

BAR ASSOCIATION OBJECTS

To the Passing of an Ordinance and Its Voice is Heard.

The Council Tired of Being Taken by the Throat by Hospitals—Government Memorialized.

From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

There was a general air of expectancy in the courtroom Saturday afternoon when the council took its place, as it was pretty well known by means of busy rumor that the ordinance (as yet unpassed), consummating the desire of the government that Mr. Aimee Dugas be created a member of the bar for the purpose of legally filling the registrar's office, had created a feeling of dissent and unrest in the heart of the Bar Association, which had been bottled up as long as possible, and was then about to be heard from.

Therefore other matters were rather lost track of by those who waited to hear the protest, which came, at the proper time, in the form of a letter from the secretary of the association, and was backed up by a number of attorneys, who Secretary Brown said, would like to address a committee of the council on the subject in hand, which opportunity was given them by the council resolving itself into a committee of the whole for their reception.

The legal light from the back of the room was great enough to make it almost necessary to light a match to see if the electric lights were burning, when Attorney McCall, like Horatius who held the bridge in the brave days of old, separated himself from the constellation and addressed the council.

He said that it was a long way from the desire of the Bar Association to wish to be construed as opposing the proposed passage of the ordinance on any grounds of personal feeling towards the present incumbent, as the body in question had the greatest respect and regard for Mr. Dugas, but it regarded such an act as a violation of the land titles act, which said that none but an attorney might fill the office of registrar, and, as his acts were in a great measure judicial, this was right and proper.

The registrar was supposed to pass on the legality of the instruments passing through his office, and from his decision in such matter there is no appeal, and, whereas, Mr. Dugas was not an attorney, the bar felt that he should not be declared to be one by the council.

Mr. McCall closed his remarks by reiterating the statement that the Bar Association held Mr. Dugas in the highest esteem and were not opposing his appointment on personal grounds, and thanking the honorable body for its attention, withdrew to the little knot of attorneys, composed of Messrs. Wade, Davey, Stacpool and others, who silently fled away to the region above, after agreeing to have in readiness a memorandum concerning the matter, and listening to the thanks of the commissioner for the explanation of their position.

The objectionable bill is held in abeyance till next Thursday evening at least, when its future will probably be decided. In the meantime the council is in something the same position, with respect to the Ottawa government and the local Bar Association, as that occupied by the party in tradition who found himself in the unpleasant situation of having the devil on one side and the deep, deep sea on the other.

A telegram on one side commands the enactment of the ordinance, and the Bar Association on the other cries nay, nay.

Major Wood is sufficiently recovered to be out, and Saturday evening filled his accustomed place at the council board, by which means a quorum was had without the presence of Justice Dugas, who was there for a short time pending the arrival of Councilman Wilson, who came in a trifle late. Upon his arrival, however, Justice Dugas took his departure as he was suffering with an injured foot, and only came to the meeting believing that his presence was essential to the formation of a quorum.

An ordinance was introduced and passed concerning the practice indulged in, heretofore by some teamsters, of driving deliberately across the lines of fire hose. Heretofore there has been no means of preventing this pernicious practice owing to the fact, as previously stated in the Nugget that there was no law providing for its punishment. Now, however, it will be stopped.

Out of an indigent case of sickness on Dog Island, which the hospitals re-

fused to admit, grew the question of how far the hospitals are warranted in refusing to take in cases of this nature. In this case the Good Samaritan hospital was willing to take the case if the council would guarantee the payment of \$15 per day during the service, and St. Mary's refused unconditionally to receive the patient.

It was decided to ask Acting Legal Adviser Pattullo to examine the law bearing on the subject and ascertain if the hospitals could not be compelled to receive such cases, and if not to draw an ordinance which would in future prevent, as it was expressed, the taking of the council by the throat, by the hospital hand, and compelling it to stand and deliver.

In the present instance, the case being one of extreme urgency, it having been so reported by Police Surgeon Hurdman, it was decided that the council must submit with the best grace possible to the demands of the hospital and guarantee the \$15 per day.

The matter of taxation was not directly referred to, but as the matter was held in abeyance for one month at a meeting held on the 20th of last month, it is altogether likely that the question will be disposed of next Thursday evening. The reason for laying the matter on the table before was in order to ascertain what the wishes of rate payers was with regard to incorporation, and as this matter seems to have been disposed of to the satisfaction of the council and rate payer, taxes will probably be collected in the near future.

