

DENVER'S WOMAN SLASHER

Has at Last Been Captured and Imprisoned.

Had Belief That Women Were Pursuing Him to His Undoing—Long List of Victims.

Denver, Col., April 8.—This city has been thrown into a state of terror by the deeds of a mysterious assailant of women.

All his crimes were committed in the neighborhood of Capitol Hill, an important district of the city. The name "Capitol Hill Thug" was given to him. Night after night and week after week some innocent women were murdered or assaulted in this locality.

Altogether seventeen assaults were traced to the same miscreant. Three of the victims died.

There was no discoverable motive for the crimes. The thug maimed and killed for the mere pleasure of the crime.

In no case could the injured women identify their assailant or remember him distinctly. Usually he sprang upon them from behind and felled them to the ground without uttering a word. In every case he struck so hard that he left his victim insensible.

He seemed to vanish like an invisible demon. As a matter of fact, it seems probable that he is a demonically inspired madman.

Men thought that they saw a shadowy form flitting away from the scenes of the earlier assaults, but they could never testify with sufficient positiveness to justify any arrest.

As a result of this state of affairs, the whole city was falling into a state of delirium and women went in fear of their lives, becoming hysterical at the least noise.

It was not until Mrs. Mary Short and Mrs. Joseph Unternahrer were both attacked and killed on the same evening that any intelligible clue to the mystery was obtained.

This night was the dreadful climax of the thug's career. He attacked three women in all, and also Miss Emma Johnson.

The evidence of several citizens concerning this night led to the arrest of Alfred Cowan. Upon him were found a revolver, a razor, an ugly pocket knife with a broken blade and an iron bar. He showed himself very cunning when any attempt was made to get information from him and was very abusive.

Upon him was a diary in which among many curious entries was this: "Those two women are after me."

The police learned many peculiar facts about him. He is a rancorous, a sufferer from a strange form of insanity. He has told many people that he has been persecuted by women and driven from his home and other places by them. He has uttered terrible threats against them. His strange conduct has caused him to lose one place after another and he has been in a lunatic asylum.

He was in Denver at the time the assaults were committed and away during certain intervals when none was committed.

He has been identified as the man who bought two heavy hammer handles with which the assaults may have been committed. The butt of his revolver fits the wound in Mrs. Unternahrer's head.

Whether Cowan is guilty or not he is a strange and fearful psychological example, a man in whom Lombroso, the great Italian criminologist, would delight.

Several persons have identified Cowan as the man they saw just after Mrs. Short was murdered on February 22.

Albert Fredericks has testified that he caught a glimpse of Cowan's ghastly face under the electric light as he ran away.

"I would know that man should I see him in a crowd of a thousand men," Fredericks said. "It has been the training of my life to know faces, and his face I could never forget. He passed right in front of me with the street light shining full into his eyes—his mean, vicious eyes and his characterless features. He has a mean face, and that impresses and one that I should never forget. I noticed him because it was at night and I wondered what he was doing in that neighborhood and because I heard the slight scream of a woman before I approached. I looked in the direction from which the sound came, but could see nothing. The figure of a man walking hurriedly appeared from the darkness, and as I approached the light we passed very near the corner. I could walk only with difficulty on my crutches, and did not approach. I thought nothing more of the occurrence, for I did not read the papers and knew nothing of the assault."

Another important witness against Cowan is Bartholomew Julien, head car inspector of the Union Pacific, who positively identifies him as the man who ran past his house the night of October 4, when Miss Mary McAtee was assaulted and received injuries that made her insane.

Julien was asked to tell what he knew about the man. He drew a chart of the surrounding blocks, and showed the course of the supposed slinger past his house. He said then he would recognize the man if ever he saw him again, and so confident was he that it was the thug that he walked about the sewer workings two days, hoping to find the slinger at work there.

Miss McAtee was assaulted about 9:30 o'clock, on Thirty-first avenue, between Marion and Clarkson. The thug is supposed to have run east to Lafayette, north to Thirty-second, and across the vacant lots back of the Maria Mitchess Kindergarten building to Thirty-third and Humboldt. Mr. Julien was returning from the lodge. He left the Lawrence street car at Thirty-fourth and Humboldt and walked south. He lives in the southeast corner house at Thirty-third avenue and Humboldt street. As he approached the avenue he heard a man running along the hard road across the vacant block. When he reached the middle of the avenue the man's figure became visible in the shadow beyond the light. He was running from the back of the kindergarten, as if to go down Humboldt street. He ran out under the light, noticed Mr. Julien, slowed up suddenly, and glanced furtively down Humboldt, hesitated under the arc, turned and walked rapidly toward Mr. Julien's corner, passing him not five feet away on the sidewalk.

