

LODGE NIGHTS IN THE TOWN

They are the Great Events of the Winter.

And When It Comes to "Good of the Order" Everybody Is Happy, and Glad He Came.

Contemporary with the fall opening at the city theaters commences the reign of the recitations, the solo and the dialogue in the village temperance lodge. While the youth of the city have been bronzing at the lake shore or on the farm of the casual friend the man behind the plough has been working 14 hours a day and in odd moments planning for a carnival of fun during the coming winter. One of the sources of his pleasure will be the old time "lodge," where is held up to the righteous indignation of its members the liquid that "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." But that is incidental. The majority who attend are prohibitionists from principle. By far the greater object is the fun that is to be had.

As soon as threshing is over interest revives in the "lodge" for the winter. The beginning of a new quarter is heralded by fresh zeal on the part of the presiding officer. At the Sunday church service he makes it a point to get out early and personally shake hands with as many of his fellow members as possible. He also reminds them that the society meets on Friday night. "Election of officers, you know," he adds. He fondly hopes that the handshake and the kindly reminder will have the same vote-getting effect as the patronage of a politician. "I am in favor of a second term when the first one is during the dull season," he reasons to himself. The intervening days before the night meeting are used for a good deal of "drumming up" on the part of the enthusiastic ones and of those who would consent to take office "if it were pressed upon them." When the meeting night arrives there are many rigs heading for the village, and their singing, laughing occupants lead the stay-at-homes to rouse from an after supper indolence and say:

"Guess they're going to have a big meeting tonight; I hear lots of rigs going toward Springville."

The dogs, accustomed only to the chanting of night birds, rush about the yard, and their barking is taken up and carried on by their brothers across the concessions. Stray gleams of light from carried lanterns gradually concentrate, until the church yard looks like a collection of will o' the-wisps. With a familiarity which in city back yards provokes battle between watchman and burglar, neighbors throw their lantern gleams in others' faces and thus acquaintances are recognized.

Respect is first paid to the corner store, for the union of business and pleasure is not the least capacity of a farmer. Long delayed letters are taken from the postoffice, but the genial though not over-swift storekeeper will not lose a sale of five pounds of sugar for the sake of serving out his majesty's mail at \$35 a year. While they wait on the postmaster-storekeeper the visitors gaze on the soap prize pictures, the auction sale bills, the notice to postmasters, the mustard tins, castor oil bottles and the fancy biscuits, throwing in an occasional remark to a neighbor. Outside, the veranda of the store is lined with figures, standing and sitting in the darkness, where the merchant's tobacco is tested impartially, and the merits of respective crops are discussed.

Presently the air of a well known hymn is heard from a lighted hall. It is not the outward evidence of a prayer meeting, but the opening ode of the lodge, the music of which has been appropriated from a hymn book by the founders of the ritual. It is the signal for a general move forward, and for some minutes the outside sentinel is fully occupied collecting the password. He has himself probably forgotten the current phrase since May, and has to be reminded by his worthy chief. But his fate is but the common fate of many.

Inside they are proceeding with an elaborately phrased ritual, whose deep-sounding words put the members into an attitude of reverence. But they are interrupted:

"Brother Smith is without the password. Shall I admit him?" Thus shouts the guard on the inside.

"I'll vouch for him," says Brother Jones, whose good natured and prompt response is often heeded without reference to the treasurer's books.

Brother Johnston comes along the

vestibule with a proud step, for he has the pass word. Brother Alexander follows stealthily, but he hasn't the password. Brother Johnston repeats it to the guard in a hoarse whisper, and his neighbor, hearing what was intended for his ears, repeats it in the guard's ear, and follows in without challenge.

The election of officers is held and speeches from the bashful men and maidens are exacted:

"Has any member anything to offer for the good of the order?" queries the presiding chief. It is a hackneyed question, but it indicates the arrival of the moment to which all other moments have but paved the way. Some of the older members in settling some trifling business matter have been too talkative, and in the anxiety of the audience for pleasure they have silently poured out their contempt on the heads of the unfortunates. When this mysterious something "for the good of the order" becomes due there is a rustling of suppressed wonderment. The capable ones who can be counted on to entertain can be numbered on one's fingers. But there has been a summer in which to get new material, and here is an eager field to be exploited.

