

QUEEN VICTORIA'S TROUBLES

Long List of the Bereavements of Her Eventful Life.

Her Sad Troubles Began in the Year 1861 When Her Mother and the Prince Consort Both Died.

Queen Victoria's long life and reign, her large family circle, and her prominent position, have all tended, of course, to give the impression that she has been quite exceptionally exposed in her person and surroundings to the vicissitudes of the grim archer. Perhaps it is not really so. It is but the common lot of all who are widely encircled by the love of kith and kin that they shall be subject to frequent inroads of the common enemy, and the fortune of the queen has not, perhaps, been materially different from that of the generality of her people.

And yet there is no denying that it seems to be a long list of bereavements for which her people have mourned with her. To say nothing of personal friends like Lord Melbourne and the prince consort's private secretary, Mr. Anson, the list may be said to have begun with the fatal year 1861, which opened with the death of the queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, and closed with the immeasurable sorrow of the death of the prince consort. Never has a people shared more fully in the grief of a sovereign, never have the highest and the lowest been brought more closely in touch, and the nation's sympathy more deepened than when they heard that their queen at Balmoral had been mingling tears with a poor widow on her estate. "We both cried," said the woman afterward. "She was so thankful to cry with some one who knew exactly how she felt."

"But you saw your husband's death coming," said the desolate queen. "I didn't see mine. It was so sudden." It was 17 years before another of the keenest bereavements of the queen's life fell upon her. First came the sad tidings of the death of the tiny Princess May in 1878, and then the mother, Princess Alice, who had nursed her husband and children with the most devoted affection as one after the other they were smitten down with diphtheria, herself fell under the power of the dread malady, and died on the 14th of December, 1878, to the unspeakable grief of her majesty the queen. But this loss of her own seemed hardly to distress her more than did the tidings which the following year came of the death of the young prince imperial in South Africa. "Poor, poor dear empress!" wrote the queen, "her only—only child, her all gone!" and she hurried all the way from Balmoral to London to show her sympathy with the heart-broken mother.

In 1884 the Duke of Albany, Prince Leopold, died. He had always been the weakly one of the family, and in the spring of the year had gone to Cannes for shelter against the harsh winds of his own country. Here he had an accidental fall, and injured his knee, and while family solicitude was anxiously discussing the possible consequences of what it was hoped would be nothing very serious, there came the tidings that the young prince had been seized with apoplexy and had died in the arms of his equestrian. The year 1892 was marked by another sad event for the much-sorrowing queen and the large family about her. In this sorrow there was a touch of romance, which, no doubt, did much to quicken the nation's sympathy. The Duke Clarence, the eldest son of the Prince of Wales, had been engaged to be married to the Princess May, and the wedding was arranged for February, 1892. The duke, however, attended the funeral of Prince Victor of Hohenlohe, caught a severe cold at the open grave, and died, leaving the young fiancée to be consoled by his brother, the Duke of York, to whom she was afterward married.

The next calamity for the royal household was one that touched the queen's motherly nature with a very keen anguish, for it seemed to be for her daughter, Beatrice, very much the same crushing blow that the death of her own husband had been to her. The Princess Beatrice was popularly supposed to be the queen's favorite daughter. She was at all events, her constant companion, her closest associate, and she had married Prince Henry of Battenberg. The quaint little church of Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight, was the scene of a very pleasant marriage ceremony, and the marriage appeared to be a very happy one. There were four children born to the young couple. The soldier, however, must needs see

some active service, and on the outbreak of troubles in Ashanti he volunteered to go with the expedition, and out there he contracted malarial fever and died, to the great grief of all the royal family, and especially of her majesty, the queen, who appeared to have had great affection for him. His body was brought home to England, and laid to rest in the quiet little country church in which he had been married. The thought of the widow and the little family and the queen's affliction at the tidings created a strong sympathy all over the kingdom, and it was everywhere expressed. "I have, alas! once more," said the queen, in one of those letters for which she has always been remarkable, "to thank my loyal subjects for their warm sympathy in a fresh grievous affliction which has befallen me and my beloved daughter, Princess Beatrice, Princess Henry of Battenberg. This new sorrow is overwhelming and to me is a double one, for I lose a dearly loved and helpful son, whose presence was like a bright sunbeam in my home, and my dear daughter loses a noble, devoted husband, to whom she was united by the closest affection. To witness the blighted happiness of the daughter who has never left me and has comforted and helped me is hard to bear."—London News.

'Twasn't Mark Twain.

