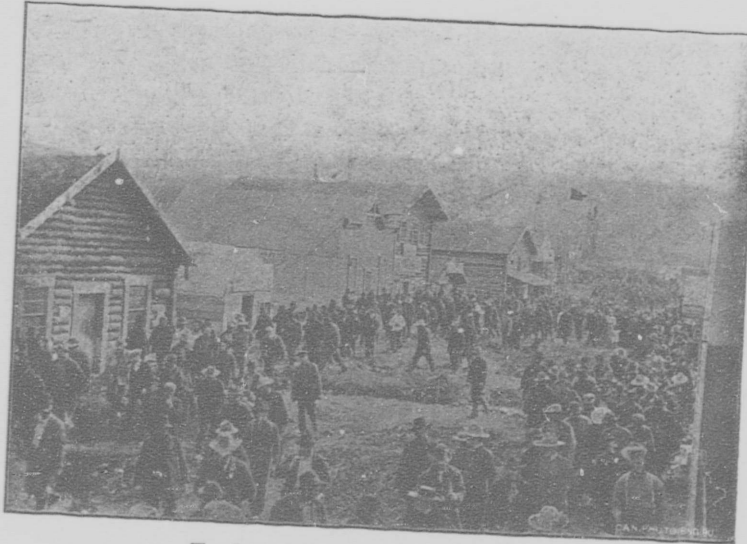


sand hills, mossy marshes, poplar and birch groves, to fine spruce forests, with trees more than a foot in diameter and 90 or 100 feet high. Coming up the river we saw a fine pair of moose quietly feeding in a grassy nook;

empties more water into the sea than does the Mississippi.

Dawson has a population of about 5,000. It is a sort of processional town. The churches often have to select managers two or three times a



Typical Street Scene in Dawson.

besides moose, cariboo and mountain sheep, the bear, lynx, fox and rabbit, the martin, otter and beaver, the grouse and partridge, all find a good hospitable home there. Currants, raspberries, blue-berries, and cranberries grow in abundance. There is an interesting seam of volcanic ash about a foot thick, and only a few feet from the surface of the ground; this runs along the river for miles and tells its story of a violent convulsion in the not very remote past. Large rivers, such as the Lewes, McMillan, White, Stewart, Indian, Klondike, unite their forces, and at Dawson we have the "Mighty Yukon," a river worthy of the name; but it rolls on and on for 1600 miles further, and

year to secure a quorum for business. The city lies in the valley, at the junction of the Yukon and Klondike rivers, and is not unlike any other capital frontier town. It was built in a hurry and for business; the houses and cabins are for the most part log, but the newer buildings, such as Administration, Governor's residence, Postoffice, School, Athletic buildings, the Presbyterian and Anglican churches, are frame. Dawson is notable for its many warehouses, and a number of these are of corrugated iron. The hardware stores, the nugget jewelry in the shop windows, and the mining machinery and provisions moving up the creeks on wagons, drawn sometimes by seven-mule