

MONTAGUE MARTIN BURIED

With Church of England and Arctic Brotherhood Rites.

First Time Latter Have Been Used in History of Local Camp—A Large Funeral.

The funeral exercises over the remains of the late Montague Martin who died at the Good Samaritan hospital Friday from peritonitis, the outgrowth of typhoid fever, were conducted at 2 o'clock in McDonald hall, the camp of the Arctic Brotherhood, of which order he was a member, the camp being in charge of the funeral. The hall was beautifully and befittingly decorated, at the rear being a life size bust crayon picture of the deceased, on it being the emblems of the Arctic Brotherhood, the pick, shovel and gold pan. This beautiful piece of work was executed by W. M. Kohm, an artist of attainment and himself an enthusiastic member and worker in the order. Rev. Naylor, of the Church of England, conducted the exercises for the church which, as all know, is the most beautiful funeral service of all the churches. At the conclusion of the church service, Camp Dawson, No. 4, Arctic Brotherhood, was called to order by Arctic Chief F. W. Clayton, when the following impressive service was performed over the remains of the departed brother:

A. C.—I am about to convene the camp of the last pass. Arctic Trail Guide, are all the brothers present and in their proper places?

Arctic Trail Guide Geo. Murbarger—All present except one. The place of Brother Montague Martin is vacant. Weary of the long and perilous journey over the trail, he has pitched his last tent and is resting from life's toils.

A. C.—Arctic Recorder, have you an information relative to Brother Martin's absence?

Arctic Recorder G. G. Cantwell—I find this set of resolutions on my desk. The resolutions were read by Dr. J. A. Cleveland and were:

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father, the supreme head of all brotherhoods, to gently withdraw the curtain between the two spheres of man's existence, and from the celestial domain reach forth beyond the veil of that superior shore and tenderly pluck from the tree of life and gather unto himself Montague Martin, our beloved brother, a wholesome branch made glorious in the early summertime of its fruition, after more than 30 years in which he toiled manfully with and through the changing conditions and seasons of earth life, the residuum of which has crowned and robed him in a regalia rich in precious jewels for his wearing in that country not made with hands. In him the principles of our order were personified. He was a son of God. His was an honest God, that manifest in him the true friend, kind neighbor and upright and honorable citizen. Of a sympathetic and artistic nature, he was an ideal companion, and many were made better because of him. The great hardships endured and obstacles overcome with manly courage upon that terrible Teslin trail by him as he journeyed from his southern home to this arctic north-land well qualified him to be enrolled and honored within the sacred shrine of our order.

Resolved, That while we cannot fully understand infinite purposes, and while we mourn our loss on earth, may we not hope and trust that all is well and for the best as seen and understood in the great and loving heart of our Heavenly Father, and while we wait before the Seen and Unseen, may we not go to that source of all help for guidance, and in humble submission bow our heads to His will and lay our sorrowing hearts upon His sympathetic breast, and whispering, "Thy will be done," fall asleep comforted, conscious that our every waking moment will inspire a more perfect understanding of the master's will and way. And while we journey heart sore and wearily midst earth's gathering shadows and storms unspent, far from the fulfillment of ambitions, may we not realize that our departed Arctic Brethren are not dead, but ever living and even ministering angels, and in that consciousness be inspired to grander and nobler lives.

Resolved, That we, the Arctic Brethren here assembled to do honor to our departed dead, with bowed heads and sorrowing hearts extend our heartfelt sympathy to his relations, deprived of the privilege of participating at these, the last sad rites. May the Comforter gently steal away across land and sea to the home of his childhood, and breathe the message so tenderly that his beloved mother, father and dear ones may be comforted, their sorrows overcome by the knowledge that the grave has no victory, that it is but the portals through which consciousness of the life eternal that now is, is more fully realized. And now, while we bow before this altar let us dedicate anew the blessing of our beloved order to the mourner's cause, trusting that earth's choicest blessings may be their's until the great living Master calls them to join their dear

ones in the summer land, where there is no parting and where the home's sweetest melody, love's tenderest ties are never broken. Be it further Resolved, That copies of these resolutions be sent to the relatives of our departed brother and to the press of the city, and a copy spread upon the records of the Arctic Brotherhood of Dawson.

On motion the resolutions were adopted.

A. C.—Keeper of Nuggets, what is Brother Martin's record at your station? Keeper of Nuggets R. A. Kalenborn—His record is clear. His account is closed. To his credit are deeds of truth, charity and brotherly love.

