



The largest society event of the week was the party given at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Macaulay at the corner of Seventh and Prince street. Progressive euchre was the game of the evening and the prizes for the largest number of points were won by Miss Hanwell and Mr. Sam Marks, while the consolation prizes were awarded to Mrs. Dufferin Pattullo and Mr. H. E. Ridley. A dainty luncheon was served by the hostess after which dancing was enjoyed until an early hour in the morning. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Macaulay, Capt. and Mrs. Starnes, Mr. and Mrs. Ward Smith, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Bell, Capt. and Mrs. Wroughton, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Ridley, Mr. and Mrs. Dufferin Pattullo, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Renouf, Mr. and Mrs. Davis-Cole, Mr. and Mrs. White-Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Davey, Miss Hanwell, Miss Richardson, Mrs. French, Judge Macaulay, Mr. Rumsey, P. C. Stevenson, Capt. Cosby, H. E. A. Robertson, R. P. McLennan, Harry Hanwell, Sam Marks.

One of the most successful meets of the Dawson Driving Club was held last Saturday afternoon. There was a very large attendance, including a smart tandem driven by Captain Wroughton, other turn-outs driven by Capt. Starnes, Dr. Thompson, Messrs. E. C. Senkler, R. P. McLennan, J. Barrett, H. C. Macaulay, R. L. Cowan and outsiders Capt. Cosby and P. C. Stevenson. After a very pleasant drive, marred by but one mishap, the freezing of Capt. Cosby's finger, the club repaired to the mess-house of the Canadian Bank of Commerce where tea was served in true bachelor style. Among the ladies present were Mrs. Starnes, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Wroughton, Mrs. McDonnell, Mrs. Congdon, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Macaulay, Mrs. French, Mrs. Shindler, Mrs. Ward-Smith, Mrs. Renouf, Mrs. White-Fraser, Mrs. Davey, Mrs. Seddon, Miss Richardson, Miss Hanwell and Miss Chisholm.

On Monday evening the Dawson Whist Club met at the residence of Mr. A. F. Nicol, perfected its organization and played the first round of its tournament. After the play light refreshments were served and all enjoyed the evening immensely. Those present were: A. F. Nicol, P. G. Crisp, W. C. Noble, H. MacKinnon, Chas. McDonald, P. T. Congdon, Judge Dugas, F. H. Worlock, J. B. Worden, H. E. Ridley, A. E. Marks, B. A. Howes, H. C. Herbert, D. S. McKenzie and H. J. Jemmett. The next meeting of the club will be held on Monday evening at the club rooms of the Bank of Commerce, next to the barracks.

The most pretentious social event of the past week was the ball given by the Arctic Brotherhood at their hall last night, it being the first of a series of delightfully dances that it is intended shall be the social features of this season's gaieties. A more enjoyable dance than the initial effort of the A. B.'s has probably never been held in the city, the large floor furnishing ample room for the dancers without them being crowded in the least, and being in marked contrast to the hall given upon the occasion of the hall's dedication and also that on St. Andrew's night. The galleries erected for the latter were still in position as well as most of the beautiful decorations and the hall never presented a prettier appearance with its wealth of smartly gowned young buds and the gentlemen clad for the most part in the conventional evening dress. Supper was served by Bruce the caterer in the main gallery, the elevated seats having been removed, and the change proving a happy inspiration. The stage was set apart as a dressing and smoking room for the gentlemen. Friendless full orchestra was at its best, the music being so inspiring that repeated encores were demanded. The committee, consisting of Dr. Edwards, Dr. Sutherland, George Murphy and S. W. Taggart, was unremittent in its effort to see that pleasure unalloyed fell to the lot of everyone present and the extraordinary success of the dance may be largely attributed to

Schuman, Mrs. Maltby, the Misses Constance James, Ethel Levine, Florence Levine, Mamie Te Roller, Margaret Wissell, Florence Schuster, Nettie Mutch, Ethel Beede, Madeline Schuman, Stella Mason, Lucille Latimer, Masters Carl Gilbert, George Wallace, Harvey Heath, Leander James, Alie Beede, Weldon Clark, Fred Eggart, Willie Hamilton, Jack Cameron and Creason Perry.