Talent in church and talent in the lodge are often synonymous, and those who entertain in the one stand forth as heroic figures in the other. It is apropos that the first number on the program now to be unravelled should be a vocal solo.

"We will open our program with a song from Brother Patterson," is the crisp announcement from the chair.

Brother Patterson steps forward with an air of assurance born of frequent practice as soloist and leader in the village choir. While his accompanist on the organ plays the prelude wondering faces look up. It is something new, and a change from "The Suwanee River," "The Poachers of Lincolnshire," and other well known favorites. Not until the singer reaches the repetitions of the chorus does it dawn upon the audience that he is singing something concerning "Just One Girl." The surprise of all is at once evident. The listeners turn from one to another with moving lips, and cast glances at the organist to see if she is blushing.

The conclusion is reached that the singer is "stricken," for did he not accompany the same lady on the Farmers' Institute excursion last summer?

The second number on the program is announced as a recitation by Brother Sanders. This worthy teetotaler has passed his half-century mark, but besides being still one of the boys he possesses the greatest receptacle for poetry of anyone in the township. But his memory was cultivated at an early age, and the three recitations which make up his repertoire have not changed in two score years. On coming forward Brother Sanders is received with tumultuous applause, for everyone admits that his selections are "alone worth the price of admission."

"By request I will give you tonight that old favorite, 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight,'" says the declaimer, as the enthusiasm subsides.

Then, with a voice trembling with emotion, he commences the rendering of that ballad in a manner for which he has long been famous, giving him the reputation in the local paper of being able to "alternately sway his audience from tears to laughter."

Meantime, one member after another has been disappearing into the curtained off recesses at either end of the stage. Old hands know that this portends something; it is, in fact, the intimation of a dialogue to come. As soon as the recitation has been concluded the curtain is dragged along its wire support from either side, and the stage is hidden for some time. When revealed again there are two silent figures seated on chairs. Then begins the dialogue between these two stars. They have been primed from the dialogue book right up to the last second. Now, they reel off their language in turn for several minutes, in the manner prescribed. Others enter, including a couple of "colored brethren." The ideas gleaned by a member once by a presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at a neighboring town have come in useful, and the character parts of the colored gentlemen are made harmonious by irregular facial daubs of burnt cork. The pink flesh is revealed low on the neck, but the liberal sprinkling of ready-made jokes causes frequent laughter, and the curtain is trailed across the stage at the conclusion amid a great outburst of enthusiasm.

The chairman resumes his seat on the platform, and ere the audience have come down from the transports of ecstasy to which they have been carried he asks in a material manner:

"Worthy treasurer, I would thank you for the receipts of the evening." "One dollar and ten cents" is the reply and then to the tune of "Auld

Lang Syne" the members sing their closing ode.

As they file out into the darkness the talk is enlivened by the dying embers of the amusement provoked by the dialogue, and a large attendance for the winter is abundantly assured.—M. O. H. in Toronto Globe.

King Edward's Title.

"Scot" writes the Globe: "I am rather surprised that I have nowhere seen any reference to the interesting fact if the Duke of Kent, Queen Victoria's father (and through whom her succession to the throne came), had lived long enough to succeed his brother, William IV., he would have been Edward VII of England, and his grandson, our present king, would be Edward VIII. Nor have I seen any reference to another important fact, viz., that while our new king is Edward VII of England and Ireland, he is the first Edward of Scotland, and doubtless was so proclaimed in the Scottish capital and other cities and towns of Scotland. In the well known Scottish patriotic song, 'Scots Wha Ha! Wi' Wallace Bled,' one of the lines speaks of 'proud Edward's power.' Will not this come to be just a little awkward now?"

