

American as the Canadian. True, we have a few peerless Canadians who object to marrying their daughters to the 'horny handed,' but the vast majority of thinking Canadians are now coming to think pretty much as Uncle Sam does, and now prefer to marry their daughters to the almighty dollar rather than to an empty title." This little burst of eloquence seemed to have its effect.

It would seem that part of Henry George's prophecy, that in a few years the outlet for the surplus population of the United States would be barred by the Rockies, is about to be fulfilled. Here right at the foot of the rocky barrier the stream has spent itself. Horace Greeley's advice, "Go west, young man," would seem to have had its day, and the young man can no longer grow up with the country, for the country has already grown up. There is no West. The young man can no longer escape the disabilities of civilization. He must now accept civilization; he can no longer make it. His "westward ho!" ambition has not been gratified, it has been curbed, and we may expect soon the beginning of that conflict between the civilizations of the east and the west which Henry George predicted would result from the pent-up population.

Denver dates its existence from the year 1858, when a band of rough miners and adventurers built their shanties around that of General Larimer at the junction of Cherry Creek and Platte River. It is scarcely probable that those miners, as they panned the sands of the river for the gold they contained, ventured to predict that in the short space of a quarter of a century there would rise on that spot one of the handsomest, richest and busiest cities in the Union; that in a few years other factors, labour and commerce, would bring to that same spot more wealth than the lavish hand of nature had concealed in the sands. In 1860 the town was christened "Denver" in honour of Gen. J. W. Denver, at that time Governor of the State of Kansas. It was, however, in the Leadville excitement, which began in 1879, that the town commenced to make wonderful strides. The last five years have certainly shown a rapid and solid growth. The Denverites now claim a population of 150,000. I wish, however, to say just here, for the benefit of conservative easterners, that these eastern boom towns (Denver, of course, does not claim to be a boom town) through a patriotic regard for their own town, or perhaps through jealousy of their competitors, generally add a large percentage to the figures of the census enumerator, especially if the political proclivities of that individual are more in accord with the party than the city. To illustrate this percentage business, I was handed by an official of a certain western city a pamphlet supposed to be a description of that city, he informing me, however, that the pamphlet was not altogether correct, inasmuch as the city had outgrown it. On investigation it was found that certain of the large buildings, described as fixed and imposing realities, had as yet but vaguely appeared above the ground. It is a good deal the same with the population of these towns—it has but vaguely appeared above the dust. These western people deal on pretty fair margins. I can say this without fear, as a certain humorist would say, having paid full railroad fare and without a prospective subsidy from any of these towns. It may also be mentioned that travellers have considerable amusement in looking for these boom towns; sometimes they are disappointed, however, in not finding any. For instance, we talked an hour or more about a town by the name of "Barnes" before we came to it. When the train slackened up and the brakeman shouted out "Barnes," the eager crowd got out to take in the sights, the result being there was no town to be seen. Returning to our seats disappointed, one smart individual shouted out "There it is, over there," pointing to a solitary barn half a mile distant. The town was well named, except that it should have been "Barn" instead of "Barnes."

But to return to our subject; perhaps the most striking characteristic of Denver is its universally modern appearance. There is an entire absence of poor districts. There is no part of the city "old." Everything is new. The small house of the labourer is on a par with that of the millionaire in beauty and architectural design. It is built of brick with red sandstone facing, of which material Denver enjoys an unlimited and ready supply. In the outlying districts in place of the tumble-down corner grocery or blacksmith's shop there is a neat building of brick or red sandstone serving for either of those purposes.

Among the noteworthy buildings of the city may be mentioned the post office, an imposing structure of grey sandstone, now nearing completion. Work on the State Capitol has commenced. It is being built of Colorado granite, and will cost over a million dollars. Its dimensions are 383 by 313 feet at centre. Arapahoe County Court House is one of the finest structures in the city. It stands in the centre of spacious green lawns, and if the visitor will ascend to the top of the tower, 160 feet from the bottom, where he can view the whole city and surrounding landscape, he will be exactly one mile above the sea. He will probably exclaim as he stands there: "I don't expect to be so high in this world again." "Nor in the world to come," his exasperating companion will inform him. The city hall is another fine edifice, costing \$150,000. The Chamber of Commerce, an organization dating back to 1884, has a building worthy of the city. The church and educational buildings are in keeping with the city's generally modern appearance. The city is well supplied with beautiful churches of all denominations. Specially worthy of mention is Trinity M. E. Church, a building costing a quarter of a million dollars, with a

grand organ which alone cost thirty thousand dollars, the gift of one of the members of the church. The High School building is a large and magnificent structure, in one wing of which is a public library and reading-room of no mean order. Among the large assortment of newspapers, magazines, etc., in this reading-room may be found the representative Toronto journals. A Y.M.C.A. building, to cost \$200,000, is already projected.

