



THE HISTORY of the most remarkable of the great American centres of population records nothing quite so startling in the rapidity of its growth as does the Canadian city of Winnipeg.

On both sides of the Atlantic, this audacious Western town keeps looming larger and larger before the public mind, and its story is, metaphorically, in every one's mouth.

In quest of more air and elbow room than is to be found in the stifling purlions of Fleet Street, and lured by the wonderful tales of progress in the Canadian West, some two years ago the writer with one or two other adventurous spirits set sail from Liverpool, with a clean shirt, a tooth-brush, and a smile for everyone.

Our objective could hardly be called a dead certainty, but we started to "find a way or make one" to the best that could be picked up in the country in response to well directed labor beginning at Winnipeg.

First Impressions of Winnipeg

No matter how accurate and painstaking are the published descriptions of a new country, the novice rarely succeeds in forming a correct idea of what he ultimately finds. First impressions here were of a peculiarly happy character and came little short of an astounding eye-opener. A "tin town" with a few more important studies in brick had been expected, but no West-bound wanderer on that transcontinental express who got off at Winnipeg was prepared for the splendidly built city of brick and stones with its still more ornamental villas of composite wood and stone.