

CELEBRATION AT CARIBOU

Fine List of Sports Carried Over

Race Rider Thrown and Pugilistic Events in Evening.

Victoria day was appropriately celebrated at Caribou on Dominion day...

100 yards dash (for midgets) McKay Wright, 15; Peter Running boy, step and lead...

Pole vaulting—Wright, Caribou, 39. Boys' race—Bob King, 11; Nell, 13; Patsy Murphy, 15...

The event of the evening was the five round bout between Shavin and Nick Burley...

The business houses of Caribou especially the Dried food store...

To be Changed Ottawa, April 1.—The general election contest in Canada...

Twenty-one years ago the government of British Columbia was a redistribution bill...

PROFESSIONAL LAWYERS PATULLO & RIBBLE

Pacific Coast Steamship Co. Affords a Coastwise Service Covering Alaska, Washington, California and Oregon...

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. FOR Copper River and Cook's Inlet

OFFICES SEATTLE 606 First Ave. and Yester Way. SAN FRANCISCO 20 California Street

H. Pinkiert AUCTIONEER

Opera "Ermnie" at the Auditorium for four nights commencing Monday, May 25th (Victoria day)...

Lemp's St. Louis beer on draught at Rochester Bar.

The Phantom Wheel.

Let him who will believe such an absurd interpretation. MANTON B. OLCOTT.

Belated Scotsman Story J. A. Johnson, a business man of Halifax, N.S., who takes a keen interest in art matters...

The White Pass & Yukon Route

Through Tickets Our first class passenger steamers consist of Whitehorse, Dawson, Selkirk, Yukon, Columbian, Canadian, Victoria, Bailey, Zealandian and Sybil...

The Northwestern Line

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

The Great Northern "FLYER"

Leaves Seattle for St. Paul every day at 8:00 P. M.

Alaska Flyers

Alaska Steamship Company Dolphin and Humboldt Leave Skagway Every Five Days.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.

FOR ALL PORTS IN Western Alaska Steamer Newport

Pacific Coast Steamship Co.

OFFICES SEATTLE 606 First Ave. and Yester Way. SAN FRANCISCO 20 California Street

The Phantom Wheel.

Most people nowadays contend that there is no such thing on earth as the supernatural. This may be so, but there is abundant evidence of things on earth that cannot be explained.

Ever since the beginning of the wheeling craze I have been an enthusiastic wheelman. In the summer of 1897 I was riding at night along a country road when my lamp went out, and I was obliged to get on as best I could under the starlight.

"Good evening," he said in a singularly quiet voice. "Good evening," I replied. "Your wheel makes so little noise that I didn't hear it, though you were but a few feet behind me. With that machine you should carry a light."

"I never use one. I see your own lamp is not lighted." "It went out for lack of oil. You say you never use a light. Can you see in the dark?" "Starlight is quite enough for me."

"Either something was wrong with my vision or with the man's wheel. The night was not a bright one, yet it was not so dark but that I could see him pedaling with his feet and holding as if to handle bars, but strain my eyes as I would I could see nothing of his machine. I was about to mention the fact to him and ask an explanation when we crossed the rays of a light from a window, and I saw his face. Notwithstanding the fact that we were both riding at a good speed, it was as restful as if lying on a pillow in slumber. At the same moment we came upon a fork in the road, and the stranger turned away. It was as if he had vanished, for after the words "Good night" there was absolute silence.

The face of the stranger haunted me from the moment I caught that one brief glimpse. One day, hearing that a young man was lying in a trance in a neighboring town, I concluded to ride over on my wheel and visit him. I was obliged to wait my turn in an anteroom, for there were many wishing to see him, and only one or two were admitted at a time. The delay worked unpleasantly on my fancy, and my fancy, in turn, on my nerves, so that when I was permitted to go into the presence of the sleeper I was in a highly excited nervous condition. What was my surprise, my terror, to recognize in the face of the young man in a trance that of the invisible bicyclist. I staggered through the room and out of the house to the surprise and wonder of every one who saw me.

