

just passed the Yukon has added to the wealth of the world one hundred and fifty millions of dollars in gold. In the quantity, quality and value of furs produced annually the Yukon leads the world, and has no equal. The valley is rich in wood, coal, petroleum and copper; thousands of acres of wild grasses grow shoulder high; in the marshes are cranberries and huckleberries, and on the slopes are wild currants, gooseberries, strawberries and raspberries; in the waters fish; in the forests game; in the ground gold; of all countries we are the newest of the new and the richest of the rich. Of those who occupied the land in days gone by—the Red Lords of the North—but few remain; the ways of their white brothers are not theirs and to them meant extermination. Of those that are left the strongest are of the Pelly, Tananaw and Thlunget tribes; they have a semi-historical legendary history of their Asiatic origin that is very fascinating to the folk-lore lovers, and their dogs, half wolf half bear, are not to be seen elsewhere in the world.

The enchanting beauty of the wide-spreading Yukon Valley—its glorious sunshine and its wealth of vegetation and fruits and flowers—comes as a great surprise to one who beholds it for the first time, and often causes the exclamation, "This cannot be the North." And it is not the North Land of which you have read and thought perhaps to see, but away off in the distant blue are still the mountain peaks capped with eternal snows. No more glorious summers are to be found anywhere else on the earth's surface, nor for the sportsman, the Northern autumn. Here, in the late fall, you can hear the moose and caribou calling that it is time to get into their favorite meadows, where they winter; and hear in the white, soft evenings, the goats and sheep tramping in droves, and seeming to confer as to the best location for their exodus; the grouse call softly in the thickets; the squirrels are busy adding to their already overflowing storehouses; and there also are the bears—black, grizzly, brown and cinnamon—fat and sleepy, and in the sedges can be heard the ducks and geese, discussing their annual excursion to the south—truly a hunter's paradise.