

## FIRM BELIEVER IN FAIRIES.

They Can Do No Harm, But a Whole Lot of Good.

## The Romance of Pretty Penelope Who Broke Many Hearts, But Was Not a Flirt.

"And where have you been, my Mary, and where have you been from me?" "I've been to the top of the Caledon-Low, the mid-summer night to see!"

I pity any child that disbelieves in fairies. I sincerely believed in them when I was a wee girl reading fairy tales, and as I grew older they kept moving farther and farther off. I think it matters very little whether the things we believe be true or not, so long as they make us good and happy.

The world seems greatly changed since the time I sat at mother's knee listening to pretty tales about fairy folks. Alas! I have no mamma now, and the fairies themselves have moved away. Babyhood is itself a fairy world, and it is little wonder if real fairies sometimes part the curtains and peep in. I hope I may never be so wicked as to assist, by unbelief, in destroying a race of little people that never did me any harm, but a great deal of good. I think they are by far the prettiest creation that ever was—prettier even than the flowers and butterflies. They seem to possess all our virtues without our failings. They are the best natured people in the world, and laugh a great deal at very little. I've been told they will laugh themselves to tears at a joke that we would fail to see the point of. It takes very little to make them very happy. A diamond broken up into small pieces would make thousands of little ladies happy on their wedding day. They laugh a great deal at our geography and geology and our pictures on the globes, but you know, dear Pharois, ignorance sometimes is "bliss," and that is where they have the advantage of us. Perhaps if they believed as we do about the hollowness of the earth and fire inside they would rest less easily on their little beds of thistle-down. Or, if every time the western sky became purple-red with the setting sun they apprehended the judgment day, they would be saying their little prayers out of church oftener than they do now. The world seems to them a very big place, but that is because they take such short steps and have no railroads or telegraphs. How could they be expected to take in our geography when the lifetime of a family is spent under a briar bush in a flower garden. They are fond of children than they are of old people, and when the house is still will stretch themselves upon tip-toe and peep into the babies' cradles.

If some old people believe in fairies at all, it is only that they may blame them for what goes wrong. I once knew an old grandpa who accused them of having hidden his spectacles, and after searching for them a whole half day, in all the old Bibles in the house, found them on the top of his head, looking up at the ceiling. He ought to have apologized to the fairies, but did he?

My little sister Clara is as firm a believer in fairies as I ever was, and has wonderful stories to tell about them, and when facts fail her a fertile imagination is a great help to her. One day last summer, while gathering flowers in the great woods in front of our house, she had the misfortune to lose her way, and was missing for several hours. In great alarm, we searched the woods, shouting her pet name as we went; but without our help she reached home at sundown. She attributed her rescue to a certain fairy who met her in a dark ravine and led her out of the woods! Since that I have kept a closer watch on little Clara's movements, not caring to trust too much to the good disposition of fairies, though doubting not, if there was a kindness they could do to one in heart so like themselves, they would do it.

Clara, unfortunately, has got the taste for drawing, without the talent. Some time ago she drew a portrait of papa, and was a little disappointed at his failure to feel complimented. She colored hard, explaining to him the points of likeness, which only made matters worse. Ever after that she has failed to obtain a model within the family circle. We all dread Clara's portraits worse than a comic paper!

The other night she drew what bore some distant resemblance to a goose, and when asked to draw a cow, hurriedly added two more legs to the goose and held up her paper in triumph. Her

most polished efforts are a gross libel on natural history.

Once upon a time there lived a family of fairy folks, in a secluded valley, a mile or two from this town. The cedars and birches met overhead, shutting out the blue sky and hot sun. They were happy and contented up to the time when my story commences. In perfect contentment, the old grannies sat knitting stockings and talking gossip, while the men engaged in manly pursuits. The belle of the village was a certain pretty young lady by the name of Penelope, who persisted in remaining single, in spite of many offers received daily. The disappointed lovers went off saying they would hang themselves, which they always did, till the boughs overhead began to bend, and Penelope could detect a strange, imported fragrance that made her nervous. The grannies scolded her in their highest keys, and the gruff old mayor, glancing up at the tree tops, sniffed two or three times and then gloomed at poor Penelope, muttering something about "unsanitary conditions."

What was the poor girl to do? She was as far from being a flirt as anybody, and it pained her tender, honest heart to think she was the innocent cause of so much misery to her kindred. She felt that little fingers of scorn were pointing at her from the four points of the compass, and resolved to accept the next offer that was not wholly repulsive.