Mr. Julien had started along the avenue from Humboldt to enter his yard by the side gate. He turned and faced the man as he passed. Immediately the man started to run, and Mr. Julien watched him until the shadow disappeared up Thirty-third avenue. The next morning he read of the McAtee assault, and has since been positive he saw her assailant.

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"I have no reason for coming down here and falsely identifying this man. There is no reward in it for me," said Mr. Julien. "I only consider it my duty to my wife and the wives and daughters of others to see that this thug is caught, and I am positive about this being the man I saw running away from the McAtee slugging."

After Mr. Julien had finished his diagram and description of the man, Chief Farley turned to Cowan and said: "Now, Cowan, this is another man who accuses you of assaulting women."

Cowan glanced furtively at Julien, his eyes wandered to the floor, then to the other auditors.

"He's a fool!" said Cowan, and he laughed hideously in the face of his accuser.

"You say you saw me strike a woman?"

"No, I saw you running. I wouldn't have noticed you if you hadn't been."

"You're a liar!" Cowan interposed. "I was never there."

Two weeks ago Cowan went into the supply store of Hendrie & Bolthoff, and bought two hammer handles. He wanted the heaviest they had, but was reticent and gave no explanation of the use to which he proposed to put the implements.

Cowan was identified without any hesitation by W. B. Hansen, a young clerk in Hendrie & Bolthoff's employ. He says he cannot be mistaken.

"I was reminded of the man and the hammer handles by a picture in the newspapers," said young Hansen. "When I saw the picture of Cowan and read about his peculiar smile, I was struck at once with the thought that I had seen the man before. I got to thinking about it and couldn't get that smile out of my head for a minute. Last night I happened all at once to remember, and it was all clear to me."

"The man came in and asked for a hammer handle. I went down stairs with him and showed him what we had. First I offered him a handle for a machinist's hammer. That style is 18 inches in length, round and of solid hickory. He took the handle in his hand, felt of it and swung it a little. 'Not heavy enough,' he said."

"Then I showed him another, the kind used in a sledgehammer, 24 inches long, and of course much heavier than the other. Even that did not satisfy him. The way he took the handles in his hand made me think he was not used to using them, and when he asked for something heavier still I thought it very peculiar. I looked at him closely then, out of curiosity, and noticed the smile that kept lurking around his mouth. Two or three times I saw that smile and I remember thinking that he was a peculiar sort of fellow."

"Finally he decided to take the two handles, one 18 inches long, the other 24 inches long. He paid 15 cents for the two, I rapped them up for him and he went out without saying anything more. He spoke only a few words all the time he was here. When I saw him in the jail there was no doubt in my mind that he was the man who bought the handles. I am positive."

Now the evidence given by young Hansen is considered of great importance for several reasons. When Miss Annie McAtee was found at Thirty-third and Lafayette streets with a fractured skull a pick handle was found near her. The identification of Cowan by Bartholomew Julien connects him with the McAtee case; the purchase of

the handles indicates the kind of weapon he likes to use. There is such a marked dissimilarity in the wounds of which the various women were killed or wounded.

Mrs. Short's wound was what the surgeons call a contused wound. That is, it was inflicted by some blunt instrument which did not make a clean cut. When Police Surgeon Sharpley examined Mrs. Short she had a slight wound on the left temple which he enlarged slightly in order to determine if her skull was fractured at that place.

Mrs. Unternahrer was probably killed by a blow with the butt end of a revolver behind the ear. An examination proved that the butt end of Cowan's revolver fitted exactly into the hole made in the dead woman's head.

Cowan is about 40 years old, 5 feet 9 inches in height, of muscular though not heavy build, with a slouching gait and a hang-dog manner. He has greenish gray eyes, with heavy eyebrows, that twitch with nervousness; a clipped brown mustache, brown hair, growing thin over the forehead. He wears a black slouch hat and brown suit of clothes.

In spite of all the suspicions against Cowan it seems probable that he will be released. An attempt was made to hypnotize him, but failed.

Prefers Jail to Freedom. Marvin Ford, rather than be free on bail, has voluntarily surrendered and gone back to jail.

It is a strange story of a singularly sensitive, high-strung man. Shame, humiliation, regret, remorse—perhaps the spirit that made men of old wear hair shirts and drove them to self-flagellation—made him seek jail.