Statistics prepared by the Chamber of Commerce show that in 1889 there were 497 manufacturing establishments, employing 11,352 people, wages paid \$7,869,630, and value of product \$40,453,269. The largest employers of labour were, in the order of their importance, the railroad shops, smelting and refining works, brick makers, marble and stone works, foundry and machine works. The bank clearances for the year 1889 show a grand total of \$194,759,467, an increase of 45½ per cent. over the previous year. The value of buildings erected during 1889 reached the sum of \$12,000,000, showing quite a building boom. The real estate transfers, according to the same authority for the same year, reached the phenomenal amount of \$61,000,000. It is not said, however, whether these transfers were all genuine. You know it is a common practice in these boom towns (but Denver is not a boom town) for the real estate men to resort to the fictitious practice of transferring property to one another in order to show a large real estate business. However that may be, Denver has certainly had a building and real estate prosperity which few cities east or west have enjoyed. The increase in population during the year 1889 is said to have been 25,000.

What factors have contributed to this remarkable growth in the face of the fact that the city is built on what is known as the arid region, or what used to be termed the Great American Desert, is a question unique in the histories of the American cities. The farmer has not been the pioneer. If we must look to the resources or products of the State for an answer to this question we must place first in the list the product of the mines. The value of the precious ores, gold, silver, copper and lead, mined in Colorado in 1889 exceeded \$30,000,000, the silver output alone being about twenty millions, earning for Colorado the title of the "Silver" State. The output of coal for the same year was valued at about five millions. As to the iron fields of Colorado, which are said to be second in extent only to those of the precious minerals, they are as yet comparatively undeveloped. The agricultural resources of the State are an insignificant factor. These are dependent upon irrigation. Already thousands of acres have been reclaimed, and where once a blade of grass wouldn't grow there are now fruitful fields. There are some four or five million acres reclaimable by irrigation, and already some 34,000 miles of irrigating ditches, including canals and laterals, have been constructed. Thus, in this electric age, the tall, dumb, snow-capped mountains are being enlisted in the industrial service. They are sending streams of glistening water down their slopes, scattering fertility over the bleak and uninviting plains, while old King Boreas sits on his lofty throne inviting the hungry millions to come and make happy homes under the shadow of his arms, assuring them that he will cause their flowers to bloom and their fields to yield forth their increase.

J. DRYDEN.

#### NOW TENDER LIGHTS PROCLAIM THE BIRTH OF MORN.

Now tender lights proclaim the birth of morn,  
And lend a richness to the sombre East,  
That until now has had a look forlorn;  
But, like a bride arrayed for bridal feast,  
Dawn comes to meet her waiting bridegroom, Day!  
Far in the West, where gracious light is least,  
Some loitering star still lingers on the way,  
As loath to leave the close embrace of Night;  
Till each flecked cloud, pierced with a slender ray  
Of coming splendour, flashes on the sight;  
And through the arch that spans eternal space  
There flows a wealth of glory manifold,  
Which throws effulgence o'er the heavens' face,  
And floods the earth with streams of shimmering gold.

B. F. D. DUNN.

#### THE RAMBLER.

JUNE passes and July comes. To the hurried paragraphist July is no gate to summer, but rather a portal to the autumn. Still, for some, it is possible to squeeze into the six weeks of summer holiday such abundant episodes of happiness and adventure, fun and frolic—and disappointment and discomfort as well—that the first of July seems ever to such fortunate souls the red-letter day of all the year. For the rest,

Toronto, est tout en fête,  
Car c'est le Carnaval,

and those of us who have been to Nice and Florence and Naples and New Orleans, and even to Montreal, look askance for a moment and then chime in right heartily. Nothing will ever make Toronto picturesque, but we need not say so. The great point about such affairs is the vast concourse of intelligent, well-dressed, respectable people presented to the eyes of stranger guests, it may be from the neighbouring Republic, or it may be from sister colonies or the Mother-Country. No. Let us be truly loyal and patriotic, and say—Toronto is better than picturesque. She is, for the most part, clean and well ordered, healthy,

swept and garnished, intensely prosperous and self-respecting. So *Vive le Carnaval!*

