

ABOUT WINNIPEG

ALL ABOUT THE METROPOLIS OF CANADA'S NEW WHEAT BELT.

(Special Correspondence of the Deseret News by Frank G. Carpenter.)

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WINNIPEG, Manitoba.—Stand with me on the top of the Union Bank building, Winnipeg's new skyscraper, and take a look at the city. You had best pull your fur cap down over your ears and button your coat-tail coat tightly about you; for the wind is blowing a gale. The air is nipping, but the sky is bright, and there is so much ozone that we seem to be breathing champagne. Have you ever felt so much alive before?

We are in the wild and furry north-west, in its biggest town, and on the top of its highest building. Were it not so cold, the Winnipegger, who stands beside us as guide, would ask us if it were not like heaven. We are sure of one thing, the atmosphere by no means favors the other place down below.

THE NEW WINNIPEG.

Take a look over the city! It stretches out on all sides for miles. The new shingle roofs shine brightly under the winter sun, and we can almost smell the paint of the suburban additions. Winnipeg is a grower, even now, in the winter, the sound of the hammer is heard all day long, and buildings are still going up by the hundreds. The town prices itself on its business, and indeed much of it is just built. Over there at the north are miles of new houses. At the south buildings are growing up on the prairie, and right below us, in the heart of the city, the business blocks have risen from the ground since last summer. Winnipeg has erected \$11,000,000 worth of buildings this year. It built about \$9,000,000 worth the year before, and \$8,000,000 worth in 1902. All through the past five years it has been jumping, and it is now leaping ahead like an Australian kangaroo. In 1900 the new buildings numbered 68, and in 1904 there were erected more than 2,000.

A BUSINESS STREET FOUR YEARS OLD.

Turn about and look up Portage avenue. That street was practically unbuilt four years ago. It has now millions of dollars worth of new business blocks, some of which would be a credit to any of our cities of twice this size. Look at that department store. It is the largest in the west. It is as big as Wanamaker's establishment in New York, and it now has six stories. It was built only last year, but the demands of the trade are such that three stories more will be added next spring. Turn about and look down Main street. There at the end is the new Canadian Pacific depot hotel and railway offices fast approaching completion. Those buildings alone will cost as much as two millions, and further up the street are to be the great terminals of the Grand Trunk and the Canadian Northern, which will cost three millions more.

"Yes, sir," says the Winnipegger at my side, "that shows you how we are growing. About five years ago we began to build for all time and eternity. Before that we had not realized that Winnipeg was bound to be the greatest city of the north and our houses were put up for the time. Most of them were without cellars and they had flimsy foundations. Since then we have raised them and made excavations, and we are now building as substantially as any town on the continent. Five

years ago we had about 20,000 people. Now we have 100,000, and we are just on the edge of our beginning. The city will grow more next year than ever before, and within 10 years, and probably sooner, we shall equal Minneapolis and St. Paul combined."

WINNIPEG'S TRADE.

"Look at those wholesale buildings," he continues. "Did you ever see anything like it?" Most of them started as two and three-story structures, and the business has grown so that they have had to be pushed up to six. This is one of the great markets of western North America, and the biggest market north of your western boundary. If you had a pair of long-distance glasses, which would enable you to look from the Atlantic to the Pacific, you could see that there is nothing in the west that can approach Winnipeg and your eye would travel eastward as far as Toronto before any city of this class could be seen. If you could look up and down the great west with an X-ray attachment which would enable you to pierce through the snow down into the soil, you would know that you are at the eastern end of the greatest wheat country on earth. Away out there are 100,000,000 acres of land which will grow bread with little more than scratching the ground. We have cultivated as yet but a few garden patches here and there over it, and our crop last year was about 100,000,000 bushels. When it is all under cultivation it will yield up to a billion. We shall then feed John Bull. Yes, we shall even fill Uncle Sam's stomach and the crop will all go through Winnipeg."

"Don't you think it is getting a little cold?" at this point I timidly said.

"Well, perhaps so," was the reply.

"But when I begin talking about Winnipeg I grow so warm that I could stand stark naked on the north pole and not feel uncomfortable."

Thereupon we turned again to look at the city.

