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SLOCAN MINING REVIEW

DEVOTED TO ADVERTISING
THE MINERAL RESOURCES, FRUIT LANDS
TIMBER RESERVES, ETC. ETC. OF THE "SILVERY SLOCAN."

Special Edition, 50 cents | NEW DENVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA | J. J. ATHERTON, Editor and Publisher

Salutatory

THIS special number of the Slocan Mining Review has been produced with the laudable object of displaying to the world the manifold charms and resources of the "Silvery Slocan." In this issue the editor has endeavored, to the best of his poor ability, to serve up as it were a comprehensive and instructive corollary, so that men with capital and homeseekers may derive from its pages a better knowledge of the district. This is the first attempt, we believe, to issue a special in an attractive form, and when we began our task, unaided, we failed to grasp its magnitude. However, several gentlemen came to our assistance with literary efforts, to whom we publicly acknowledge a debt of gratitude.

Time was when money flowed freely in the Slocan, and it has often occurred to us that those responsible for the production of newspapers in the district, failed completely to create a lasting impression, which we feel assured is given in a production above the ordinary. Those editors filled the bill in passing, and when the Almighty dollar became a doubtful quantity, migrated to fresh fields of usefulness and surer profit. This production has taxed our resources and ingenuity, to say nothing of the financial end, but we entered upon our task cheerfully, believing that our words will not altogether fall upon barren soil, and that if we succeed in dispelling any wrong impression detrimental to the country's progress, and induce a few homeseekers to locate in the glorious district we serve, then we have accomplished something. We have endeavored, in plain language, to treat with mining, lumbering and agricultural resources, past, present and future. It has been our aim to secure good photographs for reproduction, which greatly enhance the descriptive value. We have done all in our power to produce a creditable issue, but its field of usefulness is for the people of the Slocan to exploit. It is to them we look to circulate it. A stack of these papers in our office reaching to the ceiling will do no good. Let every business man in our silvery country secure a number of these copies and place them where good is likely to accrue. Let every adult, whether there be any issue at stake or not, secure a few copies and distribute them, either as souvenirs or an advertising medium.

We wish to thank all who loaned photographs and assure them that same will be returned in good order in a few days.

JNO. J. ATHERTON,
Editor.

THE FIRST CHURCH BELL.

DAVID W. KING.

"The first church bell in the Slocan will call saint and sinner to worship at New Denver tomorrow."—News Item.

"I never quit a camp until I hear the first church bell."—Jim Ward, Prospector, Pioneer and Philosopher.

"Say, Bill, what was that chimin' sound
I heard a while ago?
It sounded like a church bell,
A-ringin' soft and low,
And stirrin' up old memories
With its echoes, don't you know."

He was digging on the mountain—
Silver Mountain—when a bell
Sent up from far below him
Soft as any funeral knell,
Its first imploring music,
And it bound him in a spell.

And musing, down the crooked trail,
Hat in hand, to where "Old Bill"
Cooked the bannocks and the bacon
In their camp beside a rill,
Walked the searcher after treasure,
Pioneer of Silver Hill.

Another time, a church, a bride,
Like some old forgotten song,
Memory brought back to the searcher
As he heedless strode along,
Another time, a church, a bier,
Came with memory's rushing throng.

"There, Bill, it's startin' in again,
Ringin' soft and ringin' low;
You reckon it's in Denver
The new church bell? Bill, you know
This old camp is almost done for,
And it's time for us to go."

[The author of the above lines, while speaking generally for the prospector and his superstitious dislike for church bells, did not realize, when he wrote them several years ago, that sentiment often overrides superstition. As a matter of fact, Jim Ward is still a prominent figure in New Denver, and the Anglican church bell, which every Sunday clangs out, "Saints and sinners, sinners and saints," is the means of drawing this philosopher to worship with the crowd at St. Stephen's church.]

Health, Sport and Fortune In the Slocan

TO all who moil and toil for wealth in the busy man-killing centres of modern civilization, I have a word of warning and a message of sound advice. Hurrying, anxious fellow mortal, halt awhile and listen till I explain the way of health, and truth and happiness.

May I first ask: Are you now living as a natural full-blooded human being should live, or are you simply existing as a human money-making machine?

Do you yet realize that when the machine, your body, is worn out you will die, and that you will be an exceedingly long time dead?

Have you a proper appreciation of the importance of recreation, most natural and healthful surroundings for your physical, mental and moral welfare, and happiness?

Well, now, my hurrying financier, let me tell you how, in exchange for a small portion of your already acquired wealth, you may prolong your days and enjoy the delights of real men.

When the summer heat makes the cities like ovens and your business and office work becomes drudgery, worse than the bondage of Egypt, just pack your trunks and come to the mountains, valleys and lakes of British Columbia, especially to the Slocan country where you can enjoy a fine climate, hunting and fishing, with chances of finding a fortune included.

Here you can secure the services of experienced men who will guide you to the peaks and glaciers, to the ridges and elevated basins where game is found; show you the likely places for fishing, and meanwhile initiate you into the approved ways of camp life.

Here you will find clear cool ozone laden mountain air, streams of pure water falling in cascades over the rocks, sunny weather, wonderful cloud effects, sunrises which "tip the hills with gold," and sunsets as gorgeous as a dream of oriental splendor.

If you climb up to the elevated basins near the peaks and glaciers and camp there awhile you will learn and enjoy pleasures which cannot be found elsewhere.

Have you ever stood on a mountain peak never before trod by man? Have you ever before been where "woods, lakes and mountains lay gleaming below"? Have you ever wooed "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," on a couch of feathery balsam twigs, in the open, under the starry heavens?

Then the food—of the plainest—but oh, how good! Sauce of the best!—natural healthy hunger!

Sniff the aroma of the coffee! Listen to the sizzling of the bacon over the camp fire; fill your lungs with the take breakfast with a pleasure never experienced even at the Cecil or Delmonico's.

If you enjoy fishing you will find good sport in the mountain streams, where you can catch trout so tender and delicious, that when rolled in flour and fried at the camp fire, you eat them, like sardines, bones and all.

The larger fish in the lakes and rivers cannot be excelled for firmness and flavor and they are of the game, crisp morning air; wash in the nearby stream and then fighting kind, of which true sportsmen approve.

If a rifle is your favorite sporting tool, you can use it here. Bear of all kinds, deer and wild goats are easily found, while caribou and sheep may be seen occasionally. Blue and willow grouse are plentiful in places and around the glaciers and snow capped peaks the rare white ptarmigan are found.

One of the most fascinating features about mountaineering in British Columbia is the ever present possibility of walking right onto the outcrop of a rich mineral bearing vein, which may make a great mine. Some remarkable finds have been made in the Slocan district during quite recent years, and much of the section is yet unexplored.

The following are a few examples: Altered granite held together by flakes and wires of native silver, as at the Arlington mine.

An outcrop of rich silver bearing ore extending along the course of the vein for about 1200 feet, as at the Enterprise mine.

Hundreds of tons of high-grade silver-lead ore standing almost out of the ground, as at the Alpha mine.

Huge boulders of rich ore, worth several thousands of dollars, lying loose below the outcrop of an immense mineral vein, as at the Slocan Star mine.

Dozens of lesser finds have been made in this district, but the above are ample to prove that visitors, while out in the mountains for health and sport, may also find a valuable mine.

Citizens and aliens alike, can, for the small sum of $5 a year, purchase certificates from local government agents, which confer on the purchasers all the rights and privileges of free miners within the province of British Columbia. Therefore, I advise visitors going out into the mountains to purchase a free miner's certificate before going; so that if valuable minerals are found, the same may be located and owned by the finder.

In conclusion, I advise that when summer heat and business cares worry you, and the Red gods of your fathers call you back to nature for a season, you will do well to come to the Slocan country, and make your headquarters during your holidays, at New Denver "The Lucerne of the West."

Truly yours,

A PIONEER.

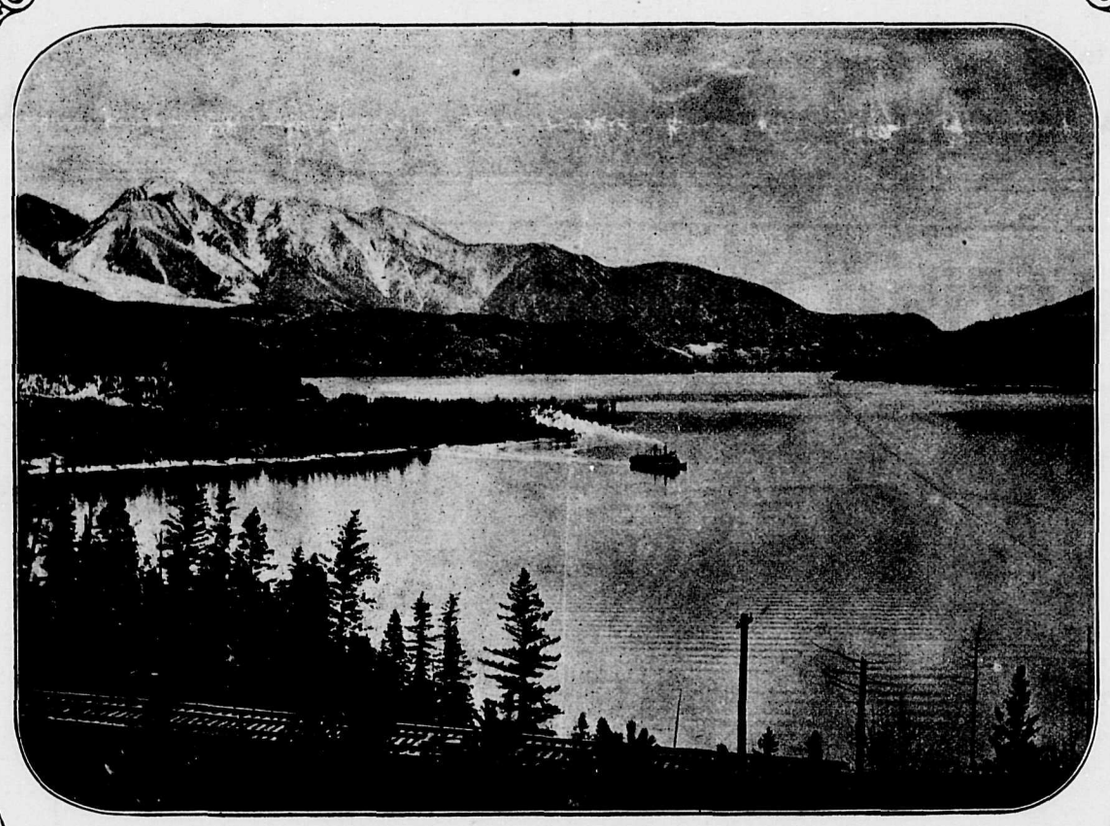


Photo by C. F. Nelson

NEW DENVER, B.C.—"THE LUCERNE OF NORTH AMERICA."

- - New Denver - -

NEW DENVER is extremely well provided for in the matter of places of worship. We are not oblivious of the fact that considerable mischief has been done, and serious pecuniary loss sustained, in times past, by most indiscriminate misrepresentations made by enterprising and precocious land agents in the Old Country, with a view to tempt people to venture their future lot in the Dominion of Canada.

Strange to relate, comparatively little effort has been made (previously), to attract immigrants to this really charming, healthy and promising district. Considering the wide-spread circulation this special edition of "The Slocan Mining Review" will have, and the strictly reliable information it will convey, we trust the all powerful and enterprising C. P. R. Company will aid us in our efforts to bring "Slocan" (generally), more prominently to the "front."

As a place of residence, and for mining, lumbering and fruit cultivation there is no more delightful resort than the Slocan, offering, as it does, exceptional advantages. When coming out from the Old Country to a new colony, to form a new "home," the natural enquiries for family men to make are: Is there a church representing my faith? Are there schools for the education of our children? Is the district healthy and the sanitary conditions under control?

To each of these important questions, we can give the most satisfactory answers. In all the towns there are four places of worship, exceptionally well represented—Catholic, Rev. Father Jeannotte; Anglican, Missionary Baynes; Presbyterian, Pastor W. M. Chalmers; Methodist, W. A. Gifford. There are two efficient schools in New Denver, ably conducted by Mr. T. T. Rankine and Miss L. McVicar, and all the other towns enjoy scholastic advantages.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

In the Slocan there are five Catholic churches, at New Denver, Sandon, Silverton, Slocan City and Nakusp, and these are all served by Rev. Father Desire Jeannotte, a priest of French-Canadian blend, who is beloved by persons of all sects and thought. A typical Father O'Flynn in many of his mannerisms, he whips the delinquests to their Christian duties and applies the healing salve to all afflicted souls. He is perhaps the biggest rustler in the district. Besides the five churches we mention, he has also to serve Kaslo, a rising city of importance on Kootenay lake and thirty-seven other missions. He visits all the small points and wherever one goes he is liable to hear the tinkle of the sanctuary bell, whether it be in the bunk house of a mine, a logging camp, sawmill or farm house.

The first Catholic church was built at Sandon in 1900 and Father Cote was the resident priest. He remained there for five years, and in the rough sphere did excellent missionary work. Three years ago the present pastor arrived from Medicine Hat, Alta., and during that time the Catholic community has become very strong. All the churches are free from debt.

CHURCH OF ST. STEPHEN (ANGLICAN),

This prettily designed and well-appointed church (which only now requires a Baptismal Font to complete it), was consecrated by the Lord Bishop of the Diocese, John Dart, D.D., June 21st, 1904, but opened for divine services May 14th, 1899.

New Denver—like many other townships in this province—has experienced times of adversity, and consequently the church suffered, but has resuscitated since Missionary Baynes has been in charge, from October, 1906 (previously at Malakwa and Arrowhead Missions).

Mr. Baynes is very popular amongst all classes—a sound Churchman with moderate views—a practical preacher and worker, and has raised this Mission to its present satisfactory position, which is confirmed by the fact of the increased congregations, well represented by the young men of this district.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Methodist Church in New Denver was founded in the days when men reached the camp by "poleing" a bateau from Lemon Creek to Lake Slocan, and rowing it thence to New Denver. The bateau carried three or four tons of freight, and passengers paid three dollars each for the privilege of supplying the motor power.

Rev. James Turner, who still lives and enjoys the affection of "old timers," from the Yukon to the Boundary, reached camp in the spring of 1892. Messrs. McGillivray

and Farwell were then engaged in a lawsuit to determine who owned the town-site, but both agreed that whoever won the suit would devote land for a church and parsonage. The Government later reserved the land along the lake front, and itself donated a site for the Methodist church. There are several men still in New Denver who "packed" lumber from the wharf to the church site, and helped Mr. Turner erect the building in the spring of 1893. It was not until the approach of winter that "the boys" put on a play in the Denver House, and the ladies served lunch, to secure money with which to put in the windows.

