

NEXT DOOR TO DAWSON

Mount Sanford Volcano in Eruption

Emitting Volumes of Fire and Hurling Ashes Into Everybody's Backyard.

What a whooping lot of fun the correspondent at Dawson of the Seattle Post-Intelligencer must get out of his job, not to mention in the same breath the large amount per month his string of "news" must amount to. But he must be an intelligent newspaper man and a time server, and be able to gauge exactly what his newspaper wants. He knows in the first place that it must be gorgeously gory, and in the second place it must be "timely." Therefore he watches his chances and reads the eastern newspapers. When an epidemic breaks out there, he has one here. At the time the Doukhobors were having fun in the northwest and getting their names in the papers every day he had an Indian uprising on the banks of the Pelly, and the massacre of a storekeeper and other white men.

It was before that, however, and after the news had begun to reach here of the disasters in Central America from volcanic eruptions, that he deemed it safe to say the Yukon was not behind other civilized places in the matter of volcanoes no more than it was in murders, infectious diseases, Indian uprisings or other natural resources.

Thus it happens that the Post-Intelligencer of December 5th is able to hand us in startling headlines a "Vesuvio Near Dawson," the flow of lava from whose crater "Terrifies the Inhabitants." That such a volcano should start getting in its advertisements of active business at the same time as those on the Pacific coast, and after Mount Pelee had had such a successful run was only natural, but the correspondent puts all his goods in the front window and has no stock to back up his big advertisement. He says that Dawson and Schwatka both found here volcanic deposits. There have been greater men here since then that he does not quote. He says further that "An extinct crater lies a little to the north of the mouth of the Pelly river (in Dawson's backyard, so to speak) and it is considered quite likely that volcano was active at one time." That is enough for a Post-Intelligencer sensation. The Seattle Argus said last week: "The P-I. heads its shipping news 'marine intelligence'; it does not say on its leading page 'editorial intelligence.'" But read this grand account of the resources of the country which we only learn of by this roundabout way for yourselves:

Dawson, Nov. 18.—(Special correspondence.)—The recent volcanic eruptions along the Pacific coast from Central America to Northern Alaska have given to Klondikers a fresh reminder of the fact that portions of the Upper Yukon at no great distant date in the world's history have been showered with volcanic ashes such as now are burying great areas of land

SOMALILAND, THE SCENE OF ENGLAND'S LATEST WAR

Arabs describe as "Bar-Agan," or the "Unknown Land," that particular horn of Africa's eastern coast which lies directly opposite Aden and which from time immemorial has enjoyed so evil a reputation that not only has it been avoided by the vast majority of explorers of the dark continent, but has likewise, in the partition of the latter by the great powers of Europe, been left untouched, save as regards the coast line, none of them caring to resume the responsibility of the sovereignty of the Hinterland. True, there is an Italian, an English, an Abyssinian and a French Somaliland. But the rule of none of these four nations extends beyond the littoral, and as long as there is no undue attempt on the part of the natives of the Hinterland to interfere with the trade that finds its outlet and inlet at the various stations on the coast, the tribes of the interior are left to fight among themselves as much as they please and no attempt is made to bring them under subjection.

It is necessary to explain this, in view of the military operations which England is now conducting in the Hinterland of her particular portion of the Somali coast line—military operations which have within the last two or three weeks become sufficiently extensive to necessitate the hurried dispatch of an entire brigade in the way of reinforcements from India. For a couple of years past a Dervish fanatic of the same type as the mahdi of Omdurman, and of the so-called Mad Mullah, who was the author and instigator of the serious revolt of the mountain tribes on the northeastern frontier of India, has been not merely obstructing but almost entirely stopping the valuable

of Central America several feet deep Mount Sanford, which is reported recently in eruption, is only 200 to 300 miles from Dawson as the birds fly. The direction from the city is southwesterly. The volcano, no more than two or three weeks ago, was emitting volumes of smoke and fire, and hurling ashens deposits over the surrounding country, while at the same time a strange effluence ran down the side of the peak, causing much terror to the natives.

