

THEIR PROBLEM OF LIFE.

How It Is Being Solved by Hundreds in Dawson.

Some Toil Not Neither Are They Employed at Looms—All Live and Are Apparently Happy.

There are several distinct classes of people in Dawson, all of whom, in their own way manage to keep the gaunt wolf from the door. There is first those who are in business and who live pretty much the same one day as another. To them the events of life came regularly and plod along pretty much in the same channel week after week and month after month. Many of them have a good roll of "chechako" in their inside vest pockets and if the wheels of trade and commerce should suddenly cease to revolve, this class would get on very nicely until that proverbial "something" turned up.

The mine owners and operators compose another class who pretty well understand just where they stand, for the shrewd business man is not going to work a force of men several months at building up a big dump unless he knows just about how much that dump will yield to the square yard at cleanup time, therefore he gauges his outlay and all business factors accordingly. Many members of this class are today very uncomfortably short of ready cash, but they know they have the certain satisfaction of knowing that when they have finished with the cleanup they will have a place in the world as men far above the pauper list, if not with moneyed magnates.

Another class is composed of honey-handed sons of toil who feel that for them it is foreordained that they must work ten hours each day and every working day of the year. This class is the bone and sinew of the country, and without its representatives both classes previously mentioned would be completely handicapped. They are the backbone of the mining industry and at the same time contribute liberally towards the support of the government when in the city by violating the health ordinance for which they are fined.

Another distinct class is composed of men who are really sports, men who try to be sports and others who are simply dreaming that they will be sports some day. The first class, the real sports, usually live on the best that is to be had, and even if by the frowns of the fickle goddess, they are "dead flat" for a period they go on living just the same for the reason that during better days they made themselves good fellows and thereby established a credit which tides them over periods when the dark cloud of adversity hovers temporarily over them. The second class of sports, the white check fellows, usually keep the price of a meal in the "other" pocket, for they know that their credit at the hasheries is limited and will not stand pressing; two meals on a slip is usually the limit. The class that confidently expect to become famed as knights of the green in the near future are the fellows who stand around and make knowing remarks when a plunger is playing, and who rarely ever play themselves unless staked by someone else who has either made a winning or who has been given a "fill" by the knowing tinhorn and staked him, hoping thereby to make several hundred per cent on his investment, but who loses it in nine cases in every ten.

Another peculiar stamp of humanity which is as indigenous to Dawson as to any city in the known world is that class which absolutely refuses to work and who would scorn to sit at a gambling table even if staked to play. But they are not adverse to spending each day around the stove of a saloon or gambling room, but that is for their comforts derived from the stove rather than from any interest they have in

what is going on around them. Those fellows nearly all have cabins out on the edge of town or up the Klondike, or in West Dawson, or any place they find one for which they have no rent to pay. Each one of them carries a stump of a lead pencil with which he occasionally figures out how many meals his present stock of provisions will make. After figuring until the problem has been satisfactorily, or otherwise, solved, the fellow usually walks off to a corner alone where he proceeds to count over his silver; for this class usually have a few dollars remaining of what they brought with them when they came in last fall, and but very few of them but are able to state the exact number of meals they can count on in the future. When asked what they intend doing they invariably remark that they are waiting for something to turn up, and when asked why they do not go out and turn up something they answer: "Horses and dogs were made to work." As a field for the study of human nature, Dawson presents a broad and interesting one.

Regarding Canada.

One who knows Canada well, says the Toronto Globe, and who makes periodical visits to this country, although he has lived for some years in Great Britain, in the course of a private letter says:

"I am looking at Canada from the outside with my intelligence, but I am feeling her with my heart. I believe that in another fifteen years she will have twelve millions of people within her borders. In population she now outranks Greece, Turkey in Europe, Holland, Belgium, Norway and Sweden, Switzerland, indeed all the third rate powers of Europe. Her strength is that of Greece and Belgium combined. Her resources are those of all the third rate powers of Europe put together—partially developed resources, but still limitless. One has ceased to think of her as a colony—I never did allow myself to think of her as a colony; one does not recognize her as a dependency. She is a nation in what is practically a confederation of nations.

"The French Canadian is before everything else a son of the soil of Canada. He is by tradition, inheritance and identification with that settlement of the country, of it, as truly, maybe more truly, than the United Empire loyalist. I do not claim for him that he is eager to share in ambitious imperial designs, nor that England is to him, save legally and technically, the mother land. But I do claim that to him the English flag is the symbol of order and justice, and law, and progressive civilization. I claim for him that with all his faults, or, rather, weakness, the result of the isolation of language, religion and temperament, he is as true a citizen of Canada as any other man.

"The English speaking Canadian is not always ready to try and understand what might be called the mental idiosyncrasy of his French fellow-citizen. For a hundred years or more we have been compelling the French Canadian to see national matter through English eyes. He has to think, as it were, in all languages and through all temperament, while English speaking people demand his co-operation and his sympathy for our own national ideas, without any understanding or any concession that is not granted at the point of the political bayonet.

"I believe that as Sir Wilfrid Laurier, a Frenchman, is able to lead the English speaking people of Canada, so an English Canadian might lead, with no great difficulty, I believe the people of French Canada, had he sympathy, temperament, honesty and strong will. I have met few men more broad minded than Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who, it seems to me, has increased in strength and grown larger in will and purpose. He strikes me as a statesman, and that says much in the unstatesmanlike condition of the political world generally."

