

GOSSIP OF THE CREEKS

Some Have Good Times, Some Good Dumps

A Card Party Turns Out to be a Ball—Changes in Road-houses.

Mr. A. J. Maiden was visiting friends at the Forks and lower Bonanza last Monday. Mr. Maiden says he had the finest dinner Xmas he has ever had in the Yukon.

The miners on Victoria gulch are still celebrating. Mrs. J. J. Legault, of Monte Cristo Hill, received a very nice toilet set as a Christmas present from her boarders.

Mrs. Fitzpatrick, of No. 25 below Bonanza, served a very elaborate Christmas dinner to a large number of invited guests.

The shoemaker at Magnet City received a Christmas present that was not very highly appreciated. Friday morning his shop caught fire and was burned to the ground. Everything was lost.

Mr. Watson of 34 below Bonanza was driven from his happy home last Saturday by the water from the gusher. Other families in the vicinity are also being threatened from the same source.

Mr. Slaughter of No. 24 above Bonanza is sinking a shaft on the hillside opposite No. 40 above Bonanza.

Miss Jennie Parry, proprietress of the Strathcona hotel at Magnet City, gave a dance Xmas eve which was largely attended by her many friends. Miss Parry recently purchased the interest in this hotel which was owned by Austin Gibbs and now has it alone, and her genial ways with her large acquaintance assures her a grand success.

Messrs. Conrad and Martin Lund of No. 26 above Bonanza invited a number of their friends to spend last Saturday evening with them, and as it was still Christmas time there was plenty of candy, nuts, cigars, etc., etc., on hand. It was supposed to be a card party, but after a few games of cards had been played it seemed too slow for the young people and "let's dance" was whispered around until the temptation became so strong that the tables were thrown out. Here a new obstacle appeared—there was no music. Not to be outdone the boys rustled up a harmonica which answered the purpose as well as the best string band in Dawson. About midnight Conrad, the cook, invited the guests into the dining room where a delicious luncheon was served. The small party broke up at a late hour and complimenting the boys upon the pleasant evening passed they wended their way to their various homes, there to seek rest in sleep.

Back Grant, of No. 18 below Bonanza, went to town on Christmas day to have his whiskers trimmed. He certainly has a nice growth and is so proud of them that he carries a small looking glass with him and looks at himself after hoisting every second bucket.

A soundough meeting was held at Grand Forks last Friday evening, at which nearly every one present related some of their experiences of the early days of this territory, told a story, recited a recitation, or did something to amuse the crowd. Mr. Kehoe, of No. 26 above Bonanza, by no ways a mean poet though a very sour sardough, recited a very long piece of poetry composed by himself, which will be found in the next issue of the Nugget and published under his own signature.

Messrs. Grant, Gleason, McGuire and Beckwith of No. 18 below Bonanza have recently found some very good pay. These young men have put down a number of shafts and were driven out by water until they were about to give up in despair, but following the old adage, "Patience and perseverance accomplishes all things," they kept on and have been amply rewarded for their efforts. One of the prettiest specimens of a Nugget which the scribe has ever seen was found by Mr. McGuire on No. 18. The boys are hard workers and it is safe to say that by spring they will have out some of the largest and best dumps on lower Bonanza.

The carrier was remembered on Xmas by Mrs. Kessler of Monte Cristo Hill and Joseph Webb, proprietor of the Miners' Friend restaurant at Grand Forks, and received a very nice present from each.

Largest Parish in the World Chicago has the distinction of possessing the largest church parish in the world. It is the Roman Catholic parish of the Polish Church of St. Stanislaus Kostka, located in the midst of the Polish colony. At the last enumeration, that on Easter Sunday, there were 31,300 communicants in the parish of this church, representing 4,500 families. Added to these are the floating attendants of the church, who are estimated as bringing the number of communicants up to 33,000. It cost \$62,921 last

year to pay the expenses of the parish. The revenues were \$60,910, the principal items being \$22,647 from pew rents, \$14,356 from tuition fees at the several educational institutions, and \$11,782 from offerings. The church has property amounting to more than \$750,000, including school property, a publishing house and an interest in St. Adelbert cemetery. It requires the entire time and services of two men to manage the secular affairs of the parish, under the direction of the procurator and treasurer.

