

WINNIPEG

THE GEM THAT IS SET IN THE GOLD OF THE WHEAT!

In 1804 the westward wave of immigration, over the supposedly illimitable territories of the United States, reached the southern extremity of Lake Michigan. A fort was established there; around which (by 1837) had grown up a population of about four thousand; and today the careful traveller may still discover that little frontier settlement in the centre of the city of Chicago.

Into that outpost at the foot of Lake Michigan, streamed the growing tide of land-hungry humanity, and it swept on into the West. And so, the frontier of civilization spread regularly and broadly across the land. By 1870 there were three hundred thousand people in the already great city of Chicago—but, in that year, there were as yet, only 215 souls in and around Fort Garry, in the far-away territories of North-West Canada. At the birth of Winnipeg, the Prairies were sleeping.

But the West is Awake To-Day! and Winnipeg is making civic history, in open competition with such progressive cities, as only the North American continent can show. Over the nineteenth century, the eyes of the world have been rivetted on the development of the areas and resources of the United States. To-day with a hundred million people between 'Frisco and New York, the eyes of the world turn northward to the last great vacant three hundred million acres of virgin soil over Western Canada. In 1912 these prairies are one of the brightest hopes of the

A hundred years ago, if anyone had predicted that Chicago would today take her place amongst the six greatest cities in the universe, that person would have been called "a dreamer"—and yet the years have matured that "dream." What, therefore, does the future hold for the already splendid Prairie City? I cannot say. I cannot be altogether sure. I only know that the years will bring increasing brilliance to Winnipeg: THE GEM THAT IS SET IN THE GOLD OF THE WHEAT.

PORTAGE AVENUE.

In the year 1900—The Dawn of Canada's Century—there were about forty thousand people in the city of Winnipeg. Up to that recent date, the one-time "Portage Trail" had not yet taken to itself, its present greatness. At that time (only yesterday, in the life of a city) it was still possible to stand and view a frequently quiet street; where, today—in the shadow of immense buildings—the clang of the street-car, the whistle of the auto, the rumble of freight traffic, and the hum of hurrying humanity, reminds the