

Inkiert PIONEER

Commission Merchant
Opp. L. & O. Dock

...even?" he asked, in Katherine's. boy, agog with excitement, but with the pages of his novel, he had recognized in object a ring. looked again the box hands, although only that man was no the wall. the indicator above was leaping from number in a curious fashion, bells and impatient from the elevator man paid no heed. as he moved the lever reluctantly, and the gently to the ground. Katherine, drawn by Westcott's sigh. "We're ac-

...the boy, "and you down fifteen minutes as not; but I seen goin', and I thought. me to the wedding, Westcott, slipping a cherubie boy's added, as they stepped on to the solid over own an elevator

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EVERY DAY

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FRANK AT REST

KlonDIKE's Victim Was Buried Yesterday

Largely Attended by Fraternal Brothers and Friends.

The remains of John Frank, the one of the three unfortunate men who died in the Klondike river on Friday, were recovered, were laid to rest yesterday afternoon in the cemetery overlooking the Klondike stream that cost him his life.

The funeral was conducted by Dawson, No. 56, F.O.E., of which John Frank was a member, the exercises being held in Eagle hall on King street. In addition to the Eagles, who were out in force, the carpenters, of which deceased was also a member, to the number of about 60, and a body. A score of more than dozens of deceased's friends, carpenters or Eagles, were present, the commodious hall being completely filled.

The funeral services are being very impressive, consisting of the burial exercise by the president, prayer by the chaplain, and singing of hymns, My God, to Thee, by the choir. The procession to the cemetery was formed, the marching ahead of and the hearse behind. At the Klondike Eagles completed the burial.

The pall bearers were Messrs. Geo. Clifford, L. Moore and G. W. H. Hildreth, John Jenkins and the staff of the carpenters' union. The first offerings were very large, more than three large and beautiful coffins covering the coffin. The remains of the once sturdy little man so much resembled that of a peaceful sleep rather than the sleep of death.

EVENTS THIS WEEK

Kind of Social Excitements Are Scheduled

This week will be a very giddy one for a social standpoint and he or she will indeed be very busy. In the way of a diversionary party will be held to dispel the worst of the week. Beginning with this evening the A. B.'s will give a three act variety in their hall consisting of amateur entertainment of rare quality. Tomorrow night in addition to the A. B.'s there will be the opening of the baseball season between the Civil Service and the City Club, also the boxing contest at 8 o'clock between Nick Burley and Harry Carroll. Wednesday evening the A. B. performances are promised for that evening which will certainly make a night of the fashionable folk. Thursday the fashionable folk will attend the game those of the A. B.'s will attend the dress parade of "Ernie." Saturday evening will come the initial production of the opera, always a society affair and the week will be wound up with a brilliant blaze of glory. Next week will be the remaining three acts of the opera, the Victoria day celebration and two more games of football. The new tennis court will probably be finished and before the close of the season is begun there will be a high tea or some other high class in commemoration of the event. All of which leads

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

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ANOTHER CLOSE CALL

Edmund Whitley Again Escapes Drowning

Fell Into Klondike Saturday Night Passed Under Log Jam and Was Rescued.

Edmund Whitley, one of the two men who escaped drowning on Friday when three of five met death in the Klondike river, had another narrow escape Saturday night in the same treacherous stream. He was engaged with several other workmen at repairing the dam of the Klondike Mill Co.'s log pond when he slipped and in some way fell into the water. Immediately below him was a pile of drift wood extending down for about 15 feet and under this Whitley disappeared. Immediately below it he came to the surface and was rescued partly by his own efforts and partly by the aid of his fellow workmen.

Unless Whitley was born to be killed from falling out of a balloon or from a smokestack on the Sahara desert it would appear that for him to continue working around the Klondike river is tempting fate.

Poisoned Candy Case

Dalhousie, N. B., April 1.—The adjourned hearing of Johnson on the charge of sending poisoned candy through the mails, was resumed Tuesday. R. A. Lawlor, on behalf of the attorney-general, stated it was the intention of the crown not to proceed further at this time with the preliminary examination, that a bill of indictment would be preferred before the grand jury at the August term of the circuit court. This was done to avoid the expense of having the witnesses, six in number, from Northern Ontario on two occasions.

Carried Across the Ocean

Ottawa, April 2.—The department of marine has received a cable from Lord Strathcona telling them that a buoy with a bronze bell, engraved "Marine Department, Canada, 1890," has been picked up on the coast of France, and is in the possession of the British consul at Nantes. The buoy is probably one carried away by the ice from the coast of Nova Scotia, and belongs to the salvagers. Such buoys are frequently carried across the Atlantic, and one was found some time since in the Bay of Mexico.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

The Wonderful Story of Barney O'Toole

"Tis a foine day," said O'Toole, depositing his dinner pail upon the end of a tie.