King Edward's...Snuff Box

(New York Sun.)

A certain London dispatch says King Edward VII has begun to take snuff and does to his favorites that titillating powder from a Georgian box, a handsome piece, no doubt. If the tale is true, Lord Rosebery will purr contentedly. Alone, or almost alone, among the English public men of this generation he practices the custom that was universal among the periwigged wits, statesmen and persons of quality of Anne's time and that reigned with all the Georges. England got the snuff-taking habit rather late. It flourished in Scotland and Ireland before it reached their neighbors, and on the continent it was mighty. More than a hundred years ago a pope had to forbid its use during service by the Roman priests. One thinks of the eighteenth century as the great age of snuff. The shrewd, urbane cardinals, the polished, witty abbots, the diplomats, the ministers of state, the philosophers, and poets, the noblemen of the day, when a nobleman was something, rapped out their epigrams with a tap of their beautiful painted snuff boxes and took snuff in the grand manner. The court painters were sad flatterers; but the eighteenth century hands, masculine and feminine, developed by the manipulation and for the display of the snuff box and fan and ombre, must have been unusually handsome hands. Not so clean, though, by any manner of means as those of this formal age, which takes less snuff and infinitely more baths.

Even in the poor mimicry of the stage it is pleasant to see the powdered marquis putting forth his courtliest bow as he offers his snuff box and dusting his ruffe after the dose has reached the nostrils. Perhaps our democratic age does not miss this delicate art, but it must have been a pretty one in its day, and that day is not yet remote. Some of us can remember grandmother with beautiful caps and with still more beautiful enameled snuff boxes. A slender old hand with something of the perfection of old ivory about it looked very well as a minister of the snuff box, and how much better must the young hands have looked that Mr. Dryden or Mr. Congreve or Dean Swift paid compliments or wrote verses to. Flaviilla's hands, for instance, in the "Spectator." Flaviilla carried a box of "good Brandy" and the facetious Mr. Addison imitated the whole duty and ceremony of the snuff box. No fine lady or gentleman was complete without one in the great age. According to the legend, worthy Monsieur Fagon, one of the physicians of Louis XIV, delivered presumably by command an address against the universal use of snuff; and every time he made a fine, swelling period, and paused for applause, he would unconsciously refresh himself with the very article he was reviling.

Some critics hold that without plenty of sport and plenty of snuff, you cannot understand thoroughly the age of Johnson, Garrick, Reynolds, Goldsmith, Burke and Sheridan. We should have cared, however, to see Doctor Major pushing snuff out of his waistcoat, with his great paw and smearing himself therewith. There are persons who ought not to use snuff, just as there are persons who should refrain from soup. Beau Brummel and his friend the "Prince of Wales" had in perfection the art of opening the snuff box with the same hand in which they held it. The prince regent was a famous snuff taker and the "Prince's Mixture" was famous in its day, although it must have been too expensive for poor Coleridge, who contented himself with "Irish Blackguard."

Mr. Choate will hardly get a snuff box from the king. The foreign ministers at the coronation of George IV were luckier. That accomplished sovereign dispensed more than \$40,000 in snuff boxes for the diplomatic corps. Lord Rosebery has a very able collection should Edward VII wish to borrow. It is said that no king or belted earl can take snuff or offer his box to a friend more impressively than some of the old-fashioned and still extant London head waiters. Those excellent men will be much encouraged by the new accomplishment of their sovereign lord.

After a few days of pleasant weather, the last two, however, being marred by heavy winds, the thermometer again took a header and went below zero; the atmosphere this morning being so murky and full of fog that one could scarcely see across the street, a sure indication of a fall in the temperature. It was reported to have been 40 below early in the day and at noon the instrument at the barracks marked 35 with every indication of the night being considerably colder.

"The American Girl"—Auditorium.

