

THE STANDARD'S BIG OPENING

Last Night Was to Large and Delighted Audience.

Managers of New House Are Congratulated—Savoy's Weak Cast Fails to Please.

"A Tragedy" at the Standard last evening called for an exceedingly full house, and although some little delay occurred before the curtain went up owing to some hitch in the scenic arrangements, but this was overlooked by the audience which was in full sympathy with management, and besides Leroy Tozier filled in the time with an extemporaneous speech, and then the play went merrily on without a hitch from beginning to end, and if a Dawson audience ever got its money's worth of laugh that one did.

The actors were all sour doughs, so nothing need be said of their work beyond the fact that they were up to their usual standard of excellence. The piece itself is artistically funny, and clean, and the management announced last evening that no other kind of entertainment would be permitted in the Standard.

The plot of "Tragedy" is this: Mr. Gregory Grayson, a barrister, writes a tragedy. At the last moment before its production the heavy character meets with an accident, and Mr. Burbage, a heavy character actor who has seen better days is engaged to take his place. Mrs. Mumford Merry, who has a jealous husband, is to play the lead, and before going to the theater is discovered in the office of the author by his jealous wife and her somewhat inquisitive mother, who, together with Mr. Merry, the office clerk and others overhear a reading of a part of the play, and mistake it for a plot to murder pretty nearly everyone in town.

The office clerk, in an effort to accommodate the eavesdropping mother-in-law, puts her in a large safe, and afterwards finding the door shut and not having the combination, he believes her smothered to death and goes nearly insane with fear and remorse. Mr. Grayson makes his escape from the infuriated audience dressed in tights and an ulster, and his clothes being found by an over-credulous Scotland yard man, he is supposed to have been drowned, and about every one in the cast is at one time or another under arrest or in jail, and Grayson is at length arrested and charged with having murdered himself, and is told to prove that he is living.

A general explanation takes place at the close and of course it all comes out right, but some of the situations have just enough of the serious in them to be ludicrous in the extreme.

The show at the Standard is worth the price of admission surely.

The Savoy opens the week with a weak program. With the exception of John Flynn's burlesque, "Me and Jack," which serves to relieve the monotony of the program the time of the audience is taken up with a mixture of music and alleged music which grows very tiresome before the end is reached.

It would look as though a company that essays to entertain by singing alone would have more than three or four fair singers, which the Savoy company has not. Madame Lloyd is very good, although she failed to receive an encore on either of her appearances last night. Walthers and Forest are accomplished duetists, and but for a superabundance of rouge which completely obliterates all facial expression that would otherwise add to the strength of the renditions. Walthers and Forest secured the first encore of the evening. Of the other female singers a number of them have in their voices music similar to that made by a boy who runs along a picket fence with a stick in his hand. As a coon shouter Madge Melville has a fair dialect, but lacks the "nigger limber." Bryant & Onslow, the brutal brothers, are very good "In Our Back Yard," and their stagework afterwards is also clever and amusing.

On the whole the Savoy people are not good entertainers; as only once or twice last night did the audience evince any degree of enthusiasm whatever. New features must be injected into the bill of fare before the performance at the Savoy is up to the standard to which even the people of Dawson are accustomed.

THE SARGA TRIAL.

(Continued from page 1.)

the place where he had found the bones had the appearance of having been some sort of a shelter or canopy having been temporarily used by some one, and

that the bones had been badly charred and somewhat scattered.

D. Lacert was called by the prosecution and testified that he was a miner living on Last Chance, that he had been engaged in cutting hay in the vicinity of the place where the gruesome exhibits were found and, that the bones had been somewhat scattered when he saw them, and that this might have been due to dogs having been among them. He had seen his own dog chewing on one of the bones and had made him leave it. He also identified certain of the bones and other articles as being the same he had seen at the time of their discovery. "I know this piece of bone," he said picking up a piece of bone from the revolting heap, "because of the dried-meat attached to it."

At the conclusion of this witness' testimony court adjourned till 2 p. m.

When court opened after the noon recess, Godfrey Talbot was called to the witness stand and testified, through Deputy Sheriff Longpre (as he could not speak English), that he had been among those who discovered the bones in question, and that others had thought at first that they were the bones of a dog, but that he had recognized the jaw bone as being that of a man. When shown the bones he said they looked like what he had seen at the time, but could not swear to their identity positively. He finally did, however, identify positively several bones.

