

HARRY WEST DISCHARGED

Prosecuting Witness For- got Her Evidence.

His Lordship Delivers a Verbal Castigation That is a Stem- winder.

Maud Earle received such a terrible scolding yesterday in the territorial court that it is doubtful if she ever has recourse again to the aid of the law when her lover runs away with a portion of her cash. It occurred during the trial of Harry West whom she had accused of skipping out with \$297 of her money and two gold rings. West was arrested at Whitehorse just before the close of navigation while on his way outside and brought back by Detective Falconer. His preliminary examination was held before Mr. Justice Macaulay who bound him over to the higher court and the trial came on yesterday afternoon before Mr. Justice Craig. The hearing resulted in a most remarkable state of affairs being brought to light which was responsible for the verbal castigation administered by his lordship and which will probably prove much more serious for the prosecuting witness. During the preliminary trial it developed that West and the Earle woman had been living together and were lovers, she running the Old Inn roadhouse near the Ogilvie bridge and her paramour acting as financial manager and bartender. Maud is fat, fair and probably hugging the fat, line pretty close, and in view of West deliberately shuffling off a good home at the very beginning of winter and the accompanying hard times and few jobs, it is assumed that the chains of love had begun to gall his ambrosial skin. At any rate, he made a getaway with some of Maud's jewelry and a quantity of her hard-earned monies, reaching Whitehorse in time to step into the arms of the police, thanks to the fact that the wire was still doing business at that time. Now here is where West proved himself a wise guy. After being bound over to the higher court he succeeded in getting bail, thus escaping an enforced stay at the Hotel de Barracks. The Earle woman, being the only witness upon whom the crown could rely for a conviction, West was soon making goo-goo eyes at his old sweetheart. He promised to be a good boy and not run away any more and they soon buried the dead past and once more resumed their old relations. And so it happened that Maud forgot all about the testimony she had given in the police court, had no remembrance of the transactions of three months ago and denied having been aware of the nature of the charge contained in the information which she had sworn to. This all came out in her examination in the witness box and it was so palpably true that she was using every endeavor to shield her lover that his lordship finally lost patience and declared that such a trial was a travesty upon justice. The witness not only denied flatly her own evidence given in the police court but also denied having given it if it had been transcribed by Stenographer Blankman. His lordship's denunciation was most bitter and he declared to the witness that she had used the money of the crown for the purpose of having brought back to her her paramour in adultery. The rings that had been stolen were not allowed to be returned, she was ordered not to leave the court room until she had been given permission and the crown prosecutor was strongly advised to at once lay an information against her for perjury. There was no doubt, said the court, but what the witness had evidence sufficient to warrant a conviction, but she would not disclose it and a verdict of not guilty must be found accordingly. West was dismissed but was given a warning that he will not soon forget. During the evidence of Detective Falconer it was shown that West on his trip up the river had gone under a number of aliases. "Anyone who sails under as many aliases as you have," said his lordship wrathfully, "is entitled to a conviction and if you ever come before me again it will take something more than Maude Earle to save you."

In the absence of Crown Prosecutor Congdon, J. A. Aikman appeared for the prosecution.

HOCKEY LEAGUE

The Game to be Played Off Wednesday Night.

The hockey league held a meeting on Sunday afternoon at the athletic club, to decide if the tie game on the previous evening should be played off. The league decided that it should be played on or before Thursday evening, and the exact time was left to the two teams which played it. The representatives of these teams decided to play it off on Wednesday evening.

