

WATER HOUSES TO STAND

Council Enacts a New Ordinance to That Effect.

The Water Company Must be Responsible for all Damages Which May Arise.

On Monday evening a special meeting of the Yukon Council was held in the courthouse. The members present were Messrs. Ogilvie, Girouard, Dugas and Senkler. It was determined by the council that immediate steps be taken to prosecute all persons who have not complied with the provisions of the ordinance respecting the registration of partnership. The fee for such registration was increased to \$2.

An ordinance was introduced by Mr. Senkler amending the ordinance respecting the Dawson City Water & Power Company. The bill was committed to a committee of the whole.

It was ordered that any persons riding a bicycle or driving a dog team on the sidewalks in Dawson should be prosecuted.

Yesterday afternoon another special session was held at which the new ordinance governing the water company was put in final reading and passed. The ordinance in full is as follows:

Inasmuch as the Dawson City Water & Power Company have under the provisions of the ordinance incorporating the said company, laid certain pipes in the city of Dawson for the conducting of water, and have without authority erected certain buildings along the course of the same pipes for the protection of the outlets from said water pipes, for public use.

Therefore, the commissioner by and with the advice and consent of the council of the Yukon territory, enacts as follows:

The buildings erected and now standing shall be permitted to remain, and be occupied and heated or otherwise handled or managed for the due and proper protection of the said outlets from the said water pipes for the public use, until the commissioner in council shall see fit to order them to be removed from the streets and highways in which they stand, provided that the said company remains responsible for any damage, for which it might be legally liable, through the erection and maintenance of the said buildings.

Weather Changeable.

Dawson has been treated to all kinds of weather lately, the thermometer rising and falling from to above to 31 below zero. Last night the instrument showed the temperature to be 2 degrees above zero.

And Schaefer Settled.

Wizard Jake Schaefer, the expert billiardist, is known as one of the greatest jokers in the business. Some time ago Mr. Schaefer was lounging in an uptown billiard room. Business was dull, but a pompous chap came in and asked the proprietor to get someone who was "pretty good" to play with him for an hour or two. The wink was "tipped" to the "wizard" and he was introduced, but purposely his name was mumbled so that the gentleman did not catch it. Mr. Schaefer and his new acquaintance commenced play, the latter graciously allowing the expert to choose the game. "Jake" won every game by a few points. The style of billiards was changed, but at straight rails, cushion caroms or balk line the "wizard" invariably finished in the lead. Realizing that he had met a "pretty good player" the gentleman asked:

"Beg pardon, but I did not understand your name." "It's Schaefer," answered the "wizard." The other laughed: "Well, that's a good one; mine is Ives—Frank C. Ives." They kept on playing and the bar bill grew to goodly proportions. Then the pompous chap said he would play one more game and then quit. But before beginning the last game he excused himself for a moment, and as no particular attention was paid to his movements, the roomkeeper still has the bill on his slate as a reminder of the "little joke."

—New York World.

Dress shirts, ties and gloves at McLennan's.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

Profitable Paris Millinery.

By a recent decision of the tribunal of the Seine a Paris milliner got judgment against one of her customers for 74,000 francs. It was all for hats and bonnets, and the bill had been accumulating since 1894. In other words, the Parisian fine lady in question had spent for headgear alone in the course of five years the tidy little sum of something like \$14,800. This was considered a pretty fair allowance even in Paris, and the milliner and her bill and her lavish customer were discussed for a few days. In fact, attention was only turned from them by still another milliner's law suit. And this last appeal to the courts had the specially interesting feature that the defendant in the case is the wife of a member of the chamber of deputies. The bill was only 10,000 francs—\$2000—but neither the purchaser nor her husband had enough money to meet it. So the milliner got judgment, and then proceeded to garnish the husband's salary as a deputy, the court awarding \$10 every month until the score is wiped out.

But in spite of bad debts and other losses, the fortunes made by Paris milliners are in many cases dazzling. There is one fashionable shop there

whose proprietor is a woman, and her annual net profits are upward of 400,000 francs—\$80,000. She began at the very foot of the ladder, and the recollection of her own early struggles makes her generous to those under her. She has 70 employes, all of them girls and women. Among these she divides half her profits. Some of the women get as much as \$3000, \$4000 and \$5000 a year. Good taste and original ideas in the creation of styles of women's headwear are the essentials to success in the millinery line. For the girl who has these gifts the door of wealth is thrown wide open. The success of the woman in question is an illustration of this.

Having been left an orphan, and having to earn her own living, she entered a milliner's shop, and showed such skill that soon she was in business for herself. She lived back of her shop, did her own cooking, her own washing, and her own scrubbing. She did this when she was resting from her regular 12 or 14 hours' labor at her business. Finally the customers began coming. Through all her success, as through all her adversity, she never once lost her head or forgot that there were those about her struggling upward just as she herself had had to struggle. The happy family atmosphere of her establishment, the tranquil lines in the faces of all her employes is one of the marked characteristics of the place.—Ex.

English Manners Abroad.

With the exception of the writer and her mother all the people in the house were French. One day the manager asked his guests if they would mind having the middle day table d'hote a little earlier, as a dejeuner for a number of English excursionists had been ordered for 12:30 o'clock. While the company were still seated the "excursionists" arrived. Some 50 men and women came clattering and chattering into the room. Many of the men kept their hats on and continued to smoke their pipes. Some of them even sat down at the table at which the hotel guests were lunching and called out loudly to their friends who were still in the hall to hurry up. The French people shrugged their shoulders and murmured, "Les Anglais," and the English lady and her mother for the first time in their lives felt ashamed of their nationality. The English excursionists meant no harm. In their boisterous John Bullism they look upon themselves as masters of every place in which they are going to spend money. They do not know that foreigners are punctilious in the matter of etiquette, and they sin in sheer ignorance.—Referee.