Carl Hense was the next witness called and testified that Bellois had worked for him from July to February '99, and that Bellois and Sarga had then appeared to be friends.

All through the proceedings, while the bones were being examined, Sarga looked on impassively and never betrayed in any way that he had more than passing interest in what was going on about him.

DOWN TO EARTH.

Proving That Hunger Is a Base Enemy to Things Romantic.

They had just become engaged and acted like husband and wife, while basking in the honeymoon.

"I tell you, pet," he said after a long and pleasant seance in the parlor, "tomorrow we will go down to the finest hotel in the city and have dinner. You wear that gray dress that has such a pile of fluffy stuff. I'll put on my best bib and tucker, and we're bound to make a hit."

"Oh, you dear old darling! Do you know, I have a mania for swell hotels. When we get rich, we'll live in them, north in the summer and south in the winter, won't we?"

"Y-e-s, of course. Certainly. What you prefer will be my delight, you know. But let's think of tomorrow now. We'll make it a red letter day and a celebration."

They went into the dining room after scores of guests had assembled, and they did make a stunning appearance. The hum of conversation was stilled, diners nudged each other, and she felt that her heart was growing faint while he enjoyed the unmistakable evidence that they were taken as bride and groom. They were received at a separate table with a flourish. The waiter in charge looked important, put on the high touches of a cake walk as he seated them, and then leaned over her shoulder as though her order was a matter of the strictest confidence. Poor girl, she knew as well as did the waiter that their table had concentrated all eyes. The menu showed her as much as a blank piece of paper. It was rich in good things, but it did not convey an idea to her perturbed brain.

"What shall I bring yo' fus, m' lady?"

She swallowed rapidly, blushed rapidly, wished that she was at home and then said in a low but steady voice: "I'm not quite in appetite today. Bring me some ham and eggs."—Detroit Free Press.

A Well Trained Boy.

Mr. Godfather had brought up his son according to the good old model which teaches that children shall be seen and not heard, say "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and respect their elders. When Johnnie went to college, he arranged with his father that on his arrival there, if he found everything satisfactory, he would telegraph "Yes." When the telegram arrived, the busy father had forgotten what "Yes" referred to, so he wired back, "Yes what?" and Johnnie answered, "Yes, sir."—London King.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Best Canadian rye at the Regina.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

Notice.

Harry Kearns will remove his vats from the premises of the British-American Brewing Company. If same is not removed prior to September 10th of next month they will be sold to defray expenses.

BRITISH-AMERICAN BREWING CO. By their Attorney, J. C. M'COOK.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

Fine tweed tailor-made suits. McCandless Bros., opp. S-Y. T. dock.

BRIEF MENTION.

G. M. Buckton is stopping at the Regina.

The territorial court callendar is crowded this week.

Jas. A. Orchard, of Portland, Or., is registered at the Fairview.

Mrs. Cameron, of Gold Bottom, is in town for a few days and is stopping at the Donovan.

Mrs. E. J. White and little daughter Lena, will leave on the Zealandian for a three weeks' visit in Skagway.

Geo. Reed has succeeded in bringing back to the public landing a number of scows and log rafts which went past the town this time last week. They were caught at Moosehide and turned back and are now waiting to be claimed by their owners.

The Monte Carlo Club was opened to the public on Saturday night. The opening affair was a distinct success and was liberally patronized by the best people in town. The Monte Carlo will be a popular resort for business and professional men during the winter.

F. B. Millard, a San Francisco newspaper man who spent some time in Dawson during July, writes to the Examiner from Nome that he thought Dawson was sufficiently dirty; that in his opinion Grand Forks had the worst smell with which, at that time, he had ever come in contact, but that neither Dawson nor Grand Forks could be compared with Nome, which he designated as probably the filthiest spot on earth.

A HOP FIEND'S DREAM.

A hop fiend went on a weary stroll, Looking for a guy that he could roll; For he had not smoked for a whole long day— He was barred from the joint he could not pay. He strolled along with the yen yen bad, 'Till he struck a friend who money had; He touched him quick, and off he flew, To cop the hop from the "Chinks" bamboo. He smoked, and smoked away, And thought of the riches he would have some day.