London's Most Picturesque Christmas Celebration

PORTLY, pompous London — and over 700 pounds of plum pudding that portion of it known as the "City," the wealthiest corporation in the world — lends itself to a strange ceremony wherewith to celebrate its Christmas. It would be intensely funny if it were not so dignified and so kindly. Celebrations down in the square mile called "The City" mostly mean aldermanic feasting. The lord mayor who is also an alderman, gets \$50,000 a year and spends as much again chiefly in eating and giving prodigious dinners. The other aldermen and the sheriffs likewise fulfill their chief official functions by banqueting on every possible occasion, and the ancient Guildhall, the stately historical home of the city's highly ornamental and gastronomic government, is famous throughout Christendom for the marvelous spreads that have been provided therein for kings, queens, premiers and visiting potentates. In one way the Guildhall is true to its traditions at Christmas time, but in another it isn't—because, for once, the city fathers look on while officers eat, and the guests, instead of being the richest, mightiest folk of the day are the littlest, poorest and most helpless that can be gathered in—all the sad byways and alleys of Whitechapel. This banquet is no ordinary affair, for the "City" has a tremendous dignity to maintain, and an unbroken record dating from away back before America was discovered, of doing nothing common. So the ragged urchins from all the dens that are sometimes grouped under the general title of Whitechapel, are treated with the same exact and punctilious ceremony that is occasioned by a royal visit. The result is the most picturesque holiday entertainment of the year. The guests are always 6,200 in number, carefully chosen by relief societies from the hungriest of all the hungry children in London. You don't have to be good to get an invitation; you only have to prove that a big Christmas dinner would come handier to you than to almost any one else. Twelve hundred of the children, who are more or less able-bodied, are gathered under the noble old, raftered roof of the Guildhall, and the other five thousand, who are all cripples or too ill to come, have their dinners sent around to them. The banquet begins this year as usual at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of December 31. But there is a queer little touch of ceremony at noon on the same day. At the stroke of 12 on the last day of each year Alderman Sir William Treloar, who conceived the idea of this banquet and who raises most of the \$8,000 necessary to pay for it, turns up with the lord mayor of that year at the door of the Guildhall, and Sir William formally hands to the lord mayor a thick packet of envelopes. Each of these contains a long list of names of the cripples who are to receive the hamper—twenty tons of them in all—for which the delivery men are driving up in line. The lord mayor hands to each man his list and says, officially and formally, "God speed to you." The same formula is repeated to every man. The dinners might taste just as good if this ceremony were omitted, and it would save the busy lord mayor a good deal of bother, but the bit of sentiment is never lost on the people who witness it. As becomes the headquarters of the best fed corporations in the world, one of the features of the Guildhall is its great kitchen, where delicacies have been cooked for kings and premiers since time out of mind. It might be maintained that the chief of the Guildhall kitchen is far and away the most important member of the municipal government. Even the cooks at Windsor cannot do a Christmas ham of beef to such a nicety as those in the Guildhall. Yet these grave potentates attend as seriously to the preparation of the repast for the little army of the unwashed—as they did a few weeks ago to preparing the city's feast for King Edward and Queen Alexandra. There is no turtle soup to be sure, but the roast beef and the plum pudding are enough to make a millionaire's mouth water. Everything is ready to be served piping hot when the children are admitted. At that time the great hall, where so many monarchs have sat in one tumultuous mass of wriggling, ragged humanity. Some of the children have their faces washed in honor of the occasion, but so much ceremony is not de rigeur. It would appear that every one of the 1,200 has been fasting voluntarily or otherwise for a day or two before. The sights and sounds when this army falls upon its food are something that the infant denizen of no American slum can hope to compete with. Slight-seers are almost as eager for tickets of admission to the galleries, whence a view may be had of this wondrous scramble as the children themselves are for invitations to the feast. The portions served are generous—roast beef, potato, cabbage, milk and Christmas pudding enough to cope single-handed with the appetite of an ordinary child. But second helpings are the custom with the Guildhall guests, and attempts at the third round have been known. That total makes 1,000 pounds of meat

and over 700 pounds of plum pudding. Etiquette calls for the lapse of half an hour from the time the banquet comes on till the ceremonies begin, but fifteen minutes would do as well. At half past 5 the lord mayor and his lady, followed by a gorgeous procession of city officials, begin a solemn, stately march up and down between the long rows of tables. It is part of the game that his lordship should be in full saff, so to speak. His crimson robes of state, with enough fur down the front for a king's ransom, his huge bejeweled sword and his chains of office are all in evidence. The lady mayoress likewise has to be dressed in her Sunday best. The big gilded mace, portentous sign of the city's might, is borne along behind the pair, followed by the sheriffs, and last but not least the benign Alderman Treloar in his robes of office. The legions of the late uned, now stuffed well nigh to bursting, are as a rule considerably awed at first by all this magnificence, but with some prodding they are induced to rise and pipe out "God save the king."

As the procession goes on down the aisles the lord mayor periodically chants "Happy New Year to you, little brothers and sisters," to which the children have been instructed to answer back with due formality: "The same to you, sir, and your ladyship." It has now become part of the ritual that these responses should alternate occasionally with "Hurrah for our alderman!" "Long live Sir William!"