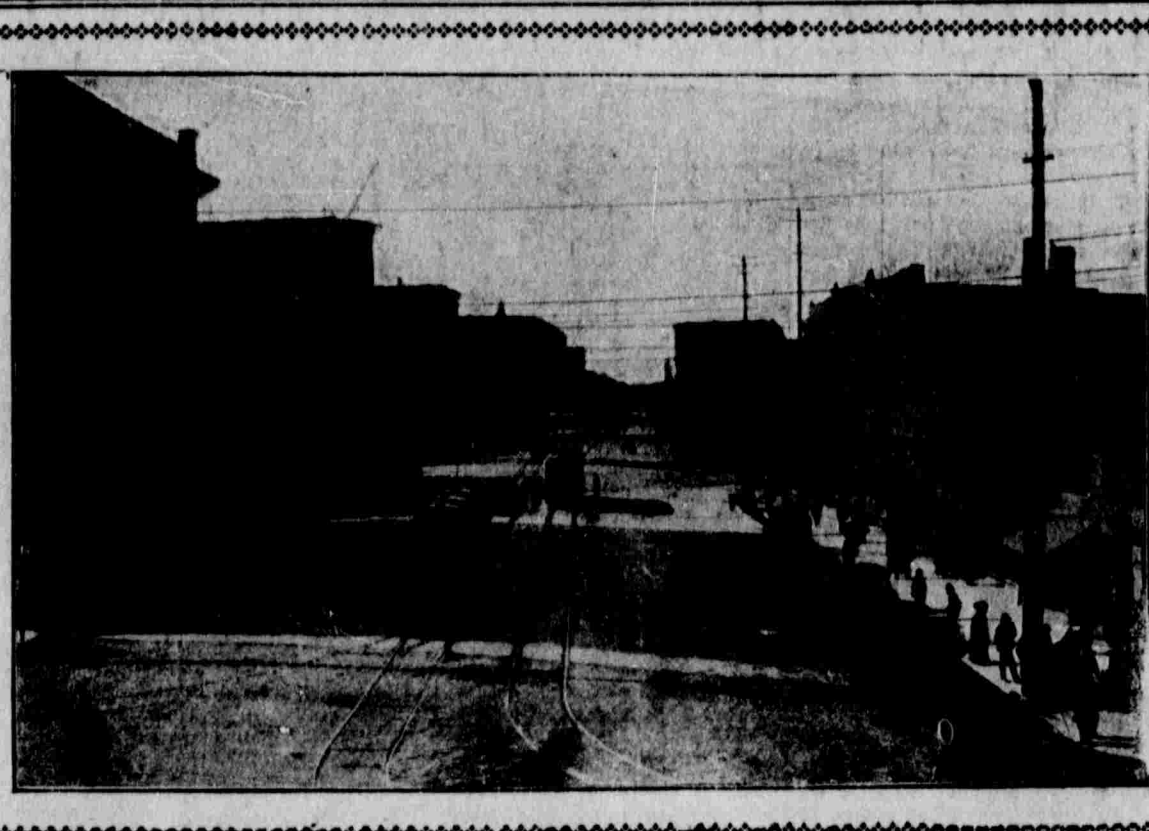
ON THE RED RIVER.

Winnipeg lies on a plain at the eastern edge of the wheat belt. The country about it is dead flat. The Red river of the north winds its way through the city, and here flows in and joins the Assiniboine. The houses of the city are spread out like those of St. Petersburg, and, like Washington, it has magnificent distances. The main streets are 12 feet wide, and they stretch on and on out into the country. Every residence has a yard about it, and nearly all have gardens and trees. Even the dwellings of the laborers stand alone. They have windows on all sides, and in most cases the windows are double, to withstand the cold. The business blocks, as in all new cities, are ragged. The sky line goes up and down like the teeth of a battered saw, now and then a building rising high over the others. The skyscrapers are just beginning to come. The Union bank, from which I make this description, is the first, but there will be others next year, and in time the place will look much like an American metropolis.

BUILT UP BY AMERICANS.