'Mark Twain is a good talker, and invariably prepares himself, though he skillfully hides his preparation by his method of delivery, which deflates that he is getting his ideas and phrases as he proceeds. He is an accomplished artist in this way. His peculiar mode of expression always seems contagious with an audience, and a laugh would follow the most sober remark. It is a singular fact that an audience will be in a laughing mood, when they first enter the lecture room; they are ready to burst out at anything and everything. In the town of Colchester, Conn., there was a good illustration of this, the Hon. Demsham Hornet having a most unpleasant experience at the expense of Mark Twain. Mr. Clemens was advertised to lecture in the town of Colchester, but for some reason failed to arrive. In the emergency the lecture committee decided to employ Mr. Hornet to deliver his celebrated lecture on temperance, but so late in the day was this arrangement made that no bills announcing it could be circulated, and the audience assembled expecting to hear Mark Twain. No one in the town knew Mr. Clemens, or had ever heard him lecture, and they entertained the idea that he was funny, and went to the lecture prepared to laugh. Even those upon the platform, excepting the chairman, did not know Mr. Hornet from Mark Twain, and so, when he was introduced, thought nothing of the name, as they knew Mark Twain was a pen-name, and supposed his real name was Hornet.

"Mr. Hornet bowed politely, looked about him, and remarked: 'Temperance is the curse of the country.' The audience burst into a merry laugh. He knew it could not be at his remark, and thought his clothes must be awry, and he asked the chairman, in a whisper, if he was all right, and received 'yes' for an answer. Then he said: 'Rum slays more than disease.' Another, but louder laugh followed. He could not understand it, but proceeded: 'It breaks up happy homes!' Still louder mirth: 'It is carrying young men down to death and hell!' Then came a perfect roar of applause. Mr. Hornet began to get excited. He thought they were poking fun at him, but went on: 'We must crush the serpent!' A tremendous howl of laughter. The men on the platform, except the chairman, squirmed as they laughed. Then Hornet got mad. 'What I say is Gospel truth,' he cried. The audience fairly belled with mirth. Hornet turned to a man on the stage, and said: 'Do you see anything very ridiculous in my remarks or behavior?' 'Yes, ha, ha, ha!' It's intensely funny—ha, ha, ha! 'Go on!' replied the roaring man. 'This is an insult,' cried Hornet, wildly dancing about. More laughter, and cries of 'Go on, Twain!' Then the chairman began to see through a glass darkly, and arose and quelled the merriment, and explained the situation, and the men on the stage suddenly ceased laughing and the folks in the audience looked sheepish, and they quit laughing, too, and then the excited Mr. Hornet, being thoroughly mad, told them he had never before got into a town so entirely populated with asses and idiots, and having said that, he left the hall in disgust, followed by the audience in deep gloom."—Will M. Clemens in Ainslie's.

Stetson hats, latest styles. Oak Hall.

Gins and brandies by the bottle or case at Northern Annex.

The warmest and most comfortable hotel in Dawson is at the Regina.

A Candidate From Hunker.

I'm feelin' patriotic, an' I want it understood that I am willin' to be active to promote my country's good. They say they want a councilman who never had a taint. Of politics about him, who has wakened no complaint. Because he's sociated with a syndicate or trust. As sech wicked institutions of our social upper crust. I talked to 'Mandy 'bout it. She advised me to be fair and straight. So start your printin' presses. I am now a candidate. She took me fairly by surprise when, after I'd showed enthusiasm which could scarcely be restrained. Says she: "If they are lookin' with an ardor so intense for a man to run for office, who has no experience. Who is innocent and guileless as a robin rapt in song. An is ready fur to buy the first gold brick that comes along. Why, git your speeches ready jes' as speedy as you can. There ain't no doubt 'bout it. You're the long expected man." Fling out your striped banners! Start your torchlights on parade! Fur 'Mandy says it's all O. K. You needn't be afraid. There is eastern aspirations, there is booms out in the west. But I'm the only feller that kin truly boast the test. Of course I don't know what it is a councilman must do, but I'm willin' fur to learn it, if it takes a week or two. So gather round, good people—I'm a prize—an grab me quick! You want to get a candidate from—Hunker—on the crick.

Canadian Briefs.

Ottawa, Aug. 28.—Valentine, a leader of a local Italian orchestra—here, says that there is one anarchist in Ottawa, but he is closely watched. "If he gets in any of his tantrums here," said the musician with a smile, "he would get it in the neck."

Jealousy and gossip are what Stanislaus La Croix says led him to murder his wife and the old man Transmontagne at Montebello. To a reporter he said his action was a warning to young men not to drink, be jealous or listen to gossip, concluding with "All that the gossips said about my wife was told to me and that made me mad."

Mayor Payment announces himself a candidate for parliamentary honors against all comers at the next general elections. He says if the Liberals fail to nominate him he will run as an independent Liberal.

Hamilton, Aug. 28.—Blanche Fisher, the 3 year-old daughter of Jas. Fisher, 101 Oak avenue, was struck by a trolley car while running across the street. Her skull was fractured and her condition is critical.