The memorial to be sent to the government concerning the needs of the Yukon territory, the drafting of which was moved by Mr. Wilson some time since, was adopted and will appear in full in tomorrow's Nugget.

There was considerable argument concerning the sending of a minority report presented by Messrs. Wilson and Prudhomme. The minority report provides many things not contained in the memorial adopted among which appears the proposition to abolish the Yukon council in its present form and reorganize the legislative body by electing each member of it by the people, stating as a reason that the situation of Dawson is too remote from Ottawa to admit of a government carried on by one department of the government.

Complete representation in the house of commons is asked for, and the statement is made that it is the right of British subjects to be governed by laws made by representatives of their own choosing. The suggestion is also made that the manufacture of beer should be permitted.

Home Flooded.

Saturday afternoon the home of O. Finstad and family was visited by a small deluge. A queer thing to happen, it can be said, at this season of the year when even hootch has been known to lose its liquid qualities, and when water is supposed to freeze upon exposure to the air, but that is what happened nevertheless. It occurred in this way.

The waterpipes which supplies water for the unwashed multitude in the bath rooms of a neighboring barber shop, pass directly under the Finstad floor, and this for some reason burst to the flooding of the house. The floors had to be laid with planking upon which the members of the household walk, and everything possible to move was taken up.

Mr. Finstad is seriously considering whether it will not be a paying proposition to move out and turn the house into a skating rink.

Standard Theatre Reopens.

The Standard theater will reopen tonight with Joaquin Miller's drama, "Old 49." Al Layne is now managing the house, that is the theatrical end of the enterprise, Theo. Eggert conducting the saloon in the front. It is understood that a new manager will take charge of the Standard in the near future.

Next Thursday evening the Standard will inaugurate a new departure in theatrical procedure here, by covering the bar, tearing out the present entrance and giving a family performance, advertised as ladies' night.

The management will devote its energies to making the Standard a first-class, respectable resort, sure to be appreciated by a large element of both those who at present patronize theaters and many who do not.

To Consider Ordinances.

The civil justice committee of the Yukon council will meet at 8 o'clock tonight at the residence of Commissioner Ogilvie for the purposes of considering the ordinances, one of which refers to providing for the collection of small debts and known as the "small debts" ordinance, the other to the masters and servants' act.

ROMANCE OF A DIAMOND RING

The Finder Built Many Elaborate Air Castles

Which Sight of Ring's Owner Disappointed—Honesty Was Not Rewarded.

If any one had told my friends that I was possessed of the slightest spark of romance at the age of 45, the information would have been received as a base canard. A bachelor of that age who has drifted about with all sorts of people and bumped up against all sorts of adventures is pretty sure to have had all romance knocked out of him. He thinks more of his hat than his heart and more of his pipe than the female sex. Yes, I was a hardheaded, practical man, and had the most beautiful woman on earth attempted a flirtation with me I should have scowled her down. That was the sort of man I was, and I gloried in it, but alas, no man can tell just what day of the week he is going to fall over his own feet and make an ass of himself.

On a certain Tuesday I took a train at Elmer Junction for London, and as there were but few passengers I had a compartment to myself. I had been busy with a newspaper for half an hour when I noticed a small package lying under the opposite seat. I found it a plain pasteboard box and was prepared to find a specimen of free chewing gum or a new brand of troches inside. It was something different, however. It was a lady's diamond ring made up of five stones of the purest water, and on the inside were the initials "B. P." The ring was a double hoop of gold and had probably been made to order. It was lying loosely in the box, and the box had once contained steel pens. I argued that it must have been some careless person who carried a valuable ring around in that fashion and that it had been lost by a passenger who had left the train at the junction.

I am only a fairly honest man. My first idea was to keep the ring to my own profit, but I remembered that I was known to the railway porter and that the property might be traced to me. If not strictly honest, I am prudent, and I therefore gave up the idea of converting the ring. I would hold it for a reward, however. That bauble must have cost at least \$500 and was perhaps valued beyond price as a gift. I figured that I ought to get \$100 out of it, and I figured just what I would do with that extra money. Half an hour later I felt a curious sensation stealing over me. I began to feel sentimental. I began to connect that dear little ring with a dear little blond haired, blue eyed girl. I got up and kicked myself three times and called myself a fool, but the feeling did not go away. To my astonishment and indignation I found it growing stronger, and before I knew it the grip of romance had got me by the neck.