A. C.—Arctic Chaplain, what is the record of our absent brother at your station?

Arctic Chaplain J. S. Cowan—Justice, charity and truth ever guided our brother in his dealings. He believed in and practiced the principles of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

A. C.—Vice-Arctic Chief, what is the record of Brother Martin at your station?

Vice A. C. C. H. Wells—A record of good deeds. A true, brave and honest man.

"None knew him but to love him None named him but to praise."

A. C.—Past Arctic Chief, what more can be said of our dead brother?

Past Arctic Chief L. R. Fulda—Dead? Our brother but sleeps. He has but stepped from the trail of life to rest in the Supreme Camp beyond, there to receive from the Chief of all brotherhoods a well merited reward.

"There is no death; An angel form with silent tread Walks o'er this earth. He bore our loved brother away And then we call him dead."

Arctic Chief Clayton—How is the record with you brother Arctic?

All responded, "It is well." A select quartette then sang "It Is Well With My Soul" and the exercises were completed with the Arctic Chaplain's invocation.

The members of the brotherhood all wore the regalia of the order which is parkeys, white for members and assorted colors for officers and preceded the remains to the cemetery. The pallbearers were, from the camp of A. B.'s, Messrs. L. L. James, D. A. Shindler and E. J. Fitzpatrick; from the ranks of deceased's outside friends, Messrs. F. C. Wade, F. E. G. Berry and J. A. Davidson. Interment was in the Hill-side cemetery.

McGovern Lost a Cat.

Last evening at a small social gathering the freaks of animals were being discussed, and someone said something about the recently published Clark Russell experiences of Dr. Shoff's tearful past on the Island of Maltese. This brought to mind a more recent experience of J. R. McGovern, who mourns the untimely death of what he believes to have been the finest cat that ever killed a rat, or had her tail trod upon in the Klondike.

"The last time I came in," said the bereaved gentleman, "I stopped a few days in Seattle, and when I came away, Venus (that's the name I gave her) followed me aboard the steamer, and made the trip with me to Skagway. She was a pleasant traveling companion, sharing my stateroom without using my tooth brush or wearing any of my clothes, or otherwise making herself obnoxious.

"When we arrived at Skagway I didn't know of course that Venus was going to Dawson, nor did I learn it till I left Whitehorse, when I discovered her curled up and purring in my berth.

"Well, without discussing the probabilities of how she got from Skagway to Whitehorse, it will be enough to say that she came on to Dawson and made her home in my office, where she seemed perfectly happy and content, till one day I had to make a trip to the creeks, and while I was gone Venus passed away."

"That was too bad, Mr. McGovern, how did it happen?" asked a lady who has a confessed weakness for cats.

Tears actually stood in McGovern's eyes as he replied: "Next to my office in the A. C. office building are the Board of Trade rooms, and one night while I was away Frank Clayton, Jack Emerson and R. M. Thompson were smoking and telling each other funny stories in there and Venus went in. They smoked cigars from the special box of Secretary Clayton, and when they couldn't stand it any longer they went out and closed the door behind them, and Venus deliberately stayed in the room. She was asphyxiated."

"Play us something soulful," said one who knew Mac, and the sobs of the company were drowned in the music from the piano.

Thanksgiving on Gold Run.

The Gold Run residents had a typical Yankee Thanksgiving, one of the prominent features of the day being a

turkey shoot in the morning on claim 36 when upwards of 20 copies of the great American bird were disposed of, and in nearly every cabin on the creek could later in the day be detected the scent of baking turkey.

In the evening the entire populace congregated at the home of Messrs. Allen and Wheeler where a Thanksgiving dance was given, an excellent supper being served by Mr. and Mrs. Lucas. Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rogers, Mr. and Mrs. Sola, Mr. and Mrs. Carlo, Mr. and Mrs. Davies, Mr. and Mrs. Herrin, Mr. and Mrs. Morrell, Mrs. Baisley, Mrs. Gadel, Mrs. O'Dell Mrs. Baspron, Miss Evans, Miss Noss, Miss Keeny, Miss Sullivan and all the young and single men on the creek. Music was furnished by the Jewel Brothers' orchestra.

PAYING FOR A MEAL.

It Was Worth a Shilling to Pick Those Bones.

