

## THE ST. CYR MURDER TRIAL

**Opens This Morning With the Evidence of Clithro**

**Who Tells the Story of the Tragedy on the Lewis River Near Hootaniqua Last November.**

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.  
George L. Clark, charged with perjury, was before Justice Dugas this morning and elected to be tried by a judge and plead guilty. He will be up again tomorrow morning.

The prisoner on the 19th of November made application to the gold commissioner for a hillside claim adjoining 99 below lower discovery on Dominion, swearing at the time that he had previously staked the ground.

George Thomas St. Cyr, accused of having on the 17th day of November last, at a point near the Lewis river, murdered a man named James Davis was on trial.

Both men were wood choppers and the only witness was one Clithro, a partner of the murdered man, who had formerly been in partnership with St. Cyr.

On the morning of the killing, Clithro broke his ax handle and about 10 o'clock went to their joint cabin to rehandle the ax, and told Davis before going that as the job would take some time, he would not return before lunch, which he would prepare.

After he had been in the cabin a short time he went to the door to throw out some dirty water at which time he heard a shot from the direction in which he had left Davis. He also heard a noise between a shout and a groan.

Seizing a gun he ran to where he had left his partner, whom he found lying part way down the steep embankment intervening between the river and where he had been working.

Quantities of blood dyed the snow surrounding a deep crimson, and a great flow of blood had poured down the hill.

Davis was found to be in a dying condition, and told Clithro that St. Cyr had killed him and that he did not know why. He also told him that St. Cyr would kill him also.

Davis was a very heavy man, and with 14 inches of snow on the ground thickly covered with stump and fallen timber, Clithro was unable to move the dying man and left him to go to the Hootaniqua police detachment for assistance.

When the police arrived Davis had been dead some time, having bled to death from the effects of the shot which had entered his chest just below the collar bone and cut a number of large blood vessels.

Clithro took the stand and testified that on the morning of the shooting he and Davis had gone to work as usual at 7 o'clock, and worked till 10, when his ax was broken, when he went to the cabin and while there he heard the shot referred to, and started at once for the place where he had left Davis about a half a mile distant. While going he saw St. Cyr leaving the place where he found Davis dying.

There was a handsleigh there but he found it impossible to use it because there was no trail.

Referring to his past differences with St. Cyr the witness stated that at the time he had dissolved partnership with the prisoner, there had been a quarrel during which St. Cyr had struck him over the head with a gun, after calling him a sneak and a cur. He had taken the gun from the prisoner and thrown it out of doors.

At this point the court adjourned till 2 p. m.

### Governor General's Proclamation.

The following proclamation concerning officeholders in Canada has been received by Governor Ogilvie as wired from Ottawa:

By His Excellency's Command, R. W. Scott, Secretary of State, Canada:

Edward VII by the grace of God of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, etc., etc.

To all to whom these presents shall come, or whom the same may in any wise concern, greeting.

David Mills, Attorney General, Canada:

Whereas, by chapter nineteen of the revised statutes of Canada, entitled "An act respecting public officers," it is amongst other things in effect enacted that upon the demise of the crown it shall not be necessary to renew any commission by virtue whereof any officer of Canada or any functionary in Canada held his office or profession during the previous reign; and that a proclamation shall be issued by the

governor general authorizing all persons in office as officers of Canada who held commissions under the late sovereign and all functionaries who exercised any profession by virtue of such commissions to continue in the due exercises of their respective duties, functions and professions, and that such proclamation shall suffice, and that the incumbents shall as soon thereafter as possible take the usual and customary oath of allegiance before the proper officer or officers thereunto appointed.

Now, therefore, by and with the advice of our privy council for Canada, we do by this, our proclamation, authorize all persons in office as officers of Canada who at the time of the demise of our late royal mother of glorious memory were duly and lawfully holding, or were duly and lawfully possessed of or invested in any office, place, or employment, civil or military, within our Dominion of Canada, or who held commissions under the late sovereign and all functionaries who exercised any profession by virtue of such commissions to severally continue in the due exercise of their respective duties, functions and professions, for which this our proclamation shall be sufficient warrant. And we do ordain that all incumbents of such offices and functions and all persons holding commissions as aforesaid shall, as soon hereafter as possible, take the usual and customary oath of allegiance to us before the proper officer or officers thereunto appointed. And we do hereby require and command all our loving subjects to be aiding, helping and assisting all such officers of Canada and other functionaries in the performance and execution of their respective offices and places.