An elaborate ball which everyone is looking forward to with the most intense interest is that being planned to be given by the Masons early next month. The date and the place has so far been undecided upon, though it is pretty safe to assume that it will occur in the A. B. hall. In every land on the earth the Masons have the reputation of being adepts in the art of entertaining, their affairs being not only extremely recherche, but generally very exclusive. That contemplated will be the first of its kind held in Dawson and as the annual dances of the St. Andrew's society have heretofore been considered the criterion, the ne plus ultra of everything lovely, it remains for the Masons to surpass all previous efforts in the Terpsichorean line.

Another pleasant and successful skating party was given at the police rink last evening by the officers of the N. W. M. P. As on the previous occasion, a large bonfire was kept blazing by the rink and the time of the party was about equally divided between skating and sitting around the fire story telling. At a late hour an adjournment was taken to the officers' mess where refreshments were served. Those present were: Capt. McDonald, Capt. and Mrs. Wroughton, Dr. and Mrs. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Pattullo, Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Ridley, Mrs. French, Mrs. "hat. McDonald, Mrs. H. C. Macaulay, Mrs. D. W. Davis, Miss Hanwell, Miss Chisholm, Messrs. Cowan, Stevenson, Marks, McRae, Barwell, Senkler and Crisp.

More interest is being taken in curling this winter than ever before, as the large membership of the club will attest. The different rinks which have been organized show a strength of players which guarantees good sport throughout the winter. The organization is not quite completed, but the list of the rinks so far as made out is as follows: W. D. Bruce, skip, A. M. H. Anderson, W. M. Herron, W. H. Fairbanks, A. Moncrief, skip, J. A. Bruce, W. Hamilton, J. K. McKee, R. B. Young, skip, J. P. McLennan, D. A. Thompson, C. Boyle, W. G. Hingston, skip, T. A. Le Cladin, W. H. Watts, W. R. Jones, Commissioner Ross, skip, J. J. Hartman, Capt. Cosby, Maj. Wood, A. M. De Jex, skip, Dr. Willis, Judge Macaulay, Arthur Lewin, Dr. Richardson, skip, E. J. Tiffin, H. Jemmett, E. C. Senkler, F. G. Crisp, skip, F. R. Alley, F. J. Stackpole, T. A. McKowan, Dr. Norquay, skip, R. Chisholm, W. B. Copping, Frank Johnson, Chief McKinnon, skip, Mr. Dobbie, G. P. McKenzie and Dr. Barrett. The last rink is composed of men all of whom are over 6 feet in height and is called the strong men's rink. It is the expectation of this rink to win an easy victory over all who have the temerity to play against it. The first game will be played some evening next week.

A meeting will be held on next Thursday evening at 7:30 at the old St. Andrew's Presbyterian church building on Mission street for the purpose of organizing an amateur operatic society. Mr. Ernest Searelle has undertaken the organization of this society at the earnest solicitation of a number of the musical people of Dawson and has in view the producing of comic and light operas during the winter. Only amateur talent will be used in producing these operas providing the singers will take an active interest in them. The proceeds from the production will be given to some charitable institution which will be decided upon by the society. The meeting called for Thursday night is for the purpose of organization, and it is hoped there will be a large number present.

The A. B.'s have announced that their next dance, to be held New Year's Eve, December 31, will be a masquerade and society is all in a quiver of excitement over the event. It will be the first ball masque held since the old days of '98 when parkys and moccasins were considered de rigueur and if half those attend who have signified their intention of so doing the hall will be packed to the doors. Many elaborate costumes are already planned, some of which will be gorgeous paper mache affairs. There will be a grand march of King Monus and his faithful subjects with calcium light effects, similar to that which inaugurates the morris Gras balls in New Orleans.

One of the most successful events of the week was the surprise party given on Madeline Schuman by a number of her friends last evening. The party was arranged by the Misses Lucille Latimer and Stella Mason and was most successfully planned and executed being a complete surprise to the young lady in whose honor it was given. The evening was pleasantly passed with various kinds of games for some of which prizes were awarded. Everyone present received a souvenir of the occasion which will long keep them in remembrance of the happy time enjoyed. Those present were: Mrs.

their concerted action. The social elegance of the city will anticipate the future A. B. dances with a keen pleasure.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Ridley gave a box party at the Auditorium on Thursday evening to a few of their friends. The elegant play produced this week by W. W. Bittner, Ralph E. Cummings and the Auditorium Stock Co., "Jim the Westerner," was thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Ridley's guests were: Miss Hanwell, Mr. E. O. Finlaison and C. W. Barwell.