Colonel Ebenezer Sproat, of Revolutionary fame, was born and bred in Middleboro, Mass. He was always fond of a joke and was quick to seize an opportunity to indulge his propensity, as the following incident, related by Dr. Hildreth, well illustrates. His father, also a Colonel Sproat, kept a tavern. One day while Ebenezer was at home on a furlough three private soldiers, on their return from the seat of war, called for a cold luncheon.

Mrs. Sproat set on the table some bread and cheese with the remnants of the family dinner, which her son thought rather scanty fare for hungry men. He felt a little vexed that the defenders of the country were not more bountifully supplied. The soldiers, after satisfying their appetites, asked him how much they should pay. Ebenezer said he would ask his mother. He found her in the kitchen.

"Mother," he said, "how much is it worth to pick those bones?"

"About a shilling, I guess," she answered.

The young officer returned to the soldiers, and taking from the barroom till 3 shillings and smiling genially upon them, gave each man one and with good wishes sent them on their way. Mrs. Sproat soon after came in and asked Ebenezer what he had done with the money for the soldiers' dinner.

In apparent amazement he exclaimed: "Money! Did I not ask you what it was worth to pick those bones, and you said a shilling? I thought it little enough, for the bones were pretty bare, and I handed the men the money from the till, and they are gone."

Mrs. Sproat could not find heart to reprove her favorite son for this misinterpretation of her words, and then she, too, loved a joke, and so, after an instant's glum look, she laughed and said it was all right.—Youth's Companion.

Ants Invent a Wagon.

"There are a good many ants of different varieties on the lot at my country place, near Covington, and last year I began to make a systematic study of their habits," says a contributor to the New Orleans Times-Democrat. "Near one of my flower beds is a colony of small red ants that are extremely industrious in collecting food, and they frequently perform the most astonishing engineering feats in transporting heavy burdens to their home.

"Not long ago I watched a party of about a dozen who had found the body of a small spider and were dragging it toward the nest. The spider had hairy legs, which stuck out in every direction and caught on obstacles, greatly retarding progress. For several minutes the ants toiled away with their awkward booty and then stopped and seemed to hold a council. A minute fragment of dry leaf was lying on the ground, and presently they all lay hold and pulled the spider on top of it. Then they seized the edges and slid it along without difficulty."

The Advance of Time.

The age of man, we are told, is three-score years and ten. From 25 to 40, if the health be good, no material alteration is observed. From thence to 50 the change is greater. Fifty-five to 60, the alteration starts; still we are not bowed down. In the earliest periods of our life the body strengthens and keeps up the mind; in the later stages of it the reverse takes place, and the mind keeps up the body; a formidable duty this and keenly felt by both. Such is time's progress.—Scottish American.

The Carp Is Very Bony.

People marvel at the mechanism of the human body, with its 492 bones and 60 arteries, but man is simple in this respect compared with the carp. That remarkable fish moves no fewer than 4,386 bones and muscles every time it breathes. It has 4,320 veins, to say nothing of its 99 muscles.

The Worst of It.

Jack—Tom, I'm in a terrible fix. I'm engaged to three girls.
Tom—Well, that's not exactly a crime.
Jack—No; that's the worst of it. If it were, I could go to prison and have some peace.

Arctic Brotherhood.

There was a long and busy session of the Arctic Brotherhood Friday night when the degree was conferred upon F. J. Fletcher, H. C. Davis, F. H. Collins and H. E. Stumer.

"HIGH GRADE GOODS"

S-Y.T.Co.

Pumpkins, Squash,
Excellent for Pies.

Parsnips, Turnips,
Equal to the Fresh Vegetable.

Evaporated
Vegetables Granulated & Sliced Potatoes
all kinds.

S-Y. T. CO., SECOND AVENUE.

SAVOY - THEATRE

WEEK COMMENCING MONDAY NOV. 26

JIM POST'S LAUGHABLE COMEDY

A SLIPPERY DAY

Savoy Company of Specialty Artists.

Performance to conclude with
the Laughable Farce, **A Secret Panel**

COMING AND GOING.

R. P. McLennan is visiting the creeks.

Capt. Starnes is now out of danger and his early recovery is hoped for by his many friends.

Grocer Avery, of South Third street, has sold out his business and left yesterday for the outside.

The O'Brien case is on again in the police court this afternoon with a witness named Scott on the stand.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will meet in the Board of Trade rooms this evening at 8:30.