Evidences exist in the Upper Yukon basin that within the last several hundred years a deposit of five inches of ash fell from some volcano. Dr. Dawson, Canada's great scientist, after whom the city is named, and Lieut. Frederick Schwatka, the noted Oregonian, who won renown by his Alaskan explorations, both refer in their government reports to the existence of volcanic deposits not far from Fort Selkirk, on the Yukon at the mouth of the Pelly river.

The deposits to which these two early authorities refer are plainly visible today, and have been noticed by many late travelers down the Yukon. Dr. Dawson, in his valuable report, makes extensive reference to the deposits. He refers to having observed them on the Pelly and the Lewis rivers, as well as along the Yukon, near Selkirk. He expresses the opinion they must have been made within comparatively recent time, as regards the age of the earth, and that the time of the sitting of the ashes was no more than 1,000 years ago.

The ashes lie at no greater depth than a foot beneath the present surface, and are covered with a simple sprinkling of earth. The grass roots now reach the volcanic stratum. The volcanic layer is no more than five inches thick, but of the usual characteristic sandy white nature.

An extinct crater lies a little to the north of the mouth of the Pelly river, which debouches near Fort Selkirk, and it is considered that quite likely that volcano was active at one time, and was the origin of the ashens deposits of the region. Dr. Dawson says in his report that it seems improbable the deposits could have come from Mount Sanford, the only live volcano of which he knew within a range of several hundred miles.

Not all the battlements and pinnacles of stone which nature has reared in the north have by any means been visited by white men, and it is not known how many extinct craters may exist in this neighborhood or elsewhere overlooking the Yukon basin. Since volcanic disturbances have occurred in California, Mexico, Central America, the West Indies and other parts of the world the last several months, it would not be a great surprise to see new activity in some of the long silent Alaskan volcanoes which have made records in the past.

To Join Venezuela. Butte, Mont., Dec. 16.—Montana will send a company of filibusters to Venezuela to take sides against the British and Germans in the plans of a number of Spanish war veterans are carried out.

P. J. Gilligan, well known in Butte, has been elected commander of the band. In the company are a number who fought with the Boers. An effort is being made to secure mountaineers of known marksmanship. The present company is composed of about fifty members, but the organizers declare they have received assurances of enough more members to almost double their strength.

Frankie and Dimple—Auditorium.

trade of the British Somali port of Berbera with the interior. Already last year the English government came to the conclusion that if the prosperity of Berbera and of Zeyla was to be maintained, and commercial relations with the interior to be kept alive, it would be necessary to "smash" the Dervish leader, who, like his prototype among the Afiridi races of northern India, above mentioned, has been endowed by the English with the name of the "Mad Mullah."

As usual in cases where Asiatic and African campaigns are concerned, the British government underestimated the strength of the Mullah. Instead of that worthy being "smashed," it is he who has forced several expeditions sent against him to retire to the coast. In fact, to judge by the latest news from Berbera, he seems to have done some "smashing" on his own account, and the success which he has achieved in escaping destruction at the hands of the British forces sent against him, as well as the circumstances that he has compelled them on several occasions to retreat with heavy losses, have naturally served to enhance his prestige among the natives and to bring to his standard Mohammedan fanatics, not alone from Somaliland itself but likewise from other portions of the dark continent. It is reported that quite a large contingent of his followers is composed of dervishes of the Sudan, who managed to escape either slaughter or capture at the time of the overthrow of the mahdi by Lord Kitchener at the battle of Omdurman. The sentiment to which he appeals is that of the most intolerant form of Islam—that form in which the late Sheikh-El-Senoussi, and by his father and predecessor—the so-called "Veiled Prophet" of Jerboah, a stronghold situated in one of the most remote parts of the desert lying south of Tripoli—and which not only forbids under the most severe penalties all intercourse with Christians, but actually goes to the length of teaching that the slaying of all unbelievers is an action most meritorious in the eyes of Allah and of Mohamet, insuring the Moslem paradise. It is by no means impossible that a connection may exist between the operations of the Mad Mullah in Somaliland and the Senoussi headquarters. True a rumor has been in circulation to the effect that El Senoussi II. had been gathered to his fathers. But his entire existence has been enwreathed with so much mystery and so little that was absolutely authentic could be obtained concerning his personality, that it is quite possible that he may be still alive and active, in spite of the reports to the contrary. If dead, it is probable that he has a successor who will continue to exercise a power and influence that extends throughout the Mohammedan world, from the Atlantic seaboard of Western Africa to the Indian Ocean and the Philippine archipelago in the Pacific. That El Senoussi was in sympathy with the mahdi movement in the Sudan was no secret to Lord Kitchener and to the British authorities at Cairo. Indeed, it was largely owing to the fact that the late Zebehr Pasha was believed to be communicating to the Mahdi through Senoussi channels of communication—that is to say, via Jerboah—the movements and plans of the reconquest of the Sudan, that he was suddenly seized one night at Cairo without any form of trial or magisterial decree, carried on board a British man-of-war lying off Alexandria and conveyed to Gibraltar, where he was detained as a state prisoner until the destruction of the Mahdi rendered this return to Egypt possible in English eyes. There is certainly no reason why El Senoussi, who is credited with having been in sympathy with the rising of the Mohammedan frontier tribes of India against the English a few years ago, should not be likewise backing the Mad Mullah in his "jihad," or religious war, in Somaliland. For the war which the Mullah wages is like that of the dervishes, far more one of religion than of loot, since the Somali tribes now marching beneath his banners have more to gain from a material point of view by levying tribute on the caravans carrying merchandise to and from the English ports on the littoral than by putting a stop to all trade, as they have virtually done.