We are inclined at times, I think, to fancy Izaak Walton the greatest angler who ever lived. But make room this warm July day, as you pack up for Muskoka or Parry Sound, make room, I say, for a few thoughts of dear old Christopher North, lying on his last resting place, save one, and absorbed in contemplation of fly and fishing tackle. It is an affecting reminiscence. His biographer says: "How neatly he picked out each elegantly dressed fly from its little bunch, drawing it out with trembling hand along the white coverlet, and then, replacing it in his pocket-book, he would tell ever and anon of the streams he used to fish in of old, and of the deeds he had performed in his childhood and youth."

The ruling passion was strong in death this time, and Mrs. Gordon also describes the old man's enthusiasm just before this, which actually led him on to wade knee-deep in the cold Scotch waters, catching trout and putting them in his pockets, and laughing at the horror depicted upon the faces of his affectionate daughters. A pretty picture this!

Christopher North had all the holidays he wanted, I should think, unlike poor Charles Lamb. For six-and-thirty years he sat, or one like him, at his desk in Mincing Lane, forgetting there were such things as holidays, or remembering them only as the prerogative of childhood. Besides Sundays he had a day at Easter, another day at Christmas, and a full week in the summer. Of the last he says: "Before I had a taste of it it was vanished. I was at the desk again counting upon the fifty-one tedious weeks that must intervene before another such snatch would come." Find this in the essay upon "The Superannuated Man," and read it all over again; it is one of the most touching and frankly charming of all the Elia essays.

I hope nobody that reads these pages will be so unfortunate as to select Dullborough for a country session. You know where Dullborough is, do not you, in the pages of the Uncommercial Traveller? Dullborough disguised only faintly in the likeness of a small Canadian village, inland, where the house-fly makes merry and the green paper blinds are down all day, where the nearest "woods" are a pleasure-ground for the mosquito and the black fly, and the food consists of plate pies filled with sour gooseberries and seedy raspberries, village steak and general store bacon. Well—the fresh air no doubt is the thing, and this point gained, one commonly swallows the flies and mosquitoes, bacon and gooseberries. But one can so easily make a mistake. The camping place may be by the side of a silvery lake or some meandering river, or it may be two or three miles inland. Then the camping outfit may so easily get out of gear.

A pan too few, or an egg too strong,  
And ah! how easily things go wrong.

#### KESO'S CRIME.

AN ADVENTURE IN NIPISSING.

THE oldest and longest highway in Ontario is that which the early French *voyageurs* trod, or rather rowed, for many years during the early history of Canada. It was and still is paved with water; and the only vehicles used thereon were *batteaux* or *chevaux*, in the Iroquois language—large boats propelled by oarsmen, which carried immense quantities of merchandise for the fur traders, or lighter canoes carrying solitary travellers through the forest fastnesses by a silvery liquid path. Its course may still be traced from Montreal up the Ottawa River to its head waters, across Lake Nipissing, down the French River into the Georgian Bay and thence by way of Sault Ste. Marie and the north shore of Lake Superior to old Fort William. Onward it may be traced by many portages until Lake Winnipeg is reached, and thence up the Saskatchewan River across the rolling prairies, until the great chain of the Rocky Mountains bars its way.

To-day this natural highway is unchanged. Its course is the same that it was when Jacques Cartier first entered the St. Lawrence River in 1534. It is the same path by which Sir Alexander Mackenzie journeyed in 1792, when he pressed northward on his voyage of discovery and crossed this continent for the first time in the history of man. It is the same pathway by which civilization penetrated into the Dominion of Canada before the era of steam navigation or railways. This highway of commerce and civilization is still there, unchanged, but the travellers who journeyed upon it are no more. It has served its great purpose, and no longer echoes to the boatman's song or the sweep of his tireless oar. Along its course, however, the country is changing year by year. Towns are springing up where the pine, and birch, and hemlock once grew in luxuriant beauty, railways cross and recross it, and the bordering fields reward the husbandman with rich fields of golden grain.

It is only a comparatively few years since this ancient highway has fallen into disuse. Since railways have tapped the fertile plains of Manitoba and the Northwest, and made it possible to reach them in three days, where it once required as many months, the old and hardy *voyageur* has found his occupation gone, and himself but a memory.

Many are the stirring stories of adventure and endurance which have been told, connected with this route of travel,