May 16th/95

Barkerville
Cariboo
~~B.C.~~
British Columbia

Dear father

Our Jim wrote to you about two weeks ago, telling you about a scheme we had been planning, for starting a ranche and wayside house for teams. A day or two after I went down to Quesnelle to fetch our blankets and other things up, also to seek advice from Mr Barlow about our scheme. He advised us not to start this summer; but wait till fall at least, saying it would cost a big sum of money to start in a proper way. Fixing up house and stable, and buying hay and grain, etc. So we decided to wait till autumn before we pre-empt the land. After all we think it would pay anyone with a little capital to put up a house and stable for teams, on the spot we mentioned; because there will be so much

the population will always be on the increase after this. In that case, it will be our best plan to start ranching as soon as possible. The spot we have chosen, is in a beautiful place, 4 miles from Truckee, and is the nearest place to Barkerville and the gold-mining country, where all kinds of vegetables can be grown. The country above that is all mountains, and too high up to grow anything but hay.

May 17th.

Dear father, I received a letter from you this morning, and see that you have changed residence. I think the one you have got this time will be very nice and comfortable for you. I hope you ~~will~~ may have good health in your new home, so that you may enjoy life for many years to come. Our Jim and I, and Tommie Fletcher have also removed. We left the Rhine Hotel and rented a little cabin in the hillside above Barkerville, paying two dollars a month for it. In my last letter I mentioned having got a situation at 3 dollars a day; well, after I had been working two weeks, the man who employed me, said he could not afford to pay me that sum any longer, as he was losing by his contract, having taken

on the Cariboo Rd this summer. There will be more general freight than usual, besides the 341 tons of hydraulic plant for the Cariboo Gold Mining Co. (Whatter's) This company has a gigantic task in hand, they have had men at work about six weeks now, running a tunnel, which is expected to be 18 months in completing. Other men have been getting out saw logs, the company is going to start a saw-mill. They are also going to sink several shafts, and as soon as the snow goes off they will employ a large number of men constructing ditch works and laying hydraulic pipes. Their scheme is to wash out the whole of Williams Creek to the depth of 45 ft. and about 2 miles in length. This William's Creek is said to have made the richest yield of gold, of any spot in the world, of the same extent. It will take about 20 years to work out the whole creek; besides this there will always be plenty of mining going on in the surrounding district. Large numbers of men are now flocking in to Barkerville, and some people say that

the contract at too low a figure; but he said I could go on with the work at same rate that he was being paid.
Just about that time our Jim and Tom Fletcher came up to Barkerville and we all three went on making laggin for a short time; but could not make much out of it, having to pay 8 dollars a week apiece for hotel bill, so we gave up the job and began to look round for an empty cabin and got the one we are in.
We are boarding ourselves till we can get work, and can live very cheap this way. We are being very well treated in Barkerville now Several people helping us to fix up our cabin lending us a cooking stove, pots, cooking utensils, etc. I have got a few days work now at a Mrs. Mason's house, she is the widow of the late M.P. for Cariboo. I am washing the ceilings and helping paper-hanging, and expect I shall have to paint the ceilings, too. As soon as I get through here, I have other two places to go to, similar work. By the time I have finished these jobs, I thinks we shall get to work in some of the mines. There is too much snow yet for mining work to start up. I expect I shall get three dollars a day for my work. Besides that, I am giving lessons on the violin to the doctor in Barkerville,