Contrary to expectations the through telegraph wire is not yet in working order, although it was confidently expected here that the necessary repairs would have been completed by last night. At what point south of Athol the line is defective has not yet been learned.

Helena, Mont., Oct. 31.—A special to the Independent from Great Falls says that late this afternoon G. W. Ryan, a prominent grocer of that city, received a note directing him to leave \$1,500 at a certain point, as a ransom for his 6-year-old son. Unless the demand was complied with by 9:30 the threat was made that the pieces of glass would be rammed into the child's eyes, and his hands cut off. The police were notified, and a search made for the boy and the kidnapper. About 6 o'clock the child walked into his father's store, gagged and crying, but otherwise unharmed. He said he had been kidnapped shortly after school by a boy named Southwick, who had first taken him to his home, and afterwards to a spot he could not locate. The Southwick boy was soon found and arrested. He is about 12 years old, and at first declared that he had been told to steal the Ryan boy and write and deliver the note by two men. He afterwards confessed that he did the deed of his own volition, and that he had no accomplices. He expressed no repentance, and said: "I would have hit the old man for \$8,000, if I had thought he would have stood for it." He refused to tell where he had the child secreted, or how the boy got away, Ryan is now nervous and scared to tell a connected story of his escape.

It Fetch'd Him.

I was talking with an old colored man on the street corner when a ragged and reckless boy about 12 years old came slouching along and had passed us when the old man called out:

"Heah, yo' boy!"

"What yo' want?" asked the lad as he faced about.

"Boy, did yo' dun riz dat ole hat on yo' head when yo' passed me?"

"No."

"Den yo' pass de odder way an riz dat hat!"

"What fur I riz my hat to yo'?"

"De odder way, dat yo' riz yo' hat to de man as he swung his long arms about. 'Ize gwine to show yo' what fur! Boy, yo' mudder an a widder, but Ize gwine to marry her in two weeks, an de fust thing arter de marriage I'ze gwine to take yo' out in de back yard an make yo' wish yo' had never bin bo'n into dis yere world. Now will yo' riz?"

The old hat was lifted, and the boy scurried his foot and bowed his head and vanished, and looking after him for a minute, the old man turned to me with:

"Dat fetch'd him, but of all de precious percolashuns I fereb did expire to dis obtainable risin gineral-shun dat yar one takes de cake."

M. QUAD.

NO SUICIDE FOR CUTLER

Being Short in His Accounts, He Skips to Portland.

Vancouver, Nov. 8.—George Cutler, manager in Vancouver of the Hinton Electrical company, left the city this week for the American side of the line. Mr. Cutler is now in Portland, according to information received by Mr. Hinton himself, and may not return to this city. There is an apparent shortage in his accounts, which is now being investigated by Mr. Hinton, and which seemingly aggregates about \$1,800.

According to the story told by Mr. Hinton, the indulgence of a proclivity toward gaming seems to have been the particular method by which Cutler got behind with his firm's ready cash. As manager of the business in Vancouver he was well known, and up to six months ago was attentive to business. His firm built up a good connection largely through Cutler's ability, and from all small business in the store at the corner of Hastings and Homer streets, they went up to the new warehouse on Granville, opposite the postoffice. Cutler had been in Victoria with the firm there and was fully trusted. He did his banking with the Canadian Bank of Commerce in this city, and submitted balances periodically to the head office of the firm in Victoria.

It is said that a couple of months ago Carter began to gamble heavily. He occasionally played blackjack in downtown gambling houses, but more often, it is said, he dabbled with a roulette wheel. There are silly tales handed down from a generation or two back, of how fortunes have been made at Monte Carlo and other places by a few simple turns of the wheel with the addition of a little luck. Therefore Cutler no doubt argued that he would not allow lack of action on his part to stand in the way of his making a stake and winning a few thousands.

So he played—and lost.

He played again—and again he lost.

A feature of gambling games is the illusive theory that you cannot always lose, but this element was eliminated in Mr. Cutler's case, and he continued to lose more than ever. It is said that in one sitting in an up-town "parlor," Cutler disposed of \$600. Finally, last week he was behind \$1,600 and \$1,800 behind, and then he left for Portland.

Mr. Hinton, having ascertained the amount of his losses in various gambling houses, is making an effort to have the proprietors restore to his firm the money lost by his manager.

Pleads Not Guilty.

Dawson, Y. T., Dec. 13, 1901.