WHERE THE DOGS ALL GO TO CHURCH

ORIGINAL STORY OF THE LOUCHEAUX WRITTEN SPECIALLY FOR THE NUGGET BY WM. N. CRAIGIE.

THE irregular jingle-jangle of a bell as it was rung with aimless mechanical movement by a young Indian who, true to his breed, was intently watching a hawk circling above him, instead of his work in hand, sounded strangely out of place to Aytoun. The jingle reached him before a sign of the ringer, telling him that the camp of his friends was near.

It was Sunday morning in the Peel valley. The thin wintry sunshine lit up a glorious country of mountain, forest, hill and watercourse, all clad in its mantle of white, silent and beautiful.

The silence was broken as Aytoun drew near by the call to service of the Loucheaux.

The house of praise was Lijuek's wickiup, a structure about fourteen by sixteen, with a line of flaming logs in the middle lying the short way. At the side furthest from the door sat Lijuek, the minister, behind an improvised pulpit covered with skins upon which lay an open bible printed in the Loucheaux language. The floor, or ground, was also covered with skins for the accommodation of the worshippers, who upon entering squatted down and awaited the opening of the service with a grave demeanor one does not always see in a congregation of white people. Aytoun entered and he was at once beckoned to a place that had been reserved for him by the reverend gentleman. The service then opened with a Loucheaux hymn.

In the wickiup was a gathering of Indian souls numbering seventeen. Outside was a pack of dogs numbering thirty-eight or forty. It is owing to these facts that I am writing this article.

The Indian dog is quite a factor in camp. He demands an observation by all the other dogs of a code of rules that must not be broken. The one with the sharpest teeth, shaggiest and toughest hide may transgress to a slight degree with impunity for a time, but woe to him; his Nemesis will surely overtake him some time, and he will slink to some corner and lick his wounds.

One of the most important of the many malamute laws is that no dog can overstep the boundary, or dead line, drawn around each tepee or wickiup by the dogs of that particular abode. Should some luckless one do so he is at once set upon by the whole of the dogs whose dead line he has crossed, and as each Indian has about six, the odds are so much against him that he is thoroughly whipped and retires taking with him a revenge that will only be laid when he has, with the help of his mates, nailed some other dog guilty of a life offence.

Now Lijuek's team numbering seven

Nod—Your baby isn't three months old yet, is he? Todd—Oh, yes. To be exact, I have been awake now just ninety-six nights.—Life.

He (after a quarrel, bitterly) — I was a fool when I married you. She (quietly, about to leave the room) — Yes; but I thought you would improve.—Punch

"That young doctor says he is treating some swell patients." "People with pedigrees?" "No; people with mumps."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"You lazy 'ramp, don't you know that honest labor is dignified?" "Yes, sir, but, you see, I realize that I am too humble to aspire to the dignity."

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.

FOR YUKON COUNCIL.

Dawson, Yukon Territory, December 26th, 1903. 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 obedient, MAX. LAUNDREVILLE.

FOR MEMBER OF THE YUKON COUNCIL, DISTRICT NO. 1.

A. J. Prudhomme

CITY OF DAWSON.

VOTE FOR R. P. McLENNAN For Mayor of Dawson, 1903.

CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR 1903 Thos. Adair

CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR 1903, D. W. DAVIS.

Vote for PETER VACHON For Alderman.

VOTE FOR James F. Macdonald FOR ALDERMAN

Vote for JOHN L. TIMMINS For Alderman. He stands for a clean administration and a judicious expenditure of the people's money. He makes no pre-election pledges but will treat conditions as they arise to the best of his humble ability.

Candidate FOR ALDERMAN 1903 J. A. GREENE

Candidate FOR ALDERMAN 1903 H. C. Norquay

TO THE VOTERS At the solicitation of my friends I will be a candidate for Alderman at the ensuing municipal election. Your votes and assistance are solicited. H. E. A. Robertson.

Candidate FOR ALDERMAN 1903, Dr. Z. Strong, V. S.