Several weeks passed off as before. The old ladies screamed and the mayor turned blue and bluer, when there came a rap at her door with a gold-headed cane, and a man presented himself and was accepted out of sheer despair of ever doing better. He was a queer, old fashioned, self-possessed little fairy, with a head three-quarters bald and polished, and morals equally polished, and testimonials of good moral character written all over his person. He wore a blue swallow tail and stand-up collar, and had his ten little toes hidden away in a monstrous pair of tan colored gaiters! Poor Penelope laughed at him, and then accepted him. After all she might have done worse, for, although he came to life a little earlier in the nineteenth century than she did, he possessed an educated mind, having lived long enough to learn the uses of the pocket handkerchief and door mat. There would be no fear of his disgracing her in high society by drinking tea from his saucer, or misusing the table cutlery, or coughing a mouthful of bread crumbs in the faces of the guests in a fit of uncontrollable, vulgar laughter provoked by some pointless joke of his own; or, worse still, by blowing his nose haphazard and, then wiping it on his coat sleeve.

It is needless to say the nuptials were speedily celebrated, with the assistance of the mayor and council. At the conclusion of the ceremony it was all the happy couple could do to dodge old shoes and rice that came flying at them from all directions. But before starting on their wedding tour they set about giving a decent burial to the bodies on the trees. Through it all poor Penelope was lashed in tears, but her husband worked away, dry eyed, and when done had managed to save twine enough to fly all the little paper kites in fairyland.

But, dear Pharois, this chapter is getting lengthy; and the curtain must drop, just when I am beginning to love Penelope a little and discover amiable qualities in her husband.

Years after the incident above related a little old fairy grandmother sat knitting away at a shroud for herself, while the big tears ran down her cheeks, and fell, drop after drop, on poor, thin hands. The yellow autumn sunshine lay on the floor at her feet, and every now and then chubby faces looked in at the open door and whispered, "Poor Grandmamma Penelope." She was lonely now, for her dear old companion was dead. One morning he did not wake, nor the next, nor the next, and then they made him a little grave in a cozy corner, where the forget-me-nots grow thickest, and after a while poor, heart broken Penelope was laid there too!—Christina Gill in Toronto Globe.

Over the Ice.

Mrs. C. Luaders left San Francisco with an immense stock of select and up-to-date ladies' hair goods imported from Paris. She expects to be here about the first of March. She says it is the biggest and finest assortment that ever came to Dawson.

The fire never touched us. We are doing more business than ever. Murphy Bros., butchers.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

For choice meats go to the Denver Market.

Up-river frozen fresh eggs. Meeker.

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

## THE GOV. GENERAL'S SPEECH

On Opening of the Dominion Parliament.

Was Most Able, Complete and Comprehensive—Congratulated Canada on Her Great Prosperity.

Ottawa Feb. 7.—Owing to national mourning the ceremonies connected with the formal opening of parliament by Lord Minto today were of a quiet and unpretentious character. There was of course the usual escort and guard of honor, but crape drapings and emblems of mourning everywhere apparent threw a damper on the whole proceedings.

The galleries of the senate were filled, but there were very few on the floor of the chamber when his excellency the governor general delivered the following speech from the throne.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate, Gentlemen of the House of Commons: Since our last meeting the empire has been called on to lament the demise of her late Majesty Queen Victoria. The universal regret and sympathy with which the tidings of her decease have been received through the entire civilized world afford the best testimony to the manner in which she has at all times discharged her duties, both as a woman and as a sovereign throughout her unprecedentedly long and glorious reign, and I will venture to add that in no portion of her vast territory were these sentiments more profoundly felt than in the Dominion of Canada.

You will, I am sure, take every action to express your sympathy with the royal family in their bereavement and your loyalty to the new sovereign.

The Canadian contingents in South Africa have nearly all returned, and it affords me a very great gratification to be able to assure you that the valor and good conduct of our Canadian soldiers have called forth the highest encomiums from the several commanders under whom they have served during the arduous contest.

The union of the several provinces of Australia into one confederation upon lines closely resembling those on which our own Dominion has been established, marks another important step towards the consolidation of the empire, and, I am well assured, will call forth your most sincere congratulations to the new commonwealth.

Acting on the advice of my ministers, I had, previously to the great grief which has fallen upon the nation, tendered an invitation on your behalf to his royal highness the Duke of Cornwall and York to conclude his intended visit to Australia by one to the Dominion of Canada, and I am glad to be able to inform you that his royal highness has been pleased to signify his acceptance of the same. I still hope that that visit may not be considered impossible. I have no doubt of the warmth of the welcome with which he will be received.

