

Stroller's Column.

Another thing the government ought to do is to have a sign placed on the Hunker road, at the approach from either direction to No. 2 above. This sign should read:

DON'T MENTION CANVAASBACK DUCKS When Passing This Claim.

For a stranger might otherwise pass this way and quite unconsciously trespass upon the rights of a miser named Alec Milne and get into trouble. Alec has fled a water right on all conversation in the territory upon this subject, and has expended a great deal of profanity in protecting it.

A few nights ago there was trouble among the workers on this claim upon this very point. It was all on account of a bloomin' Englishman named Heath. Alec has been making some modest statements from time to time about cutting ducks heads off with a rifle when they were on the wing at a distance of two hundred yards. Everyone who knows Alec knows what a marvellous good shot he is because he has told them so many a time and oft. But this foolish young British chap did not know Alec as well as everybody else does, so he set out to put Alec's marksmanship to the test.

Stealthily, and with malice aforethought, he took a lobster can, cut the lid in the shape of a duck's head, wound the rest of the can in canvas and with a piece of bent hair wire formed a tail also covered with the canvas. Then he smeared the whole with brown mud, with the exception of a little of the tail, and set it afloat in a little eddy of the river.

Then the boys stole up to the cabin where old Alec was industriously filing a saw and Gorham, coming just after them said in a mysterious whisper:

"Say, boys, there's a duck, a canvas back; has anybody got a shotgun?"

Nobody had a shot gun but a rifle was produced, and meantime Gorham went to see if the duck was still there. He crept stealthily back and said:

"By gum, it is headed up stream, and I believe it will play in that little eddy all night."

Alec was filing away and saying nothing, but was evidently excited. It was a question who should be trusted to fire at the bird, as it would not do to miss it. Of course Alec was the best shot in the country and the rifle was deferentially handed to him. He went out, the boys creeping carefully after him, saw the duck, and after a slow aim fired.

Kelly, the night engineer, immediately pulled him back, so that the duck could not see him. "She never moved," he whispered, "give her another."

Alec thought he would like to get a little nearer the sleepy bird, and he crawled on his hands and knees over a fifty foot dump, pushing the rifle before him. He fired again. The duck still gently floated on the eddy. But the report of the rifle was followed by a hearty burst of laughter which the boys were unable to hold in any longer.

"Gang awa' to the deil," swore Alec, "I wanna aimin' at that thing."

Alec also swears he will shoot anybody living, but the police need not take this to mean that he has murderous intentions, as he does not pledge himself to hit anybody or anything.

If it is true that when James Hamilton Ross was appointed commissioner of this territory the News could at that time find no one in the city who knew him or anything of him, it is by no means true today. Perhaps the News did not look very far, or did not desire very much to find anybody who would testify to the character of the new executive; or it may be that the candidacy of Mr. Ross, as does the public prominence of any man, has stimulated the memory of the general public. At any rate the Stroller drops across any number of men who knew "Jim" Ross in the Northwest Territory, and not a few who claim to have gone to school with him.

There was a little knot of them swapping reminiscences of "Jim" last night, and to the charge of the News that the candidate of the Liberal party is, like a prophet, entirely unknown even in his own country, one of them remarked with some enthusiasm:

that he was coming home to stay sometime. But says he: "Boys, you don't know the Yukon, nor what a great country there is up there. You cannot imagine it. Why they dig gold up there, while you fellows are digging and digging to grow a crop of corn, so that you can get a few pieces of gold for it in exchange. There's no country nearly as rich in the whole Dominion as the Yukon. But I'll come back to you some time."

The Stroller has been around the places where politicians are supposed to meet with the vague idea of discovering the name of some French speaking Canadian who was ambitious to run as a parliamentary candidate. He thought it just possible that Max Landreville, who was once sent as a delegate to Ottawa by the miners of the Klondike, might possibly have the parliamentary bee buzzing in his bonnet.

"Yes, you can put me down," was the reply of the boniface of the Empire. "But the worst is there? I should say so very head. There's myself, and John Burke, and Noel, and Binet. We are all after it."