I was a man of leisure, though I had no great amount of money to my credit. I would hunt up the owner of that ring, and if all things went well I would marry her. I settled on that even as I kicked myself again. Common sense told me that I might better fall in love with the old apple woman at the Waterloo terminus, but when romance takes hold common sense has to let go. For a week I watched all the papers, but the ring was not advertised. This seemed to prove to me that the loser was either rich and indifferent to her loss or that for some reason the loss had not yet been discovered. Romance made me anxious, and I therefore went to the expense of advertising in five different papers. I simply stated that a diamond ring had been found on a railroad train and asked the loser to correspond.

Inside of three days I received about 150 letters in reply. They came from all sorts of places and from all sorts of people. The number of stones was given all the way from one to ten, and almost every railroad in the kingdom was mentioned. The 150 writers were fakes and liars, and the true loser had not answered me. I was a bit nettled at this neglect on her part. She was not meeting my romance half way. I advertised a second time, and this time I gave date and day and train. Again I got a peck of letters, and at least half of them were from people who had answered before. As none of them could describe the ring I was no better off than before. Indeed I was worse off. A railway official wrote me that in keeping an article of value found on Friday and another on Saturday last. Fortunately the tested thermometer which can register to 100 degrees below was not disturbed.

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I was now in love with the loser of that ring. Sentiment had a firm grip on me, and I got all sorts of silly notions into my head. I must see the affair to the end at whatever cost, and the end must be my marriage with the fair haired Beatrice. That was the name I gave her, and I put her age at 19 without stopping to reflect that I was probably as old a man as her father. A third crop of advertisements went out. This time I called it a hoop ring, and I got 200 replies from losers of hoop rings. In sending out the fourth batch of advertising I described the ring with the exception of the initials. The replies numbered over 300. I also got something beyond replies. A detective followed me to my lodgings and was insulting enough to ask:

"Look here, old man, what sort of a game are you trying to play on the public with that ring?"

"None of your business," I replied in my anger at finding I had been dogged.

"But it is my business," he insisted.

"I don't exactly twig your lay, but I'll have an eye on you for the next few weeks and be prepared to make it hot for you."

"If you want to know who I am, go to Brown & Brown, solicitors."

"I'll find out soon enough without any help from them."

For half an hour after he had gone I was too put out to feel much romance, but as I cooled off it came gently stealing back, and I was more than ever determined to find my unknown love. With that independence which should characterize the actions of a fairly honest man I advertised for the fifth time. This time I asked "B. P." to communicate with me in case she had lost anything. There were just 107 "B. P." answers, but among them I selected one which appeared to be genuine. This "B. P." had lost a double hooped diamond ring containing five stones.

It had been lost on a railroad train and was a birthday gift from a dead mother. I was asked to call at the chambers of a certain solicitor to have the ring further identified. There is nothing romantic about calling on a solicitor. I had been in hopes to be invited to a Sloan square mansion or a grand country seat, and I was disappointed. It was quite possible, however, that the blond haired heiress would be at the solicitor's and that all would be well, and so I was on hand at the appointed hour. So was a stern faced and aggressive looking householder, together with a slick looking villain whom I at once spotted for a detective and a young woman whose hair was red instead of blonde. The ring was speedily identified by the stern faced man and red headed girl. "B. P." was Bertha Perkins, and her father and her maid were before me. Perkins was a country squire, and on the night previous to my finding the ring his daughter's jewels had been stolen. The hoop ring was part of the plunder.