A large part of the new city has, I am told, been built by Americans. The town was stagnant until Yankee capital and Yankees turned their faces this way. It then began to boom. Men from Minnesota and other parts of the west came here to deal in grain and the cheap lands. They opened business establishments of various kinds, and today some of the best of the city

How it Looks From a Sky Scraper—Its New Buildings and Big Wholesale Houses—What the Americans Have Done—Something About the Winnipeggers—A Cosmopolitan Population—Among the Canadian Icelanders, etc., etc.



PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG, AND ITS NEW BUSINESS BLOCKS. Specially Photographed for the Saturday News by Frank G. Carpenter.

blood has come from across the border. There are now eight of our threshing machines and farm implement establishments represented here. There are half a dozen land companies backed by big American capital, and there are Americans who have sold their millions of acres of Canadian lands. Others are going into business, and others are here ready to take hold of the best things that come up. The chief building firm is American. It takes contracts running high into the millions, and is concerned in the new railways. The biggest land companies were started with United States capital, and some of the railroad land grants are handled by them. In the meantime there has been a large influx of population from eastern Canada, together with some from Great Britain. The most of the life blood of the city, however, is American and Canadian, and the two flow along together in one harmonious stream. Both seem to have implicit faith in the future of the city, and, indeed, the indications are that their faith is well founded.

BY AUTOMOBILE THROUGH WINNIPEG.

"But let us go down and have a cup of beef tea," said the Winnipegger, "and we shall then take a ride through the city in an automobile."

Beef tea is more common than whiskey as a winter drink here. It is served

at all the saloons and hotels, and one can have it on tap. Indeed, it takes the place of soda water from December till May.

Having finished our tea, we rode through the main street of the city. This was one of the old Indian trails, which ran north and south, following the course of the Red river, past the Hudson Bay fort which was once stationed here. Portage avenue, which we saw from the roof, cuts it almost at right angles. It is also part of an old Indian trail, which extended from here 1,000 miles westward to Edmonton, a town now reached by three great railroad systems.

Main street has many old buildings. It was the first business part of Winnipeg, being a King's highway, and it still contains the best business properties. Real estate along it has gone up like a shot within the past five years, and it is said to now be fully as high as in Minneapolis or Toronto. Store rooms rent for from \$150 to \$250 a year, and you can buy a business front for less money in Montreal than right here.

Notice the banks! Winnipeg is one of the financial centers of Canada. It has 15 bank buildings, the most of them branches of the great banks of Canada. They do a big business, and they will compare in their appointments with almost any banks of our country. The clearings last week were about \$10,000,000. This is just double what they were in the same week one year ago, and three times as much as they were three years before.

THE RESIDENCE SECTION.

But we fly along up the street in our automobile. The hand of that veteran Winnipegger, Mr. Fred Heubach, is on the lever, and we are going like mad. He takes us on toward the river, past the Hudson Bay company stores and offices, by Lord Strathcona's big apartment house, and then turns to the right, and we fly past the Manitoba club and on into the principal residence section. The streets are still wide, but they wind this way and that along the Assiniboine river. Boulevards have been laid out on both sides of the stream in such a way that every residence has a back yard running down to the water. There are miles of fine houses in this part of Winnipeg, and other miles have been laid out farther on. Nearly all the houses are new, and the largest and best of them seem to have sprung up like the palace of Aladdin, in the space of a night. The chief building materials are white brick and a cream-colored stone which is found nearby. The city, in fact, is a white city, and under the bright sunshine, which the Winnipeggers say exists here for 13 months or more every year, it looks as neat as a pin.

Leaving the boulevards, we ride

through street after street of brand new cottages, the homes of the well-to-do and poorer classes of the city. We see, strange to say, no signs of "To let" and very few of "For sale." Winnipeg has almost no tenement buildings, and so far I have seen no two-story flats. Indeed, it is almost impossible to rent a dwelling at a reasonable rate, and nearly every family is forced to own its own house.

In North Winnipeg, beyond the overhead bridge, which crosses the railroad track, hundreds of neat one and two-story cottages are now going up, and they are occupied or sold as fast as they are built.

THE WHEAT TRAINS.