The procession paces on and on, slowly, up and down the aisle for fifteen or twenty minutes, that the full idea of the municipal majesty may sink into the inmost being of even the smallest guest, and perhaps so enable a few of the more lusty ones by dint of much cheering and wriggling about to find room for another mouthful or two. After the children are dismissed, their mothers are introduced into the hall to feast on what remains. It is difficult to tell which sight is the more grievous, the gaunt, pinched, grimy faces of the children anywhere from 3 to 14 years old, or the baggard, ragged women, many of them young, but none looking as if she herself had ever been a child.

The final ceremony comes when yet a third series of guests is entertained. After the mothers have gathered up their baskets of fragments, the flocks of pigeons which circle day after day about the turrets of the Guildhall are called down for the crumbs which have fallen from the children's tables. For yards and yards around, the stone pavement is blanketed in gray with the birds. Sir William Treloar, who makes all this quaint Christmas entertainment possible, is known all over London as "The children's alderman." It takes a lot of hustling season after season to raise the funds for the feast, and it took a lot of persistence in the first place to persuade the corporation that its precious Guildhall could be used without loss of dignity for guests at the uttermost extreme from those usually entertained there.

But without the systematic preparation which the Ragged School Union makes for this peculiar feast, even Alderman Treloar and the lord mayor and lord mayoress would be at sea. The union is a federation of nearly all the societies through which London seeks to aid poor children. Most of these societies have queer names that are rather significant of the English attitude toward the poor. There is a touch of the same condescension about them that there is in the Guildhall feast—an accentuation of the difference between the classes. Among these organizations are the Barefoot Mission, the Goose Club, the Crutch and Kindness League, and—observe this name—the Guild for the Poor Brave Things!

But London is generous, even if it is a little condescending, and the Ragged School Union, which was organized nearly sixty years ago, has really done a wonderful work in helping the condition of the children of the slums, and especially in helping along little cripples.

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ONE MORE SESSION

Council to Meet Again Tomorrow Evening

Can't Leave Office Until Auditor's Report for the Year Has Been Filed.

For a moment yesterday evening Alderman Murry had his ambition gratified for he occupied the mayor's chair temporarily. The time had arrived for the council to convene and meet in his worship nor Alderman Macdonald, the senior member of the council, were present. City Clerk Smith called the gentlemen to order. Adir proposed Mr. Murry take the chair, it was seconded by Wilson, carried, and Mr. Murry for the first time occupied the seat of honor. His reign was short lived, however, as his worship arrived during the reading of the communications and the chair was seized in his favor. Those mentioned, together with Norway, were the only members present. Several times the Nugget has announced that such a meeting would be the last of the present council, but in each instance it has been proven that another guess was coming. Last night it was thought would see the wind-up of the present administration, but it now appears the present members can not relinquish office until the report of the auditor has been filed and accepted, which will not be ready before Wednesday. A special meeting has been called for tomorrow evening and that positively will be the farewell appearance of the council as at present constituted. Among the petitions presented was one signed by W. H. Fairbanks for the N. C. Co.; C. E. McKee for the N. A. T. & T. Co.; John Cormack for Alex. McDonald and Dr. T. B. Cooke for the Ladue Company, in which the gentlemen said with reference to the petition of the Klondike Mines Railway Company that they preferred the road should run between the outside line of the docks and the river. A lengthy communication was read from C. W. Tennant regarding the dangers of ice accumulating in the fire hose when in use at a fire during the excessively cold weather and offering a remedy for the same. Mr. Tennant's letter was published in full in the Nugget yesterday evening. City Engineer Rendell filed his first annual report which will be found in detail elsewhere in this issue. No new bills were presented and none of the standing committees had a report to make other than the recommendation by Adair that a check be drawn for \$410.07 in favor of the City Engineer for the advance charges and freight on a quantity of fire supplies which just arrived from Whitehorse over the ice, the rate down being twenty cents a pound. His worship objected to such action, saying that those goods were guaranteed to be delivered before the close of navigation and he wished the matter of their delay investigated before any bills pertaining to them were paid. Adair pointed out that Chief Lester had ordered the goods brought down, whereupon his worship withdrew his objection and the bill was ordered paid. The draft how in the bank for collection in payment of the goods will be sent back unpaid and will remain so until the company explains why the articles were not delivered as per contract. Once more the final action on the railway franchise bill was postponed, his worship proposing that the matter stand over until tomorrow evening. Near the conclusion of the session his worship referred to the strenuous way they had all had and expressed his regret at the result which would prevent the worthy chairman of the finance committee from occupying the highest seat within the gift of the people in the city government, and also in the unseating of three of the present aldermen. As far as he was personally concerned he would have been happy to have seen all the old aldermen returned. Upon the adjournment being taken it was with the intention of meeting in special session tomorrow evening at 8:30 at which time the auditor's report will be ready and the business of the year will be closed up.