Capt. Pearce of Ottawa, and formerly with the Field Force in Dawson, died in South Africa, October 13th, of tuberculosis.

L. E. Robertson, photographer, has executed an exceptionally fine picture of the Bryan Klondike Nugget election souvenir.

Wm. Butler was arraigned in the territorial court this morning on a charge of theft. He plead not guilty and elected to be tried by a jury.

Dr. McArthur has received a letter from his brother A. J. McArthur who is a captain with the Highlanders in South Africa. The captain is going home.

Attorney Hulme has just learned through the press that his brother, who is in South Africa, has refused to take his discharge and go home, having decided to remain till the war is over.

The other evening, soon after the supper tables had been laid at St. Andrew's hall, and the curtain had gone up, there occurred in a set of quadrille music, the airs "Yankee Doodle" and "Dixie." A healthy patriotic American cheer followed each.

A man of the great house of Smith was charged with stealing a cabin and was heard before Justice Dugas this morning, when the case was dismissed because there was no evidence and because the law makes no provision for such a thing.

Charles Topp Dead.

Charles Topp, a young man 25 years of age, a native of Sweden, who came to the Good Samaritan hospital on the 14th of October suffering from typhoid fever, died last Saturday. All that is known concerning him at the hospital, beyond the foregoing, is that his post-office address was Juneau.

Masonic Charter.

A special charter has been granted for the organization of a lodge in Dawson, and the organization is expected to take place in the near future. It has been hoped for and expected for a long time.

Pictures of the Ball.

Georg Cantwell, the photographer on Third avenue, presented the Nugget today with some splendid pictures of St. Andrew's ball. The faces are all distinct and recognizable and are exceptionally well portrayed. The pictures are equal to any of a similar character taken on the outside.

One ton of coal will go as far as two cords of wood. Does not require sawing. We are selling it at \$25 per ton. The economy must be apparent. Phone 94. Call on us. N. A. T. & F. Co. crt

To the People of Dawson.

Now is the time to secure your Christmas presents. James Biffi & Co., have opened a jewelry store on Second street, opposite B. N. A. bank, where

THE TACOMA BOYS

WE ARE AGENTS FOR KEEL & KELTON'S

Clean, Dry Wood, Delivered at \$17 per Cord,

And 128 Cubic Feet Guaranteed.
None of your 90-foot cords.

CLARKE & RYAN
Corner 6th Street and 2nd Avenue.

THE TACOMA BOYS

WEST SIDE HOTEL

Skating Rink
and Boulevard.

NOW OPEN... Come on for a jolly game

The finest to eat and drink.
Trails cut from all roads.
Snug corners for private parties.

BILLY THOMAS, Prop.

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars

CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
TOM CHISHOLM, PROP.

FOR RENT

FOR RENT—New Storeroom in Watson Block, South Dawson. No better location in Dawson.

FOR RENT—Two Cabins on 2nd Ave. between 1st and 2nd sts. opposite Stockholm Bath. One 16x18, one 10x12. Apply to A. G. Martel, in Rear, or Tom Lamar, Madden House.

FOR SALE.

FOR SALE—Restaurant, in good location, doing first-class business. Owner wishes to engage in other business. Apply Nugget office.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

LAWYERS

CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & MCKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc. Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. Aurora No. 2 Building, Front street, Dawson.

MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

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

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, First avenue.

WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

TABOR & HULME—Barristers and Solicitors, Advocates, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, Telephone No. 48. Offices, Rooms 1, 2, & 3, Ottheim Building.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc. over McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First avenue.

MINING ENGINEERS.

J. B. TYRRELL, mining engineer, has removed to Mission st., next door to public school.

DOMINION LAND SURVEYORS.

T. D. GREEN, B. Sc., Dominion Land Surveyor, McLennan, McFeely & Co.'s Block, Dawson.

THE ROYAL MAIL HOTEL.

No. 30 above discovery, Sulphur creek. The best accommodations. Wines, liquor and cigars. General Merchandise. The largest stock of miners' supplies outside of Dawson City. Free tables. Separate cabins for ladies on the trail. Compartments for families, and everything strictly respectable. Stop with us once and you will come again.

JACK HUBRICK, Prop.

St. Andrews Tuesday Night.

The final meeting of St. Andrew's Society will be held on Tuesday, instead of Monday night, when all committees will make their final report. All bills must be presented at this meeting.

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