The Superintendent of the Sabbath School for the first ten years was Mr. Pyman. His "yarns," his quaint expressions and original methods are still remembered, and his faithfulness in work has become a proverb. The present Superintendent is "Capt." Amos Thompson, whose superintendency began only a few months ago.

SHIPBUILDING ON ARROW LAKE.

The present pastor is Rev. W. A. Gifford, who came a year ago from Toronto. Mr. Gifford is a graduate in Arts of the University of Toronto, and in Divinity of Victoria College, Toronto.

KNOX CHURCH (PRESBYTERIAN)

Is served by the Rev. W. M. Chalmers. Originally a miner, in Scotland, after seven years' work as such, he felt called to the ministry, and he began his studies in 1899, taking a course of medicine in the Andersonian College, which is affiliated to the Glasgow University, with the object of becoming a medical missionary. After completing ten years of medicine he went to Hailey College, London, England, and there studied Arts and Theology in the winter, and in the summer months he was engaged by the Gordon Evangelistic Mission in itinerary work among the Highland villages in Aberdeenshire, and also in Banf and Morayshire. During his last year in London he was accepted by the directors of the North African General Mission for service in Algiers, when, under a plea made by the late Dr. John Robertson, on behalf of the great Canadian West, he was led hither. He spent two years in Manitoba College, Winnipeg, and has worked for the B. C. Mission for four years, and has occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, New Denver, for 12 mouths. He has lately received the full status of a minister of the Presbyterian church in Canada by consent of the General Assembly of the Canadian Presbyterian church, which met in Winnipeg on June 4, 1908.

NAKUSP.

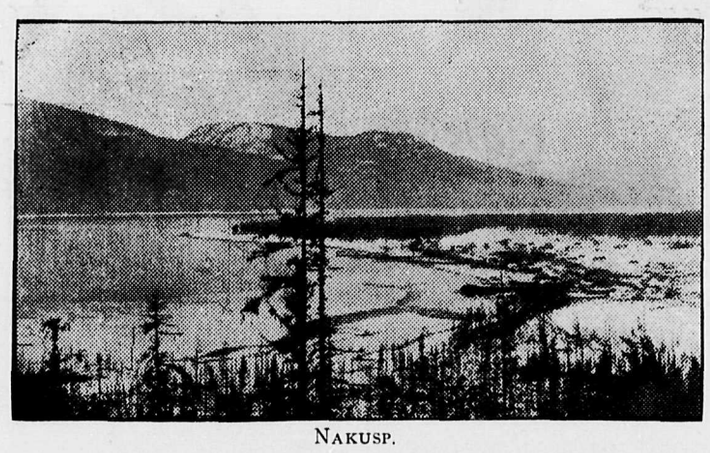
TYPICAL TOWN OF THE KOOTENAYS—A NEW FRUIT LAND THAT IS COMING INTO PROMINENCE.

EXCEPT until 1892 the large stretch of land along that beautiful expanse of water, the Arrow Lakes, attracted no more than ordinary attention from the hurrying gold and silver seekers in dugouts, rowboats, rafts, and later on the old steamer Lytton, on their way to the land of fortune—the Toad Mountain and Rossland mining camps. There was no thought of fruit lands in those days, and Nakusp, now located on a crescent-like bench, overlooking the wide sheltered bay of the upper portion of the lake, was then not in existence. The discovery and development of rich silver ores in the Slocan district necessitated an outlet for its product on its way to the smelters. This bay was the gateway, and Nakusp had its birth with the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway branch to the mines. Great were the things expected—few materialized. Smelters were to be built to treat the ores, and a second Swansea would be the result! Many Vancouverites will recall the real estate boom, when a well-known firm, still doing business in this city, handled Nakusp realty, and so great was the demand that on the office being closed for the day a large number of would-be investors were still unsupplied, and eagerly offered substantial advanced prices to the more fortunate ones who were ahead of them, on their reappearance on the street.

The fortunes of Nakusp, however, were not to be derived from smelters. Other avenues were opened for the ores of Slocan, and Nakusp, except for its lumbering and logging industry, and being headquarters for the railway and steamship lines, has been practically dormant until very recent times. Its natural advantages from agricultural, scenic and climatic point of view were utterly overlooked until the recent universal demand for fruit lands, and the success of less favored adjoining districts in fruit production awakened in its inhabitants the knowledge that here, in the valley of the Columbia River, they had the land, the soil and the climate that would grow all the varieties of fruit that could be produced in any other portion of the province. The experiments of a few pioneers fully justified this, and to-day there can be no better fruit or a more prolific growth in British Columbia. Farmers and speculators from the prairie provinces became interested, and seeking more congenial occupation and a milder climate, there was a rush for all the available land from Arrowhead and Nakusp down to the international boundary, a stretch of nearly two hundred miles. To-day not an acre is obtainable at first-hand within reasonable access to the lakes, and prices range from $20 per acre in the remote localities to $100 near towns, for land of good quality.

CENTRE OF ARROW LAKES FRUIT BELT.

The fruit belt of the Arrow Lakes centralizes at Nakusp, and from a climatic standpoint reaches from the Halcyon Hot Springs on the north to Fire Valley on the south, with valleys branching off towards Roseberry on the east to Whatshan Lake on the west. This district forms a warm basin, particularly adapted to fruit culture and vegetables of the tenderest nature.



NAKUSP.

The snowfall generally is very light, rarely more than ten inches at any one time on the ground. The land is practically free from summer frosts, and in winter the thermometer seldom runs below zero. Last winter extreme cold registered four below, while at points outside a radius of twenty-five miles, even in parts of the famous Okanagan country, from twenty to forty below was experienced. These figures are from careful observations and authentic sources.

In summer the district is exempt from extreme heat found in some localities, the hottest days running from eighty-five to ninety degrees, with cool nights. As to rains, the seasons bring forth just sufficient, making irrigation, except in very sandy soil, quite unnecessary. Here, indeed, is struck the happy medium between the dry, excessive heat and the extreme moisture of the coast range. All fruits and vegetables ripen to perfection.

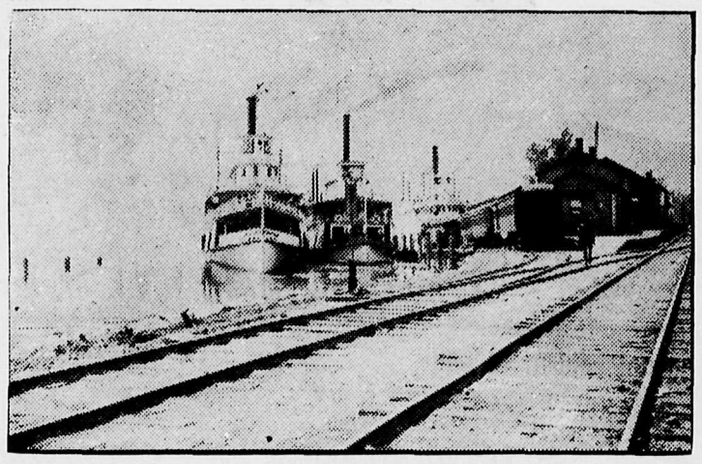
The soil varies in different parts from a sandy nature to a rich loam, with clay subsoil, and produces a wonderful wealth of fruit. It is generally free from stones, and the expense of clearing is chiefly timber, which, however, is an asset in itself and reduces cost if situated near a town, where there is always a ready market for cordwood, etc.

TRANSPORTATION FACILITIES EXCELLENT.

Nakusp has exceptional advantages for fruit shipment. To the prairie towns shipments may be made either by north or south bound steamer, morning or afternoon, daily. The mining districts are reached by train within three hours.

Among the many advantages to the new or prospective settler at Nakusp, is that everything tending to make comfort in life is already existent here. There is not the pioneering, with its accompanying hardships, to go through. The town has railway and steamer connection with all parts; telegraph and telephone service, several stores, two commodious hotels, Presbyterian, Episcopal and Roman Catholic churches, and an excellent school and public hall.

Nearly a mile of sidewalks are to be laid this fall. Steamers, tugs, launches and rowboats are plying on the lake throughout the day. Fishing is excellent. Feathered and big game await the hunter. Among the industries may be mentioned the C.P.R. shipyards, at present employing about thirty-five men. Here all lake steamers and barges are built and repaired. The railway department employs quite a staff at this terminus. Lindsley Brothers of Spokane operate a telegraph pole yard, shipping all the way to Pennsylvania. Logging is carried on extensively, and a sawmill is expected to be in operation soon, on the site of the old one.



C. P. R. STEAMERS.

Settlers desiring work while their land is being prepared for cultivation are thus practically assured of it.

L. J. EDWARDS.

Halcyon Hot Springs Sanitarium

DRINK HALCYON LITHIA

The water from the celebrated Hot Springs is prepared by experienced hands, and by the use of the most modern machinery.

The water is filtered as an extra precaution and to secure absolute purity.

One of the most important properties of the beverage is the amount of Lithia it contains, which, according to government analysis, contains ten times as much of this execellent medicinal ingredient per volume as the far famous Buffalo Lithia water. Apart from its many excellencies, as a sparkling and invigorating table water, it has a beneficial effect in cases of gout or rheumatism.

Its excellence is evidenced by the fact of its general use, both east and west, and in leading hotels, where it is fast displacing Radnor, White Rock and Apollinaris.

For several years people from all over the world have come to Halcyon to use this water, but now it is being put up in such form that it can be shipped to all points.

ARROW LAKES, B.C. **H. McINTOSH, Prop.**

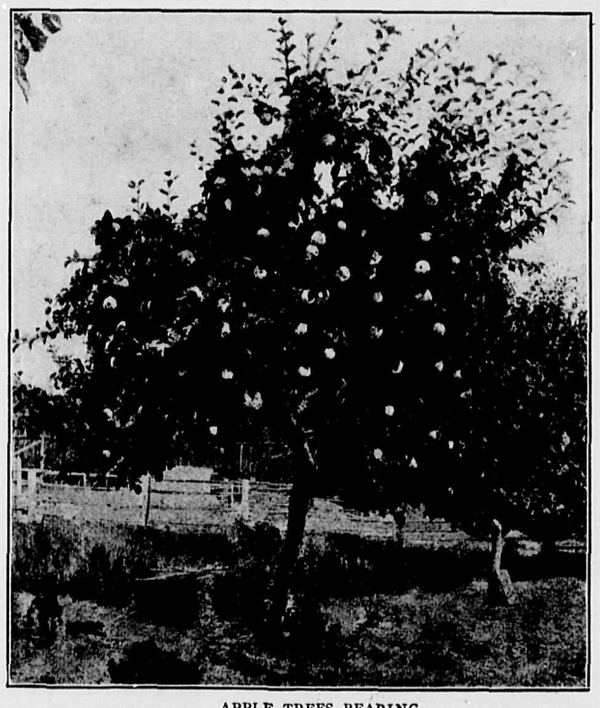
If you advertise you must have the Goods

Fruit Lands For Sale

NOT OF MUSHROOM GROWTH

THE OLDEST REAL ESTATE HOUSE ON ARROW LAKES

I HAVE NO AGENTS. WHEN YOU BUY FROM ME YOU BUY DIRECT FROM THE ORIGINAL OWNER.



APPLE TREES BEARING.

ARE YOU FOND OF HUNTING?

Do you yearn for the pine-laden ozone of the primeval forest? Are you a disciple of Isaak Walton, and a devotee of the rod and line? Is it yachting your mind dwells lovingly upon? Are you desirous of seeking a home far from the madding crowd, where no extremes in climate are felt, and bounteous nature has nought bu glory? Are you tired of the nerve-racking humdrum of office life, and anxious to secure a competence for yourself amid pleasant surroundings and in following a vocation that is profitable, fascinating and exhilarating? Then come to Nakusp, and take up some fruit lands.

I HAVE THE LAND LEVEL AND FREE FROM STONE

Thomas Abriel

THE MAN WHO SELLS THE LAND THAT GROWS THE BIG RED APPLE

NAKUSP, ARROW LAKES, P. O. DRAWER 12 BRITISH COLUMBIA

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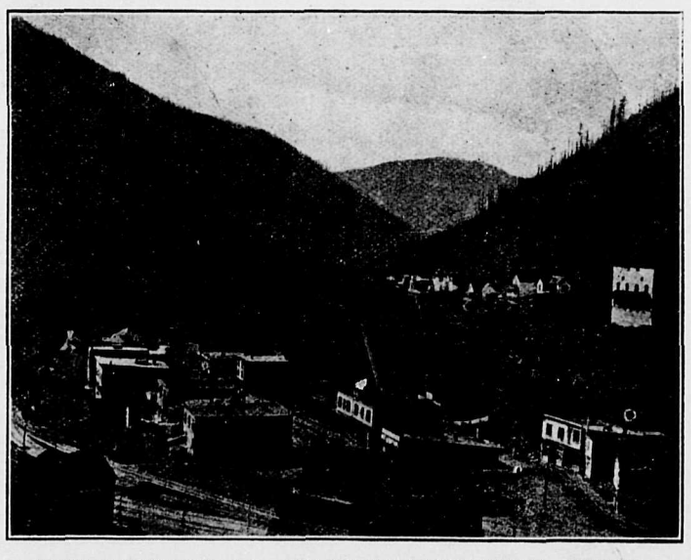
POTENTIALITIES OF THE SLOCAN

MINING AND OFFICE CREW AT THE ARLINGTON MINE, 1901.

THE YACHT CLUB OUT FOR A SPIN.



VIEW OF SANDON, B.C., THE GREAT WHITE METAL CENTRE.
Rebuilt in 1900 after being swept by fire. Sandon contains some of the finest hotels and residences in the Kootenays, and in 1898 had a population of 2,000. It has now the finest Opera House in West Kootenay.

MINING for silver-lead ores in the Slocan is the staple industry. Riches greater than King Solomon's mines have been extracted from the hills, and yet it continues to be the banner lead-producing section of the province. True its early glamor and accompanying boom have receded and left in its wake many recollections of gross inincapacity and criminal wastefulness on the part of so-called mining companies, but in this the Slocan but apes the historical routine since man delved for wealth and the company system was inaugurated. It is not the province of all to succeed. Fortune is a fickle jade, who has played many pranks with men and mines, and those who have sunk in the Slough of Despond curse the day when mining lured men to speculate. On the other hand the world is full of rich men whose success is attributable to legitimate mining for precious metals, and the Slocan has made beggars and millionaires.

At the present time the Slocan, as a whole, is passing through that transitory period between finding and owning mines. In other words, we are making mines and proving that the surface veins are continuous, and that the wealth in the outcroppings is also thousands of feet into the bowels of the earth. To make the grand test much capital has been expended, years of labor have been necessary, and it is only now that the permanency of the ore bodies has been determined and the vexed question of the ore "going down" settled for all time.