Toronto, Aug. 28.—Yesterday was the last day the law allowed for filing particulars in the election petition against the return of Hon. John Dryden in South Ontario. As no particulars had been received up to 5 o'clock the case was dropped for lack of evidence to prosecute. Mr. Dryden remains in his seat undisturbed.

J. A. Donaldson, for years Dominion immigration agent here, and at one time a noticeable figure in politics, is dead at the age of 90 years.

Samuel Stein, aged 23, living at 1134 Centre avenue, sacrificed his life in a heroic attempt to save Miss Miller, who tried to swim across a channel in the bay, but was caught by the current. She was about to be carried away when Stein plunged in with all his clothes on and made for Miss Miller, but took cramps and went down like a log. Miss Miller, however, was saved by Terence Holland, who threw a line to her, the hook of which caught her clothes, enabling Holland to pull her safely to shore.

With the usual ceremonies Toronto's great exhibition was opened, the Hon. W. G. Ross, premier of the province, touching the button that set all the machinery in motion.

Belleville, Aug. 28.—Peter Maybee, aged 78, for 50 years a county bailiff, is dead.

Kingston, Aug. 28.—The tenth annual convention of the Canadian Electrical Association opened here. Delegates were accorded a warm welcome by the city council and board of trade. The membership of the association for the last year shows a total of 262, active and associate inclusive.

Brockville, Aug. 28.—W. H. B. Smythe, one of Brockville's leading residents, is dead, aged 65 years. He was a U. E. loyalist descent.

Cornwall, Aug. 29.—Alex. Jarvis' hardware store here was badly damaged by water and smoke. The loss is about \$3000.

Ottawa, Aug. 29.—La Croix, who murdered his wife and an old man named Tranchemontagne, has been committed for trial.

Recorder Champagne, of Hull, dismissed the charge of attempted murder against John Mann, of Strosede Lima, by his wife. It will be remembered Mrs. Mann alleged her husband had threatened to cut out her heart.

Same old price, 25-cents, for drink, at the Regina.

Rosenthal & Field are selling case whiskies at wholesale. The Annex.

Brussell's squares at Oak Hall, opp. S. Y. T. Co. dock. McCandless Bros.

Pabst beer and imported cigars at wholesale. Rosenthal & Field, the Annex.

Special Values!

We are offering great values on all our

Summer and Fall Suits, Trousers, Hats, FURNISHINGS, ETC.

WE MUST HAVE ROOM


We are now expecting large consignments of goods for Fall and Winter, and we will offer special inducements to purchasers on all our light weight goods.

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DON'T FRET ABOUT THIS BOY!



He'll get through all right.
He bought his outfit at

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Front Street, Opp. S-Y. T. Co. Dock

THE LADIES WELCOMED

Hay and Feed

500 TONS.

We will receive about September 1st 500 tons of Hay and Feed. Contracts taken for future delivery. The same stored and insured free of charge.

LANCASTER & CALDERHEAD, WAREHOUSEMEN.

We Are Prepared to Make Winter Contracts for

COAL

And to insure your supply would advise that contracts be made early. Our COAL is giving the best of satisfaction, and will not cost as much as wood, having the advantage of being less bulky than wood—no sparks—reducing fire risks; no creosote to destroy stovepipes, and the fire risk you take in having defective flues caused by the creosote is great. Call and see us.

N. A. T. & T. CO.

ORR & TUKEY'S

STAGE

Daily Each Way

To Grand Forks

On and after MONDAY, September 10th, will leave at 2 p. m. instead of 3 p. m. On completion of Bonanza Road a double line of stages will be run, making two round trips daily.

FREIGHTING TO THE CREEKS.

Wall Paper... Paper Hanging

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

Str. Gold Star

CAPT. NIXON, Owner, Leaves Yukon Dock, Making Regular Trips to Whitehorse. A swift, comfortable and reliable boat. Court-ous treatment. Get Tickets for the Outside via Gold Star Line.

Electric Light

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd. Donald B. Olson, Manager. City Office Joslyn Building. Power House near Klondike. Tel. No 1

HOTEL DONOVAN.

A FIRST-CLASS HOUSE AT MODERATE PRICES. American and European Plans. THIRD AVENUE AND SECOND STREET GIBSON & JEWEL, Props.

"Women are a great factor in trade, and the commerce of the world is largely effected by them. "It would amuse you to see how sharp some of them are in the matter of prices. The Star Clothing House is recognized as a low priced house, and while I have but one price at my store I have almost been tempted by some of these ladies to reduce a quoted price on some of my goods which would be insisted could be obtained at another store at a lower price. This, in some instances, when I had the only stock of that particular article in Dawson. "I like to see close buyers at my establishment, for these people cannot but notice the difference between prices for merchandise obtained at the Star Clothing House and those of the big companies."

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

A new department at the Northern Annex. Liquors at wholesale.

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.