Dear Sir:—In reporting the meeting held at Pioneer hall on Wednesday evening last, you mention A. J. Gillis as one of the speakers. Now, sir, I desire to say I am not guilty! The gentleman who spoke at the above-mentioned meeting is known, I believe by the name of Ronald Gillis. I take this opportunity to call your attention to the error, as I should dislike to have my name coupled with this three-cornered meeting of Wednesday night.

Being a taxpayer in the town of Dawson I am satisfied with the present system of city government, and should certainly vote against increased taxation, which under the present existing conditions must, of necessity, be the legitimate outcome of incorporation. Respectfully yours,

A. J. GILLIS.

Grand Old Lady.

The grand old lady of the British peerage is the Dowager-Duchess of Abercorn, who has just entered on her 90th year. She is the daughter of the sixth Duke of Bedford, head of the great Whig house of Russell. Queen Victoria was fond of saying that the venerable duchess put Her Majesty's own record quite in the shade, for she was mother of seven sons and seven daughters. At one time she had 63 grand-children living, and as for her great-grandchildren, they are past counting. Twenty-two of her descendants have been in the present war.

Poor Thing.

The watchers were standing around the bed. The husband held the thin, weak hand of his dying wife in his.

"John," she said, between her breath, "remember Mr. Thompson owes you \$5."

"Poor thing," whispered John, turning to the watchers, "she's sensible to the last."

"John," went on the dying woman, after a minute's pause, "remember you owe \$10 to that Joan society; now, don't forget to return it."

"Hark!" said John, turning again to the watchers, "hark, how she's raving, poor thing!"

A tourist, evidently an aristocrat, arrived at Aberdeen Station last week. According to railway porter who had that day got notice to leave and whose temper was anything but sweet, he said: "I say, portah, is this Aberdeen?"

Porter (sarcastically): "Ay, wis ye thinkin' o' buyin' it?"

Job Printing at Nugget office.

The Nugget's Department for Children

It was told by a blue dog—a China blue dog—in a shining gold collar, as it lay on the white pillow of a school-boy's bed in a nice large room near Graywood.

Capt. Reed had only that day come back from a long visit to the flowery land of China, from which he had brought home a great many odd things; and as this queer little dog had taken his son's fancy, he had presented him with it.

Rob pronounced it "first-rate," showed it to every one in the house, and finally placed it on the pillow when he went to bed, and presently lay staring at it as it sat shining in the bright moonlight; for Rob, who wanted to finish a story he was read-

ing, had not drawn the blind down. The big golden eyes seemed to be staring back at him with a strangely knowing look; it almost seemed as though they were blinking in his face, like those of a real dog, making him feel quite uncomfortable at last.

"Well," said Rob, with a tremendous yawn, as he poked his book under the pillow, "I—yah—I wish you could talk to a fellow like—"

"Well, and how do you know that I cannot?" interrupted a tiny cracked voice, that seemed to come from close to his head.

"Who are you?" Rob asked, vaguely trying to get out of bed and turn on the gas; but somehow he could not stir; besides, he knew very well it was the blue dog speaking, and Rob, who was fond of strange things, felt very delighted, as well as a little awed, at this answer to his thought.

"I am a little blue dog, of course, silly."

"Yes; but where do you come from?"

"You white children of the barbarians care for wild tales, as do the nut-skinned youths of China, my own fair home? Would you like to hear a very touching history, the like of which has never been told to mortal ears?"

"I should think I would just," said Rob, trying to sit up in his eagerness; but somehow he could not move, so of course he kept still, and waited and waited, till, thinking that his strange visitor had forgotten him or gone to sleep, he cried, "Go on! go on! What are you waiting for, little blue dog? I'm ready."

Presently the weak voice began, and, oddly enough, it sounded now like the purr, purr of Tibby that often slept on his pillow, only he knew it was not she tonight.

"I was born thousands of years ago, when the earth was small and most of it was China. My mother was Fan of the One Eye, and I must have been very beautiful, for often she caressed my chubby limbs, and her white snow hair, her lotus flower, her white snow hair."

"Why did she call you that if you were blue?" asked Rob, in a voice like a sneeze.