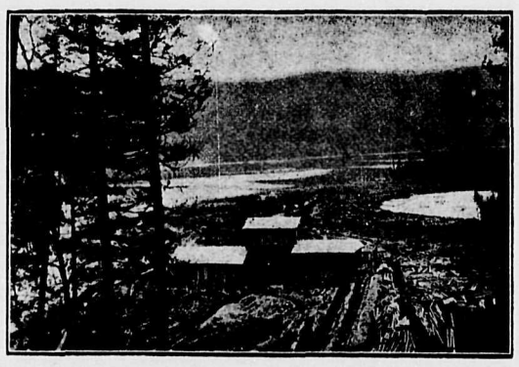
Those of the mines that have been explored at depth have signally succeeded. The industry is flourishing, and many companies, inspired by the success of others, have resumed operations after protracted idleness. Silver, unlike gold, lieth in the vein, and the future of the local silver-lead industry is bound up in the development of these veins at depth.

There are in the Slocan some forty mines regularly shipping ore averaging $100 per ton, to the smelter at Trail, B. C., and there are many undergoing development and making small occasional shipments. It is not the purpose of this article to inflict technical verbiage and go into the history of mining in the Slocan. Suffice it to say that the industry is on a most substantial basis, and when more work has been accomplished the fame of our mines will ring through the land. Who is there who has not heard of the famous Rambler-Cariboo, of the Slocan Star, Reco, Ruth, Last Chance, Lucky Jim, Whitewater, Sunset, Lone Bachelor, Mountain Chief, Slocan Sovereign, Capella, Mollie, Hughes, Canadian, Monitor, Bosun, Ya-Ya, Eureka-Richmond, Standard, Hewitt, Vancouver, Buffalo, Emily Edith, Wakefield, McAllister, Mountain Con, Galena Farm, Arlington, Ottawa, Westmont, Neepawa, Enterprise, and a score of others now adding their quota to the world's riches? These mines find steady employment to over a thousand men, and times there have been when 12,000 could have been written. The doings at the mines are faithfully reported each week in the columns of the Slocan Mining Review.

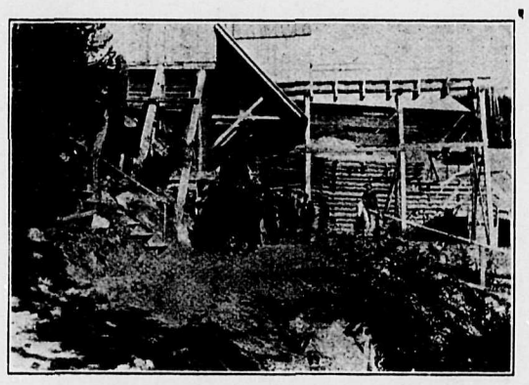
For the reduction of the ores several companies have installed concentrators—mills with ponderous machinery, that crush the ore to a pulp, and then after being passed over agitated tables, the various metal contents are separated from the slime, and by gravity the metals separate themselves and go to their respective compartments. These are called concentrates, and are, roughly speaking, 90 to 95 per cent. pure mineral. The whole is then put through the smelting process and made into ingots of silver, or lead, as the case may be, the silver being paid for at current New York prices, and lead at London rates.

For several years the town of Sandon, a high altitude camp, enjoyed the premier position on the list of shippers in the Slocan. To-day, Silverton is far ahead of all other points in the camp. To see the immense amount of ore sacked and piled up daily upon the Silverton wharf would make the veriest "greenie" open his eye with wonder. As we write, we learn that another mine, the Alpha, has been added to the shipping list. From this property, ore to the value of $135,000 was extracted from the surface, with practically no labor but sacking it required. The vein is now to be explored at depth. Thus are mines made! We could record many similar instances of fortunes being made in a night, but we should not be fair to ourselves were we not also to record failures.

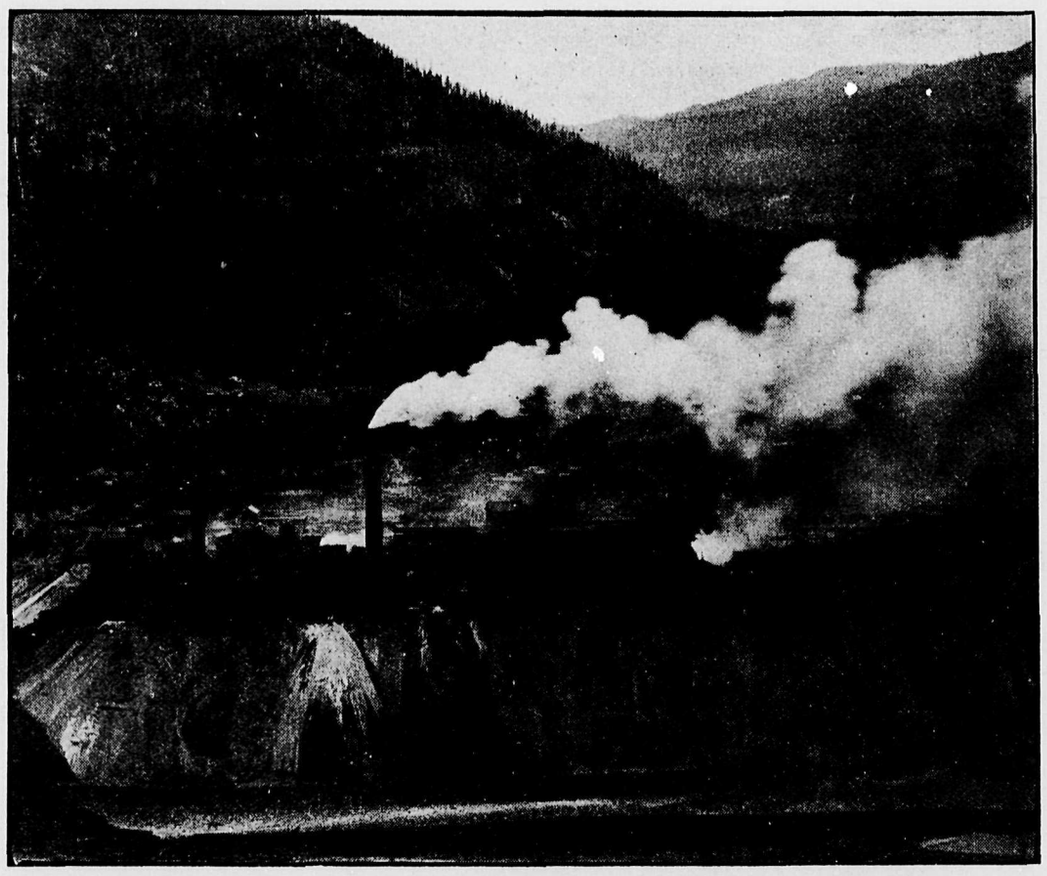
There is much yet to be uncovered. Truthfully it has been written by an eminent mineralogist that the surface of the Slocan has barely been scratched.



ROSEBERRY CONCENTRATOR.
Photograph taken whilst under construction, 1904.



TEAMS LOADING ORE AT ORE BINS, ARLINGTON MINE.



"HALL MINES SMELTER."

BONNINGTON FALLS.

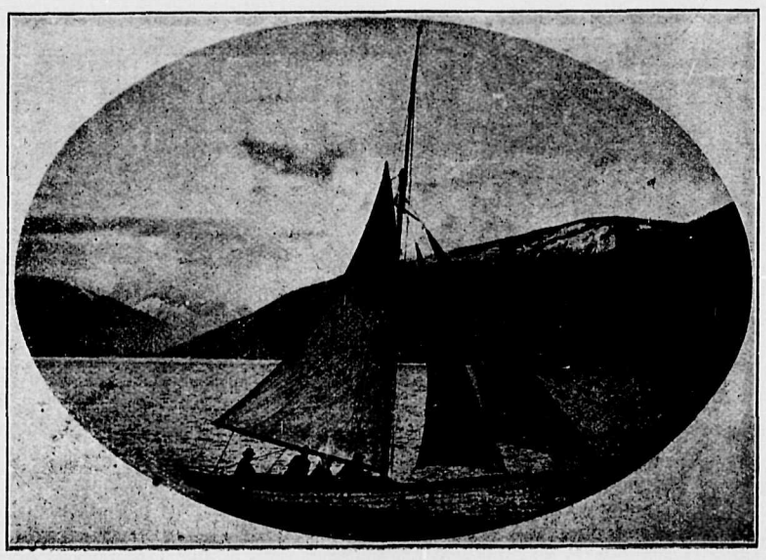
VIEW OF SANDON, LOOKING UP "STAR GULCH." Taken from C.P.R. Depot.

Slocan Star and Rabbitt's Paw Mines may be seen in distance. Upon these mines there has been litigation not yet ended, in which over half a million dollars are involved in legal costs alone.

A HUNTER AMONGST THE TALL TIMBER.

PACKING ORE FROM THE CAPELLA.
Photo is taken right in track of a snowslide. Dry ore shipped from this property netted $10,000 per car, owned by W. R. Will and N. T. McNaught.

NEW DENVER, FROM ROSEBERRY.



WHITE WINGS, SLOCAN LAKE.

Prominent Men of a Glorious District

J. T. BLACK
Chief of Police
New Denver

H. G. FISHER
Manager New Denver Branch Bank of Montreal

WM. H. HUNTER, ESQ., M.P.P., of Silverton, B.C.

Mr. Hunter is the oldest pioneer of our glorious district, and in the last provincial campaign, the electors of the Slocan, recognizing his many sterling qualities, sent him to represent them in the Conservative benches of the British Columbia Parliament at Victoria, with a majority nearly twice as large as the total vote of his two adversaries, a Socialist and a Liberal.

A. McINNES, ESQ., J.P.
Government Agent and Mining Recorder
New Denver

J. W. M. TINLING
Silverton

J. C. HARRIS
New Denver

WM. BRANDON
Silverton

THOS. McNEISH, ESQ.
Mayor of Slocan City

THOS. AVISON
New Denver

MR. DUNCAN GRANT
Silverton

HENRY STEGE
New Denver

S. J. TOWGOOD
Sandon, B.C.

J. E. AUGRIGNON
New Denver

: : : THE : : : EARLY DAYS

By Colonel R. T. Lowery,
Editor of "LOWERY'S CLAIM."

IT was in December of 1891 that George Long and a score of other trail-blazers left Nelson and made their way via Slocan Valley to the lake and then by boat to the present site of New Denver. They camped there all winter in log cabins around which the wolves howled at night. The settlement was first called El Dorado City, but when the Government put the lots on the market in 1892 the name was changed to New Denver.

In 1892 the Government sold by auction in one day $28,000 worth of lots. The people at that time felt certain that New Denver would become a very wealthy centre. It has not fulfilled the dream of the early investors, but the day is not far distant when I look for it to become an ideal city of happy homes and busy commercial institutions.

Its climate and the grandeur of the scenery that surround it upon every side should make it eventually one of the greatest tourist resorts upon the American continent. As the Lucerne of North America it is destined to attract the attention of the globe-trotting world and occupy the position that its beauty entitles it to in the minds of those who love nature in its most pleasing pose and colors.

It was in the summer of 1893 that Bill Pratt came over from Oregon with an army press and a sack of type in search of a fortune. He started a paper called the "Prospector," with Tom Tobin as typographical artist. Physically Pratt was the biggest, slowest and best natured editor that ever seized a paste brush in this country. He was addicted to eating hot cakes, was 39 years old and had ten children.

After a time David Bogle came in with a printing plant that had done time in Kaslo and was owned by John Houston, and Pratt retreated to Three Forks, where he published his paper for a short time, going afterwards to Kaslo and Rossland. Pratt was sensitive and could not bear to have a cotem in the same town.

In 1894 there was a financial frost in Nakusp, and I moved "The Ledge" to New Denver, and Bogle, with his "Slocan Times," pulled his freight to Rossland and started the "Miner." He afterwards became one of the most polished writers in the province and is now connected with the press of Winnipeg.

For ten years I ran "the leading excitement" in New Denver, and then moved on to prospect in other fields. It was a mistake, probably, but each man's life assays high in mistakes.

In the spring of 1897 the swish of the Rossland boom swept over the Slocan and touched New Denver with the golden wand of prosperity. Then it was that Henry Stege, Hermann Clever, Andy Jacobson, Jim Ward and several other old-timers laid the foundation of their fortunes. At that time 100 strangers came to town every day and money was so plentiful that a bank had to be started in order to keep it from lying around the streets. At that time gambling was rife in the Lucerne, and the checks frequently touched the ceiling, while some of the inhabitants spoiled their taste for water by drinking too much champagne. Right in the historical Newmarket Hotel I have seen wine so plentful that even the spittoons were full. Those were halcyon days sure enough. I understand now that those wine drinking episodes are but shadows of the past and that the citizens confine themselves almost exclusively to the dew that made Scotland famous.

The coming of the fruit tree to the shores of Slocan Lake will work a miracle in the progress of New Denver, and I hope to see the day when apples and other fruits are shipped out of it in car lots. Tempus fugit, but the beauty of New Denver goes on forever, including Silverton.

R T. LOWERY.

THE EARLY RUSH TO THE SLOCAN

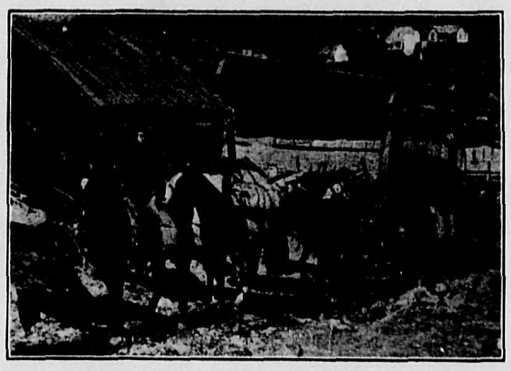
The first boat to be built in these waters was the "Wm. Hunter." This scene depicts a daily rush to New Denver in the boom days. New Denver is 17 miles from Slocan City and at this spot a splendid C.P.R. wharf has been constructed.

A. JACOBSON
New Denver

"JACK AND JILL

: THE TOWGOOD : PACKING OUTFIT

"They Begin Where Railroads Finish."



WENT UP THE HILL."

W. ECCLES
New Denver

R. ABBIE
Nakusp

JOHN ATHERTON
Our Typographical Artist

JOHN J. ATHERTON
"Jay Jay"
Editor Slocan Mining Review

W. J. ATHERTON
"Our Devil"

J. P. GALLAGHER
Summit, B.C.

Prominent Men of a Glorious District

HARRY LOWE
New Denver

WM. THOMLINSON
New Denver

DR. J. E. BROUSE
New Denver

CHAS. F. NELSON
New Denver

ERNEST G. B. TOWGOOD
Sandon, B.C.