Marvin Ford is the young man who, on February 16th, in bright midday, committed an extraordinary robbery. Driven to desperation by losses from gambling on the races, he planned to recoup them in a manner so bold, so wildly daring as to border on the melodramatic. He waited and watched outside the Nevada bank for some one to come out after drawing money.

After an hour and a half he saw a Chinaman, one Lee Ong, foreman of the Cabanas cigar factory, come out with a tempting sack of coin. He followed him, and when Lee Ong came to the doorway of his home at 318 Commercial street, where he intended to eat his lunch before carrying the gold on to the factory, Marvin Ford slipped up behind him, dealt him a swift blow on the head with a piece of iron pipe he had provided himself with to carry out his plan, grabbed the sack of coin from the fallen Chinaman and hurried away, taking refuge in a restaurant at 226 Battery street, where he was arrested shortly after, while he was making a nervous pretense of eating lunch.

This is but the skeleton story of the act that brought him to jail. He was arrested and shortly after liberated on bail. His trial is set for May 6th and he could, if he wished, just as well have had his liberty until then. His bail was raised, but even that would readily and willingly have been furnished for him. But no—he chose to go to jail, for he deliberately walked in to the authorities and gave himself up, because—

Because he could no longer endure the shame and humiliation of walking the streets and meeting his friends with the burden of his desperate act upon him.

Careworn, haggard and harassed looking in the county jail yesterday he said: "I gave myself up again because I didn't want to be out on bail. Bail would have been furnished for me, but I didn't wish it to be. I couldn't stand meeting the people I knew—knowing what they'd think about me, and—well, I just made up my mind to come back and wait for my trial here. I can't talk about it—I don't want to talk about it. Any man can understand how I feel about it."

His wife's father has died since he was arrested, and the young wife has gone back to earning her living again; but she, and his mother and sister, are all devoted in their attentions to Marvin Ford in his self-imposed imprisonment.—Examiner.

A Spring Harbinger. Dear Sir! I am a reader of your Semi-Weekly for a long time and I wish you would put this in your kind paper it is one of a friend of mine how lost his wife for staying in the Klondyke to long I will thank you very much respectfully A. S.

THE KLONDYKE. He got married to a pretty Miss five years ago to day. It was the day of happiness it was the 9th of May. He loved that Miss with all his heart until he got the shake. He did not bring a fortune that's why he got the shake. His time has passed of happy life 9 months ago too day.

The Klondyke was his Hindu until this present day. They say he was not well come home (Oh) it was a horror day. He went back to the Klondyke to try his luck one more time. Perhaps he get a fortune 5 years from to day. A. S.

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DOROTHY DIX ON MARRIAGE

Advantages More on Woman's Than on Man's Side.

Latter Loses His Identity as None Are Interested in Doings of the Married Man.

One of the most amazing things in the world is the unanimity in public sentiment on the subject of marriage. Opinions may vary in different countries and climes about how much numerously a person should be married at one time, but all unite in advocating it in either allopathic or homeopathic doses, to suit the temperament.

There are those who favor driving the matrimonial team altogether, like a four-in-hand, while others find that things go smoother if they are hitched tandem, but every one agrees that it is best not to trot through life in single harness.

As a matter of fact, matrimony is not to be indiscriminately advocated. There are advantages and disadvantages about it as there are about everything else. The only trouble is that it is only people who are safe, and who have no idea of getting married, who ever contemplate the drawbacks. It is like a man who never goes to sea parading the streets in a life preserver.

Probably the most obvious advantage to both men and women in getting married is the fact that the wedding ring is a kind of certificate of respectability. When you get married you have done what people expected you to do, and your position in society is settled. No amount of evidence to the contrary prevents an old maid from being looked upon as a freak, while an old bachelor is universally regarded as a monster of selfishness, who is deliberately defrauding some woman out of her due. The unmarried of mature age have to be always tacitly proving a good character.

So far as women are concerned, the advantages of marriage so far outweighs its disadvantages that they are fully justified in the welcoming and encouraging attitude they have always sustained towards the blessed institution. Matrimony is an episode in a man's life. It is a whole career to a woman. Moreover, it is a kind of affidavit to her charmingness. An unmarried woman may, or may not, have been admired. A married woman can offer irrefutable evidence. She can always prove it by one man.

A good husband is a special dispensation of Providence in a woman's behalf that provides her with the three necessities for feminine happiness—somebody to love—somebody to pay her bills and somebody to worry over. Of course, she has to pay for these luxuries by giving up her liberty, but that doesn't count. A woman's freedom is always a gift with a string tied to it.