The point raised by our correspondent has been already discussed in English and Scottish journals. The Glasgow Daily Mail, in its issue of January 25, says: "Some curious questions are raised, regarding the king's title, Edward VII. The Westminster Gazette remarks that 'there was no Edward VI of Scotland, therefore for that country there can be no Edward VII, and says that 'possibly, therefore, the king will be Edward the Seventh of England and First of Scotland.' Our contemporary is not quite accurate. The king is the second Edward who has ruled over Scotland, Edward I having been duly crowned at Stone and having reigned for about three months. Then the king is not the seventh but the eighth Edward who has ruled over England, Edward the Confessor having reigned before the sovereign who called himself Edward I. To add to the confusion it may be noted that the king is the first Edward to rule over the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. So which should he be rightly called—the first, the second, the seventh or the eighth? There will be no prosecution for treason if a person who wishes to be very particular speaks of the king as Edward the Seventh (or Eighth) of England, the Second of Scotland and the First of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland. As regards Scotland, the fact is that no numerical distinction has been made in her favor since the union of the crowns, when James VI of Scotland became James I of England. Before that union England had two Williams while Scotland had only one (the Lion); and so, if the distinction referred to had been made, William III would have been styled William II of Scotland, and William IV would have been styled William III of Scotland. In the latter case, it will be observed, the English numerals were continued even after England and Scotland had been incorporated as Great Britain by the treaty of union. This is the precedent which justifies the king's adoption of the title of Edward VII. It may be said that in this matter the 'predominant partner' predominates. But the truth is that the numerals refer rather to the family or dynasty than to the country. And English and Scottish blood are so well mixed in our royal family that we need not seek to separate them in the numerals of the king's title."

While, however, our Glasgow contemporary corrects the Westminster Gazette as well as our present correspondent, "Scot," in their overlooking of their early Scottish Edward, it falls into error in implying that Edward the Confessor was the only English sovereign bearing that name before the king who, figures in history as Edward I. There were three King Edwards before the Norman conquest, and if the Confessor is counted in the list of Edwards ending with the present sovereign the other Saxon over-earns of that name should also be counted. It is a curious fact in regard to these old King Edwards that the first of the list, the son of Alfred the Great, ascended the throne in 901, exactly a thousand years ago. Counting all the Edwards, therefore, the present sovereign would be Edward X.

By common consent, however, the making of England was not regarded as complete until it had been it welded together by the Norman conquest, and the list of English kings is usually reckoned from the Conqueror.

At the present rate of consumption, the white fish the Pacific Cold Storage Co. brought in for the latter season will all be gone long before Easter.

Mrs. Thompson has received new ladies' furnishings over the ice. 2d st.

The Queen and Masonry.

The recent death of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria calls to remembrance the progress and development of Freemasonry during the 64 years of her majesty's reign. That our readers may be in a position to contrast the present strength of the craft in the British empire with what it was on the 20th of June, 1837, when the lamented Victoria succeeded her uncle, William IV, we give the following figures: On that day there were 646 lodges on the roll of the Grand Lodge of England. Since that time there have been issued warrants for nearly 3000 lodges. In 1837 there were only 340 lodges in Scotland, and now there are 900. Under the Grand Lodge of Ireland there were about 180, whereas the present number is over 400. In 1837 there was not a single colonial grand lodge in existence, the then grand lodges of the United Kingdom holding concurrent jurisdiction over the whole Masonic body throughout the British empire. There are now 15 grand lodges with about 4500 private lodges on their respective rolls. Such an increase in the 64 years of Victoria's reign is almost incredible, but the figures are approximately correct. In the United Kingdom and the colonies Freemasonry is largely indebted to the accession to the grandmastership of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales in 1874—now his most gracious majesty Edward VII—in the amazing prosperity which has fortunately been the lot of the craft during the past 25 years. Under the British flag the Victorian era has been the golden era of Freemasonry.—Toronto Freeman.

Terrible Butchery.

Milwaukee, Feb. 12.—Chas. Voss killed his wife with a butcher knife and finished up the deed by committing suicide. The cause is unknown. A later report reveals a most heartrending incident in connection with the murder. It develops that a little babe was nursing at its mother's breast at the time of the butchery. The sight that was revealed to the neighbors was enough to unnerve the strongest. On the floor beneath the hearth of the kitchen stove lay the body of the dead woman. A slowly widening pool

of blood oozed from beneath her. There was a stir and a gasping cry, and one woman whose nerves were stronger than those of the others, hastened across the floor and raised the bleeding form barely in time to save the life of the ten-weeks old babe that was choking, literally drowning, in its mother's blood.

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SOCIETIES.

THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D. A. F. & A. M.), will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:00 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y

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