"And when do you open your campaign?"

"That's a point upon which we have come to an amicable agreement. We all start on the same day. We put our banners up on Wednesday."

"Next Wednesday?"

"No, not next Wednesday. Wednesday, the 3rd of December. Then we four shall celebrate—you know what."

"Max is a 'farceur' of the deepest dye."

Talking about Canadians and Americans, the other evening one of the party asked Professor Judd, who is trying to get the position of athletic trainer and physicalist to the new athletic association if he were a Canadian. "I should say I was," the professor exclaimed, "why I fought in the war in Canada."

"You may have got the idea that I'm an American because I have lived in the states a good many years. But I came to Canada with and was a member of the first battalion of Prince Consort's Own. I belonged to No. 5 company, Captain Whaley captain. We had no colors then, only a skull and marrowbones, but we had some noted members in the regiment with us. There was Major, now General, Wolsley, Lord Russell, Lord Cecil, Lord Clifton, and Lord Cavendish who was stabbed to death in Phoenix Park, Dublin, you remember."

"There were five hundred of us who came over on the Australian, and we were wrecked off the banks of Newfoundland and had a devil of a time of it, living on fish and sleeping in barns. We were at Montreal for five or six months, and then into barracks at Hamilton, Canada West. The Prince of Wales, now King Edward, came to see us there, the time he visited the states. That was during the American war, you remember, and we were called out many and many a night, both at Hamilton and Montreal, but we never saw anything of the enemy."

"Then you never distinguished yourself, professor?"

"Don't be too sure about that. There was an awful bad night in Hamilton at that time, led by a scoundrel named Gillespie. He had done all sorts of outrageous things, including everything from murder to pitch-and-toss, and there was no one with sufficient daring to attempt his capture. So Lord Russell picked Corporal Judd, that was me, and Private Jack Haynes, to go after him. We were both known to be A-1 on the picket line or anywhere else."

"We heard that Gillespie was in a pub not far from the barracks so I planned a night outside and went in. I had kid gloves on and was dressed like a top. I went up to the bar and putting on a Cockney accent called for a glass of ale with a 'positively, damme' and so on. Gillespie walked up, collared my change and drank up the ale. I said that was a bloomin' shame, don't you know, and that I would punish him. He laughed and began to chaff me. I knocked him down. I had Jack Hayes posted behind me to keep the others from interfering, and in a couple of minutes I had the desperado at my mercy. Then I called in the picket and took him to the guard house."

"I believe I have some government land coming to me for that exploit, and now that the Red river valley is opening up I think I shall go and locate a farm there when I get too old to give boxing lessons."

**Soldier Becomes Rich**  
Vancouver, Wash., Sept. 13.—Private C. Marshall, of the Signal Corps, United States Army, stationed at Vancouver barracks, has just received notification from Alsace-Lorraine, Germany, that by the death of a relative property to the value of \$11,735 has been left him. Private Marshall was born in France and left that country for the United States in 1890, enlisting in the army in 1895, serving at West Point in the Signal Corps, and as a battalion engineer. He fought in the Cuban war and spent many months in Alaska in Uncle Sam's service.

Colonel Goddall, in command of

the First and Second Battalions of the Seventh Infantry, numbering about 450 men and Captain Harry Hawthorne, commanding the Twenty-sixth Field Battery, of Vancouver barracks, took part in the military parade yesterday at Portland, given by the Elks, which was viewed by thousands of people from all parts of the country.

**An Anarchist**  
"You are keeping me poor—I have only this egg."  
All rich men are rascals!" said Impetu Dregg.  
Cousponicus Pigg said, "Your thanks, then, are due."  
To me for not making a rascal of you."  
But Impetu Dregg all the same flung his egg.  
Which burst in the wig of Cousponicus Pigg.

There wasn't a doubt in the mind of either that Jonah was swallowed, but they differed as to particulars. Deacon Spooner said it was a plain case that Jonah was cast directly into the whale's mouth from on ship-board, and that without so much as getting his coatails wet, while Deacon Hopkins aggressively held that Jonah had been swimming about in the sea for some time before he found a haven of rest.