In testimony whereof, we have caused these our letters to be made patent and the great seal of Canada to be hereunto affixed. Witness our trusty and right well beloved cousin the Right Honorable Sir Gilbert John Elliot, Earl of Minto and Viscount Melgund of Melgund, County of Forfar in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, Baron Minto of Minto, County of Roxburgh, in the Peerage of Great Britain, Baronet of Nova Scotia, Knight Grand Cross of Our Most Distinguished Order of Saint Michael and Saint George, etc., etc., Governor General of Canada.

At our government house, in our city of Ottawa, this twenty-third day of January, in the year of Our Lord one thousand nine hundred and one and in the first year of our reign.

MINTO.

By his excellency's command,  
R. W. SCOTT,  
Secretary of State.

### Attention, Tobacco Fiends.

Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir—All Dawson will congratulate the new board of library trustees for every good improvement they add to the public free library. Hunt the world over and every library is found conducted with such neatness, taste and culture that they are not excelled in that line by the sanctuaries of any church. All round talk and tobacco fumes on the floor or in the air is strictly forbidden. Whereas, this library for over one year has been conducted as a smoking club, scarcely excelled by any whisky saloon in Dawson.

Dawson's people will appreciate a well conducted, clean library having heaven's pure air in the hall all day and never polluted by the fumes of the liquor and tobacco fiend. All other libraries have a part reserved for ladies—why not this one? No lady will step into a hazy den of tobacco fumes, any more than a dove would live in a den of turkey buzzards or polecats.

Nobody objects to the turkey buzzard, pole cat or bed bug, as such, but we do object to their coming in contact with us. Consequently we don't object to the smoker of tobacco or opium, if he will only keep to himself, but we do object to him coming into our pure air and adulterating it with his foul fumes of tongue, truck and tobacco. We accept heaven's pure air in all its invigorating wholesomeness to read, but why could we not enjoy that liberty without the vile impolite smoker coming in to drive us off or put up with his sickening stench? Much is said about improving this century in science, enlightenment and culture, but this smoking fiend, if permitted, is found smoking in the reading room, parlor, bedroom, kitchen—yes, cooking and baking you will find him with his vile old snivary pipe or cigar in his mouth, with ashes dropping down into the meats, gravy, soup, dough, milk, tea or coffee. Anything and everything he touches must be contaminated by this retrograding type of humanity. He seems to be on a race back to his ancestors according to the Darwinian theory. If we are to improve this century, let the library trustees set the example by engaging a librarian—one of that radical vim, one who does not use liquor, tobacco nor gamble or any of the degrading self-acquired habits and one who will enforce such taste and refinement and who is courteous to all people alike. There are some smokers who were brought up with the whole family, cats, dogs, pigs, poultry, goats and donkeys under the same thatched roof and who would establish that style of culture wherever they go, but they had better go back and not practice their sense of ethics here. Dawson people want everything in its place, and we want a pure-air, tasty reading room.

JENNIE M'CRAY.

## THIS HINDOO WORE A CHARM

**Which Enabled Him to Evaporate at Will**

**And Blow Out the Key Hole of His Cell Door Fluch to the Jailor's Consternation.**

For corroboration of what I am about to relate I give you the Hyderabad Gazette of the dates of June 6, 8 and 24 of the year 1827. In those three issues, as well as in others later on, you will find much space devoted to the case of the man who went by the name of Chilka.

This Hindoo Chilka, who was about 40 years of age, came to the cantonment at Haidarabad as a peddler of fetiches. He had the beaks and claws of birds, the feet of small animals, the skins and teeth of serpents, and the ears and claws of tigers and panthers. He claimed that all his stock had been blessed by a holy man and that each and every article was a charm. The native soldier is full of superstition, and the English soldier in India at least hopes for good luck. Together they always buy liberally of these peddlers. There were charms against death, wounds, sickness, loss and what not, and the very cheapest and poorest was a guarantee that its possessor would never be struck by lightning. The man had been selling his goods for an hour or so when a dispute arose between him and an English soldier, and he was ordered off the grounds. As he stopped to argue the matter he was run into the guardhouse to give him a lesson. The prison held four or five soldiers at the time, but Chilka sat down in a corner and refused to notice any of them. They turned from him to their cards, but after half an hour suddenly saw that he was missing. There was but one window, and that was barred. There was but one door, and that had not been opened. The alarm was given and an officer came in to investigate. It was little he could discover. The peddler had vanished, and yet had he been cockroach there was no crevice he could have used to escape. The door had been locked, with a sentry on the outside, and the window had not been tampered with.