The evil reputation which Somaliland has enjoyed for centuries and to which I have made reference above, is quite as much due to the dangerous features of certain points of the coast as to the untamable fierceness of the people, who, of Ethiopian or Hamitic origin, like their neighbors, the Abyssinians, show to a greater extent than the latter the admixture of Arab and of negro blood. I do not think that there is any part of the entire coast of the Dark Continent where so many vessels have come to grief in ancient and modern times as in the neighborhood of Cape Gardafui, which is the extreme point of the Horn. It is there that the ships which carried the gold from the mines of Ophir, south of the Zambesi river, for the building of the temple of King Solomon at Jerusalem, came to grief, and many is the merchantman and even passenger steamer which in modern times has been driven by a combination of unknown currents and sudden storms, to its doom on that dreaded portion of the coast.

The religion professed by the Somalis, that is to say, the most fanatic type of Islam, has the effect of keeping them engaged in constant warfare with their neighbors, the Abyssinians, who profess what is probably the lowest class of Christianity. Indeed, one of the most cherished objects of the Somali and, in fact, of all the warlike Mohammedan tribes of that portion of Africa, has been to prevent Abyssinia from securing or retaining possession of a seaport on the northeast coast of the Dark Continent. This is due to an ancient Mohammedan prophecy, according to which Mecca, the most holy place of Islam, will one day be razed to the ground by the Abyssinians, an event which will be attended by the most disastrous consequences for the whole of the Moslem world.

It must be thoroughly understood that not merely the defeat of the Mullah, but likewise his capture or death is imperative upon the English, since their failure to suppress him once and for all time, no matter at what cost, is certain to result in the development of his war against them into another dervish movement as difficult to crush as that of the Mahdi. Great Britain can not afford to leave him unconquered, virtually abandoning Somaliland and its trade to his sway, without incurring incalculable damage to her prestige and her power in all other Mohammedan countries subject to her rule. For, in the case of Islam, more than in that of any other creed, the authenticity of the mahdi and prophets are gauged by the degree of their success against the infidels, and the leaders of any armed religious movement are not relegated to the ranks of false prophets until defeat, capture or death have convinced their coreligionists that they were frauds.

I was at the dock to see the grand old fellow arrive, and to welcome him to a strange land. I had serious doubts as to whether I should know him by sight, and it never for a moment entered my head that he could, or would, remember or recognize me. Imagine my amazement, therefore, when, in the midst of all the excitement of landing and the strange surroundings, he recognized me the moment our eyes met. The same wonderful frank smile which I had given it years before in London. I was decidedly pleased, as I think any one would have been. It seemed very fine to see my huge friend again, and quite natural to see Scott's keeper, and to find also that the "Baby Elephant" had been brought along partly for exhibition purposes, and partly to keep the big fellows company.