He talked of his friends and roasted all, For a fiend that won't roast is no fiend at all. He finally into a sweet sleep fell; And dreamed of all the pieces but hell; He dreamed sweet dreams of untold wealth, Of all the dough he could cop by pell. He dreamed of diamonds and riches rare, And of the suckers he could ensnare. He was worth a million in nickels and dimes And counted them over a thousand times. He owned houses and lots and cattle and sheep And a million ships that sailed on the deep. He was king of the world whom all obeyed, And was in the most costly garments arrayed— Had a thousand wives so pretty and rare, All dressed in the finest, with golden hair; A billion servants who stood at his call, For Aladdin's palace wasn't in it at all. He kept on dreaming till he had awoke, Only to find he had run out of dope.

When Ignorance Is Bliss.

Fudge—Do you believe in love at first sight?

Budge—Cert. It is then that neither party knows what kind of a person the other is. Why shouldn't they fall in love?—Boston Transcript.

Premature.

"Did you ever try mud baths for your rheumatism?"

"No. I once ran for a political office, but that was before rheumatism had asserted itself."—Chicago Times-Herald.

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

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Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.

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ALEX HOWDEN—Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, etc. Criminal & Mining Law, Room 21 A. C. Co's office Block.

AUGUSTE NOEL, Advocate, etc., Mission St., Dawson.

HENRY BLECKER & FERNAND DE JOURNEL BLECKER AND DE JOURNEL, Attorneys at Law, Offices—Second street, in the Joslin Building, Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.

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The Standard

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The Laughable 3-Act Farce Comedy

Tragedy!

A Powerful Cast and Full Scenic Effects, and a Big Vaudeville Show; also Jim-Fost's Comedy

THE ARRIVAL OF FITZSIMMONS!

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Our circulation is general; we cater to no class—unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper.

WILL GET THE COIN.

Dawson—Merchants Aghast at A. S. Levine's Plunge.

The books of the W. P. Y. R. show a recent entry for freight payment of \$33,000. This sum represented the amount paid for one consignment of goods by a local dealer. The magnitude of the amount started a Nugget man on an investigation into the facts relative to the payment of such a large sum of money. The information obtained makes interesting reading, showing as it does the phenomenal enterprise of a concern which but a year ago occupied the most unpretentious position in mercantile circles.

It being learned that the genial proprietor of the Star Clothing Louse, Mr. A. S. Levine, was at the back of the big shipment he was found at his store on First avenue and the following statement obtained from him:

"You can say," said Mr. Levine, "that the goods you refer to and on which the sum of \$33,000 was paid, is consigned to my store and from this store all this immense shipment will be sold. I realize that it will crowd us to dispose of them all in the stipulated time, 60 days, but I have made up my mind to put the prices on all these goods to a margin of profit which will but pay for the handling."

When a ked what character of goods he was selling and the prices asked Mr. Levine answered:

"Take moccasins as an example; we have a stock worth \$8000 in this article alone. These moccasins are hand-sewed with waxed threads and are exceptionally well made. I will sell these goods at \$2.50 a pair by one or 100 pairs."

Opening a case marked "Furs," Mr. Levine took out a well-made fur cap and showing it to the scribe said:

"Here is a cap I am going to sell for \$3.50; the same cannot be obtained anywhere for less than \$8 in Dawson. I have sold the same caps last season as high as \$12.50. The same applies to our clothing. I can sell a man as good a suit of clothes as he can get anywhere in the States and at the same price as if he bought in any of the coast cities. I have not unpacked our overcoats yet, but they compare favorably with the swell winter wear in the Eastern cities, particularly our Meltons. When I put those on sale, the price will surprise the old timers. I have an assortment of felt shoes the finest obtainable and case after case of underwear, Levi Strauss' overalls, shirts, top boots, gloves and mittens, shirts, both under and overshirts; in fact the Star Clothing House is out for business and we will handle a large amount of money in the next 60 days."

As the reporter looked at the piles of goods and made a hurried calculation he could, but admit that such would be the case.

VOL. 1

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