"It be," said Kelly.

"A gran', foine day, with a divil a rag of a cloud in sight nor a whiff of air asthir, an' the sun as bright as the bottom av a new tin bucket."

"Tis true," nodded Casey, "tis true."

"Mooch remindh' me av a day Oi saw wanst which was ivry bit the same, savin' tother wan was cloudy, wid the wind a-wailin' loike a ban-shoo an' the sun as rid as Casey's nose, whin yez cud see ut betune the clouds, which was not at all, at all."

"Ye lie, ye Doochmon," yelled Casey. "Me noose is not rid. Tis but a pale pink."

"So it be, sor, so it be. But Oi was spakin' av a happenin'. Twas down behind the Iverglades it occurred." O'Toole paused, then continued thoughtfully. "O'll till yez about ut as Oi ate wan av thim har boiled eggs of yours, Misther Casey. Foine cooks may the Frinchee-an' had luck to thim—but divil the frog ater ivry lved cud boil an egg wid the grace and aigance av yer own Misther Casey, as Oi am forivir a-tellin' ivrybody."

"An' what's thim Iverglades, Barney?"

"Thim Iverglades—grim's what Saint Patrick—dape iverence to his soul—driv all the snakes an' loads and crapin' things from ould Ireland—an' bussed ivry lad an' lass an' bog on ut, sez Oi, savin' an' respectin' the O'Rourke's, the Hoolligans, the Callahans, the Peelys, the Cantys, the Sulivans, and the loikes av thim."

Casey drew forth a black duce and edged a trifle nearer. "An' whut happin' behind the Iverglades, Barney O'Toole?" he inquired, tapping the "boss" of the bowl upon the rail. O'Toole, having finished his egg, rasped his mouth clean with the pile-like back of his hand.

"Twas whin Oi was constructin' a railroad; a rare, ligant railroad in thim parts. Tis thim yit—tin moiles av rust an' a franchise. It begins at Larry Hooley's shaben, progresses the length av a rope beyond where Brady's cow sthuck in the muck, and inds up formin' a stoomp. Niver will I forgit ut."

"Tis well worth-remimberin', Oi have small doubt. With dape respect shall Oi listen," said Rooney, producing his tobacco pouch. O'Toole caught the movement with the tail of his eye.

"Tis rare truth ye have spoken, Pat Rooney o' the ould Dublin family av the Rooneys, for niver agin will yez hear such a tale, modest mon though Oi be who speaks it. That be foine 'baccy ye uses, Misther Rooney, an' twas but yister av Oi tould Carney there was not another barrier on the wurks but yer

toime; for niver lived a McCabe but wud ate his own false teeth before he died to kape thim from others. Black sorrow—

"Twas behind the Iverglades," interrupted Rooney.

"It wor. But look as Oi noight, nayther hide nor hair of the toime book cud me eyes rist upon 'Harrod luck be yer forchin', Barney O'Toole Oi tills myself, an' twas just thim me eyes fell upon the most wonder-ful soight ivry happened since the Ascinsion av our blissed Saviour."

O'Toole's voice grew husky and he ceased speaking. "Yis, yis," came from every side.

O'Toole's hand sought his throat. "Tis overcome Oi am by, dhriness. But tis the ind of a flask that I see prothrudin' from Carney's hip pocket, an' an experience tills me tis not fetted wid wather. Now, av I cud wed me lips—"

"Give him wan spoonful, Carney," said Rooney. "Niver must he escape wid his sthory."

"Oi will," sighed Corney, "yit will Oi also kape a hold on the bottle myself for the printion of accidints."

Regretfully O'Toole allowed his lips to be forced from the neck of the flask by the slow but determined hand of Carney. "Tis gran' midicine for the stoombach, shot," he said fervently. May yez flask niver be empty, Carney, me boy, nor Oi lose yer friendship. Now will Oi finish me sthory wid grattood. An' just thim—"

A shrill whistle split the air, and Barney, looking much astonished, slowly arose. "Dom that whistle," he exclaimed indignantly. "Tis wan o'clock alriddy."

Senator Lodge
Boston, Mass., April 3.—Senator Lodge, at a banquet here last night, in discussing national issues, spoke at length regarding questions concerning the United States and Canada.

"A phase of our tariff question,"

Priscilla at the Play.
Priscilla saw the play, the other day, and whispered afterward that he Who strove his best the hero's part to play. Scowlow reminded her of humble me.

And so, last night, I went that play to see; To view myself as she had, but alas!

The man who played the hero seemed to me A singularly comprehensive ass.

Now, if that I Priscilla's mind might read, Should not such reading most of-tensive be? I shall not try. I'll rest content, indeed, Because, at least, Priscilla thought of me.

Professor Rhind will be more than funny at the A. B. show Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings.

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