

Stroller's Column.

No truer saying was ever said than that one half the world knows not the ins and outs of the other half or how it lives. If it knew it would be surprised that the other half lives at all.

In pursuance of his heart to heart talks with mothers the Stroller acquires a great deal of information of which the cold and cruel world wots not.

Only a few evenings since the Stroller listened to a story that caused him all kinds of mental perturbation. It was told by a lady whose husband was at that time on a business trip up the creeks. It was pathetic, pathetic and took a long time to tell. It is a story of an unusual match, although the lady admitted that it was the result of a courtship, hence a parlor match. (The Stroller thought of that without a hunch from any one.)

It is unequal for the reason that the lady is ambitious while her husband is not. She would enjoy having her "afternoons at home" but can't very well do it so long as her husband persists in keeping German hanging around the sitting room and that is where the company would necessarily be entertained.

The lady is too proud to entertain guests in the kitchen. The poor woman wept as she confided to the Stroller that her husband's highest ambition is to make a fortune here to go outside to buy a cow ranch so she can make butter and feed calves and pigs. He tells her with the assurance that he will do the milking and she can have the creaming all to herself.

She says if her husband knew more of the milk of human kindness and of the Jersey, she would be happier and less prone to wishing he would go up the creeks more often than he does. She says she has not yet mentioned to her husband her desire to have a piano when they go outside that he, while in a generous mood one day, promised that after they were well fixed up on the cow ranch he will buy her an accordion.

This is but one of many domestic troubles and cases of incompatibility which the Stroller has found since opening his heart to heart talks department. He has something with almost every one and, although some of them are a bit out rather late at times, he feels that if he is able to diffuse a ray of sunshine in the path of some unhappy woman he is amply repaid for having a blunder around on the streets while making his misadventurous rounds.

For a group, give a teaspoonful of Chamberlain's Standard Oil every fifteen minutes until the throat is open and in looking to see if it is a real moonbeam instead of a light.

For a San Jose scale on Willie, use Chamberlain's Soap.

The Stroller's advice has been asked about getting up a charity ball in Dawson. The statement is made that there are no suffering poor in Dawson but that is one argument in favor of a charity ball, as they never get a profit of more than \$4.25 after the grafting is all done and \$4.25 is not sufficient in Dawson to support a poor family in affluence for a great length of time.

Unpaid charity, scrippled and iced with the name of a cautious, statistical Christian.

A great thing to have in a locality where there are deserving poor, for those who when three cases in four of organized charity get to declare dividends the market are usually on the wrong color.

The Stroller remembers a charity given in Tacoma a few years ago about 1300 tickets were sold at \$1.00. This price entitled the ticket holder to supper and free access to punch bowl. It was a great affair being, as stated in a Tacoma paper the following morning, \$250,000 worth of diamonds on the occasion.

The committee on arrangement audited all their bills and found their cash they found that they exceeded the latter by a one-year majority.

The poor of Tacoma continued to receive "handouts" at the town square, Fargo, North Dakota, March 20, 1902.

Stroller:—You will excuse the liberty I take in addressing you, but as you have heard of your local promises and also that you are a friend

to all women, I write you for information regarding the prospects for me to obtain work as a cook in your country. I have long enjoyed the reputation of being the best cook between Grafton, N. D., and Hope, Idaho. It is not the salary I so much care for but to give the poor men who left their families to be cared for by the neighbors while they carve out fortunes for themselves in the Klondike, some real, first class cooking that they will admit is as good or better than their mothers' cooking ever was.

Please advise me at once and I will act on your suggestion. I can leave on two days notice.

Respectfully,
Rosalinde Peterson.

Do not take time to curl your bangs, Rosalinde, but come. This country has been longing for you since George Carmack and Skookum Jim first struck pay dirt. Too many people have for years and are yet subsisting on cracked wheat bean and patent leather hot cakes in this country, and the Stroller does not hesitate to tell you, Rosalinde, that we must have more and better cooks or we must multiply our cemeteries.