"Young mortal, I was not blue then but white as any of the fair things to which she compared me. Now silence, and interrupt me by no vain questions if thou wouldst hear but the simple truth concerning the Blue Dog of China. We lived happily in the hut of my master, the tailor, Lin-sey. Myself and eight brothers were fed upon the milk of kindness and the bones of love; for a good and gentle daughter, who suffered not the helplessness to white nor the young to overwhelm the old. In all the city of Pekin was none like her, and the passers-by would look at the neat habitation where her father sat singing, and the clean, kennel beyond, where we raised our voices joyously, and say, 'Oh, dutiful Bu-tea! Oh, fortunate Lin-sey!'"

"We were happy until the sad morning when we saw Me-tow of the Long Tail-mouse catcher to the great mandarin Bo-bins—she that had left our house in her early youth, and still looked in now and then to be Bu-tea. Today, instead of a pleasant salute, Me-tow sat on the wall, and gazed so sadly that my mother asked what was wrong with her."

"Nothing as concerns myself, friend, much that concerns thee and thine, for know that Fan-see, the emperor's only child, has wished for a blue dog, therefore happy is the mother of a blue pup! She shall sit in the shadow of an imperial umbrella and her foot shall be roses."

"But, Me-tow, my dear," said my mother, "there is no such thing as a blue dog. There are plenty of black, white and grey; she must be content with one of these. It is a light thing and need not trouble us; the fancies of youth are as passing clouds, and will pass as a shadow that leaves no trace."

"Light,allest thou it! but dost thou know that as yet the princess has never yet wished for a thing in vain; her fond and indulgent parents have ever given way to all her wildest fancies; and now that they cannot get her a blue dog, they have offered her a choice of any other kind in the world, but she will not be pacified. She storms at the governesses, of which there are two hundred or three constantly in waiting, in case she

tender and patient, telling me that I would be the darling of a princess, and had saved all the dogs in Pekin from a terrible death. She led me back secretly and silently to our home and there I hid myself and lay unnoticed—unnoticed by my brothers and sisters—while my mother sat by and tried to comfort me.

"Somn Bu-tea, ever an early riser, came, bringing us a dish of bones. She felt about, and I crept all frightened into her warm fingers. She lifted me up and was about kissing my fine flat nose, when she saw my strange color, and dropped me with a thump back again on the straw. I cried so she picked me up and wrapped me in her skirt, taving all the

time, and crying joyfully, 'Father, father! dear father! see! I have found a blue dog!—a real blue dog! Oh, father, father! your poor heels are safe. Oh, I am so glad! Come here, father, come here and look!'

"Out came her astonished parent, who was just playing his pigtails before a glass, and when he saw me he jumped about his own height from the ground, shouting so joyfully that all the neighbors ran to see what was the matter; and all, especially those who owned dogs, shouted also, 'Hey, hey, for the blue dog of Pekin! and all patted and praised me, until—must I own it?—I felt very proud and elated, quite forgetting poor mother, that was watching the scene from our kennel door.

Bu-tea quietly made a red velvet cushion, on which she placed me, with her own gold bracelet round my neck, throwing her white veil over all. Then she filled a basket with flowers and proceeded to the palace gate alone. She found the outer door open and presently made her way to the terrace, where the princess sometimes passed on her way to the bath. There she waited until the royal party should pass, and she should get a chance of speaking.

"But it was not until the evening was coming on, and a thousand lamps were lighted that a young lady came striding along. Her dress, all shining with gold and diamonds, quite dazzled Bu-tea, who shrunk back timidly and almost dropped me in her fright on to the royal lady's toes!

"Who are you? What do you want here?" said the princess, and staring at her from head to foot, most rudely.

"Bu-tea suddenly forgot her fright and flinging off the veil that covered the cushion, held it before the princess and the emperor.

"Oh, how pleased he was! Even Fan-see forgot her temper as, delighted to get her own way, she patted me and called me a darling, then she took me in her arms and walked off with me, never even saying 'Thank you' to poor Bu-tea. Luckily the emperor, who, except for his foolish love for his only daughter, was a just man did not forget to send her the thousand pieces of silver, which she at once presented to her father with as many kisses."

There was silence—the blue dog spoke no more.

"And you?" Rob Reed asked.

"Me! oh, was the playmate for a whole day; I was taught to jump through a hoop, I was made to beg, I was spat, fed, caressed; then, the young lady began to tire of me; she pulled my tail, and set her black cat to scratch my ears, teased me almost out of my senses, and at last—"

"Well, at last I could stand it no longer; the tan-ter-ums came on again and she flung me at her poor maid's head, not knowing how else to show my displeasure at such cruelty, I bit her severely."