Last Night's Concert.

The concert last evening at the Orpheum theater was a grand success. The cosy theater was crowded from pit to dome with an audience of critical but enthusiastic lovers of music. The soloists were in splendid voice and acquitted themselves to the satisfaction of all present.

The orchestra was up to the usual high standard which Dawson audiences have learned to expect and was awarded with repeated encores.

The climax was reached with the de-

scriptive piece of "American Battle Scenes," over the rendition of which the utmost enthusiasm was manifested.

The program was as follows:
First Part—Torchlight dance, Meyerbeer; the Mill on the Cliff, Reisinger; scene, duet from Trovatore, (4th act), Verdi, Miss Lorne as Azucena, Mr. Zimmerman as Manrico; waltz, Gungel; baby song, Campana, Miss Blossom.

Second Part—Morning, Noon and Evening at Vienna, F. V. Suppe; The Steeple of the Hill, R. Franz, Mrs. Leroy Tozier; Hungarian Dances, Brahms; Il Bacio (Kiss Waltz), Arditti, Miss Lorne; The Mill, Eilenberg; prison scene and miserere, 3d act Trovatore, Verdi, Miss Lorne as Leonora, Mr. Zimmerman as Manrico; descriptive piece, American Battle Scenes, Tobani.

The following is the description of the American battle scenes:
It is a grand realistic tone picture portraying most graphically some of the exciting scenes and incidents of actual war, thus giving a perfect music panorama, which will stir up patriotism in every true American breast.

Synopsis: Opening—Peace reigns our country—Industries—Busy factories—Husbandry—In the cotton fields—Rumors of war soon spread dark clouds all over the country—War declared—The President calls for volunteers—To arms—The first gun is fired—The martial strains of drum and fife are heard in every village—Troops off to the front—Soldiers' farewell—Embarkation, all aboard on the train—The bivouac—Sun-down—"The retreat"—Men retire to quarters talking about the loved ones at home—"The tattoo"—Extinguish lights—Taps—Above the tread of the sentinels is heard an occasional challenge—Rifle shots exchanged by the outposts—Day breaks—"Reveille"—General alarm to arms—Troops hurrying in o positions; an occasional gun is heard—Commence firing—The battle—Grand cavalry charge—Patriotic airs are heard spurring the armies on—Bugle call for bayonet charge—Shouts arise above the din of musketry and roar of cannons—Grand climax—Pursuit—Cease firing—Victory—Prayer—Peace proclaimed—General rejoicing—"The Star Spangled Banner."

From Scow Island.

An occasional load of freight still reaches the city from Scow Island, where it has been since the latter part of October, when Boreas overtook a large fleet of scows en route down the river to this place, which early closing of the river and shutting out of scows has added many thousands of dollars to the aggregate cost of living in Dawson within the past three months. The freight stranded up the river which has not already been freighted down will mostly remain where it is until it can be floated down when navigation opens.

Decline in Wood.

With the advent of the spring season, notwithstanding the weather continues fully as cold as in mid-winter, there is a material decline in the price of fuel. Where wood sold at \$22 per cord in December, the same article or better can be purchased now at \$16 and a fair article at from \$13 to \$15. This decline is due to the fact that those who have large supplies of wood on hand are desirous of disposing of it while the roads are still in good condition for hauling. It is probable that wood is fully as cheap now as it will be at any time during the coming summer.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the commissioner in council of Yukon territory for an ordinance to ratify and confirm the letters patent issued on the 14th day of October, 1898, by William O. Ilvie, Esq., commissioner of Yukon territory, to the Dawson Electric Light and Power Company, Limited, or for the incorporation of the said company for the purposes and objects specified in said letters patent.

And for a grant to the said corporation of the exclusive right and privilege of laying or fixing wires, and supplying and furnishing, by electricity, light, heat and power, within the limits of the City of Dawson, and of Klondike City, and lands adjacent thereto, subject to such restrictions, terms and conditions as may be approved, and to confirm and ratify a certain trust deed of the said company, dated 22d June, 1899, and to increase the capital stock of the said company to \$150,000.

And to grant to the said corporation

power to issue debenture bonds, and other securities, and to acquire, hold and sell real and personal property, and to grant all other powers and privileges incidental to such undertakings or any of them, and with all usual powers and privileges.

Dated at Dawson, Yukon territory, this 19th day of February, 1900.

WHITE & McCAUL,
c3 19 Advocates for the Applicants.

The most glorious liquor that ever kissed the lips of man at the Rochester Bar.

First Boat for Nome.

Steamer W. K. Merwin, now lying on the Dawson water front, will be the first boat to leave for Nome. Capt. Talbot has rearranged the stateroom accommodations so that 84 berths are available for first class passengers. The Merwin is a staunch sea boat, 130 feet in length, built with deep draught for the Puget sound business, and those who were accustomed to travel on her on the Sound endorse the Merwin as the best sea boat on the Yukon river, safe and seaworthy for the trip from the mouth of the river to Cape Nome. Through tickets to Nome are now on sale at Yukon Dock.

C-7. FRANK J. KINGHORN, Agent.

The choicest goods and the cheapest prices. Royal Grocery, 2d ave.

Imported French peas and mushrooms 50 cents per can. Royal Grocery, 2d ave.

The best blend of Mocha and Java coffee in Dawson. Royal Grocery, 2d ave.

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