

ing of the Yukon, for it was shortly after the big boom: the public were full of curiosity about the place and the conditions of life there; the papers had plenty to say about the rush on the trails, prospectors and gold-strikes; occasionally a journalistic or a newspaper correspondent sent east some scattered first-hand impressions. But there was practically no reliable information from an unbiased and observant standpoint till Mr. Edwards published his volume.

It was well-timed, and it was exceptionally interesting. To begin with it was quite unpretentious; for it began by being a series of familiar letters, casual impressions by the way, sent home to friends with no thought of publication. The author was simply taking a holiday trip to Dawson City and back from his home in West Virginia. The impressions, however, were those of a man who had travelled much and with open eyes, in short the impressions of a well-informed cultured man of the world. Another thing that made for popularity in the book and greatly enhanced its value to a public thirsting for information was its illustrations; the author had taken his kodak with him and used it to such excellent purpose that his volume was almost interlaced with typical and beautifully clear photos of the Yukon, its landscapes, its villages, its mines and camps, its citizens; in fact everything you were looking for.

I have said the book was a series of familiar letters home; the writing was just what it should have been, easy and colloquial in expression; the style breezy and good-humoured. No wonder "In to the Yukon" took with the public.

It was followed presently by "On the Mexican Highlands;" a most interesting account of a trip through Mexico, and again liberally supplemented by snap-shots that "bagged the bird" every time and brought home through the eye the impression the author wished to convey in his description. Subsequently a trip over a somewhat more hackneyed route was put in print—"Through Scandinavia to Moscow;" all interesting in subject, and entertaining in style these books well deserved the success they attained, and we feel that the School shows brightly with a borrowed light through the writings of its Old Boy, William Seymour Edwards.

The author has kindly promised the School Library copies of his books of travel which are under revision at present. We subjoin an extract from "In to the Yukon."

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### A Broncho Busting Match.

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**T**HE crowd stuck to the sidewalk and seemed expectant. We did not know just what was going to happen, but stuck to the sidewalk, too, and well for us was it that we did so. There were rumors of a parade. A number of ranch maidens riding restive bronchos, some sitting gracefully astride, drew their horses to one side. The crowd was silent. We were silent too. Just then a cloud of dust and a clatter of hoofs came swirling and echoing down the street. A troop of horses! They were