When the officer made his report he was reprimanded. To square himself he fell back on the soldier prisoners. Before the affair ended a good many officers were badly mixed up. It could not be disputed that Chilka had been locked up. It could not be disputed that he had vanished soon after. No one could say how he had gone, and that was the stick of it. To say that he had melted into a shadow and floated through the keyhole was ridiculing the matter. He was finally reported as having escaped, and it was generally believed that the other prisoners had somehow aided him. Next day the Hindoo was arrested in the city for having passed a bogus coin and was taken to the city jail to await trial. When imprisoned in the guardhouse at the cantonment, nothing was taken away from him. When taken to the city jail, he was carefully searched and his pockets emptied. Aside from the fetiches I have mentioned, he had with him a flat stone about the size of an American silver dollar. The color was pale pink, and it was framed in silver and worn around his neck. This stone he had not shown to the soldiers, but the prisoners in the guardhouse remembered his having it in his hands and gazing at it intently as he sat by himself. He begged hard to be permitted to retain this charm, but it was taken away with the other articles.

Chilka remained in jail over night and was then brought into court for examination. He denied knowing that the coin was worthless, but as several others like it were found in his pockets he was remanded to jail to await trial. He asked for the pink charm against fever, and it was given him. The story of the man's escape from the guardhouse had reached the jailer, and though he laughed at it he at the same time locked the prisoner up in a cell by himself. When his supper was carried in, the Hindoo was staring at the stone. Two hours later he was missing from the cell. It was so utterly impossible for the man to have left the prison that the officials stood confounded.

Search was made for hours, and then the watchman in that corridor was put under arrest. It was asserted that unless he had unlocked the cell and two corridor doors Chilka could not have escaped. He made an indignant denial, and the singular incident was the talk of the town and was published in

the newspapers. The affair would have died out in a week but for the recapture of the Hindoo two or three days later. He was seen and recognized in a village about 20 miles away and was arrested and returned to jail. He would make no explanations. He was offered a sum of money and his freedom if he would betray the guard, but he was silent.

No importance was attached to the pink stone, but it was taken away from him when he was locked up.

For two days the man was quiet and sullen. Then he began to shout and scream and rave, and to quiet him the stone was restored. As soon as it was placed in his hands the fellow was like a lamb. It was given him about 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The corridor in which he was confined contained eight cells, and in each cell except his there were two prisoners. There was a barred window at one end of the corridor and an iron door at the other. A guard sat at this door and had control of the lever unlocking all the cells. He was own brother to the sheriff, and his integrity could not be impugned. His orders were to look into Chilka's cell every hour, and at 4 o'clock he looked in and found the man apparently asleep. At 5 o'clock he looked in, to find the cell empty. There had been no movement to alarm him, and the other prisoners had heard nothing. Before unlocking the cell the guard called in the jailer, and never was official so dumfounded. The Hindoo had vanished. But how could he have gone in the flesh? There was the guard and there were 14 prisoners to back him up, and, though the jailer was a hard headed man, he was forced to believe in the supernatural.

This third queer escape caused no end of talk. Europeans who reside in India see so many strange things that they become tainted with superstition. There were a few who shook their heads and hinted that the jailer knew more than he dared tell, meaning that Chilka had dealt with him, but the great majority put it down that the pink stone was the fetich which had caused all the trouble. In order to clear themselves of ridicule the officials determined that Chilka should be recaptured at any cost, and messengers were sent in every direction, and a large reward was offered. In about ten days he was found 100 miles away. The first move of his captors was to take the pink stone away from him. He was brought back to Haidarabad and jailed, and he was offered various sums of money if he would give up the secret of his escape. Not a word of explanation would he make, and for four days he refused to eat or drink. He begged for the pink stone, and it was finally decided to give it to him. The stone had been taken to lapidaries and jewelers, but no one had been able to give it a name or to recall having ever seen one like it.