With man the matter is more complex. There's his career, for one thing. Whether marriage helps or hinders that depends on the woman. A clever, ambitious woman can boost her husband up to almost any place she desires, and a dull, stupid one act as the most effective brake ever invented on the automobile of progress. But a striving, pushing woman is not a soothing life companion. She never lets her husband rest, and many a man has dropped dead on the top of the hill of fame or fortune upon which he had been goaded by an ambitious wife.

Naturally, the most alluring thing about marriage is the prospect of securing a congenial and sympathetic companion. What a man really marries for is to get a permanent admirer, who will laugh at his puns and believe he is an unappreciated genius. If this could be guaranteed in a wife there would be no drawbacks to matrimony. Unfortunately, the girl who has sat at a man's feet in humble adoration before marriage, often bobs up as the household Solomon afterward. Talk about warming a serpent in your bosom that turns and bites you! It is nothing to the base ingratitude of the woman whom matrimony turns into a critic on your hearthstone.

Of course matrimony is a great protection to a man. It rescues him from the clutches of boarding house keepers and wash ladies, and delivers him over to the butcher and baker and grocers. It protects him from the maneuvers of managing mammas, and turns him over, bound hand and foot, to the tyrant who has captured him. He acquires all the blessed privileges of a home, but there is no passkey to the front door. He has someone to whom he can tell his sorrows, and who demands to know where he was last night.

The greatest disadvantage of marriage, so far as the man is concerned, is that it dissipates the glamour that always hangs around an eligible man. From having been a personage, he becomes a person. If he marries a rich woman, or a famous woman, he is henceforth merely the husband of his wife, and, in any event, interest in him goes down with a dull, sickening thud. What a bachelor may do is always of moment to every woman in his

circle, but nobody cares what a married man does.

On the whole, the advantages of getting married overbalance the disadvantages, or else the matrimonial market would not be so strong. It is one of the experiments all have to try for themselves, and that we should all believe that we are going to be the one who draws the capital prize in the lottery is a beautiful and inspiring example of hope triumphing over observation.—Dorothy Dix in Examiner.

The Globe Trotters.

At Sea, March 22.—Several are globe trotters. Two are Russians, two Germans, five Englishmen. One is a Frenchman born in Stamboul. All are and. One of the Germans, a young Heidelberg student, is said because he has contemplated in Japan, in the Temple of the "Eight Standards," the gown studded with birds embroidered in their natural colors that Gine-Yu-Koyo wore.

She was a queen of Japan and a warrior, 1800 years ago. The young German student is grieved, and suffers, because he may not realize all the heroic charm of that undefinable shade. He is unhappy because he cannot embrace that marvelous phantom. It is a rare and exquisite cause of grief, but it affects him profoundly. The young Japanese girls have not consoled him. He says that they have airs of Hawthorne jars and do not make one's heart light.

The antipathy of the white race for the yellow race is so natural that it is almost monstrous to try to conquer it. And yet, we need sympathy so much, we have so intense an inclination to attach ourselves to countries and to persons that the idea of quitting any one—even Japan—is very bitter. The young German student detests Japan, but he regrets the monotony without end of forms and colors that he saw there.

One of the Russians, a navy lieutenant, is said because he feels alone among an innumerable multitude. He has seen too many beings who were men and yet not similar to him. The five Englishmen are grieved because so many persons that they have admired have no way of being English, and so many have not the desire to be English. This is a delicious, refined and ingenious way of tormenting one's self. Be persuaded that it is effective. The world has progressed in nothing so much as the art of being unhappy.

Still, let us not flatter ourselves with the idea of having invented any one of our miseries. A veiled woman is on the march since the beginning of the world. Her name is Melancholy. We have only added something to the mind's mourning and brought our share of the universal treasure of moral ill. The globe trotters know and make us understand why the tree of science was not to be touched by man. Science does not make happiness, and when men know a great deal of history and geography, they are sad.

The fruit of the tree of science has the taste of ashes. We have explored the earth; we have mingled with races black, red and yellow, and we have discovered with terror that humanity is more diverse than we had imagined. We have found ourselves with strange brothers whose minds were not more similar to ours than those of animals. And we think sadly now of humanity that changes, according to climate, its face, its mind, and its gods.

When we knew of the earth only the fields that fed us, it seemed large. We have verified its place in the universe and found it small. We have seen that it was only a drop of mud and that has humiliated us. We have been led to believe that the forms of life were in fact more numerous than we had suspected at first, and that the other planets, the other worlds, contained reasonable beings. We have understood that our intelligence was wretchedly small.