His Case Continued.

John Allinson, a Muhlenberg lawyer, is a wag, of whom the Madisonville, Ky., Hustler tells a story illustrative of the fact that even in the presence of death the ruling passion asserts itself. He became ill at his home in Greenville with what was supposed to be heart disease, and a physician was hastily summoned. When he arrived John was gasping for breath, and his friends expected him to die at any minute. When the doctor asked him what was the matter he coolly replied: "Doc, I have an intimation that my case is about to be called, and, if possible, I want to get a continuance."

The doctor went to work, and, contrary to everybody's expectation, did get John a continuance, and he is still practicing law in Greenville.

Truant London Children.

Monkeys are very amusing creatures, but one hardly thinks of them as useful in educational work. However, their aid has lately been sought by the London school officers, with admirable results. It seems that in one of the school districts there were not as many children reported by the parents as being of school age as the officers knew there ought to be—so, to ascertain the real number they called in the monkey to help them in this way:

Two monkeys were gaily dressed, put in a wagon, and, accompanied by a brass band, were carried through the streets of the district. At once crowds of children made their appearance. The procession was stopped in a park, and the school officers began their work; distributing sweets to youngsters, they took their names and addresses. They found out that 60 parents kept their children from school. This ingenious method brought to school about 200 boys and girls.—Indian Witness.

They were out driving, and the young man was holding the lines with one hand.

"Sweetheart," he whispered as the moon went behind a cloud, "I wish had arms like—like!"

"Like Fitzsimmons?" she asked.

"No," he exclaimed; "like an octopus!"—Chicago Tribune.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Flashlight powder for photographers at Goetzman's.

Notice.

Dawson Aerie, No. 50, F. O. E., beg to tender thanks to the performers and musicians who gave their services to the entertainment given at the Savoy theatre Sunday evening, November 4, 1900. LEROY TOZIER, W. P. J. T. DOUGHERTY, W. S.

Try Cascade Laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

Full dress suits at McLennan's.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Bill McKay, of Gay gulch, is something of a politician and during the Nugget's presidential election he put in some hard work for his favorite candidate, McKinley. If McKay could by several hours' talk convince a voter that he should support the expansionist, he considered the time well spent.

A few days ago McKay met a man who lives, when at home, south of Mason and Dixon's line and who has always voted the Democratic ticket. After they had conversed for a couple of hours or more the southerner admitted that McKinley has made a good president, that under his administration the country has prospered unprecedentedly, and that in justice to the country he should be re-elected.

"Come right down to my house and vote," said McKay who had a number of the Nugget's ballots at his cabin and who flattered himself that if he could capture one southern Democrat in the Klondike, several hundred thousand such votes would be won over on the outside.

On reaching the cabin McKay produced a ticket and pencil and said "just put cross marks opposite the names of McKinley and Roosevelt and I will put the ticket in this envelope where there are 20 other good Republican votes." The man from Dixieland took the ticket and looked it carefully over, turned it upside down a number of times and finally said:

"While McKinley has done made the best president the kentry has ever had, and while he sho'n order be returned fo' hoh moh years, — me if I kin vote for any nigger lovin' Republican—that ever lived."

Thereupon the man who is wedded to Democracy put a cross-mark after the name of the apostle of silver, and when he looked around McKay was lying on the floor in a dead faint.

Warren P. Wood is a dyed-in-the-wool Republican to whom news of the election of Bryan would come as a thunderbolt. Yesterday morning when he realized that it was election day and he had not voted in the Nugget's contest he was 25 miles from Dawson and a snow storm was raging. But snow could not dampen nor wind chill the old timer's enthusiasm, so he mushed in to Dawson, made straight for the Nugget office and with all due solemnity unbarred his head while voting for McKinley. Warren has not been in today nor has he been seen since the result was announced last night.

Every time the saw mills and machine shops in Dawson blow their whistles all the dogs in the neighborhood set up a howl which sometimes last fully five minutes. A man of a philanthropic turn of mind accounts for this fact by advancing the theory that it is only the outside dogs that howl on hearing a whistle, and that they do so because the whistle reminds them of the steamers on which they were shipped north, which event marked the saddest portion of their lives, and the present howls are but wails of despair at the thought of their old homes.

The Stroller does not swallow the above theory, but believes the dogs howl just because they are dogs. The Stroller has known dogs, happy, light running, self-oiding domestic dogs, to howl in other countries where the surroundings were all that any well-regulated dog could desire. The Stroller well remembers a rebuke administered to a howling dog in the big union depot in Atlanta, Georgia. The train had just arrived from Chattanooga and an old negro was standing in front of the depot lunch room beating a gong to announce the fact that refreshments were to be had within. The gong was a big one and created a most hideous din. A dog nearby set up as pitiful wails as was ever heard, nor did he stop when the gong became quiet nor until the old negro made a dash at him and said:

"Whuffer yo' cryin' yo' po'r misible fool? Yo' doane hafter eat dem sandwiches and doughnuts, nohow."

THE RECEPTION

"A Monument to the handicraft of Dawson's artisans."

All the interior finishings were made from Native Wood.

Finest Beverages to be Obtained for Money.
BARON VON SPITZELL HARRY JONES
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Wall Paper... Paper Hanging

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

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A Daily Train Each Way Between Whitehorse and Skagway

COMFORTABLE UPHOLSTERED COACHES

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SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m., 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

E. C. HAWKINS, General Manager

S. M. IRWIN, Traffic Manager

J. H. ROGERS, Agent

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