THE LASS HE LEFT

"Re went upon a journey, And she was left at home, And she was left at home, And yet 'twas he who stayed behind, And she that far did roam."

"For though he went by mountain And wood and stream and sea, A little cot enwrapped in green He saw perpetually."

"And she within the green leaves, Not knowing that he stood Forever by her, dreamed her way With him by mount and wood."

"Now heaven help these lovers, And bring her safely home, Or lead him back along the track, Where she, 'e'en now, doth roam."

Barrett is headquarters for horse feed.

...The Wife...

A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY By Dorothy Dix.

The wife—This docile domestic animal is to be found in all parts of the globe, where she is most useful in assisting man to till the soil, carry on the arts and commerce, and raise Cain generally. Indeed, so widely is she distributed throughout the civilized world that almost every man possesses one, and while he is frequently miserable with her, he is wretched without her. Although, however, the wife is found among the fauna of every country, it is interesting to note that she is held in varying degrees of esteem in different lands. In Africa she is a slave, in Asia a plaything, in Europe man's companion, while in America she is his boss. In Africa and Asia she is also driven four-in-hand abreast, while in Europe and America she is driven tandem.

The wife belongs to the cat family (genus waterwaals), and betrays her hereditary traits in many ways. While she is young she is kittenish, a trick that she sometimes forgets to abandon after she gets old enough to know better. She is amiable as long as the fur is rubbed the right way. She purrs with contentment when she is well fed. She gets her back up at anything that displeases her, and frequently administers a sly scratch when you are least expecting it. In appearance the wife differs greatly, not only in different latitudes, but in the same environment. She is found both tall and short, dark and fair, and fat and thin—in short, with such varying characteristics that in selecting one a man has only to gratify his tastes. Unfortunately, though, no guarantee goes with the wife that she will remain the same piece of goods, the man picked out, and it not infrequently happens that the one who was selected because of her figure develops into a feather bed, or an animated skeleton, while another, who was chosen because she was kind and gentle, becomes so cross and snappish that she is dangerous to be about. Men also often discover that after they have picked out one kind of a wife that they prefer another type, but as in all enlightened countries a matrimonial clearing house called a divorce court is maintained, this is a mere temporary inconvenience.

As has been stated, the wife is a domestic animal, but she is by nature a foxy creature, who plays shy and wild, and the catching and taming of her is one of the choicest sports of mankind. In reality, she belongs to the species of man-hunting animals. If man would leave her alone she would track him down, and nothing in natural history is a more interesting story than the cunning and art with which this apparently innocent little animal turns the pursued into the pursuer. From her infancy she has been trained for the game, and she leads man a merry chase to the altar, where she allows herself to be captured. In her habits the wife is one of the

most interesting of animals, and exhibits an amount of contradictions that keeps a man guessing as long as he lives. She is gregarious, and goes in flocks to hen clubs, where she amuses herself by drinking weak tea and listening to long-winded papers out of an encyclopedia on a subject of which she knows nothing, and concerning which she cares less. She also enjoys seeing plays that make her weep and harrow up her soul. She spends most of her time getting new clothes, and is never so happy as when she thinks she has a garment that will make the balance of the bunch miserable. Still more remarkable is the circumstance that she does not seem amenable to kindness, for she frequently deserts the good, kind master who worked his fingers to the bone to support her, while she will almost invariably follow the tyrant who beats her to the ends of the earth. The peculiarities of the wife are equally worthy of consideration and distinguish her from all other animals: Her sense of smell is abnormally developed, as evidenced by the certainty with which she can detect the slightest alcoholic odor on a man's breath, no matter how many pints of clove he may chew in the vain effort to disguise it. Her hearing is equally acute, and generally gets into working order just as a man is hazing off into his first sleep, when she is sure to rouse him up to see if burglars are not peering in the cellar window. Her ability to go without sleep is also phenomenal. On lodge nights many wives never close an eye, but wait up with their powers of language undiminished to welcome their husbands home at 3 a. m. Still another curious characteristic of wives is that, although they are generally too delicate to do their own housework, they are able to lead a rush on a bargain counter that would cause a football player to tremble, and that, although a little work brings on nervous prostration, no amount of fatigue hurts them if it is something that is fashionable to do. The old adage, "You cannot teach an old dog new tricks," applies with peculiar force to wives, for notwithstanding the fact that they are clever and intelligent creatures, they can rarely be changed from what they were originally. Many a man marries a soft-looking little wife, thinking he will clip her to suit his tastes, or teach her the tricks he admires, but he generally finds that it is less trouble to humor his pet and do her way than to try to make her do his.