I hardly need to recount in detail his career thereafter, for "Jumbo" was under the focus of thousands of eyes every day during the remainder of his life. How well he behaved himself under the trying and tiring influences of an exhibition life, forced to travel nights and to be exhibited days, jolted over rough roads in unsuited cars and paraded through the streets of cities to be gazed at by the people, are matters that are known to nearly everybody. I saw him occasionally, when chance or good fortune threw me in his way, and many pleasant visits were the result. Time would fail me in telling of the many clever things he did. He revealed not only intelligence of a high order, but reasoning powers beyond those possessed by many men, a sturdy and honest character and an affectionate disposition.

I recall one memorable incident. It occurred in Buffalo, where I was visiting. The afternoon performance was over. Nearly every sight-seer had left the spacious tent, but I being something of a privileged character through my well-known acquaintance and friendship with the big elephant, which attracted much attention and pleased a great public for years ago. Mr. Ensign writes this pathetic story of the most famous elephant that ever lived, for the Woman's Home Companion, and from it we make these liberal extracts:

My Friend the Elephant.

The Zoological garden, London, had a special attraction for me thereafter. Whenever I had leisure for an hour or two I was pretty certain to drive out and have a little visit with my new friend, the elephant. I usually took a little present in the form of some dainty bit of food, along with me and I was always sure of a welcome.

One day he showed me a special mark of confidence. It was while we were walking side by side and were visiting together in the manner which we both quite understood, that we met another large elephant, also engaged in the transportation business. My huge friend stopped, and the other elephant also paused, with a look of inquiry upon her face. Quietly but swiftly a trunk was extended; it seized the other trunk in its grasp, and carried it unerringly to my hand. Of course, I acknowledged this salutation cordially, and could see that the big fellow was very much pleased at the outcome of his introduction. I felt the delicate tissues of the trunk of my new acquaintance wandering about my hand, while the eyes of its owner watched me most intently. And so my circle of friends was increased.

But the time drew near when I was to return to America, and the day before sailing I visited the "Zoo" to bid my two huge friends goodbye. I tried to make them understand that I was taking leave of them, and it was pleasant to me to think they understood and regretted my departure.

More than two years passed, and while I had not forgotten the strange acquaintances I had made in London I must confess that thoughts of them rarely entered my mind. I knew that elephants were very long-lived creatures, and when I thought of them at all I fancied them as alive and well and attending to the very satisfactory duties in which I had last seen them engaged. But I heard nothing of them. One day in looking over the paper, I saw the announcement that Mr. P. T. Barnum had arranged to bring "the largest elephant in the world" to America for exhibition purposes. I remember wondering if he would be able to find a larger specimen than my friend of the Zoological Gardens; then, upon reading further, I learned that this was the very animal he had purchased and proposed bringing to America. Then came the discussion in the press about the "uprising of the people of London" against allowing that magnificent elephant to leave the country. Many young men remembered how they had ridden upon his back when they were children, and he was such a universal favorite that the excitement in London assumed quite extended proportions. Of course Mr. Barnum fanned this flame for advertising purposes, and it finally became so strong that an act of parliament was passed prohibiting any vessel that carried passengers from transporting large animals.

How Mr. Barnum evaded this by chartering a special steamer, and how he succeeded in landing the huge creature upon American shores, are matters of history. I was at the dock to see the grand old fellow arrive, and to welcome him to a strange land. I had serious doubts as to whether I should know him by sight, and it never for a moment entered my head that he could, or would, remember or recognize me. Imagine my amazement, therefore, when, in the midst of all the excitement of landing and the strange surroundings, he recognized me the moment our eyes met. The same wonderful frank smile which I had given it years before in London. I was decidedly pleased, as I think any one would have been. It seemed very fine to see my huge friend again, and quite natural to see Scott's keeper, and to find also that the "Baby Elephant" had been brought along partly for exhibition purposes, and partly to keep the big fellows company.