DAN BRANDON
Silverton

H. J. G. ANGELL
New Denver

PALMA AUGRIGNON
New Denver

A. S. MACULAY
Silverton

GEO. F. RANSOM
New Denver

GEO. STOLL
Slocan

N. F. McNAUGHT
Silverton

J. A. ANDERSON
Slocan

REV. FR. D. JEANOTTE
Pastor Catholic Church

REV. E. BAYNES
Anglican Pastor

THE : PASSING : OF : AN : OLD : PROSPECTOR

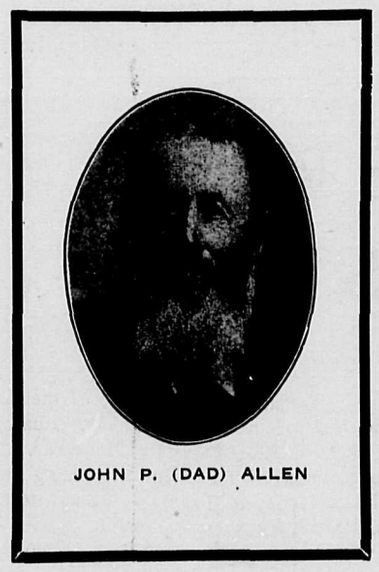
MR. JOHN P. (DAD) ALLEN

HE has blazed his last trail, he has prospected his last ledge, his pick and drill now lie dull and rusting in his last drift; the forge will blaze no more for him; the hills, the woods and rocks and trails he loved are still here, but he has crossed the big divide over whose shimmering summit there is no back trail.

Men who share together the vasty loneliness of the mountains, who bivouack in one blanket, men who together and alone smoke their evening pipes in the red glow of the setting sun 'way back in the hills, where forest and lake meet, where the tawny marsh stretches out between the low hills down stream, while the sun goes down and the nightbirds rise with their weird cries, and the forms of our horses munching the young bunch grass on the side hill grow blurred and are lost—men who live together day in and day out with no other company than their own, quickly learn each other. The meanness cannot be hid nor the fine gold of pure friendship glisten unseen. It was in such wise I learned to know and love old Dad Allen—and Dad being now no more I drop this tribute on his bier. His full name was John P. Allen, but to everyone who knew him and loved him, and everyone who did know him as I did, did love him, he was "Dad," and within the memory of the oldest timers in the Kootenay and Similkameen has always been "Dad," and as "Dad" he will always be remembered. The little children—and none loved him more than they—called him Dad as they played with his long gray beard, and old gray-haired men saluted him by no other name.

Dad had his weaknesess, but no more than the rest of us. One great difference between Dad and many other people was that he never salted his claim of self-righteousness. There was no sham in Dad and he hated it in others. His tongue was ready with the sharp word but his heart was warm and tender. It beat strong and true for his friends and quivered with indignation over their wrongs.

In his declining days he dwelt with his son at Slocan City at the foot of a group of hills he traversed often in the early days of the district. Every camp in the "Silvery Slocan" claimed him as its own. He was as much at home in one place as another. He was the first man to pack silver lead ore out of the Slocan, and when old prospectors met in conclave, Dad's decision was final.


JOHN P. (DAD) ALLEN

He was the true type of Western frontiersman. He had been packer, miner, prospector—he had hiked the trails of the mountains from Mexico to Deer Park. He had led his string of cayuses across every mountain of the Slocan, and the Upper Similkameen. He made his last stand when over seventy years of age on Mount Moriah, in the Aspen Grove camp, where he staked a group of copper claims. It was there I learned to know him. His cabin nestled at the foot of a steep hill and no wayfaring wanderer ever passed his door hungry. How often I have halted in the trail at the hill crest to send down into the tiny valley a long, loud h-a-l-oo-oo and how often I have seen the sturdy figure of Dad emerge to give me joyous and profane welcome. Then it was offsaddle, feed, water, and stake out my horse, while Dad cooked bannocks and bacon, and in all my experiences there are few that were rarer or sweeter than the evenings I spent with Dad in that little cabin under the shadow of the big timbered hills. I grieve when I think that no more will the smoke of his fire rise from the oil tin chimney through its sod roof and salute me when I may come that way again.

In those evenings I heard how he had bought horses in Montreal for the New York street cars before there was a railway between the two cities. I heard Montreal described as it was before electricity was known, before telephones were invented, before kerosene lamps were used. He lived at Henry Hogan's "tavern," himself now gathered to his fathers, and long known as the boniface of St. Lawrence Hall. In those days Dad was Jack Allen. It was in Montreal he met and won the wife of his choice. Later he returned from his first trek across the continent to take her with him. Years ago she passed on before and left an aching lonely void in the old man's heart that few, perhaps, guessed at.

He was sturdy in spirit, kindly at heart, and true; he was tempestuous in his wrath, but quickly forgave; he resented a slight but bore no malice; in him optimism bloomed like a September garden of sunflowers, hope sprung eternally and kept him young in spite of years and disappointments. May the elusive gold he sought in the enwrapping hills be now a smooth trail to his feet in the spirit land to which he has gone. He has gone, and he died with his fingers entwined in those of an old priest who before doing His master's work was himself a miner.—Bruce in the Saturday Sunset.

REV. W. M. CHALMERS
Pastor Presbyterian Church
New Denver

F. F. LIEBSCHER
Silverton

ED. SHANNON
New Denver

D. McVANNELL
Slocan

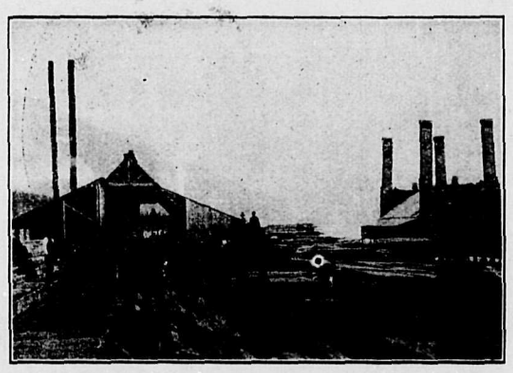
G. E. GREER
New Denver

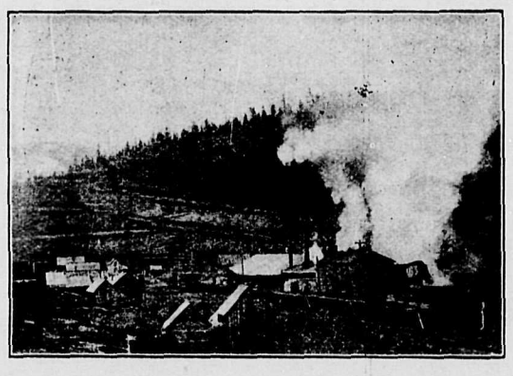
REV. W. A. GIFFORD
Pastor Methodist Church
New Denver

POTENTIALITIES OF THE SLOCAN

ONTARIO-SLOCAN LUMBER CO., LTD., SINGLE MILL, SLOCAN CITY.

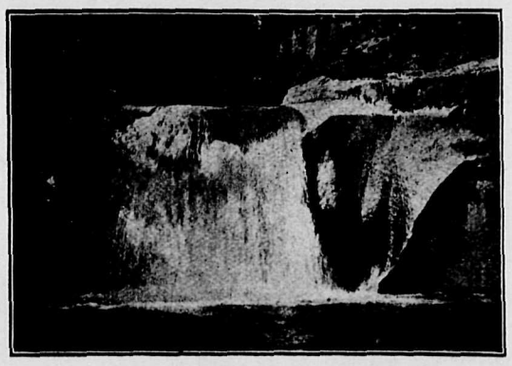
SAME AS NO. 1, EXCEPT THAT OUTBUILDINGS ARE NOT SHOWN.





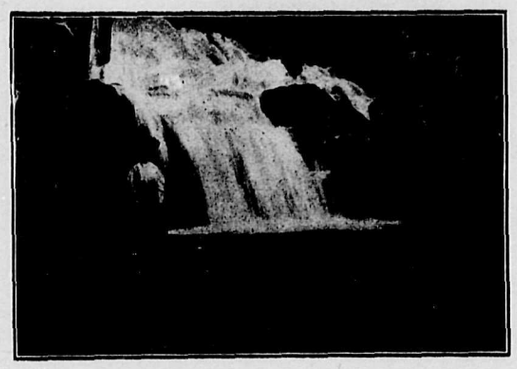
WINLAW'S SAWMILL, WINLAW, B.C.

THE GIANTS OF THE FOREST ARE NOT FELLED WITH ONE BLOW.

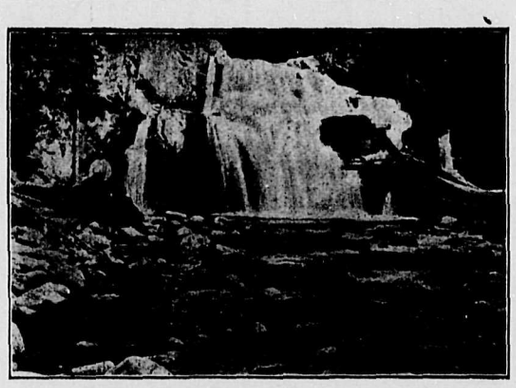


SIX MILE CREEK, WEST OF DENVER

One of the assets of the district going to waste. This magnificent waterfall is awaiting the coming of some manufacturing concern that will harness its power for driving ponderous machinery. There are many similar creeks daily pouring volumes of sparkling water into the Lake.



SPRINGER CREEK FALLS, SLOCAN CITY, B.C.



SPRINGER CREEK FALLS, SLOCAN.

SLOCAN LAKE IN FURY

Hail! Bounteous Slocan

By the Editor

I only hear the gentle murmuring rill
Softly singing through the valley clear:
I only feel the silent, mighty thrill
That floods the eye without a single tear.

AS I lay upon the shore of the lake and gaze at the shimmering blue water, dancing and sparkling in a light breeze, its heavily timbered and clear cut shore line, and all its wild natural beauty opened out to me, I am impelled to regard myself as one of limitless fortune to behold such a panorama. Away to the north the giants of Earth rise grandly to Heaven's portal and the eternal crystals which bedeck their summits glisten in the summer sun. Below, rising from an easy slope, I view a pastoral scene. There, in the distance, I see among the prismatic verdure, a clearing, upon which in perfect rhythm stand rows of fruit trees—now clothed in their spring raiment; and in perfect harmony with the surroundings the tones of a cow bell are borne across the placid water. Away to the west rises a monster more magnificent than his peers, and upon his face there reposes a glacier, which the warm breezes of ages have failed to scar. A crystal in emerald settings! And a mighty waterfall blindly forges its way through the cleavage and leaps with deafening roar from crag to crag, until it surges into the lake below and is lost in its own whirl. From every viewpoint there is much that thrills me, much that palls me with its grandeur. In search of wealth and adventure the writer has seen much of this old world of ours; off and anon has he gazed at some of Nature's scenic marvels, but all sink into insignificance by comparison. The Mighty Creator gave unstinting glory to fair Slocan. It is His masterpiece; and yet how sad to reflect that the world knows it not. To the Alps and the Ardennes crowds are rushed yearly to see that which is but a conciliatory substitute, but not until "Slocan" has been "discovered" by the great travelling public will its glories be unfolded. Gem of Canada! Brightest diadem in the Empire's Crown! We lament coincidences that have retarded exploitation of your astral beauties. You are long suffering and patient, but you will—you must eventually become the mecca of Tourists!

THE LUMBERING INDUSTRY

WHILE the Slocan District abounds in mineral wealth and her agricultural possibilities are now attracting the attention of settlers from all parts of the world, the greatest of her assets lies in her forests.

Owing to the condition of trade in the Prairie Provinces the mills in this district, like all the rest of the provinces, are in a great many cases closed, but with the revival of trade it is safe to predict that the Slocan district will furnish her share of forest production to the outside world.

Just what the estimated worth of the standing timber in this district is, it would not be possible for us to say, but according to the information furnished by the official maps of the Department of Lands and Works for the province, there is held under lease and special licenses in this district alone approximately 150 square miles of timber, which would cut approximately one billion and a quarter feet. Apart from this there is the timber land owned by the Canadian Pacific Railway Co., which would bring the total estimate up to 2,500,000,000 feet.

The first lumber mill to be built in the district was built at Nakusp in 1891 by that pioneer lumberman, Peter Genelle, with a capacity of 10,000 feet per day, and this mill was operated until 1894, when one of a capacity of 35,000 feet per day was built to meet the wants of the district. Associated with P. Genelle in this mill were J. E. Poupore and John Genelle, trading under the firm name of Peter Genelle & Co.

In those days the trade of the Prairie Provinces was not thought of, and although other mills were being erected there was enough local trade, supplying lumber and timber for the mines of the district and building material for the towns that were everywhere springing up.

In 1897 this firm built another mill at "Material Yard," now called Westley, at the lower end of the Arrow Lake, to supply timber for the construction of the Columbia and Western Railway.

In 1899 the firm of P. Genelle & Co. amalgamated with Blue & Fisher, of Rossland, forming the Yale-Columbia Lumber Co., Limited, In 1900 Blue & Fisher sold their interests in this firm to Peter Genelle, but the business was still carried on under the firm name of the Yale-Columbia Lumber Co., Limited, with mills at Nakusp, Robson, Rossland, Cascade, Rock Creek and Deadwood, besides operating yards as well at Phoenix and Greenwood.

During this time the competition for standing timber was becoming keen, and many miles of valuable timber were acquired by this firm on the Arrow Lakes, Columbia River, Kettle River and elsewhere, so that in 1904 this firm had some 80 miles of standing timber. In this same year the mill at Nakusp was burned and has not been rebuilt. In 1905 the entire interests of theYale-Columbia Lumber Co., Limited, were purchased by the Bowman Lumber Co., of Minneapolis, who already owned large tracts of timber in the Revelstoke district. In March of this year the Bowman Lumber Co., and the Elk Lumber Co., of Fernie, amalgamated their interests, so that to-day the business started in 1891 by Peter Genelle at Nakusp is part of the property of a company capitalized at $10,000,000 and having the greatest daily capacity of any company operating in the interior of British Columbia, and as a matter of fact largest daily capacity, which may be estimated at one and a half million feet.