Two bad men, without any religion at all, would have lipped a copper to decide the question and then had a drink of hard cider to show that there was no ill-feeling, but the two good men, each with a church on his shoulders, couldn't afford to dismiss the point so easily. They argued and reasoned and protested and disputed, and by the time they reached Deacon Hopkins' gate they believed each other fools and bigots and parted in anger. That was the beginning of a quarrel that lasted for years and years. From that time on they nodded stiffly to each other when they met, as also did their wives, but there was no more neighboring or borrowing or lending.

When the trouble came to the two deacons one had a son of 16, and the other a daughter a year younger. Boy and girl had walked to and from school together and had a strong friendship, but the quarrel broke this up. They were not forbidden in so many words to speak to each other, but they soon understood how matters were and tacitly avoided each other, though no hard feelings prevailed.

At the end of two years Tom Hopkins was sent off to school, and a year later Kate Spooner departed for the home of an aunt in the east. When they returned to their parental homes Tom was ready to open a law office and Kate had become what the villagers called "a regular young lady." There had been no making up between the deacons. Never again had they walked to and from their respective churches in company. Deacon Spooner had always started from home four or five minutes first, and Deacon Hopkins had been careful not to overtake him. In returning, Deacon Hopkins had taken the lead, and Deacon Spooner had let him keep it.

Tom Hopkins came home with only a dim remembrance of the old misunderstanding, and the sight of Kate Spooner in church on the first Sunday of his arrival drove away the last fragments of that. It was so with Miss Kate. They greeted each other in the most friendly and informal way after the close of services, but they were soon to understand that there was a gulf between them. On the way home Deacon Hopkins said to his son:

"Thomas, Deacon Spooner insists that he is right about Jonah, while I, of course, refuse to yield one iota. You will therefore realize that there can be no social intercourse between my son and his daughter."

"I don't realize anything of the kind, dad," responded the son. "You and Deacon Spooner are the only two people in all the world who care a continental how Jonah was swallowed, so long as the whale got him down, and I refuse to mix in. I'm going to call on Kate if he turns me slap out of doors."

"If you do you will not only put me in a painful position, but I shall have good reason for regarding you as a thankless child. Thomas, you must heed my wishes in this matter."

Tom didn't defy his father, but on the other hand he wouldn't bind himself by any promise. Forty rods behind them were Deacon Spooner and his daughter, and Deacon Spooner also had something to say.

"Daughter," he began, as she was thinking to herself how good-looking and manly Tom Hopkins had grown, "I saw you greet Deacon Hopkins' son Thomas after church, and I was not at all pleased. The deacon is still stiff-necked about Jonah and the whale!"

"What? Is that old quarrel still alive?" she asked.

"Very much so, and it will never die unless the deacon acknowledges his error. You must be coldly polite to young Thomas and so more."

"But I was just hoping he would call on me tonight."

"If he does I shall have to show him the door. I cannot recede nor seem to recede from my position that Jonah was cast directly into the whale's mouth to be swallowed."

"I don't see what difference it makes how the whale got hold of him!" petulantly exclaimed Kate,

A SMOKEHOUSE ROMANCE.....

The people of the town of Coopersville could remember the exact date of the quarrel between Deacons Hopkins and Spooner. They lived opposite each other on the outskirts of the town, and one was a Baptist and the other a Methodist. That fact had made no difference with them for years, except that each secretly believed the other was taking a round-about way to reach heaven, but there came a Sunday when they walked home after church service and something was said about Jonah and the whale.

There wasn't a doubt in the mind of either that Jonah was swallowed, but they differed as to particulars. Deacon Spooner said it was a plain case that Jonah was cast directly into the whale's mouth from on ship-board, and that without so much as getting his coatails wet, while Deacon Hopkins aggressively held that Jonah had been swimming about in the sea for some time before he found a haven of rest.

