to hardship ventured to go, now delicately nurtured ladies travel for pleasure. This change has been brought about partly by construction of a wagon road from Ashcroft to Barkerville, but chiefly by the B. C. Express Company. The headquarters of the B. C. Express is at Ashcroft. There Steve Tingley, general manager, and J. J. Mackay, secretary of the company, reside. Mr. Tingley is one of the old timers, who has risen to his responsible position by thrift and good management. He is now the sole survivor of the original company. Mr. Mackay, by his painstaking care and thoughtful kindness, has won the esteem of all. To the combined efforts of these two is due the unqualified success of the B. C. Express. This company, under the

care and enterprise of the shrewd and thoroughly competent manager, Mr. Tingley, ably seconded by J. J. Mackay, has been thoroughly equipped with every convenience that can make a stage journey surely swift and enjoyable. From Ashcroft to Barkerville at the various stages is afforded accommodation for rest and refreshment. These hostleries are chiefly maintained by the company for the benefit of the passengers. Starting from Ashcroft, the stage immediately crosses the Thompson on a magnificent bridge, lately constructed, and winds among the hills to Clinton, the first stopping place, where the genial proprietor, Mr. J. Smith, of the Clinton hotel, has an abundance of good things to appease well-whetted appetites. Clinton, an attractive little place, about 3000 feet above the sea level, is the gateway into Lillooet. After leaving Clinton the 70-mile post, where J. Boyd has a large dairy farm, is reached, and about evening the 83-mile house comes into view. Here, too, everything is prepared for the traveler's comfort, and, as the south-bound stage passes at this place, opportunity for sending back mail is afforded. The 134-mile post is known as the big stables. Fresh horses—these being put on about every 20 or 25 miles—having again been attached, the 150-mile house is soon reached, where refreshments are partaken and the journey continued to the 158-mile house. Next morning Soda Creek, 20 mile further on, is reached. Here the mail for Chilcoten is assorted. Here, too, is the home of the well-known pioneer, "Bob" McLeese. Having changed horses again at Moffat's, Quesnelle is reached in the evening. Here are two well known characters, Senator Reid and Mrs. McNaughton. Hon. James Reid, Senator, Dominion of Canada, than who no one has "roughed it" more bravely between Yale and Barkerville in early days, resides here, enjoying the well-earned confidence of all who know him. He has here a large trading store, stocked with everything necessary for prospector's outfits. Mrs. McNaughton, in her "Overland to Cariboo," has acquired well-merited renown. Quesnelle is the very centre of mining, within 13 miles of the mouth of the Quesnelle. The