In the year 1892, the firm of Hill Bros. commenced operations at the head of Slocan Lake and continued business untill 1902, when they sold their mill together with their standing timber to the Ontario Slocan Lumber Co., Limited, an eastern firm with head office at Orillia, Ontario, and the head office for the province at Slocan City, B. C. This firm, in the winter of 1902-03 erected at Slocan City a shingle mill with a capacity of 100,000 shingles per 10 hours, and operated during the season of 1903-04, but owing to the state of trade in the lumber business at that time they discontinued operations and nothing has been done with the mills since that time. Apart from the timber bought from Hill Bros. this firm has staked and acquired from the Provincial Government licenses covering some of the choicest timber in the interior situated on Wilson and Bonanza Creeks. All told their holdings in standing merchantable timber would reach a total of from 200 to 250 million feet. With the revival of trade there is no doubt but what operations will be again continued and will in a great measure assist in the general prosperity of the district.

About 1894 another mill was built at Slocan Lake, on Mill Creek, and although the owners discontinued operations after — years, yet in 1905 this mill was purchased by T. Lloyd, A. Severes and J. Corey, who traded under the firm name of the New Denver Lumber Co. In the spring of 1908 the entire holdings of the company were purchased by L. Slie, who by careful attention to business has built up sufficient trade to consume the entire product of his mill.

In 1897 the timber along the Slocan River, which was owned by the C.P. R. Co. attracted attention and J. B. Wineau, an eastern lumberman, commenced operations at Wineau, 13 miles from Slocan City. Starting first with a mill of small capacity and increasing the capacity as trade conditions would warrant, Mr. Wineau has to-day one of the best equipped mills in the interior, and the lumber manufactured by him always finds a ready sale. Associated with Mr. J. B. Wineau is his son, A. N. Wineau, who has now for some time had active management of the business.

In May, 1904 the reserve that had existed on certain timber lands on the Slocan and Little Slocan Rivers were lifted and considerable timber was acquired by different parties, chiefly among them being Mr. W. C. E. Koch. Mr. Koch at that time was successfully operating a small mill at Enterprise on Slocan Lake, but shortly afterwards erected a new mill on the Slocan River at "Koch's." Mr. Koch, in addition to the timber he acquired from the Government, purchased outright the interests of other parties on the Little Slocan and Main Slocan Rivers, so that to-day Mr. Koch owns many valuable miles of choice timber.

The mill has a daily capacity of about 40,000 feet.

The latest Eastern firm to acquire timber land in the district are the Palrick Lumber Co., Limited, with Jos. Palrick as manager.

This firm in 1906 purchased some 9,000 acres of timber land from T. D. Woodcock, who had, in 1904, purchased from the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. This block of timber is situated on the Little Slocan and contains some of the choicest timber in the district. Although the season of 1908 promised to be dull in the lumber trade it did not affect the operations of the company.

During the winter 1907-'08 this firm cut some 13,000,000 feet of logs and these are now being driven down the Little Slocan River to the mill which will be in operation by July 15.

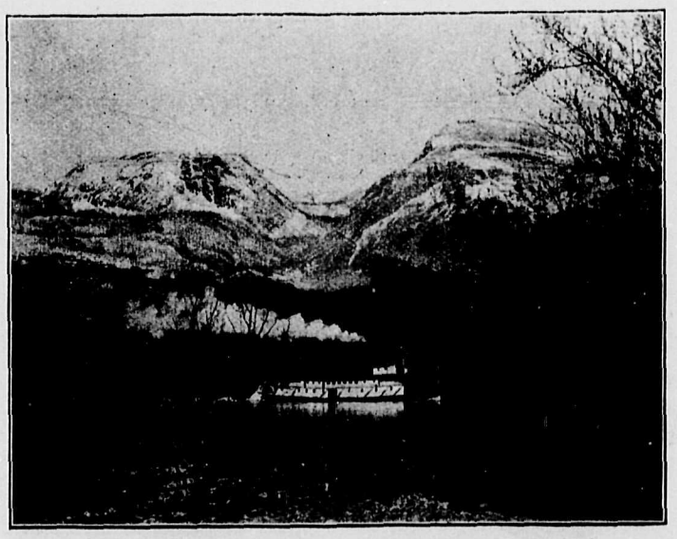
The mill being erected by this company is situated at Crescent Valley on the Slocan River, and will be the largest in the district, and equipped with all the latest machinery and will have a daily capacity of 125,000 feet.

At Summit, midway between Nakusp and Roseberry, there has also been erected by J. R. Boynton, of Fernie, B.C., a tie and lumber mill. Their timber is situate along the line of the N. & S. Railway. This firm owns very valuable tie and pole limits as well. F. Robinson is manager of the company.

In course of construction to-day is the mill of the Silverton Lumber and Power Co., Ltd., this company owning tie and lumber limits in Slocan Lake, and by the time this issue is in the hands of our readers the mill will be in active operation.

In addition to the timber owned by those mentioned in the foregoing there are held many miles of valuable timber in the district by individuals. This timber to-day is worth about 75c. per thousand slumpage, but will soon double in value.

The action of the Government in December last in reserving all timber lands left in the province will in a measure make that which is held more valuable, but one has but to read the reports of Eastern reviews to find that the once thickly timbered Eastern districts have been so rapidly cut off that to-day B. C. is looked upon as being the one province in the Dominion where an investor, to-day will, in a few years, treble the amount of capital invested.



NEW DENVER GLACIER, AS SEEN FROM TOWN

179

BONNIE SILVERTON

"The Place Where The Mines Are"

THE GEM OF SLOCAN LAKE
BEAUTIFUL SCENERY
MINING, LUMBERING, FRUIT LANDS, HUNTING BOATING FISHING.
AT SILVERTON B.C.
AND COSY CORNER OF BRITISH COLUMBIA

SITUATED amidst the most beautiful of surroundings, and having the finest harbor on Slocan Lake, the town of Silverton is located at the very nerve-centre of a district that is rapidly developing into the richest portion of the Slocan country.

There is no "Boom on" in this progressive community, but it is forging steadily ahead, strictly on the merits of its unsurpassed resources, now daily growing in importance, as a logical result of the splendid showings obtained from careful developments. Foremost of these resources are the vast mineral deposits; and though development is yet in its infancy, many of the mines are even now on a first-class paying basis, though work has been retarded in this line by adverse conditions of the metal and money markets, making it a difficult matter to secure capital necessary for the economical prosecution of this work. Owing to this fact much of the ore mined in the past was hand-sorted, but as this is being rapidly done away with, on account of improved conditions, the output of shipping ore is increasing rapidly.

Up to the first of the present year something over 13,900 tons of high grade ore was shipped from Silverton, having an aggregate value of more than $911,000.00. During the past three years the annual average output has increased about 300 per cent., and the tonnage for the present year will undoubtedly show an even larger increase. When you couple the above figures with the fact that some of the best looking mines have been providing for the future by leaving large ore reserves thoroughly blocked out and ready for stoping, you realize that the prospects for increased prosperity are excellent.

SILVERTON, B.C. —Taken from W. Hunter's Residence.

THE HEWETT MINE.

This well known property has, up to the present year, shipped 5,500 tons of ore at a value of more than $300,000.00. This company is now steadily prosecuting development work, and increasing their ore reserves, which are numerous and high grade. A reserve of 50,000 tons is actually blocked out, and as much more partially so that will soon be finished. Magnificent showings are to be seen in other places, as yet undeveloped, and the success of future operations seems to be assured. During the past year a new tramway has been erected to connect with the Wakefield mill, which, together with the Wakefield mine, is under lease and bond to the Hewett Mining Company.

This company expect to keep their mill running full capacity and will have an additional force developing at the Wakefield and Reed & Tenderfoot mines.

THE VANCOUVER MINES.

Operated by the LeRoy, No. 2, Company have shipped, up to the first of the present year, ore valued at $205,000.00. Of this amount $75,000.00 worth was shipped by former owners and lessees of the property.

During last year 15,000 tons of ore was milled at the Wakefield and the output was increased over 300 per cent. as compared with previous years. A large force of men are kept steadily at development work. The mine has a tramway connection with the Wakefield mill, and the company are this season installing a 12-drill compressor, and are making numerous other improvements, which will no doubt largely increase the output of the mine.

THE STANDARD MINE.

Another notable silver-lead producer of this section is the "Standard." From this mine 1,600 tons of ore have been shipped, valued at $100,000.00, and large ore reserves are in sight for future use.

The management expert to keep about 25 men continuously at work.

The output for the year 1907 showed an increase of 200 per cent. over that of 1906. And the present year will see the record of last year more than doubled.

THE ALPHA MINE.

Situated adjoining, the Standard Mine is one of the oldest mines in the Slocan, and the first shipper from the Silverton district—The Alpha. For thirteen years idle, the mine is once again on the list of active operations—and will no doubt soon become a heavy shipper.

In the past years about 1,200 tons of silver-lead ore were shipped, aggregating in value $120,000.00. And present development is proving that valuable ore deposits are still at first hand.

THE BUFFALO MINE.

This property, situated near the Wakefield, is being extensively developed this year under the management of Samuel Watson.

65 tons of high grade ore were shipped from the property while under lease, and the present indications are that it will soon be on the active shipping list.

THE FISHER MAIDEN.

This is another property which has done extensive development work, and also shipped several cars of rich ore. Of late, however, this mine has been closed, owing to lack of funds for much-needed development, but, it is reported, the management have decided to resume active operations this season.

THE EMELY EDITH.

This is another mine in which many thousands of feet of development work has been done, showing up large bodies of silver, lead and zinc milling ore, together with some of high grade. About 1,200 tons have been treated with satisfactory results, and this mine will make a big producer when machinery is installed for the economical saving of the values of the ore.

THE GALENA MINES

Also have a big showing of silver-lead-zinc ore ready to mine, but the owners are apparently awaiting a more favorable condition of the zinc market, as this metal is at present an important asset of their ores. A watchman is kept looking after the property, and they are apparently in readiness to resume operations at any time.

THE NOONDAY.

That such a property should be idle is unfortunate. Over 600 tons of very high grade ore was shipped from this property while under lease and bond valued at about $45,000.00, and the property has all the "earmarks" of a good producer; but has been closed for some time owing to adverse circumstances, evidently not the fault of the property. It is understood that negotiations are now under way which, if successful, will once again place this property on the shipping list.

THE COMSTOCK MINE.

The Comstock has been operated under lease and bond, and something over 500 tons of silver-lead ore has been shipped from the property, and the owners hope soon to resume operations and carry out the extensive development undertaken in the past.

THE "L." "H." MINE.

Concerning this property very little has hitherto found its way into the news columns and, consequently, few realize that there is a gold belt near Silverton, and that several properties are being slowly developed, with remarkably good results. The chief work on this line has been done on the "L." "H.," and the owners have been rewarded for their perseverance and outlay by large bodies of pay ore being exposed in their lowest level, which will undoubtedly pay a good profit and the mine will be an immense producer when necessary capital is invested for the proper handling and treatment of the ore.

SANDON FOOTBALL CLUB, VICTORIA DAY, 1907. —Photo by Kelly, of New Denver.

We have mentioned above some of the producers of Silverton District. There are numerous other prospects, with good showings of ore awaiting capital for development. Prominent among these might be mentioned the "Torpedo," "Lou Dillon," "Prescott," "Deception," "Golden," "Rockland," "Silver Nugget," "Gem" and "Cliff."

Coming down to the fertile bench lands adjacent to Silverton we find agricultural resources that are second to none in B. C.

Fronting on this portion of Slocan Lake and extending back to the foothills are more than 5,000 acres of land, most of it suitable for general farming, and is especially adapted to fruit growing, there being none better, as can be demonstrated by those having tracts of land now under cultivation.

Situated close to Slocan Lake, with a mild and equitable climate, good soil, well watered, having good waggon roads leading through the main avenues, and with public improvements annually increasing—where can you find better inducements for the homeseeker?

The rapidly expanding mining industry will furnish a home market for all the various products of the farm and garden at top prices.

Silverton is the supply point for this district and the most charming residential town of the Slocan country.

Wm. H. Hunter, M.P.P.

Fifteen years ago Wm. Hunter, after carefully looking over the different districts, decided that Silverton was destined to become the leading centre of the Slocan, and so establishsed the first permanent business venture of the camp as a general merchant, under the firm name of Hunter & McKinnon. The wisdom of his choice is the history of the place, and it is only a fitting tribute to his labors in behalf of the country that he should now be representing the Slocan riding as member of the Provincial Parliament, where he is displaying the same business acumen in the Legislative chamber as in a private enterprise. With his family he resides in one of the finest dwellings in Silverton.

SILVERTON WATER WORKS.

The town boasts of the first system of water works to be installed in any of the lake towns, and it is being rapidly extended wherever needed. Its source of supply is Hume Creek, which is fed by the purest of springs. An adequate reservoir keeps plenty of water in reserve in case of fire, with plenty of pressure.

BUSINESS HOUSES.

T. H. Wilson, general merchant, successor of Wm. Hunter & Co., carries one of the largest stocks of general merchandise to be found in this part of B. C., and is thus able on short notice to supply any sized order in all lines.

In this line of business F. F. Liebscher conducts one of the best establishments in the Kootenay, carrying a complete stock, and all the work being done in Silverton.

Mrs. A. Carey, grocer, carries a full line in this department, and operates the town dairy. In partnership with her sons she also operates a livery stable, where she always aims to have saddle horses and teams always on hand for the accommodation of the public.

The firm of J. McKinnon have also lately engaged in the grocery business, and aim to have on hand a full line of choice goods.

They also manage the Silverton post office, which is located in the same building.

Silverton is quite fortunate in having three first-class hotels to supply the demands of the public. Here you will find splendid accommodation and excellent meals at either the Selkirk, D. Brandon, proprietor; the Windsor, D. Grant, proprietor, or the Victoria, Mrs. A. Carey, proprietress.

In the general freighting business J. Cavan, who resides here with his family, is kept constantly busy, and keeps a number of heavy teams for supplying the demands of the public in that line.

The Silverton school is presided over by Mrs. B. F. McNaught, a recent arrival, and is in a flourishing condition, the citizens generally taking a deep interest in the welfare of this institution, which augers well for the community.

A Union church, and the Roman Catholic church are both spacious and comfortable, and services are regularly held there by the different denominations.

The real estate business is represented by J. W. M. Tinling, who is secretary of the Silverton Progressive Association, and will always be found ready to give any information obtainable as to resources of the district.

The Silverton Progressive Association is taking an active part in public improvements, and at the present time they have the lumber on the ground for, and will proceed to put down, over 3,000 feet of new sidewalks.

As a means of communication with the outside world, the Canadian Pacific give the place a daily service each way and a double service three times a week, the steamer Slocan connecting with trains at each end of the lake and carrying mail, passengers and freight on each trip.

HOTEL WINDSOR
SILVERTON, B.C.
Visitors to this charming spot will receive all the comforts of a home at the Windsor. I personally look after the interests and comforts of my guests.
Duncan Grant, Proprietor

VICTORIA HOTEL
MRS. A. CAREY, Prop.
Stay at the Victoria Hotel when visiting Silverton. Your visit will be a memorable one. First-class rooms and excellent cuisine.
SILVERTON, B. C.