Two bad men, without any religion at all, would have lipped a copper to decide the question and then had a drink of hard cider to show that there was no ill-feeling, but the two good men, each with a church on his shoulders, couldn't afford to dismiss the point so easily. They argued and reasoned and protested and disputed, and by the time they reached Deacon Hopkins' gate they believed each other fools and bigots and parted in anger. That was the beginning of a quarrel that lasted for years and years. From that time on they nodded stiffly to each other when they met, as also did their wives, but there was no more neighboring or borrowing or lending.

When the trouble came to the two deacons one had a son of 16, and the other a daughter a year younger. Boy and girl had walked to and from school together and had a strong friendship, but the quarrel broke this up. They were not forbidden in so many words to speak to each other, but they soon understood how matters were and tacitly avoided each other, though no hard feelings prevailed.

At the end of two years Tom Hopkins was sent off to school, and a year later Kate Spooner departed for the home of an aunt in the east. When they returned to their parental homes Tom was ready to open a law office and Kate had become what the villagers called "a regular young lady." There had been no making up between the deacons. Never again had they walked to and from their respective churches in company. Deacon Spooner had always started from home four or five minutes first, and Deacon Hopkins had been careful not to overtake him. In returning, Deacon Hopkins had taken the lead, and Deacon Spooner had let him keep it.

Tom Hopkins came home with only a dim remembrance of the old misunderstanding, and the sight of Kate Spooner in church on the first Sunday of his arrival drove away the last fragments of that. It was so with Miss Kate. They greeted each other in the most friendly and informal way after the close of services, but they were soon to understand that there was a gulf between them. On the way home Deacon Hopkins said to his son:

"Thomas, Deacon Spooner insists that he is right about Jonah, while I, of course, refuse to yield one iota. You will therefore realize that there can be no social intercourse between my son and his daughter."

"I don't realize anything of the kind, dad," responded the son. "You and Deacon Spooner are the only two people in all the world who care a continental how Jonah was swallowed, so long as the whale got him down, and I refuse to mix in. I'm going to call on Kate if he turns me slap out of doors."

"If you do you will not only put me in a painful position, but I shall have good reason for regarding you as a thankless child. Thomas, you must heed my wishes in this matter."

Tom didn't defy his father, but on the other hand he wouldn't bind himself by any promise. Forty rods behind them were Deacon Spooner and his daughter, and Deacon Spooner also had something to say.

"Daughter," he began, as she was thinking to herself how good-looking and manly Tom Hopkins had grown, "I saw you greet Deacon Hopkins' son Thomas after church, and I was not at all pleased. The deacon is still stiff-necked about Jonah and the whale!"

"What? Is that old quarrel still alive?" she asked.

"Very much so, and it will never die unless the deacon acknowledges his error. You must be coldly polite to young Thomas and so more."

and she would have added further protests had not her father commanded her to silence. But the attitude of the deacons did not keep the young people apart. They were bound to meet on the street or at the houses of mutual friends, and meet they did and fell in love. This fact was discovered in time, and the parental foot was put down in each case. Indeed, it came to such a pass that Tom Hopkins was threatened with being cut off with a shilling, and Kate was threatened with a diet of bread and water, and the good deacons felicitated themselves that love had been nipped in the bud. It wasn't, however. It was simply rendered more cautious.

One afternoon a note was put into the hands of Miss Kate saying that Tom would be in the lane behind her father's house at a certain hour in the evening. She meant to be on hand at the hour named, though she could see him only for a moment, but she was detained a quarter of an hour over time. The impatient and incautious Tom climbed the fence to see why she did not appear, and thinking he might be observed he sheltered himself in Deacon Spooner's smokehouse. He had been in hiding only a few minutes when the deacon walked down the path to see that all was right at the barn. On his return he would have encountered his daughter had she not dodged into that same smokehouse to avoid the meeting.

"Smokehouse door open, eh?" queried the deacon, as he came to a halt. "Well, I'm no man to put temptation in the way of others, and I'll shut it and lock it."

An hour later the good deacon was called out of the house to unlock the door and permit a foolish-looking couple their liberty. The deacon also looked foolish. He escorted the couple into the house and then crossed the road and aroused Deacon Hopkins and related the incident and added:

"Deacon Hopkins, about that whale and Jonah."