Of course I was ready to hand over the ring, but it wasn't to stop there. That red headed maid was sure she recognized me as the man who was hanging about the grounds a few hours before the robbery, and that villain of a detective was only too glad to snap the handcuffs on my wrists and hurry me off to jail. It took me three days to prove myself a respectable character and an alibi. They had to give me my liberty, but it was grudgingly done, and the detective said he'd have an eye on me all the rest of my days. The romance had departed when I was locked up. I came out of jail determined on securing reparation. Old Perkins had helped the red headed girl to conclude that I was the robber, and I went down to his country seat to receive an abject apology or pull his nose. He not only refused an apology, but threatened to kick me off the grounds, and the red headed girl declared that I had a cast in my left eye, and by that cast she would stow me in any court as a man who would not stop at murder. There was one more thing to be cleared up. I wanted to find out about "B. P." herself. Was she the blond haired, blue eyed girl of my dreams, and was she worthy of my love? I had not long to wait. I was walking from the country seat to the village when a dogcart knocked me down and rolled me all over the road, and the driver halted to call me a tramp and threaten me with the law. The driver was "B. P." Her hair was bleached, her eyebrows colored and her nose turned up. She had a big mouth, bad teeth and milky eyes, and when she drove on she whistled like a man.

M. QUAD.

Thermometer Thieves.

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A THEATRICAL DEPARTURE

Of the Standard Which Opened Last Night With 49.

The Savoy Putting up a Good Show Full of Laughs and Containing a Foiled Villain.

Joaquin Miller's melodrama, "Forty-Nine" opened at the Standard last evening to a full house, and a house containing very little "paper" at that.

The management, as was stated in yesterday's Nugget, propose to inaugurate a new departure in theatrical work in Dawson by putting on clean family performances, and devoting one night (Thursday) in each week to the reception of ladies and families.

"Forty-Nine" is one of those plays, the scene of which, as is passably well indicated by the title, is laid in California, in the "days of gold," and of course represents mining camp life. The first scene shows an eastern home, and introduces the hero, a prodigal son, the villain, who was born a gentleman, without money, which circumstance made him a scoundrel. When the curtain goes up he has reached the age when he is a gambler by occupation and a villain by necessity. The prodigal's mother appears in this scene and again in the last, and is enveloped in widow's weeds and tears on both occasions.

Attorney White, who never made a mistake or lost a case in his life, and is the friend of the family and the employee of Charley, the prodigal, who sends the latter to California in search of an heiress, whose parents were killed in the Mountain Meadow massacre. The villain overhears the talk about the heiress, steals the papers of identification from the prodigal, goes to California and marries the wrong woman. Charley goes to California without the papers, finds the heiress and also his father supposed to be dead long before.

In the end the villain, like all good villains who knows his business, is discomfited and leaves with a curse for all and a few to spare. The long separated husband and wife are reunited and all live happy forever after.

The play can best be termed an old time California melodrama, of which it is typical, and there may be truthfully said in its behalf that there is nothing about the piece which should not be seen by ladies and children, and next Thursday evening when the bar is covered and the gambling room closed it is predicted that a full house will be the result of the venture.

"Naughty Girls, or a Gambler's Luck" at the Savoy is in the nature of a change from the usual policy of the house, inasmuch as it departs somewhat from the short comedy or farce, strictly speaking, being tinged with the light of legitimate drama. The cast is somewhat longer than usual, containing nearly the entire company, but as the Savoy people all know their business this leads to no inconvenience or awkward situations and is thoroughly enjoyed by the audience. Of course the production is the work of Post and Maquettes, and contains an old sport, a disappointed lover, an adventurer who is successful enough to keep a maid, a policeman, some of the girls, and joy of things dramatic, a villain, who is foiled at last, and the foiled should be spelled with capitals.

The program, besides other good things, contains a skit entitled, "The Corn Cob Family," another down as the "Chinese Servants," which are both as full of laugh as they will hold without exploding.

At the end of the bill comes the Jerries Sharkey fight as shown by Prof. Parkes' moving pictures.

A Baker's War.

There is a rate war on among the bakers of Dawson with the result that bread is now being supplied to the retailers at a price which will enable them to sell two loaves for 25 cents whether they do it or not. The cause of all this is that Herman Knabel, who operates two bakeries in town, has all along contended that he could sell three loaves for 50 cents at a profit and has done so. On Sunday last a meeting of other bakers was held with the result that it was agreed to notify Knabel that in case he does not raise his price, a cut to two loaves for a quarter will be made. Knabel says he will adhere to his usual price; therefore, Dawsonites may revel in the delights of cheap bread from now until the game of freeze out is over.

Liberals Meet Tonight.

A regular fortnightly meeting of the Liberal Association of Dawson will be held tonight commencing at 8 o'clock in the Board of Trade rooms in the A. C. office building. It is desired that all members be present.