SELKIRK HOTEL
The home for tourists and mining men. Guides furnished and the creature comforts of guests personally superintended.
Dan Brandon, - - Prop.

The Challenge of the Mountain

By the Editor

A True Story of Western Grit and Hopes Realized.

THERE was no more than a hint of dawn where the eastern sky hung low upon the mountain when Frank E. Griffith, in that spring morning of '93, shouldered his pack and piked due north from the site upon which now stands Slocan City. In those early days at such an hour, the human flotsam and jetsam that ever drifts on the wave of prosperity, had scarce entered slumberland, and even then there were to be seen those wolf-eyed habitues of the gambling tables prowling from cabin to cabin in search of the food for which their lustful souls craved. With a nod and a polite "Bon Soir," the hero of this sketch passed through a group of men and women of such calibre. With a smile he banteringly declined the invitation of a painted jade to partake of a "jolt of redeye" ere he hit the grit; for like the majority of men who follow the pursuit of precious metals, and whose craving for liquor ceases at the moment the resolve is made to commune with Nature, the invitation held no inducements for him.

Built of that swarthy type that knows no fear, his picturesque figure swung across the clearing and the ponderous load which his broad shoulders bore, rolled in rhythm with his swinging stride. Soon among the alder he passed from view, and that was the last for eight months the fitful camp saw of this bronzed pioneer.

But let us follow him at a respectful distance. No trails, as now, existed. His practised eye sought for the spots where foothold was secure. For two hours he skirted the shore line of the lake, then up, up, he beat through the bush, the prodigious load at his shoulders nigh bending him double, but never for a moment letting up until, arrived at a trilling rivulet, he loosened his shoulder straps and emitted a "wheugh!"

Here he pitched his rude tent and baked his bannock; and there in the cool of the evening while he sucked his pipe and gazed into the dying embers, his inner soul was stirred at the awful hush of the bush and the grandeur of his surroundings. Far from the busy haunts of men, into the very heart of a primeval forest in which foot of man had ne'er hitherto trodden, who can wonder that his first night amidst the solitude was depressing? Tossing upon his couch of cedar boughs, rifle at hand, sleep refused to woo him, and at a safe distance the coyotes whined a miserere, while the hoot owl to the moon complained. He could hear the crackling of the branches as a member of the bear family soughed his way through the brush, and a porcupine had thrice been ejected from his abode ere the steel rays of the morning light shot across the threshold, and it was then Morpheus sought him but not before he had in those waking hours agreed with his revolting soul that the world's wealth was unevenly distributed, and that though some were born in the lap of luxury, wealth would not come to him unless he wooed it from the bowels of the earth, and his remarkable resolve was made: "I'll make a stake. I'll make a stake! With these hands I'll make a stake!"

And so for six months he pursued his solitary, though fascinating, mission. All the hardships of a prospector's life came, stayed and made way for a harder series; bacon and beans, beans and bacon, until at the end of eight months, when the snow began to linger, his meagre fare consisted of bannock, and bannock, and then porcupine. Before repairing to camp to reimburse his commissariat he built a substantial cabin, but ne'er a wayfarer had yet shared with him his humble abode.

Frank had discovered a few weeks previously some float which his long association with ore led him to believe was galena permeated with grey copper, or, to be more technical, sulphide of silver. If this was not a "fool-killer," there was wealth, wealth, awaiting him open-armed. But he had yet before him the task of locating the lode, and in such a rugged country, a piece of rock becoming dislodged in its downward flight might richochet from crag to crag, and ere reaching horizontal ground travel miles by an indirect route from its base.

It was his firm purpose, then, to locate this lode, and though the drifting snows had paralyzed his efforts for the nonce, early spring saw him eagerly scratching high up above the timber line, poring into every cranny, examining with the eye of an expert every piece of rock which seemed foreign to the general formation, and mentally classifying the divers specimens to the distinct category.

Times there were when hope in the average man would have been irretrievably crushed. At that time the country was ringing with the reports of rich strikes, and upon occasions when he had to make excursions to the camp to replenish his larder, he would see his old "tillicums" fat in purse and sleekly groomed, as the outcome of a sale of a mineral claim upon which the gladding ore had been located. Back to his own cabin he would slip, the only man upon the unbeaten trail to the Westmont (which he had fondly named his mineral claim after a celebrated race horse), and then he would, with renewed energy, resume his researches.

At last after another year's prospecting within a mile of his cabin, he again picked up more "float," and this spurred him on. Scanning the outcroppings, as he clambered up its precipitous surface inch by inch, his heart at last gave a great throb of pleasure. There he distinguished the apex of the ledge for which he sought, and as he plied his pick vigorously he saw evidences of mineral, but nowhere could he discern enough to warrant him continuing the struggle.

"A voice from out of the ground seemed to whisper to me," he said. "Down, down to the bowels of the earth the secrets of the eternal hill remain for you to reveal! Dig! Dig! you surely shall conquer!" And the sturdy son of the purpling mountains returned to his cabin, his teeth set, his finger nails buried into the flesh until the veins of his copper-colored arms stood out like whipcords. He alone realized the magnitude of the task before him. To recede from his purpose now would lessen his regard for his own indomitable self. He would go on and obey the voice which came to him from Nowhere, and ere he reached his cabin he turned, squared his shoulders, and issued a glorious challenge to the mountains.

There in the hush of the snow, this proud son of the Anglo-Saxon race raised his brawny arms to Heaven, and as he faced the hill upon which his lone herculean efforts were to be centred, he registered this vow:

"By the bones of the sweet mother who gave me birth; by the hopes of the good and the power of the Almighty, I swear never to let up. I'll make a stake, or leave my bones to bleach upon the rocks that now beckon and lure me to their depths!"

The rest is soon told, but wealth was slow in opening up a vista to him. For twelve years, living the solitary life of hermit, he stripped the outcroppings, and during that time he, unaided, bored into the mountains through the hard granite with his chisel-shaped steel, a distance of 1,200 feet. He was his own engineer, miner, mucker and blacksmith. With an improvised wheelbarrow he conveyed to the portal of his long tunnel all the dirt he loosened from the face. Think of that, ye mining magnate, who leach from suckers and complain if the most approved and modern machinery is not at your command. He was his own cook, chambermaid and housewife, and all to secure a competence and add to the world's riches.

During the long period of activity on his part the Slocan had been acclaimed as the mecca of the mines, but its spasmodic leap to prominence as the banner lead-producing section of the world was not an influence for the country's good. When the known surface showings were gathered in, and fortunes had been made in a night, there came a time when the rich veins had to be explored at depth and then the crucial test of men and companies began. As with all other silver camps, history repeated itself. Few of the so-called mining companies got further than mining the pockets of their confiding shareholders when the first boom had hushed, and so the Silvery Slocan received its first black-eye, and it is only now proudly raising its head because deep mining has in every instance paid, and those who were either too deep in the mire to withdraw, and those with unlimited confidence, are now reaping a reward.

And so through the change Frank Griffith kept steadily ahead. Lack of capital alone prevented him from devoting his sole attention to his life's project. When provisions were out, back he would go to town and cut cordwood until his labor had refilled his larder for another bout. Well-meaning friends would try and dissuade him from his purpose. "Frank is too good a fellow," they would remark, "to waste his life upon a futile search," but he would sagely shake his head and retort: "He who laughs last, laughs best."

It was in the fall of last year that Frank did something which made his most sanguine friends feel alarm for the state of his mind. Visitors to the prospect found him one day very busy constructing ore bins. Surely with no ore in sight this was the last straw—and the glances that passed between the visitors were not reassuring, nor were they unseen by Frank. His answer to their queries is best given by one of them:

"Sit down," said Frank. "I know what's passing through you fellows' minds; you think I'm bughouse. Look me square in the eyes; do you see anything wrong with me? You're alarmed for my sanity. Now, drop it. I'm as sound as a trivet in mind and body; wad very low; but before a month has passed I'll fill those ore bins with some of the richest dope the Slocan ever saw. Now, go down the hill and I'll be there with the juice in a month."

A few weeks later news leaked over that Frank Griffith had struck it rich. To verify the report samples were shown around that assayed thousands of dollars to the ton. The trail to the Westmont was then a well-worn one. Frank came down from the hill with a grin as extended as the sidewalk, and the assays were placed in his hands. "Say, you fellows," he remarked, "want a job sacking ore?" and a dozen men hit the pike the next morning at daybreak. The first car from the Westmont was shipped out in a few days, the net returns from which were $27,000.

Frank Griffith can be seen nearly every day at the Arlington Hotel, Slocan City, of which he is the genial Boniface. The Westmont Mining Company, of which Frank E. Griffith is the managing director, is regularly shipping rich ore to the smelter, and all concerned are becoming rich men Mr. Griffith still holds a half-interest in the issue of stock.

We believe there are not more than two instances on record where a man so tenaciously stuck to his property, and he is ever ready to say to a prospector who considers himself down and out: "Stay with it, my lad, and keep a stiff upper lip!"

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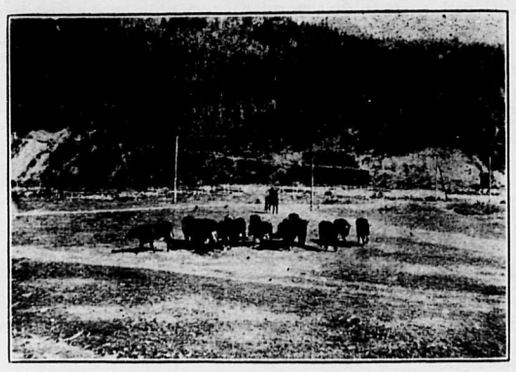
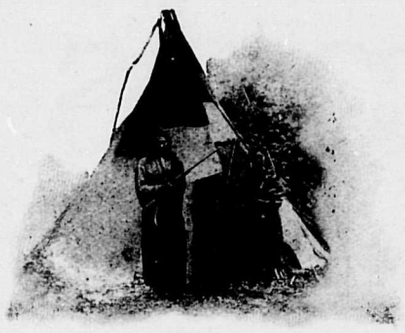


A NEW DENVER SCENE
Rounding the Steers.

SLOCAN HOSPITAL
New Denver, B.C.



THE OLD ORDER CHANGETH

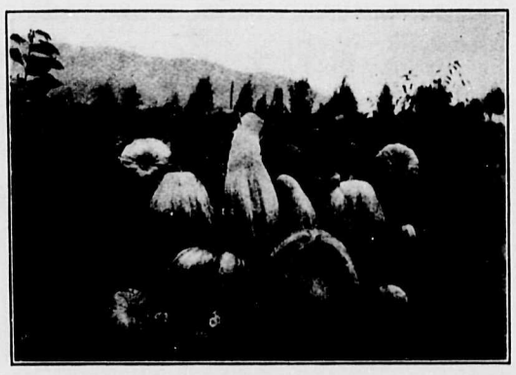
A WILD BERRYING PARTY
Note the Capacity of the Pails.

THE LAKE IS EVER AN ATTRACTION

WHERE RAIL AND STEAMBOAT MEET.
Slocan City Advancing with the Times.

A NEW DENVER SCENE
"Corralling the Mutton."

B.C.'S FIRST LINE OF DEFENCE
Members of the Slocan Rifle Club.



GROWN BY T. AVISON AT NEW DENVER UPON VIRGIN SOIL
These took first prizes easily at Nelson Fair, 1907. With the rocks taken from his ground Mr. Avison has built a most substantial fence, which can be seen in the back-ground.

Exploring The New Denver Glacier

By J. C. HARRIS

THE supply of Dark Continents, nay, even of Polar regions that remain to be conquered by the ambitious and restless sons of men, is becoming very limited, and soon the adventurous person who seeks the "bubble reputation" for having been the "very first" to explore some remote region will weep perforce like the ancient Macedonian, for there will be nothing left for him to conquer; therefore a plain account of a bit of genuine exploration and hard work in the mountains of British Columbia is likely to prove interesting.

How the mountain and glacier remained unexplored in full sight of the town of New Denver seems peculiar and should be explained, for ever since old Eli Carpenter, the queer little French-Canadian prospector, had located the first of the rich claims around Sandon, and the fame of the silver lead ores of the Slocan had been noised abroad, the mountains to the east of the Slocan Lake had been overrun by prospectors, and every ridge and draw in the country had been searched for "float" or the outcrop of a ledge. But to the West of the Slocan Lake there is a sudden change, the ancient shales of the Slocan, in which the veins containing the silver lead ores occur, suddenly give place to a granite formation, huge, massive, and "hungry-looking" to the eye of the skilled prospectors, who soon turned back to search amongst the more promising looking country to the East.

Circumstances had reduced the exploring party from six to three, and three are plenty for such an expedition, for with greater numbers the chances of mishaps and delays are increased and the breakdown of one individual might ruin the whole expedition. Our plans were carefully laid and succeeded, as few of even the best laid plans of mice and men are credited with doing. The weather last summer was very unsettled, therefore we determined to start directly we saw a chance, and having elected a captain in the person of William Thomlinson, who agreed to make all preparations and organize the commissariat department, we bided our time, and on Wednesday morning word came that we were to start soon after noon.

Under Thomlinson's leadership there was very little fuss or delay at the start, and shortly after 2 p.m. we were gliding peacefully in a beautiful little naphtha launch towards the point whence we were to start up the mountain. The two miles of calm water was soon crossed, and we quickly disembarked and started to make up our packs. First our blankets were spread out on the ground, and the parcels of provisions were divided amongst the three packs. Then each pack was rolled up into a neat, compact bundle, and each man took a spare pair of blue canvas overall trousers, and put the end of the pack into the body of the trousers, buttoned them up, and tied them tightly round the waist. Then the legs were turned back and tied to the other end of the pack securely, thereby making of the legs splendid shoulder straps, and we were ready to start climbing. Our whole outfit was of the simplest and lightest possible nature. Experience and study had enabled our captain to reduce our supplies to a minimum, and at the end of four days we had had just enough of everything, but hardly anything was left over.