Bad cooking has made more drunkards in this country than any other agency. Is it any wonder, Rosalinde, that a man, after filling up on frozen beans and kiln dried horse meat, should, in the absence of Porter's Pain Cure, seek relief in Bourbon and Polly Narius?

You may believe it or not, Rosalinde, but one day at Gold Bottom last August the Stroller ate a broiled barn door hinge with gravy on it; but he had the satisfaction of knowing what he was eating and that is a knowledge seldom vouchsafed at public houses in this country. (The Stroller speaks of this with a full knowledge of what he is saying. He might add that he would not mention it but for the fact that the people who ran the house have gone to the Koyukuk.)

The Stroller does not promise that you will get a job, Rosalinde, but he will promise to point out to you a large number of places where your services are needed.

The Stroller is not a poet but, like the Swede who was not working, "Ae haaf a friend who ees and ha kaap me oop."

The Stroller has a friend that supplies him with poetry whenever it is desired. All that is necessary is for the Stroller to drop a note to his friend and say, "Grind out six, eight or twelve (as may be required) inches on 'Beautiful Snow,' 'Harbingers of Spring,' 'The City Council,' or any other current topic. The friend on receipt of the note at once mounts old Pegasus, prods him with his Mexican spurs and in 24 hours from the time the order is placed, it is filled.

Two days ago the Stroller placed an order with his friend for some Lowney chocolate drops in the way of a local aldermanic bon mot. Next day and "Respectfully Dedicated to the Dawson Council" came the following:

You may take the "fifteen hundred" if you need it in your "biz,"
You can make it, if you wish, a thousand more.
You can have it as you want it, for you are the "it" that "is"—
But it's up to me to tell you that I'm sore.

It is up to me to tell you that I labored in your cause.
With an earnest, honest, pardonable pride,
And it hurts me after sparing neither pocketbook or jaws
To have to tell you to your molars you have —

I had prated and repeated you were men above the mire,
That a bond was not a "marker" to your word;
And to show each economic and approvable desire,
You'd a platform that was printed for the herd.

While a line that read "no salaries for aldermen" was there,
"And as candidates by it we will abide,"
And the people voted truly, for they deemed you on the square;
Now it's up to them to tell you, you have —

It isn't just the dollars—it's the principle at stake;
It's like kind of being buncoed by a friend.
When you've told of all the virtues that good politicians make,
You feel foolish when they throw you in the end.

It isn't will you earn it? Are you worthy of your wage?

And it's not for courts or neighbors to decide;
It is with you—in the future that some reads upon the page,
"I have kept the faith,"—or "to the people —"

People who do not like the style of poetry published by the Stroller can wreak their vengeance on a friend of his named Slavin. He enjoys having people attempt to wreak vengeance on him, especially when he is in training to win a bunch of money as at the present time. His time for entertaining people who have some vengeance they want to wreak is during his exercising hours. Present your card at the rear door of the gymnasium. There is a glaring possibility that you will come out through the roof.

As the laws of Canada give women who own property the right to vote in municipal affairs it is said that by the time the next election rolls around there will be a large number of ladies in Dawson who will exercise the right of suffrage.

In years gone by the Stroller has been opposed to woman suffrage but of late he has changed his mind. The Stroller only changed his mind after mature thought and observation and not to secure favor and grateful smiles, for those who know him best will admit that he is not a lady's man and he well knows that, while age will ne'er cool his Douglass blood, it will not enhance his beauty.

The Stroller can not see why his wife should not vote and still remain as docile and tractable as when she won his trusting heart.

The old idea that the woman who insisted on voting was a sort of pantaloonic has been exploded and today many educated and profound thinkers who formerly believed in close communion, Andrew Jackson and a relentless hell, are out-flooded in favor of female suffrage and lots of it.