"Yes."

"I'm willing to say I may possibly be mistaken, if you'll say the same thing."

"I think I'll say so, Deacon Spooner."

"We'll say that the whale got Jonah, but not go into particulars."

"That's my idea."

"And about Tom and Kate?" queried Deacon Spooner.

"Y-e-s," replied Deacon Hopkins.

"Y-e-s, I see. Well, I'm willing." "So'm I."

"And—"

Just Received

OVERCOATS

In Cheviot, Chinchilla, Melton, Beaver and Nap. Will be sold at manufacturers' prices.

M. RYAN, Under the Ferry Tower.

not accord interviews or give portraits for publication; his daughters' movements are not chronicled in the press, and there are people who are not aware that he has a second son. His reluctance to extend the franchise to women is based, apart from political reasons, on his dislike to seeing them taking part in the rough-and-tumble of public life.

**Peculiar Defense.**  
Philadelphia, Sept. 13.—Billy Maynard and Jimmy Simister were the principals in the wind up of the Quaker City Athletic Club tonight. The bout was decided in favor of Simister, whose peculiar defense was an unsolvable mystery to the New Yorker. The bout went the six rounds, but Maynard was outpointed.

Old Homestead—at Auditorium.

Ladies Storm and Trimmed Dress Skirts JUST IN. SPECIAL VALUES.

SUMMERS & ORRELL 2nd Ave.

**Get Others Prices**  
Then come to me and get your outfit. Prices Always the Lowest

**T. W. Grennan** GROCER King St., Cor. Sixth Ave.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS**  
LAWYERS PATULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates Notaries Conveyances, etc. Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.

**SURVEYORS.**  
G. WHITE-FRASER.—M. Can. Soc. C. E. M. Am. Inst. E. E.; D. T. S. Phone 1068. Cor. Church and Third avenue.

**EMIL STAUF** REAL ESTATE, MINING AND FINANCIAL BROKER Agents for Harpe & Ladue Townsite Co. Harpe's Addition, Meade's Addition. The Imperial Life Insurance Company Collections Promptly Attended to Money to Loan. Houses to Rent. Gold Bull Receipts and Sold. N. C. Office Bldg. King St.

**Pacific Coast Steamship Co.** Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering Alaska, Washington, California, Oregon and Mexico. Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators. Exceptional Service the Rule.

**White Pass & Yukon ROUTE** B. Y. N. CO. Regular Service Between EAGLE CITY AND FORTY MILE ...The Fast... Str. Zealandian Leaves Dawson for Forty Mile Mondays 2 p. m. Returning, leaves Forty Mile, Tuesdays 9 a. m. Leaves Dawson for Eagle, Thursdays 10 a. m. Returning, leaves Eagle, Fridays 10 p. m. Forty Mile, Saturdays 10 a. m.

**FOR SALE Cheap for Cash.** Five Horsepower Boiler and 4 Horsepower Engine Apply - - - NUGGET OFFICE

**The Northwestern Line** Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul. Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wn.

**Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.** Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co. FOR ALL POINTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport Sails from Juneau on First of Each Month

**Copper River and Cook's Inlet** YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.

**OFFICES** SEATTLE Cor. First Ave. and Yester Way. SAN FRANCISCO No. 30 California Street

**Japan American Line** Carrying U. S. Mails to Oriental Points. Steamer Every 2 Weeks

**Alaska, Washington, California, Oregon and Mexico.** For Japan China and All Asiatic Points. Ticket Office - 612 First Avenue, Seattle

**Unalaska and Western Alaska Points** U. S. MAIL

**S. S. NEWPORT** Leaves Juneau April 1st and 1st of each month for Sitka, Yakutat, Nutchek, Orca, Ft. Licum, Valdes, Resurrection, Homer, Seldovia, Katmai, Kodiak, Uyak, Kerluk, Chignik, Unga, Sand Point, Belkofsky, Unalaska, Dutch Harbor.

FOR INFORMATION APPLY TO - Seattle Office - Globe Bldg., Cor. First Ave. and Madison Street San Francisco Office, 30 California Street