Both Thomlinson and myself were well used to "walking logs," and all three of us had taken the precaution to have our nail boots well studded with good hob nails before we started (not too many nails but just enough to give a good firm foothold wherever we trod). Now we made our way carefully along, taking no risks. At times we found some great log lying so that we could walk comfortably along it for fifty yards, and at times it took a whole lot of climbing to make even that much progress. "The path of true love never did run smooth," but I hope that most of my readers may find it smoother than that valley. At times we were like Mahomet's coffin, suspended between heaven and earth, and with a decided tendency to come a cropper on the latter, unless we most carefully selected our footing, for at times we were as much as twenty feet from the ground, and for a great distance we never stepped on anything but logs and boulders, so dense was the wreckage. At the end of the valley rose a wall of rock over which a splendid waterfall was dashing and which seemed to bar all further progress. Six o'clock found us at the head of the valley and close to the falls. Here we thought of camping, but there was much spray and a general dampness, so we decided to climb the hillside to the right and there try to find a place to camp. We pushed on, making our way with great difficulty, for the mountain was very steep and rough. We looked constantly for a possible camping ground but could find none. It began to grow dusk, and we began to grow less particular and would have thankfully camped at many places we had previously scorned. We should now have hailed with delight even three by six feet of fairly flat ground. Now we climbed with desperate energy, for we realized that it was a case of reaching the top of the precipice and getting to the second valley, and in this we finally succeeded, and just as it grew dark we found a place which, however, could only be described as less steep, and we determined to camp

Off went our packs. Thomlinson and Nelson made a fire. I went off for water from the creek, and soon we had a roaring blaze, and our pots duly slung over it. Then we turned to solve the bed question, and it did not look very inviting. The ground was comparatively flat, but only when compared with slopes of fifty or sixty degrees, and it had a granite boulder sticking up in it which refused to move. However, we worked desperately, collecting rotten logs, rocks, anything to throw in, and make it more level, and we cut a lot of hemlock brush and spread it to the best advantage by the flickering fire light. Our supper consisted of a can of pork and beans and a big pot of boiled rice, also a slice of bread and butter all washed down with plenteous tea. The night was perfect. As we stretched ourselves on our queer bed, gazing up into the glorious firmament, we fell into a pleasant talk of the day's doings, and of our plans and hopes for the morrow. It was a combination of beauty and majesty never to be forgotten—the noble mountains outlined against the stars. I have seen muddy old Father Thames in London transfigured into beauty by the glamour of moonlight, and here the mysterious influence of the night was shed over some of the grandest mountain scenery that earth can boast. Our appreciation of the scenery was soon interfered with by the discomforts of our bed. We found that we had an irresistible inclination

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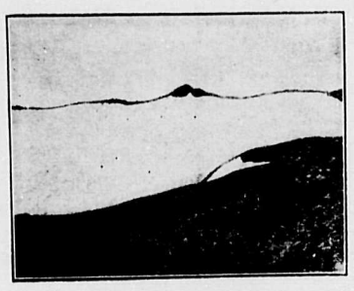
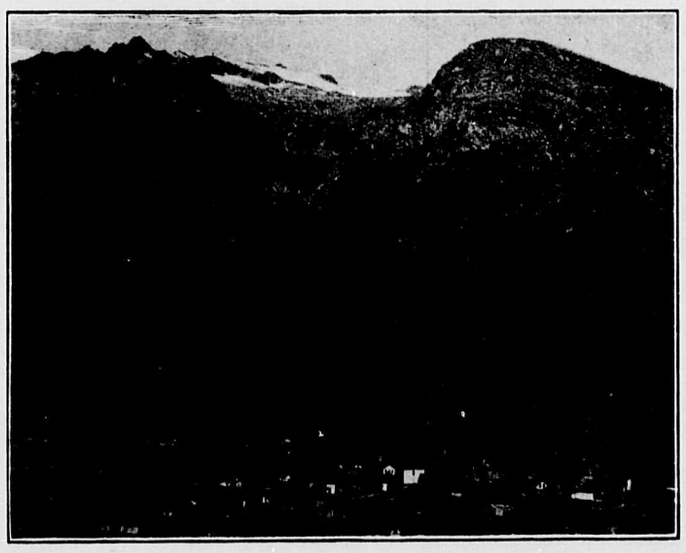


NEW DENVER GLACIER
A Sea of Eternal Ice.

to slide down hill. We were a magnificent illustration of glacial movement, as I explained to my friend Thomlinson, but as he was representing the moraine of the glacier, and his back was up against a granite projection, even his enthusiasm for

THOMLINSON AND I SET OUT TO CLIMB THE RIDGE OPPOSITE THE GLACIER

science was scarcely equal to the occasion. After struggling vainly to hold ourselves up for what seemed a geological period, we concluded to



THE GLACIER AS SEEN FROM NEW DENVER

slide and had no sooner begun to do so than my feet touched a friendly log, against which I braced myself and obtained some measure of comfort and even of sleep. There was no danger of oversleeping under such circumstances, and with the first streak of daylight, we were busy getting breakfast, and had actually to wait after breakfast for sufficient light to proceed safely.

Another valley very similar to the first, and another stiff climb, brought us to the third valley. Here we were very thankful to leave the burnt timber behind and find easier travelling. Both deer and bear tracks were here very numerous; in fact the deer had regular trails which it was easy to follow. The timber was much smaller than that which was growing in the lower valleys. First the Douglas firs, then the cedars had disappeared, now hemlock was the principal timber, which in its turn gave way to the hardy balsams, and after them the bare hillside, with a few scrubby ill-used looking bushes and real white heather in abundance. We now found the camp of the party which preceded us, with its welcome addition to our supplies, also a fine tent, a veritable castle. We quickly included these treasures in our packs, and set forth once more through a lovely country, but our packs were now very heavy, and after about an hour's hard work, we chose a splendid camping ground, and with an immense sense of relief threw off our packs. It was about noon, and we had been on the march since six a.m., therefore no time was lost. Our commander-in-chief himself superintended the cooking, whilst Nelson stripped off a vast amount of "mountain feathers," *i.e.*, small twigs, to make a soft bed of. I chopped firewood and got tent poles. Our dinner was a glorious success, and our ecstasies rivalled those of the celebrated Chinaman who first discovered roast pork, as we attacked the noble ham that we had captured from the deserted camp, and drank our tea. There was a sense of achievement, also, in that the worst of our journey was over, and we were free of those wearisome packs. Next, we set our camp in order, making everything snug and secure, for the weather was none too certain.

Then Thomlinson and I set out to climb the ridge opposite the glacier so that we could pick out the best route for the next day's work. We had a glorious scramble, coming on a

THOMLINSON TO THE FORE
Skirting Hunter Peak.

place where a prospector in the early days had worked hard to try and find a mine, but his efforts, we concluded, reflected more credit on his pluck than his skill as a prospector. We climbed to the very top of the ridge, which was very steep and rose to an absolute knife edge, for there was not half an inch of level rock at the top. Steep as was the ascent from the south, the northern slope was almost precipitous and we looked down into a vast hollow, with Mill Creek thousands of feet below. As we followed a goat trail along this dizzy ridge a fine eagle rose from a neighboring crag, looking singularly appropriate to these wild scenes. We carefully selected our route for the morrow's climb to the glacier, and then returned to camp. A comfortable, almost luxurious bed of mountain feathers, with their savour of resin and balsam, utter weariness and the pleasant little brook murmuring by, no wonder that I only awoke to hear the others discussing the great thunderstorm that had broken overhead during the night, and made us bless our friendly tent most fervently. The morning was far from promising and it was still raining. However,, there was improvement before long, and the sun was shining when we started out.

The wind was too keen to encourage us to linger, and in a few minutes we were at the very edge of the glacier and prepared to go on it. We had a piece of rope about thirty feet long, with loops at each end and one in the middle. Thomlinson went first, Nelson in the middle, I was to act as archor in case of emergency, and brought up the rear. Each held a loop securely, and we kept the rope taut between us, so that if one slid down a steep place or into a crevasse he would be checked immediately. We had chosen our path well, and found the travelling pretty good, though there was a lot of fresh snow in places up to our knees. Here we proceeded very cautiously, for fear of hidden crevasses. We greatly wished that we had had an alpenstock, or some pole to prod into the snow and find out on what we were going to step. We crossed a number of small crevasses only an inch or two wide, but very deep, and we saw a lot of bigger ones, but avoided them. There came a very sudden and quite unexpected change in the weather, and a snow storm came on, apparently from nowhere. This was most disconcerting, and as it grew heavier, our prospects of reaching the top of the mountain grew small. We stood still, fearing to move forward for fear of crevasses, and most unwilling to turn back. We determined to eat lunch and nibbled our sea biscuits as we stood up to our knees in the snow, feeling decidedly blue and cold. Suddenly a mountain peak loomed forth through the snow, then disappeared, and reappeared, and lo, the storm was over—the comforting sun shone forth in a clear blue sky. May all our troubles end thus happily. On we went, making our way up and across the icefield towards the farthest and highest peak; the last part was very steep and we were very cautious for fear of losing our footing. At last we reached the bare rocks of the peak, but it was obviously impossible to get up from the side we approached, for the rocks were actually overhanging like the crest of a gigantic breaker. We crept on to a lower point in the ridge, from which we looked down over a precipice into another valley, even wilder and more desolate looking than anything we had yet seen. Here Thomlinson picked out a possible line of ascent, but Nelson felt that he could not trust his head for the final climb, so Thomlinson and I started alone. We made our way over the ridge to the south side and then climbed up and along the ridge to the very top. The frost had weathered the granite into a great pile of loose rocks; at the very summit there seemed nothing solid. This scramble took only a few minutes and we were shaking hands over the topmost rock and putting a few records of our achievement in secure places. Then back to rejoin Nelson, and to escape from the keen wind.

We returned by a rather shorter and steeper route, and looked down into a crevasse about a foot wide, but apparently of enormous depth. There were many boulders on the ice in places, slowly but surely travelling down to join their brothers in the moraine, and at the foot of the glacier were numbers of little streams hastening to the muddy creek which flowed down the valley. The red oxide of iron from the rocky debris on the glacier had given the ice a decidedly pink tint in places.

To the left of the glacier is another one, a mere remnant of a glacier, skulking behind the mountain from its enemy the victorious sun. Beyond the mountain we climbed is a great sea of mountains and other glaciers—waiting to be explored—a most fascinating country for the sportsman, geologist or mountaineer. We returned next day, carefully surveying the country as we went for the best line on which to build a trail so that others might be able to enjoy this glorious scenery. In this we were very successful, and were able to pick out a very practicable route, so that when the wreckage of logs is cleared away and "switchbacks" graded out up the steep places, it will be perfectly easy to ride or walk right to the glacier in a few hours. The citizens of New Denver have taken up this work with enthusiasm, and already a lot of the trail is built. The rest will be finished this spring and a comfortable cabin erected for the convenience and shelter of visitors. Thomlinson had been informed that in several places an outcrop of slate had been observed, which, if true, would make it appear that the mighty granite mountains over which we struggled had been thrown up on top of the slate by some enormous convulsion of nature. But close inspection revealed the fact that the supposed slate was really an altered form of the granite, due to the "shearing" action or slow movements of these enormous masses of rock.

There was more time to examine the waterfalls and other features of the valley on our return journey and we took a good many rests, for we had heavier packs than we had started with, in fact mine weighed almost fifty pounds, owing to the addition of the heavy wet tent, and some little mementoes of the trip.

Now, once again, we are at the shore of the lake and have lit the signal fires, which soon bring a launch to our assistance. We learn that our friends in New Denver have been watching our progress across the icefield through telescopes and field glasses, and now are waiting to give us a hearty welcome as we step ashore.

As being the first to reach the summit of the mountain and to explore the glacier, we had the right to give names to the mountain peaks, etc., and this we did. Thomlinson made a most excellent map of the country on which the names chosen were marked and thereby fixed for all time.

When Nelson and Thomlinson feel inclined to take another trip in the mountains they will find an enthusiastic follower in the person of

Yours truly,
J. C. HARRIS.

"BOUNTEOUS SLOCAN"

It's Fruit Growing Possibilities--A Land of Opportunity

TIME was when the man who suggested the Silvery Slocan as a coming fruit growing centre would have been laughed at; but what a change has come over the scene since the early invaders, imbued only with the mad desire for speedy wealth, first lit their camp fires and set up their tents! Still, there were those among the early pioneers who reasoned that it was quite within the possibilities and when the tents made way for shacks, and these gave place to substantial dwellings, the test was made. Charles Aylwin has the distinguished honor of planting the first apple tree in the district. It was he who laid the foundation of what is destined to become an important industry. He rightly reasoned that where wild bush fruits were so prolific, the larger varieties would flourish. True, he was compelled to hear much good natured chaff at the onset, but when in the following spring the young trees were luxuriant in bloom and the domestic fruit and vegetables grew so abundantly and of such startling dimensions, others were swift to follow his example, and in a few years thousands of trees were blooming in the fair town of New Denver. And now, at this time when we write, bounteous Spring in all its fulsome gladness is upon us, and upon the delicious warm breezes there is wafted to our sanctum a fragrant ozone from the multi-hued orchards nearby. At this date, when we write, May 22, 1908, the early spring home-grown vegetables and garden stuff has been freely partaken of in every household, and the cherry trees, having thrown off their bloom, even now show off their burden of fruit, which will be garnered in a month. Gooseberries have been picked, wild strawberries have been placed upon our table, and the thrifty housewife finds time in the evening to hoe the potatoes. We do not believe there is another spot in the Dominion of Canada that can show such early results; nor is there a better climate anywhere. A mild winter retired leaving no semblance of frost in the ground, and many are the instances we can record of flowers blooming under the snow. Here we experience no heavy snowfall during the winter; six to ten inches is invariably the limit, and when Jack Frost arrives he has no terrors for our neighbors. Indeed, the hockey club deems itself fortunate if ice can be manufactured at the skating rink. It will therefore be seen that in point of climate the lake towns of the Slocan can justly claim a priority over more advertised districts.

Then the question will naturally be asked, "Can you grow good marketable fruit in your district?" and our answer is, "We certainly can and do; we defy competition!" In point of size and quality the district has demonstrated its superiority in that respect, and we will even go so far as to record that New Denver grown apples have been exhibited in store windows at Nelson and attracted considerable attention among fruit experts. We also believe that New Denver holds the record for spud growing. Gigantic tubers mature in the virgin soil in a wondrous manner. One mammoth fellow was taken from Aylard's ranch last fall that weighed 7¼ lbs., which when cut into was as sound as possible. We also saw a large shipment of potatoes made that averaged 1¾ lbs. per potato, truly a record car. In June last, in W. Eccles' New Denver ranch, wheat could be seen that measured 5 ft., 10 in., and on J. C. Harris' ranch there was rye growing 8 ft., 2 in., from root to head. Think of it. This was on June 19th, last, and the summer barely started down east. Plowing was going on here 17th December last.

In the matter of transportation and location, Slocan Lake is singularly fortunate. It is situated about half way between the Crow's Nest and main lines of the C. P. R., and is on the direct line of connection between the two distributing points. Four times a day a capacious C.P.R. steamboat traverses the lake and carries passengers, mail and freight each trip, and at each end of the lake rail and steamer meet. It is in a position to compete to advantage with other fruit growing centres catering for British Columbia markets and those of the great Northwest. From the north outlet, Revelstoke on the main line, and eastern and western points clamor for our products. From the south the markets of the Crow's Nest road are open to us, and special arrangements are made through the medium of a Fruit Growers' Exchange for the disposal of the crops.