Standing on the bridge going over the railroad we are in the center of the largest railroad yard of the world belonging to a single trunk line. At least the Winnipeggers say so. There are 110 miles of track covering acres about us, and at this time they are filled with cars carrying the wheat to the great elevators at Fort William and Fort Arthur, in order that it may be taken down the lakes as soon as navigation opens. During the season a wheat train goes out of this yard every hour of the day and night, and altogether a half million bushels of wheat leave here for Fort William every 24 hours. Five bushels of wheat will make all the flour a man eats the year around, so that, every day, enough wheat goes over these tracks to feed 100,000 men for one year.

THE SUNNY WINNIPEGGER.

I like these Winnipeggers. They are so pushing, strenuous, enthusiastic and happy. They claim their city has the best climate on earth, and they would not exchange the biting winds of the prairie for the kissing zephyrs of New York, Boston or Washington. They prepare for the season. Just now every Winnipegger who can afford it has on a gray overcoat made of oon skins. The fur is long, and it stands out like the bristles on a hot hog. This doubles the size of the wearer. It makes him look at least a foot broader, and, as it is long, at least six inches taller. He adds to his height by a fur cap which can be pulled down over the ears. This makes him still bigger. Indeed, the town just now is peopled with furry giants, who are breathing out smoke, for the frost congeals the air from their nostrils, so that it rises like the vapor of an incipient volcano. The women here also dress in furs. Their cheeks are blushing under Jack Frost's amorous kisses, and the ozone of the atmosphere paints their eyes bright. They look too sweet to be fur-clad and daughters of the giants besides them, but we doubt not the fact when they open their mouths and begin to talk about great Winnipeg.

A COSMOPOLITAN POPULATION.

Winnipeg is at the gateway of the New Canada. The tens of thousands of immigrants who are now arriving come through here, and one sees on the streets natives from every region of Christendom. There are Germans, Austrians, Greeks, Swedes and Norwegians, many of them dressed in the costumes of the land from which they have come. Now and then one sees an Englishman, and it is hard to throw a stone without striking an American. At the same time, the most of the population is made up of Anglo-Saxon Canadians, and altogether look no unlike those to be seen in St. Paul or Chicago.

On one side of the Red river, reached by a bridge, is the town of St. Boniface, where there are several thousand

French Canadians, and there are also Russians, Jews, Italians and Syrians.

THE ICELANDERS OF WINNIPEG.

Some distance from here, on the shore of Lake Winnipeg, there is a colony of Icelanders, many of whom have moved into the city. Some of them are lawyers, others are teachers, and not a few have intermarried with the Canadians. These Icelanders were among the first of the western Canadian immigrants. They were brought here years ago when it was thought that none but those accustomed to the cold of the Arctic zone could withstand the weather. The dominion government sent commissioners to Iceland, and they brought back a colony of 15,000 or 20,000 souls, and shipped them out to Lake Winnipeg. The Icelanders settled on its banks, and for a time made most of their living by fishing, much of their catch being through holes in the ice in the winter. They are now well scattered over the country. Many of the girls have gone into service and not a few are waiters at the hotels. Indeed, my favorite hash-slinger at the Empire, where I am stopping, in Winnipeg, is a pretty Icelandic girl with cheeks of flame, hair of fire and eyes of heavenly blue. These people are orderly. They take to education and religion, the largest Icelandic church in the world being in Winnipeg.

There are also many Russians here, and a Russian church. The Catholic population is large, and the French Canadians all belong to that denomination. There is a Trappist monastery outside the city, and a Trappist nunnery. Almost every denomination of Protestants has its meetinghouse, the Jews have a synagogue, the Salvation Army is waging its warfare against dissipation and sin, and the Y. M. C. A. has its own building and is doing excellent work. Indeed, the whole city worships the Lord under one religion or another. It is a God-fearing, order-loving, Sabbath-observing, and church-going municipality. It is so good that there are no Sunday newspapers. The street cars are not allowed to run on the Sabbath and the only public places open are the hotels and the churches.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

To draw the fire out of a burn, heal a cut without leaving a scar, or to cure boils, sores, tetter, eczema and all skin and scalp diseases, use De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. A specific for piles. Get the genuine. No remedy causes such speedy relief. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine.—Sold by F. C. Schramm, druggist; where the cars stop.

