

# 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 CANVASSBACK DUCKS When Feasting This Autumn.**

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 filed a water right on this 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 marksman ship to the test.

Steadily, 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 canvass and with a piece of bent hay wire formed a tail also covered with the canvass. 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 canvass 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 bling away and saying nothing, but was evidently excited. It was a question who should be treated 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 fifty foot paces, 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.

"Gawd awn' to the deil," swore Alec, "I wasna 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:

"My but you should have seen the welcome they gave 'Jim' at Moosehide, when he called there on his way back from Ottawa early this year. It was a general holiday for miles and miles around. All the farmers came in, and their wives, and wherever he moved during the six hours he spent in town, there was a crowd waiting to shake hands with him and give him welcome back. Over a hundred must have asked: 'When are you coming home to stay, Jim?'"

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 Impecu Dregg.  
Coupnicus Pigg said, "Your thanks, then, are due."  
To me for not making a rascal of you."  
But Impecu Dregg all the same flung his egg.  
Which burst in the wig of Coupnicus Pigg.

## MARKET REPORTS

### Local Trade Improves Considerably

### Winter Stocks Now Arriving in Large Quantities—Potatoes and Eggs Advanced.

The near approach of the close of navigation shows a decided stiffening in prices in the local markets and the bottom notch is considered to have been reached. From now on the tendency will be upward though no repetition is anticipated of the prices that were in vogue several years ago the results of corners on certain commodities. A conservative estimate of the stocks already on hand shows sufficient of the staples to last the bulk of the winter and there are still over a thousand tons of potatoes to arrive before the close of navigation. Eggs have advanced a dollar a case which now leaves a small margin where formerly there was more often a loss than a profit for the trader. Potatoes have also gone up a cent. Meats, canned goods and hay and oats are practically the same. Sales have been larger during the past week than for any similar period for some time which is taken as a good indication of better trade this fall than during the summer months. The following are the quotations for today:

Table with 2 columns: Commodity and Price. Includes Flour, Beans, Ham, Bacon, Mutton, Butter, Eggs, Cheese, Milk and Cream, Canned Goods, and Miscellaneous.

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 gang 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 Hayes, 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 planted a picket outside and went in. I had kid gloves on and was dressed like a tot. 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 Goodrich, in command of

## 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 roundabout 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 shipboard, and that without so much as getting his coattails 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 flipped 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 in 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. I 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 no more."

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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.

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