Life is, in itself, neither long nor short, and the simple-minded men that measure it by its average duration say that the man lived enough that dies in white hairs. What have we done? We have wished to divine the immemorial age of the earth, the age even of the sun, and it is by the geologic periods and the cosmic ages that we measure human life now, and by that it is short. Drowned in the ocean of time and of space, we have discovered that we were nothing and that has made us desolate.

The young German student reads Haecel. The Englishman applauds Kitchener. The worst evil is that with good ignorance, faith has fled. We have no hope and we believe no longer in what consoled our fathers. That especially is painful to us. For it was sweet to believe even in Hades. Then the conditions of material life have become harsher than they were. The new society, by authorizing all the hopes, excites all the energies. The struggle for life is more arduous than ever, victory more insolent, defeat more inexorable.

With faith and hope we have lost charity. The three virtues that, like three vessels, having at their prow the images of a celestial virgin, carried poor souls through the world's ocean, have been wrecked in the tempest. The globe trotters ask for a new faith, a new hope, a new charity.—M. Pene DuBois in Examiner.

SPORTS FOR VICTORIA DAY

And Prizes for Winners Have Been Agreed Upon

By the Committee in Charge—Judges Appointed and all Arrangements Completed.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily. The following are the order of exercises, program and prizes arranged for Victoria day:

At a meeting of the sports committee of above, held in the Board of Trade on Saturday evening, the following program was finally arranged, together with the appointing of judges for the various events. Commissioner Ross will open the day with an appropriate speech, after which the school children will sing, "God Save the King," "Maple Leaf," etc.

Grand parade to commence at grand stand. Judges—Capt. Olson, A. D. Williams, F. W. Clayton.

To commence at 1 o'clock sharp on Front street.

Quarter mile horse race, in heats (entrance \$25, 75 per cent to first, 25 per cent to second), first prize \$100, second \$50.

100 Yards race, first prize \$30, second \$20.

Veterans' race (50 years and over), 50 yards, first prize \$25, second \$10. 120 yards hurdle race (to hurdles), first prize \$30, second \$10.

Quarter mile bicycle race, first prize \$30, second \$15.

Final of the quarter mile horse race. 220 yards race, first prize \$30, second \$20, third \$10.

Boys' race, 50 yards, under 15, first prize \$10, second \$5, third \$3.50. Miners' pack race (50 pounds) 40 yards, first prize, \$25, second \$10. Sack race, 50 yards, first prize \$10, second \$5.

Half mile horse race, in heats, (entrance \$20, 75 per cent to first, 25 per cent to second), first prize \$100, second \$50.

Obstacle race 100 yards, first prize \$20, second \$10.

Amateur 100 yards race, medals \$25.

Final half mile horse race.

Running high jump, first prize \$25, second \$15.

Vaulting with pole, first \$25, second \$15.

Hop, step and jump, running, first prize, \$20, second \$10.

Running broad jump, first prize \$25, second \$15.

Putting the 16 pound shot, first prize \$25, second \$15.

Throwing 56-pound weight, first prize \$25, second \$15.

Consolation horse race, no entrance fee, one-half mile, first prize \$75, second \$25.

At 7:30 p. m. sharp in the ring, tug of war, in cleats, eight men on a side \$200.

Canoe race, single, across the river and back, first prize \$25, second \$10.

Canoe race, double, first prize \$20, second \$25.

Throwing the hammer, behind the barracks at 3 p. m., first prize \$20, second \$20.

Tossing the caber (16 feet), first prize \$30, second \$20.

The above sports to be subject to North American Caledonian Association rules. Judges' decision to be final. Three entries or no event. Four entries or no third money. Entries for horse races to be made with the secretary at his offices, Northern Cable building, not later than noon of the 23rd.

Entries for athletic events previous to commencement. Gold medal will be awarded to athlete securing the most number of points during the meeting, points to be 3, 2 and 1. No person allowed in the ring excepting the judges and athletes actually engaged in event transpiring.

Manager of sports and starter, Mr. Hugh McKinnon. Judges, Messrs. J. T. Lithgow, Hector Stewart, Sheriff Eilbeck, Chas. Barwell.

Starters of horse racing, Messrs. Adolph Spitzel, and W. H. B. Lyon. One dollar entrance fee in all athletic events; last entry to lead off.

A full band will be in attendance during the day. Championship Rugby football match, Dawson vs. Bonanza creek, behind barracks 6 p. m.

Chairman, Col. Donald MacGregor; treasurer, Richard Cowan; secretary, J. Newton Storry.