The Stroller does not believe that universal female suffrage would materially effect domestic life. The man who is henpecked in all other matters until he is half convinced that his soul is not his own, would probably be henpecked in the matter of national and local politics, but it is proper that he should be, for no man who allows himself to be henpecked should be permitted free and untrammelled exercise of the right of suffrage. (On reflection the Stroller thought of cutting out the last remark, but he'll let'er go and take the consequences at home.)

A strong advocate of suffrage for her sex once said to the Stroller in Florida: "If the wives and mothers of the south were allowed to vote, it would be but a short time until they would be hanging negroes by law instead of by moonlight."

About the only argument the Stroller can see against female suffrage is the fact that it has raged in Kansas for years, and to be reherche in Kansas is to be passe when you cross the boundary line unless you go south into Arkansas or hit southern Missouri.

When the ladies of Dawson decide to organize a Belya Lockwood society it will receive the Stroller's moral support even if he is not allowed voice in its councils.

The reason for the Stroller favoring woman suffrage in Dawson is that he is of the opinion that if Oolong could be introduced into local campaigns there would be more Canadian Club left for people who, like himself, cannot vote until they take their allegiances to a blacksmith shop and have them reset.

The Gold Fever.
We joined the rush to the Klondike, from ship and shore we came—
The men that held Bonanza in the days of golden fame.
From Gold Run and Eureka, to last new Clear Creek rush.

We worked on all and starved on some, between the times of flush.
We burnt, and raised and rocked it, when our side hill claims we chose
And we tried the sands of Reindeer up to the mountain snows.

Then we searched for quartz and copper, from the Yukon to the west
And we poled up the White river to the foothill's silver crest.

If you get the fever badly you must chance it luck or lack.
For there isn't any curing till you make for fields out back.
Oh, it's when the gold is calling, and the windlass it is hauling—
It's ounces to a color you'll be off along the track.

Then we worked out on Dominion and the side hills there we tried,
And we built the first big water flume along the mountain side.
We watched the snow swelled freshets down the Sulphur rush in spring
And we shovelled in the pay dirt that the sluicing seasons bring.
Then we tramped it up Bonanza in quest of a better field.
And Eldorado creek ran yellow, as

they panned that first grand yield.
Then two hundred miles of Stewart we prospected in vain,
Until winter overtook us, and drove us out again.

When you see a new rush starting—oh, I never saw it fall,
The town delights wont hold you, you're ready for the trail.
Oh, it's when the gold is calling, and you're chums they are a bawling—
You'll roll your pack and follow over rocky hill and dale.

Next Rampart saw us toiling, and Tanana's buried streams;
And there our hopes all vanished like fitful summer dreams.
Then the strike upon Jack Wade creek did our fevered minds beguile,
And we prospected American creek and the fields round Fortymile.

Then we washed the scattered nuggets as we washed Jack Wade through—
And the men that made a grub stake there were but a lucky few.
Then we mushed it to the Koyukuk, the mountains we did cross,
The trails all show our wanderings, the scattered bones our loss.

But you'll always want to follow, where the wash is raised and tried,
For the fever keeps you moving and the fields are far and wide.
Oh, it's when the gold is calling, and the chains of town are galling—
If you're loth to leave a certainty and try your luck outside:

Then hie away—
Out again on fortune's highway,
Every other road is a by way.
And while yet the gold is calling
Let us leave the townfolk crawling;
Let us keep on stampeding,
And try our luck again.

JAMES MADDEN.
Bonanza P. O., April, 1902.

The Tobacco War.
London, March 21.—The feeling among the London tobaccoists, exemplified at a big meeting held this afternoon to consider the rival bonus schemes, was one of bitter opposition to the boycotting clause of the agreement proposed by the Imperial Tobacco Co., which was described as arbitrary and unjust. Ultimately the London tobaccoists, after a long discussion, passed a resolution unanimously, absolutely refusing to sign the Imperial Tobacco Co.'s agreement as being "unjust and unfair to the dealers, and un-English."

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