I had arrived shortly before dark, and when I started to go home it was after 9 o'clock. I would not have had the coolness to light my lamp had I not dreaded to ride with one over the very road on which I had seen the bicyclist, the young man in a trance. What was my annoyance at going over a hump in the road to see my light go out. I dismounted, felt in my vest pocket and found a match, but in striking it I broke it, and the lighted end spluttered on the ground. I felt for another, but there was no other. I was forced to ride on in the dark.

Now, I am ready to admit that I was in a very peculiar nervous condition, which might account for what followed, but it does not account for what had preceded. Suddenly looking down to my left, I saw the dim outline of a bicycle running noiselessly beside me, rising at the elevations, dipping at the depressions, the pedals turning as if moved by a pair of human feet, the handle bars and front wheel turning from right to left and left to right as it moved by a pair of human hands. I knew that there was a rider and felt sure that he was the one who had ridden on the invisible wheel—moreover, that I had not had an hour before left him lying in a trance. I soon recovered something of my equanimity and, noticing ahead the house I had passed during my previous ride, hoped that the light shining through the window would reveal the face of the rider. I was disappointed. There was no face that natural light would reveal. The next moment, as before, we reached the fork in the road, and the wheel vanished.

There was a blank of some weeks after this during which I was ill. Now, says the listener, we have the explanation. An abnormal brain produced both meetings. Not so fast. When I recovered, I learned that the man in a trance had died. I made inquiries about him and found that his mother lived up the road that he or his ghostly body and the bicycle had turned into. I went to see her, and she told me that while her son was in a trance he had frequently visited her (spiritually), usually at night. I also learned that he was an enthusiastic bicyclist.

I gave the views of my physician, a noted specialist in nervous diseases, not because I place faith in him, but that my listener may judge for himself. He says that I was all the while suffering from a nervous strain under which I eventually broke

Grand Trunk Pacific.

Ottawa, May 7.—The Grand Trunk Pacific bill was before the railway committee today. The proposed road will run from Quebec straight west through the northern part of Quebec, past Abitibi lake straight west, passing Nipigon to Winnipeg and north of Regina to Battleford and Edmonton, with the proposed routes through the Yellowhead Pass to Butte Inlet, and through either Pine River or Peace river pass to Port Simpson. There will be a branch from Lake Abitibi to Temiskaming road, connecting with the Ontario system, branches to Regina and Calgary and other points.

Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson appeared before the committee. He said the bill was promoted and introduced by and upon the responsibility of the Grand Trunk, for which the company became sponsor. He spoke of the necessity of a railway entering the Great West. He referred to the advantages that the Grand Trunk had in Ontario and the east in the way of connections, terminal facilities, and equipment for carrying the traffic in the west. He imagined the proposition would have been received in Canada with general acclamation, but since coming here he had heard that there were certain interests opposed to it. He did not think that these interests were very serious, although he would like to see all parties unanimous. He assured the committee that the Grand Trunk was behind the scheme and would see it through. He admitted that he was somewhat guarded in what he said before the shareholders in England. He now assured the company that 40,000 shareholders of the G.T.R. were behind the project, and would carry it through. He would not say whether or not the road would be built without aid.

C. M. Hayes said that the fact that the president of the Grand Trunk was present and said that the Grand Trunk was sponsor for the project ought to be sufficient for all parties. He (Hayes) might reiterate that the Grand Trunk was going to see it through. "In regard to what portions we will build first," said Mr. Hayes, "I will say that we will commence building that portion between Winnipeg and the east first."

Mr. Casgrain—"Will you incorporate that in your bill?" Mr. Hayes—"We will have no objections to do so. If any one was alive to the times he would recognize the necessity of an outlet for the grain of the west. As soon as we can give the west this outlet we will put the rest of the scheme through. As to its being an all-Canadian route, I tell you without hesitation that it is going to be an all-Canadian route. Canadian ports will have everything to do that these ports can handle with the road. With the west it was not a question of ports. Traffic was like water, it would seek the stream of the least resistance. As Sir William Van Horne said, 'The spout was too small, it would have to be enlarged.' The preamble was not adopted when the committee adjourned.