Candidate for ALDERMAN, 1903 DR. A. F. EDWARDS

Candidate FOR ALDERMAN 1903 F. W. Arnold.

Candidate for ALDERMAN 1903, FRANK N. JOHNSON

Your Vote and Influence are Respectfully Requested for ALLAYNE JONES As Alderman for 1903

To the electors of the city of Dawson: At the request of my friends I again offer myself as a candidate for Alderman. I have endeavored during my term of office to pursue a policy of economy in civic affairs and if I have the honor of reelection will continue to advocate the same policy. Respectfully, T. G. WILSON.

Candidate FOR ALDERMAN 1903, LIONEL G. BENNET

Candidate for ALDERMAN 1903, A. LA LANDE.

Candidate for ALDERMAN 1903, R.H.S. Cresswell

"DE SNOWBIRD"

By Wm. H. Drummond.

"O leetle bird dat's come to us w'en stormy win' she's blowin', An' ev'ry flet an' mountain top is covered wit' de snow, How far from home you're flyin', nobody's never knowin', For spen' wit' us de winter tam, mon cher petit oiseau!"

"We always know you're comin', w'en we hear de fire's boog storm A sweepin' from de sky above, an' screamin' as she go— Can tell you're safe inside it, w'ere you're keepin' nice an' warm, But no wan's never see you dese, mon cher petit oiseau!"

"Was it 'way behin' de mountain dat de north' win' ketch you sleepin', Mebbe on your leetle nes', too, an' before de wing she grow, Lil' you up an' bring you dat way, till some mornin' 'in' you peepin' Out of new nes' on the snow dret, mon pau' petit oiseau!"

"All de wood is full on summer wit' de many bird is sing dese, Dey mus' often know each o'er, webbe mak' de frien' also, But w'en you was come on winter, never seein' wan strange wing dese, Was it mak' you feelin' lonesome, mon pau' petit oiseau?"

"Plantee' bird is always hidin' on some place no wan can fin, dem, But ma leetle bird of winter, dat was not de way you go— For de chil'ren on de roadside, you don't seem to care for min' dem, W'en dey pass on way to schoolhouse, mon cher petit oiseau!"

"No wan say you sing lak robin, but you got no tam for singin', So busy it was keepin' you get breakfas' on de snow, But de small note you was geev us, w'en it join de sleigh bell ringin', Mak' de true Canadian music, mon cher petit oiseau."

"O de long, an' lonesome winter, if you're never comin' near us, If we miss you on de roadside, an' on all de place below! But le bon Dieu He will sen' you troo de storm again for cheer us, W'en we mos' was need you here, too, mon cher petit oiseau."

—From "The Habitant."

Dr. Drummond's long residence in French Canada, has quick sympathies and observant mind, have given him a knowledge and grasp of the social life, character, mental bias and points of the "habitant"—as the tillers of the soil in Quebec are called—that makes his dialect verse a distinct contribution to Canadian literature. This fact has been freely recognized by Louis Frechette, the French-Canadian poet-laureate, who writes an appreciative introduction to Dr. Drummond's first collection of dialect verse, and passes on to him the title which Longfellow bestowed upon M. Frechette himself, namely: "The pathfinder of a new land of song." If anyone merits the title, M. Frechette declares, it is assuredly Dr. Drummond. The reading public appear to have cooformed that estimate, for the publishers of his books, Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, report a phenomenal sale of both "The Habitant," which appeared in 1897, and "Johnny Courteen," issued last year, and which ran into multiple editions. Dr. Drummond is an Irishman by birth, a native of County Leitrim, but was educated at the Montreal High School, and at Bishop's College, Lennoxville, Que. He graduated from the law-school in medicine in 1884, and has since practised his profession in Montreal. The best known of his poems are "The Papineau Gun" and "The Wreck of the Julie Plante," the latter appearing in the Nugget recently.

Send a copy of the Nugget's Christmas edition to your outside friends. The best of office stationery may be secured at the Nugget printery at reasonable prices. Will care for one or two good dogs for their use during the balance of the winter. Apply Nugget office.