

**The Frozen North.**

The generally accepted belief, that, when "the barren winter, with his nipping cold," invades the northern hemisphere with blustering blasts, the territory of the Yukon is enclosed in the grip of winter, and the sun held a prisoner in the undawning east until cheerful spring brings a welcome transition from coldness to genial warmth, has been swept away by recent news from Klondyke. On the 1st November, to the amazement of the dwellers in that distant region, the frozen gold-bearing Yukon and its tributaries waking from their wintry dream re-opened for temporary navigation, and, when our correspondent wrote, the sudden change in the weather was the all-absorbing topic of conversation in the mining camps. Even as the stories of travellers, and the winter carnivals of Montreal, Ottawa and Quebec, caused Rudyard Kipling to wrongly dub Canada "Our Lady of the Snows," so may the desire of those who have wintered in the so-called frozen north to impress us with the character of that climate have hitherto hidden the warmth and sunshine which evidently sometimes gladdens the Klondyke in the month of November.

*"The feast smells well."—Shakespeare.*

Most of us have heard of Greenwood cemetery, and we know what "the greenwood shade," referred to by Dryden, means. But until the announcement of the almost simultaneous opening of three banks in Greenwood, British Columbia, attracted general attention, few of us knew that this particular Greenwood is regarded as being so much of a business centre that, in the rush to occupy the place, a restaurant, a billiard hall, and a butcher's shop were hastily converted into branches of chartered banks. Yet such is the case, and it tends to strengthen the opinion evidently held by bank managers that the wealth of the Kootenay is sufficient to justify extraordinary competition to supply the country with banking facilities. That these financial institutions are being welcomed goes without saying. To signify the general approval of such enterprise by the business men of Greenwood and Boundary Creek, the latter tendered a complimentary banquet: "To visiting Bank Managers and resident Bankers," at the Imperial Hotel, Greenwood, on the 11th inst. We have received a copy of the bill of fare to which officials of the Bank of Montreal, Bank of British North America, and the Canadian Bank of Commerce were asked to do justice. A swinging sign board outside a Western hotel is said to record the following scale of prices for entertainment:

Dinner.....	50c.
A square meal.....	75c.
A regular bust.....	\$1.00

The complimentary banquet at Greenwood, B.C., certainly comes under the last category. We find on the menu card:

OYSTERS.		
Blue Points.	Raw.	
SOUP.		
Chicken.	Consommé.	Lobster.
FISH.		
Halibut.	Piquant Sauce.	
RELISH.		
Shrimp Salad.	Chow-Chow.	Queen of Olives.
		White Onions.
		Salmon Salad
BOILED.		
Turkey.	Ham.	Champagne Sauce.
ROASTS.		
Prime Ribs of Beef with green Peas.	Roast Turkey.	
	Mashed Potatoes.	Sweet Corn.
Fillet of Venison.	Cranberry Sauce.	
ENTREES.		
Chicken.	Fillet of Veal.	

Oysters! Shrimp Salad!! Halibut!!!

A regular bust, truly. When we add to the dishes laid before the bankers at this banquet in British Columbia the unenumerated pies, custards, cakes, jellies and fruit, which served as a sort of top-dressing for the solids they swallowed on this festive occasion, it sweeps away the long-cherished illusion that the pioneers of civilization who seek by road, rail and river to open up new territory for banking and commerce are, of necessity, strangers to the delicacies of the season. These explorers evidently dine as gentlemen should dine, and, although there is no mention of anything of the sort on the bill of fare, we would not be surprised to find that each one of the distinguished guests of the business men of Greenwood and Boundary Creek was enabled to soothe his troubled stomach by finishing up with a pint of "peat reek." We do not regret that it is as it is. We are glad to think that the days of privation in the Kootenay and the Klondyke are passing away, and that pork and beans are giving way to soft tommy and succulent chops. Yet this innocent menu card reminds us of much sympathy wasted upon these roving representatives of Canadian chartered banks who are so warmly welcomed even in the miscalled mining "camps" of the Kootenay. This Greenwood bill of fare also recalls the surprised ejaculation of Tommy Atkins at Halifax who, when noticing the very general use of ice in that garrison city, remarked: "There's no end to the bloomin' luxuries in this 'ere country."

Three banks in Greenwood! When British Columbia, the new field for banking enterprise, is well dotted with branches of Montreal monetary institutions, surely there will be an agreement entered into having for its object a re-distribution of this valuable territory.