DON'T USE POOR OIL.

For use on sewing machines, bicycles and all purposes requiring a fine lubricant the best is cheapest in the end. Genuine Singer oil can only be obtained at Singer stores. Look for the "red S." 48 South Main St., Salt Lake City, Utah.

First and Foremost

In the field of medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla. It possesses actual and unquestioned merit by which it cures all diseases caused or promoted by impure or impoverished blood. If you have rheumatism, dyspepsia, scrofula or catarrh you may take Hood's Sarsaparilla and be cured. If you are run down and feel weak and tired, you may be sure it will do you good.

The favorite family cathartic is Hood's Pills.

BAD DEBTS COLLECTED

A BRIGHT RED STREAK OF HONESTY EXISTS IN EVERYBODY.

We find that more people paid their debts willingly during the year 1905 than ever before. People whom others might call dishonest came in numbers and paid cheerfully. One came yesterday and paid \$166.00. Some of the claims were outlawed. Some of the debtors had gone into bankruptcy. Some were very old.

If you need money, turn in your claim. Do not wait. People may not know that you "need the money."



If You Want Cash for Your Bad Debts, Notes and Judgments, We Can Get It,

No matter how large they are or in what town, city, state or territory.

If we did not know we could collect your debts, we certainly would not be paying out money to advertise.

This business is no side issue with us. We do not sell real estate, write insurance, or loan money; but we collect Bad Debts regardless of Lodge, Politics or Religion.

We collected twice as many accounts, notes and judgments this last year as we did during 1904. We will collect more this coming year than ever before. Turn in your claims.

OUR LAW DEPARTMENT IS THE BEST.

\$367.00 We collected \$367.00 for Studebaker Bros. The note was sixteen years old. We chased this man continuously for 10 years. There is more to come.	\$138.00 We collected \$138.10 for John Duncan of Heber City from an actor. He had been owing for 3 years. We followed the man from Utah to Oregon, and from Oregon to New York, but we finally caught him. He paid yesterday.	\$340.00 We collected \$340.00 for the Pioneer Nursery company on a note. The debtor ate the note twelve years ago. It called for only \$120.00 then. He went into bankruptcy and on everything else he could think of to beat the claim, but he paid.	\$47.25 We collected this amount for William Stoneman, a grocer of Salt Lake City. We caught the man in Canada. He was here 10 years ago when Mr. Stoneman trusted him.	\$166.00 We collected \$166.00 for Mrs. J. R. Midgley from a mining man who was honest, but a little slow. He paid it yesterday, although it had been owing for eight years.	\$100.00 We collected \$100.00 for Oscar Groshel, the ticket broker. This was twelve years old. It came in time for Christmas.	\$37.76 We collected \$37.76 for the Union Meat & Grocery company from a mining man that paid only when he had to. This was a bad one.
\$100.00 We collected \$100.00 for Sam Mackay of Taylorsville. It came in time for the holidays. Sam will turn in some more bad debts.	\$63.19 We collected \$63.19 for the Parker Lumber company from a colored man. This was not as bad as one might think, though we had to sue to get the money. It came easy when we got started.	\$24.60 We collected \$24.60 for George E. Ford, a bank cashier in Pocatello, Ida. This was tedious, but we got the money.	\$900.00 We collected \$900.00 for William S. Poulton of Oakley, Ida. This was collected without suit. It had been standing for a long time.	\$450.00 We collected \$450.00 for J. D. Cravens of Payson on a judgment about eight years old. He did not think that we could get it.	\$1,342.00 We settled a claim for the Opal Supply company of Opal, Wyo. for this amount, after a lot of trouble. It was money due for supplies furnished sheep outfits and was hard to get.	\$300.00 We collected \$300.00 for Dr. E. N. Heard of San Francisco, Cal. who used to live here. This was from a man in Missouri, who had to "be shown." We "showed him."

MERCHANTS' PROTECTIVE ASS'N.

FRANCIS G. LUKE, GENERAL MANAGER.

Scientific Collectors of Bad Debts, Fifth Floor Commercial National Bank Bldg., Salt Lake City. "Some People Don't Like Us."