Seats for Ermnie are now on sale at Cribbs' drug store, First avenue. King Sails for Naples Valetta, Malta, April 21.—The royal yacht Victoria and Albert, with King Edward on board, sailed for Naples today, escorted by the whole British Mediterranean fleet. As the yacht steamed out of the harbor she was saluted by the guns of the forts and cheered by thousands of people, who lined the sea front to bid her farewell.

Shot Two Men Rawlins, Wyo., April 21.—F. W. Keele, head of the Keele commercial house and formerly city treasurer, has shot and killed Thomas King and Policeman Baxter. A sheriff's posse is in pursuit of Keele. The shooting grew out of an attempt to arrest Keele for disorderly conduct while intoxicated. King was a lieutenant in Torrey's Rough Riders during the Spanish war.

Finish the celebration of Victoria day in a suitable manner by witnessing the opera "Ermnie" at the Auditorium. Curtain rises at 9 o'clock. Tickets at Cribbs', First avenue.

Clondike Dairy. Phone 147a.

The Klondike Nugget

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

These two factors have served to upset the theories of the prophets of evil in a most effective fashion. Beyond question or doubt there is a greater area of ground in actual process of development at the present time than ever before in the history of the country, and the amount of dirt handled is far in excess of the record of previous years.

It should be noted also that new districts are opening up far more rapidly than the old ones are being worked out, which fact augurs well for future years. Conservative miners have recently expressed the view that low water mark was reached last year and that hereafter there will be a steady and substantial increase in the annual yield. This view, according to the facts now at hand, does not appear to be any too rosy.

ODD, ISN'T IT? The senior member of the Yukon council for district No. 1 delivered a speech at one of the sessions in which a number of choice epithets were applied to the Nugget. Reference to the old files of one certain newspaper (except the Miner discloses a number of editorials couched in just about the same terms, but directed at our esteemed contemporary the News. The circumstance recalls the fact that during the campaign for the territorial council the News referred to the selfsame senior member as "a menace to the peace and prosperity of the camp," but now by the same paper he is defended as the only really and truly champion of public rights that ever happened.

Remarkable how circumstances will alter cases. There are no distant standpipes or other attractions to take people away from this district at present, and in consequence everyone is finding something with which to busy himself at home. There is work and plenty of it for all.

The consignments of gold dust received yesterday at the local banks were among the largest in the history of the country. Looks as though the district is not yet worked out.

If a vote of the territory were taken it would be found that the miners prefer to get along without a water system rather than be turned over body and soul to Treadgold.

Thus far the season's cleanup amounts to something better than a million and a half. Not so bad when the prevailing cold weather is considered.

The recent breakup of the Yukon cannot be compared in sensational features to the impending breakup of the British Columbia ministry.

It is, therefore, difficult for many to understand that the Ottawa authorities regard the concession as a measure calculated to improve the condition of the people in the territory. Such, however, has proven to be the case and it is this idea which must be combatted most strenuously before the commission soon to sit in Dawson. The members of the commission must be brought to view the matter in the same light in which it is held in this territory or the object of their coming will be futile. Obviously this will prove a task of the utmost difficulty and one which will necessitate the employment of every available agency within reach of the community.

The presence of the coming commission in Dawson will constitute the tide in the affairs of the territory which must be seized at its flood, if long hoped for results are to be achieved.

WILL STEADILY INCREASE. Gold dust is being received at the local banks and by the various large commercial concerns in quantities which indicate that the prophecies for a successful mining season have

Special Sale OF DRESS GOODS Priestley's Black All Wool Dress Goods in narrow and wide stripes, 42 inches wide, cut from \$2.00 and \$2.50 to \$1.00 Yard. Ripley's All Wool Dress Goods in dark fussy mixtures, 42 inches wide, cut from \$1.50 to 75 Cents. Irish Poplins in plain colors and narrow stripes, cut from \$2.50 and \$2.00 to \$1.00 Yard. J. P. McLENNAN. 105 Second Ave.

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 12. (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

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