In spite of all this, however, a wife is an almost necessary creature around a house, if you want to give it a homelike look. She is useful to attend to a man's social and religious duties. She is frequently valuable as an ornament, and she is simply invaluable as a scapegoat if a man expects to need an excuse for falling in business or being driven to drink. The supply of this valuable domestic animal, which has been called by an enthusiastic naturalist "man's best friend," is so great in many parts of this country that they have no market value, and, in New England especially, wives may be had for the asking.

Oil Advancing. New York, Dec. 26.—The Standard Oil Trust, which this year paid its stockholders \$10,000,000, or 40 per cent. of its capitalization, in dividends, has made in the last twenty-four hours a grab of \$50,000,000 of this vast sum added to the revenues of the trust, the bulk is to John D. Rockefeller and nearly all of it to half a dozen "oil magnates."

The price of oil has been steadily climbing for three months. In September the price of kerosene for export was 84 cents per gallon. Since then the advances have been recorded by 5, 10 and 15 points. The price was 9 cents a gallon on Wednesday, today it is 104 cents, an advance of 1 cent in a day, the largest single advance that has been made in many years.

The circular of the Standard Oil Company says that "the basis on kerosene is the price per American gallon of 110 test in cargo lots of 3,500 cases, delivered at the refinery." Added to this are schedules for quantity, packing and test. Thus 3,000 cases of oil at 150 test, packed in imperial gallons, cost today 11.80 cents.

Oil for export is generally packed in imperial gallons, which, of course, brings up the price. Little information was given today at the office of the Standard Oil Company, but it was admitted that the rise in price was caused by the unusual consumption of oil for heating as well as for illuminating purposes.

Smugglers Captured. San Juan, P. R., Dec. 26.—Supervisor of the Elections Benjamin Butler, Capt. G. W. Ments, United States marine corps, and James Brennan, an employe of the Country Club, have been arrested on information received by customs authorities for smuggling two lots of wines and liquors from St. Thomas, brought here on the U. S. S. Uncas and lighthouse tender Laurel, in all sixty four cases. The prisoners were bound over until Monday and Tuesday under \$2000 bail, when the preliminary examination will be held before United States Commissioner Anderson. It is alleged that supplies for the Country Club, which the club bought in St. Thomas, were smuggled, in through the navy and army. Butler is managing officer of the club and Brennan is the steward. The arrest of other prominent persons will be made today, and it is said that a large number more will follow, as the smuggling has continued for a long time. Frankie and Dimple—Auditorium.

Political Announcements YUKON TERRITORY.

Dr. Alfred Thompson

Is a candidate for the Yukon council from the Dawson district. The support of the electorate is respectfully requested.

VOTE FOR AND SUPPORT

The Labor Candidate for the Yukon Council, District No. 1.

GEO. K. GILBERT

Committee Rooms—Union Hall, cor. Second Avenue and Princess Street.

For Member of the YUKON COUNCIL Dawson District No. 1.

C. W. C. TABOR

For Yukon Council

Candidate District No. 1, which includes Dawson, Fortymale, Miller, Glad and Boucher.

M. THORNBURN

If elected I shall endeavor in every matter to act for the general good of this territory, and I trust my many friends will give me their vote and influence.

FOR YUKON COUNCIL

To the Electors of Electoral District No. 2. Gentlemen,—I hereby announce myself a candidate for election as one of your representatives in the Yukon territorial council and solicit your votes and influence as my behalf.

A. J. Prudhomme

FOR YUKON COUNCIL

Dawson, Yukon Territory, December 26th, 1902. To the Electors of the Electoral District No. 2. Gentlemen:—

Owing to petitions signed by numbers of voters from the creeks requesting me to become a candidate for the Yukon Council, District No. 2, I have decided to accept the nomination, and if elected the people of the Yukon Territory may rest assured that their interests will be protected and safe guarded to the best of my ability. Yours obediently, MAX. LANDREVILLE.

New Stock AT THE NUGGET JOB PRINTERY New Type