But there is a home demand always that we cannot fully supply. Last year thousands of boxes of apples were snapped up for home consumption, and it will be some time before the local demand can be coped with. The fruit growing industry is yet in its infancy, and not until more settlers locate upon our fertile land and swell the production can we hope to get along without importing apples from the American side. There are thousands of acres of most desirable land in this fertile valley awaiting the advent of the sturdy sons of Motherland. Within the next ten years the bench lands of Slocan Lake will be studded with fruit ranches and peopled by some of the best blood of the Old Land, and these will sing the praises of the Land of Opportunities, and other settlers will follow.

It follows that success must come. The Slocan has shown what it can do in the way of producing the big red apple, the luscious pear, grape, and bush fruits. The Slocan has the acreage and the soil, and it invites open-armed the influx of settlers to engage in the most fascinating of all industries. But we do not advocate a wild rush to our country. Too much fulsome flattery will bring along in its train inevitable disappointment, and we therefore refrain from any hackneyed phrases such as "You tickle the soil and it laughs!" The man who takes up a ten or twenty acre plot must be a worker. We shall not welcome the needy, shiftless immigrant who seeks something for nothing. We desire the cream of British settlers and shall oppose rigidly any attempt to colonize our land with Doukhobors or other undesirable foreigners. Essentially a British district the Slocan is giving a watchful eye to the assimilation of races, and we venture to predict that with this feeling dominating, the future generation will be a blend of Canadians and Britains that will be hard to beat.

It is our aim in these pages to inculcate a feeling of confidence within those British immigrants who are contemplating coming to Glorious Kootenay. We serve the grand old public, and we are happy in the knowledge that "Bounteous Slocan," like good wine, needs no bust. We are painfully aware that it is the custom of land sharks to laud their wares to the skies, and the discerning purchase invariably has to divide his promise by two and then deduct 25 per cent. for garnishing. But in this effort of ours the public is our employer and we cannot serve it too faithfully. We desire to say that misrepresentations find no part of our stock-in-trade. We are building up a business and endeavoring to populate our country. If we succeed in the latter we shall win in the former. Therefore, trend your steps, Mr. Homeseeker, Slocanwards. No need for you to purchase land on the "pig in a poke" system. You can come direct and purchase from men who originally staked the land and purchased from the government, thus effecting a great saving and checking fancy prices. Land can be purchased within a mile or so from towns where all social and educational privileges prevail, for as low as $15 an acre, uncleared, and improved land for from $50 to $100.

Twenty acres of this choice fruit land in a state of cultivation will yield an enormous revenue, but many settlers are taking up ten acre blocks only. It is profitable after the land has been cleared and the young fruit trees grounded, to freely set strawberry plants within the rows. This will well repay the labor of the first year because the demand for this luscious berry at present is enormous and the cry for "more" is ever growing up from the importers of the Northwest. Early bush fruits such as currents, raspberries, gooseberries, etc., will help to keep the young farmer solvent until his plum, pear, cherry and apple trees bear, and his income will be supplemented also in the meantime by the disposal of vegetables, for which there is always a big local demand.

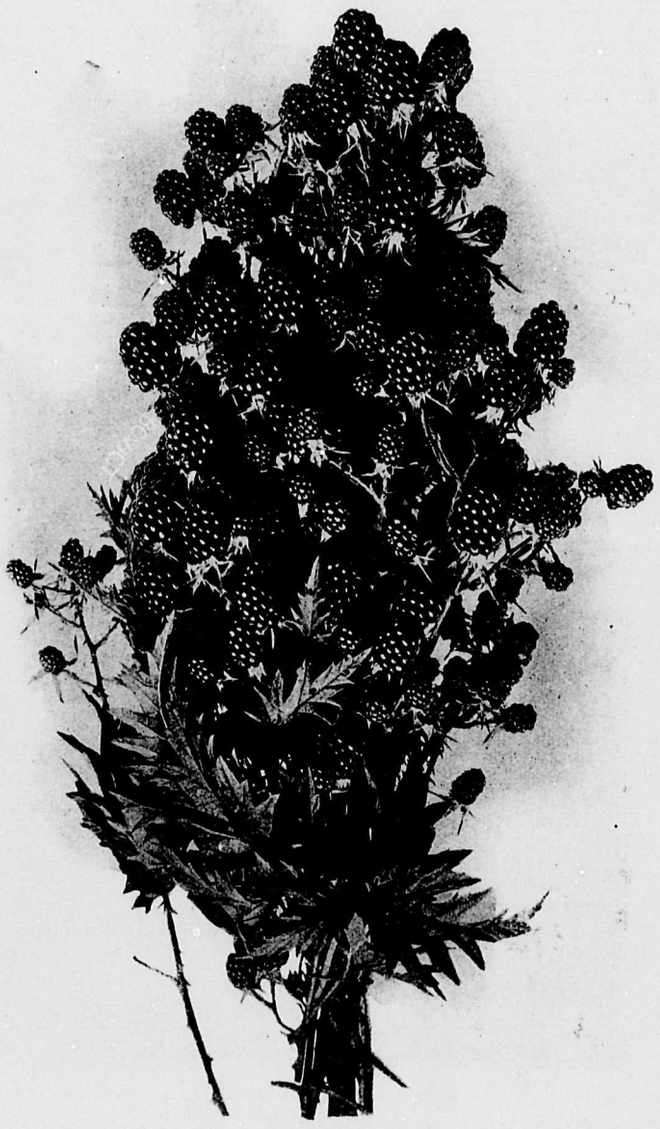
Another profitable side line is poultry-raising, and this alone is well worth considering as a means of livelihood and profit. Fresh eggs average in price 50 cents per dozen the year round, while table fowls find a ready sale at a dollar. Times there are when a fresh egg is a priceless jewel, thus proving that an important feature of farm life has been overlooked, and a splendid investment is awaiting some business persons with business methods.

Without generalizing too freely we have endeavored to show that there are golden opportunities going begging, and we feel that we need only place them before the homeseeker to prevail upon him to come to God's country and cast in his lot with us.

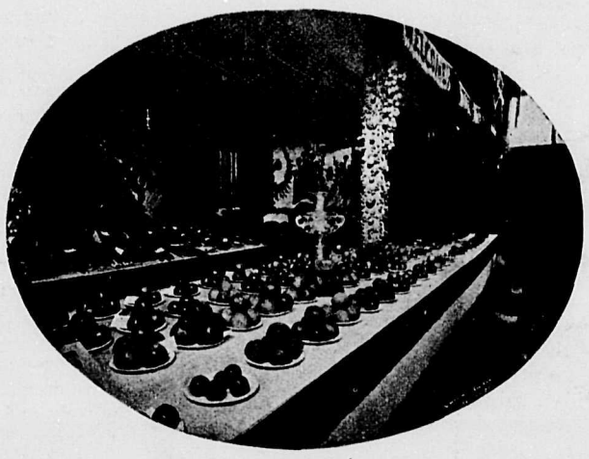
The editor of this paper will be pleased to give any information concerning any of the industries of the Slocan, or place prospective settlers in communication with reliable men. New Denver has a town improvement society, the secretary of which is Mr. Herbert Cue; Silverton has a Progressive Association and Mr. J. W. M. Tinling is secretary; Nakusp has a Commercial Club, and all these organizations have been formed for the purpose of giving reliable information to intending settlers.

THE BIG RED APPLE WINS EVERY TIME.

YOUNG ORCHARD, WITH STRAWBERRIES GROWING BETWEEN TREES.



AN HOME GROWN ARTICLE.



PART OF FRUIT EXHIBIT, NELSON FAIR.

CHERRIES IN BLOSSOM.

Mirage

WE'LL read that book, we'll sing that song,
But when? Oh, when the days are long;
When thoughts are free, and voices clear;
Some happy time within the year—
The days troop by with noiseless tread,
The song unsung; the book unread.

We'll see that friend, and make him feel
The weight of friendship, true as steel;
Some flower of sympathy bestow—
But time sweeps on with steady flow,
Until with quick, reproachful tear,
We lay our flowers upon his bier.

And still we walk the desert sands,
And still with trifles fill our hands,
While ever, just beyond our reach,
A fairer purpose shows to each.
The deeds we have not done, but willed,
Remain to haunt us—unfulfilled.

—Exchange.

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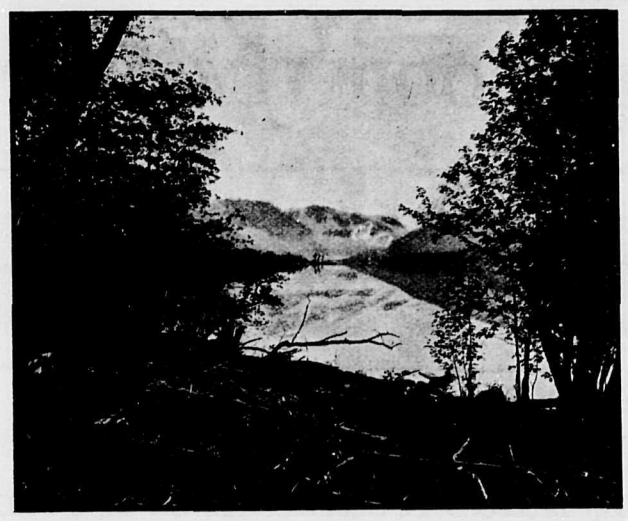
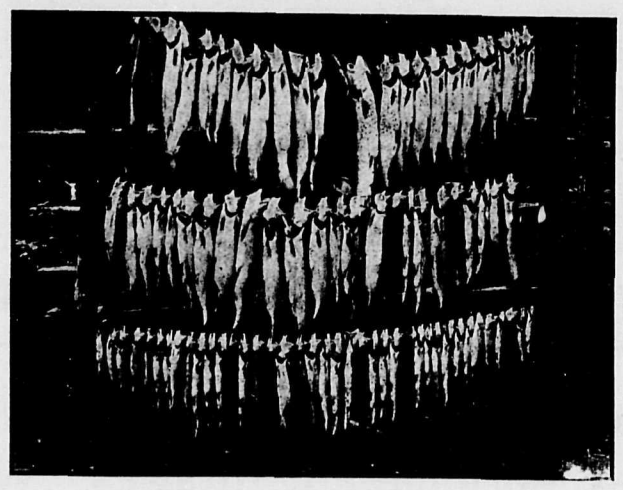


AN IDEAL SPOT.



A DAY'S CATCH WITH A SINGLE ROD.

I Sell Fruit Lands NOT Rocks

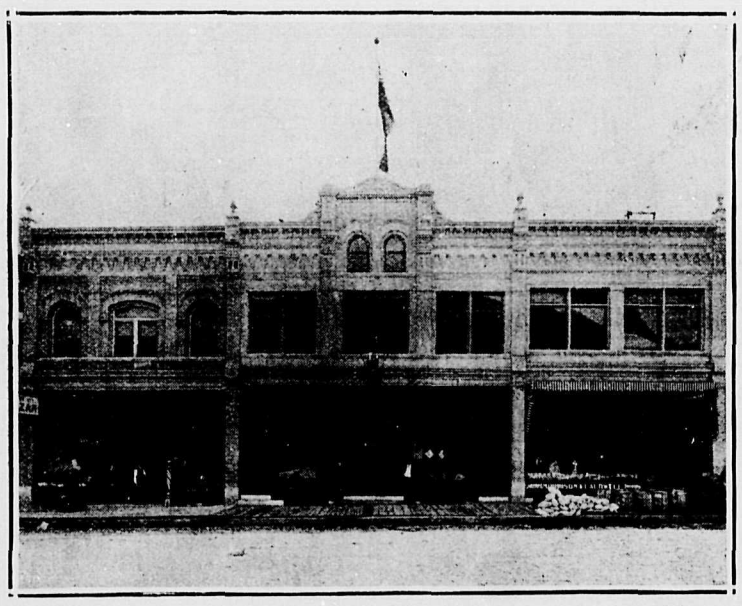
If you are interested write me for particulars. I have selling right for three thousand acres of the choicest lands in this valley at prices that are ridiculously small in comparison to those of other agents. There is a reason. I deal direct with the man who staked the land.

Mines——Timber——Real Estate

I have also some of the choicest mineral prospects in the district for sale. Fourteen years' experience of mining in all its branches is a recommendation that should suffice if you need an authentic report of any mine or prospect. Write with confidence to

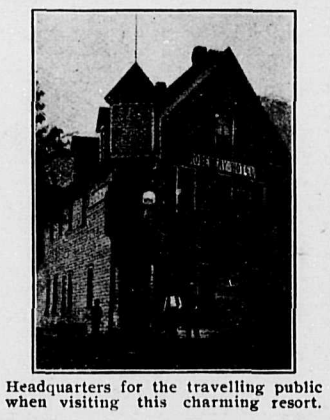
J. W. M. Tinling,——Silverton, B.C.

TREMONT HOTEL, Nelson, B.C. MALONE & TREGILLUS Props.



When visiting glorious Kootenay stop at this hotel. Rooms reserved by telegram

HOTEL ROSEBERY
Rosebery, B.C., Jos. Parent, Prop.



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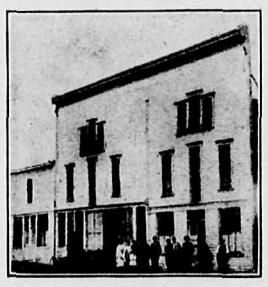
SLOCAN CITY



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Hotel Grand
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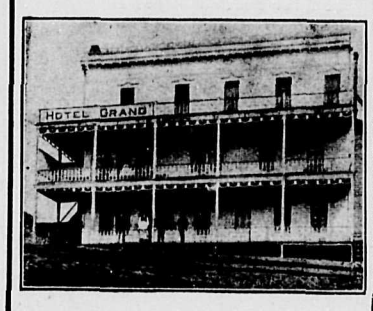

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Andy Jacobson, Prop. **NEW DENVER, B. C.**

A home from home. Everything that the heart of man desires is found at New Denver, and as a first-class hotel run on up-to-date lines, the St. James' fills the bill.

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New York is about to deepen Hell Gate, presumably to relieve the congestion of the Great White Way.

John Pierpont Morgan said that it felt "bully" to be a doctor of laws, which ought to be a word of warning to the bears.

Opposite Queen's Hotel. P. O. Box 476

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are fully set out in this Special Number, which makes it unnecessary for us to dilate on their exceptional advantages. We have lands located in every portion of the Slocan District—large and small blocks—improved and unimproved, for sale at all prices, and on terms to suit all.

LAND THAT WILL STAND INSPECTION

Our Manager at New Denver will furnish you, on request, with literature and the fullest details of the lands we offer for sale. Write for such, and address your post card or letter to

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