My government has learned with great satisfaction of the progress being made with the Pacific cable scheme, and I trust that nothing may occur to delay its early completion.

Last summer I made a tour through Canada as far as Dawson City, and was everywhere received with unqualified proofs of devotion and loyalty. During my journey I was, from personal observation, much impressed with the great activity displayed in the development of the mining and agricultural industries of the country and with the substantial increase in its population. The thrift, energy and law-abiding character of the immigrants are the subject of much congratulation, and afford ample proof of their usefulness as citizens of the Dominion.

It gives me great pleasure to note the excellent display made by Canada at the universal exposition in Paris. The fine quality and varied character of Canadian natural and industrial products is evidenced by the number of awards won in nearly every class of the competition. It is a remarkable testimony to the effectiveness of our cold storage transportation facilities that fresh fruit grown in Canada secured a large number of the highest awards. It is extremely gratifying to observe that, as a result of the display of Canadian resources, considerable foreign capital has found its way to Canada for investment, and that large orders from foreign countries have been received for Canadian goods.

The improvement of the St. Lawrence route continues to engage the very careful attention of my government. During the past year the ship channels

have been widened and deepened, additional lights and buoys have been provided, and in a short time there will be telegraph and cable communication with Belle Isle. These additional securities will tend to make safer and more efficient than ever our great waterways between the lakes and the Atlantic.

I am glad to observe that the revenue and the general volume of trade continue undiminished, and even show a moderate increase over the very large figures attained during the past year.

Measures will be submitted to you for the better supervision of the export trade in food products, and also in connection with the postoffice, the Pacific cable and various other subjects.

Gentlemen of the House of Commons: The accounts of the past year will be laid before you, and the estimate for the succeeding year will likewise be placed upon the table at an early date.

Honorable Gentlemen of the Senate, Gentlemen of the House of Commons: I commend to your earnest consideration the measures to be submitted to you, invoking Divine blessings upon the important labors on which you are again entering.

When the house met today R. L. Borden took his seat as leader of the party. He has Sir Charles' old seat and beside him Sir Hibbert Tupper. There were Conservative cheers and cries from Nova Scotia members of "Nova Scotia forever." The house then proceeded to the senate to hear the governor general deliver the speech from the throne.

On returning to the commons, Sir Wilfrid Laurier congratulated Mr. Borden on his election to the leadership. Mr. Borden thanking him in reply.

An address will be passed to his majesty the king tomorrow, after which the debate on the address in reply to the speech from the throne will be proceeded with.

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

Best assortment of Klondike views at Goetzman's the photographer.

Brewitt makes fine pants. crt

Brewitt makes clothes fit. crt

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Fresh halibut at the Denver Market.

Kodaks bought and sold. Goetzman.

We fit glasses: Pioneer drug store.

## LOST AND FOUND

LOST—On March 1st, four bank checks on Canadian Bank of Commerce payable to Langdon, French, Cunningham and Farrell. Payment stopped. Finder please leave them at Nugget office.

## FOR RENT

FOR RENT—Finest office rooms in the city. Newly painted and papered. Enquire at C. Co. 11.

## 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. Telephone No. 30.

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

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

N. F. HAGUE, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McEwen, McPeck & Co., hardware store, First Avenue.

PATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8, A. C. Office Bldg.

RELCOURT, McDUGAL & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Etc. Offices at Dawson and Ogden. Rooms 1 and 2 Chisholm's block, Dawson. Special attention given to Parliamentary work. N. A. Relcourt, Q. C. M. P., Frank J. McDugal, John P. Smith.

## MINING ENGINEERS

J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and at below discovery, Hunker Creek.

## SOCIETIES

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

## Electric Light

Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.

Donald B. Olson, Manager. City Office Joslyn Building. Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 1.

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FOR MEMBERS: A Gentleman's Resort.

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## A FEW SNAPS...FOR MEN...

Men's Worsteds Suits	Reduced from \$35 & \$40 to \$25.00
Men's Scotch Tweed Suits	Reduced from \$35 and \$40 to 25.00
Men's Heavy All Wool Overshirts	Reduced from \$4.00 to 2.50
Men's Fleece Lined Underwear	Reduced from (suit) \$6.00 to 4.00
Men's Moosehide Moccasins	Reduced from (pair) 2.50 to 1.00
Men's Heavy Felt Shoes	Good value for \$6, reduced to 4.00.

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## Alaska Commercial Company

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