"What! the maid? What a shame!"

"Oh, dear, no! the princess—I bit her nose and ran away before she had time to scream. I hid myself for two days in one of the imperial outhouses and then got safe back to Bu-tea, as I was never inquired for, I lived very happily. Lung after Me-tow told mother that the emperor and empress were said to regret nothing so much as that they had spoiled and indulged their daughter to such an extent that she made herself hated by all their subjects, and grew most bitter and disagreeable to them, saying it was all their fault, and indulging every whim, as otherwise she never would have wished for such a thing as a blue dog, and then she never would

Puzzles.

ENIGMAS.

No. 30.

I often murmur, yet I never weep,
I always lie in bed, but never sleep;
I have no legs nor feet, yet surely
run;
And, the more falls I get, more faster
on.

No. 31.

Found long ago, yet made today,
Most employed while others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
And fewer still, would wish to keep.

NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

No. 32.

I am composed of eleven letters and spell the name of a great writer of fiction:

My 5, 8, 9, 5, 2, 6, is transparent;
my 1, 5, 7, 4, is a cardinal point;
my 11, 6, 9, 1, 5, 3, is a garden holt;
my 6, 5, 7, 10, is pleasant after work;
my 1, 2, 4, 5, 6, is a great necessity of life; my 4, 9, 2, 7, 11, is often seen on your breakfast table;
my 8, 9, 2, 7, 10, is where land and sea meet.

No. 23.

Well-known, proverb with verb omitted:
B T R L T T H N N V R
No. 34.
F N K T H R S M K F N D S.

PUZZLES.

No. 35.

Why should soldiers be tried on a first of April?

No. 36.

What is that which has feet, never walks, and mails, but never finger nor toes?

Answers to puzzles, Dec. 7.

No. 23—Primal Acrostic—Cash, Hinder, Infant, Coars, Answer, Gravel, Ordain. The primal letters spell Chigado.

No. 24—Central Acrostic—Laden, Drift, Riser, Pagan, Greet, Laden, Lower, Chase, Barge, Muddy. The central letters spell King Edward.

No. 25—Diagonal Acrostic—Elephant.

No. 26—Word Square—

P A T H
A C R E
T R W E
H E E D

No. 27—Word "uzzle—N—One.

No. 28—W-eight.

No. 29—F—ox.

A Barber's Reflections.

A Birmingham barber was cutting the long, curly profuse locks of a young man who has some pretensions to being literary, and occasionally poses before his friends as a genius.

With a supercilious smile and with that could-be-heard-all-over-the-room, the young man inquired: "Say, barber, what makes a man go bald?"

The barber snapped his scissors once or twice and ran the comb through his beard.

"Well," he answered slowly, "if a man has got lots of brains and a deep thinker, he generally goes bald. That, they say, leads to it, very time."

Several of the customers looked at the young man's luxuriant crop and smiled rather broadly. The young man, however, did not exactly see the joke. So, preppy soon, when the barber was running his fingers over the curly locks, he tempted fate again.

"I say," he asked, "do you think my hair will come out and I'll be bald?"

The man of the scissors paused reflectively, and then, in a tone as if he were delivering a judicial decision, announced:

"No, I don't think you stand in any danger of getting bald."

Then the crowd laughed, and the barber looked surprised.—Ex.

Christmas Thoughts.

It is a foolish man who greets his neighbor's boy a drum.

It is the wise man who, before he surprises when his wife jumps and hides something when he enters the door these days.

The Christmas turkey, not a Christmas conversation, should be stuffed with chestnuts.

Two-thirds of the joy of Christmas is destroyed by worrying about bills to be presented on Jan. 1.

Better a small gift where long than a costly present for the sake being in the swim.

The Lord of Misrule.

It was a medieval custom in England to establish at Yuletide a "lord of misrule," appointed to conduct the revels in the castle or country house or at court. Every one was expected to pay a sort of homage to this merry monarch, and to out its similarity to the traditions of the Roman saturnalia, when, for the time being the servant became master and the plebeian the monarch.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Regina—R. T. Byrne and wife, Bonanza; Thos. McFallen and wife, M. Gernin, Grand Forks.

Flannery—Wm. Abbott, Grand Forks; Albert Cossett, Grand Forks; Rodie Conner, Gold Bolson; A. Chettier, American gulch; Mr. P. Lips, Dawson.