When the charm was turned over to Chilka, he wept for joy and called for food. He was now taken to a corridor in which were four cells and all empty. The only window was boarded up, two guards were stationed at the door, and a cell each side of the Hindoo was occupied by a guard. The jailer himself was the guard on the inner side of the door. The charm was passed over to Chilka just at supper time. He ate his food and lay down on the straw as if to sleep. At a quarter past 6 the jailer looked into the cell, and the man was there. So at half past 6 a quarter to 7. At 7 o'clock, he was gone. Smile if you will, but the Hindoo had taken his departure out of an iron cell, with four guards at hand, and not the slightest trace of him could be found. The guards in the cells had heard no more on his part. His cell door remained locked, and there was the impress of his form on the straw. You can't say those four men were fools. You can't deny in the face of all the talk and newspaper articles and affidavits that he vanished on the different occasions as I have related. Indeed, the public investigations called out doctors, guards, soldiers and attorneys, and they were not men who could be ridiculed. Chilka simply vanished as a spirit. The stone was the charm which accomplished it. He was never found after his last escape. The authorities didn't want to find him. He was not only a spirit of evil, but his escapes had a bad moral influence on the Hindoo community. You may turn and twist the matter as you will, but you can't get over facts, and the main fact in the case was that the fellow could dissolve his earthly body into nothingness.

M. QUAD.

### Ferrell to Be Electrocuted.

Columbus, O., Jan. 17.—The state board of pardons today refused to interfere in the case of Rosslyn H. Ferrell, who is in the penitentiary under sentence to be electrocuted on March 1. Ferrell was convicted of the murder of Express Messenger Charles Lane in an Adams express car.

## MANY APPLICATIONS MADE

**For the Now Vacant Position of Librarian.**

**Among Them Were Some Gems as Is Attested by One Appended—Will Line Up Thursday.**

The article in the Nugget of a few days ago headed, "Librarian Wanted," was productive of 42 applications being made in writing to the board of control of the public library for the above mentioned position which pays \$150, with room and fuel; the librarian being required to "board for his clothes" wheresoever he pleases.

Of the 42 applications submitted five have been selected and their writers notified to line up before the board on Thursday of this week for inspection. Of the five the one who most efficiently passes muster will be the future librarian.

Among the applications submitted were both gems and "peachinos," but for elegance of diction, vivacity of sentiment and politeness of compliment, the following, from which the name is withheld out of consideration for his progeny, is a bakery-winner:

Dawson, Jan. 30, 1901.

Messieurs, the Board of Control, Public Library:

Gentlemen—Inundated as you will be with applications for the position of librarian of the institution over which you preside; a humble unit nevertheless ventures to address you.

That you will adjudicate upon this matter with your accustomed good sense and foresight, is doubtless a foregone conclusion. The fact that you have publicly asked for the applications of would-be librarians, necessarily implies that such applications shall receive attentive and impartial consideration.

And this be so, I beg leave to add yet one more name to what is doubtless an already heavily burdened list.

Recommendations—No governor's "letter of introduction" accompanies my application. No "autograph letter" is here enclosed.

Qualifications—To say that art is my mistress, literature my ambition, the public good my earnest desire; were but to declaim a semi-comic travesty, which would but burden your already wearied ear.

But if to appreciate the lives and thoughts of the great dead who live again in books, be qualification:

If to recognize the value, the great effect of institutions which enable their influence to work upon the public mind, be any qualification:

If in short to have a Bumble spirit of emulation; to be 30 years of age; of British parentage, and no bank account, be qualifications; they are mine, and I offer them to you.

Whether you accept them, or whether you accept others, more worthy, allow me to subscribe myself,

### A Klondike Shell Game.

Out on the trail which skirts the Klondike between the bridge and the ferry, someone in memory of "Soapy" Smith days on the Dyea and Skagway trails, has posted up a sort of automatic shell game. It consists of a piece of cardboard suspended from the top of which by strings are half walnut shells brightly gilded, and below them the legendary question: "Can you guess the right cup?"

One's first impulse is to pick a shell and look for the little ball of rubber which he is quite satisfied before hand is not there. But if he happens to have been on either of the trails mentioned in '97 or '98, he will smother this impulse and look around to see where the dealer and his boosters with the straw packs are, and is half surprised not to hear a pleasant voice say: "Step right up, gentlemen, and find the little ball and get my money."

### A Burning Chimney.

Chair warmers of the night watch at the Aurora Number 1 met with a surprise this morning which fortunately for themselves, and incidentally, Tom Chisholm, turned out to be only a surprise, and not attended with any serious results.

It was all due to an alarm of fire turned in from the barbershop next door at 7:30 o'clock. There was wild excitement for a few minutes after the firemen made their appearance in the back yard with the big chemical engine, but it turned out to be nothing of greater seriousness than the burning out of a chimney which was soon attended to and things went on with their accustomed serenity.