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I realized at once that there were perils in that yard, and shall I confess it?—I felt an instinctive dread; why, I cannot say, and have never since been able to understand. I started down between the tracks in the only direction by which the animal could come, thinking I might meet him. I had gone perhaps 200 yards when I saw in the distance, lighted dimly by lanterns, the huge, rolling forms of the on-coming elephants. How huge they looked! The indistinct light seemed to magnify their forms. As they approached I seemed to be looking up at the far outline of a chain of mountains. On they came, "Jumbo" in the lead, and walking with that majestic, swinging stride which always characterized him. I can see him now, the fine fellow!—How colossal he was! And then I saw that he was guiding the "Baby Elephant," and along a path which the little fellow did not seem to understand, but which "Jumbo" appeared to know thoroughly.

I was so absorbed by the sight that I failed to hear the clanging of a bell over to the left; but, suddenly aroused, I perceived an engine that was bearing down in my direction. I knew it would not come upon me, but, following with my eye the course of the switch, I saw it would take the track in which the elephants were walking. I shouted a warning. If the engineer heard me he gave no sign; but "Jumbo" clearly heard my voice, and I could see that he recognized me. Turning his head, he saw the coming danger. There, upon the track, directly before him, stood the "Baby Elephant." A short distance up the track was the remorseless engine, its brazen bell clanging angrily and its headlight glaring like a huge, evil eye.

I will never forget the scene. The grand old animal gave one look around him, and then, as though his resolution was taken quickly, thrust the "Baby Elephant" away from all danger, and stood confronting the on-coming engine. What a sight it was! There stood the highest of animate power defying the inanimate force of the mighty engine. There was a sign of fear, not the slightest trace of flinching. He calmly waited, confident both in his power and his duty toward the weaker member of his race which he was faithfully protecting. It is perhaps because I realized so fully the fearful danger of poor "Jumbo" that I remember this scene so distinctly.

Just as the engine was almost upon him "Jumbo" lowered his head and charged with all the power within his ponderous body upon the murderous machine. The engine seemed to shudder, then came to a sudden stop. The sleepy engineer, aroused by the shock, had reversed the lever—but alas! too late. The impact had not thrown "Jumbo" from the track, but I saw him reel, and knew the blow had been mortal. In another instant I was by his side.

"My dear old fellow, are you hurt?" I exclaimed. I saw a flash of resignation and intelligence come into his eyes, but it was quickly dimmed by the blood that trickled down his forehead. Suddenly the majestic head was raised, the closed eyes opened and earnestly gazed about. The noble animal looked, with pity at Scott, with wonder at the gathering crowd, with tenderness at the baby, and, as I sincerely believe, with love at me. My streaming eyes were too dim to see clearly, but his expression could not be mistaken. Slowly the head lowered, as if weary of life, the clasping trunk ceased its pressure upon my hand, and with a sigh that seemed almost human the spirit had departed. And with it ended one of the most sincere and charming friendships of my life.

circus. The animals will have to measure ties, that's all."

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OUR AGE OF GOLD

O singer of the field and fold, Theocrat! Praise's pipe was thine— Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

For thee the scent of new-turned mould, The beehive, and the murmuring pipe, O singer of the field and fold!

Thou sang'st the simple feasts of old, The beechen bowl made glad with wine, Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Thou had'st the rustic loves be told— Thou had'st the tenuous reeds combine, O singer of the field and fold!

And round thee, ever laughing, rolled The blithe and blue Sicilian brine, Thine was the happier Age of Gold.

Alas for us! Our songs are cold, Our northern suns too sadly shine— O singer of the field and fold, Thine was the happier Age of Gold!

Mr. Justice Craig has announced that he will deliver judgment on Monday in the two cases of McGrady vs. McConnell, one being a suit on a note and the other for damages for malicious prosecution. His lordship is today working on the judgment in the case of the Bank of Commerce of the Syndicate Lyonnais, a lengthy and very voluminous action which required eleven days at its hearing.

Barrett is headquarters for horse feed.

CANNERY DESTROYED.

Skagway, Jan. 6.—The Columbia cannery, midway between here and Haines mission, has been entirely destroyed by a heavy storm. It was built two years ago and was one of the most successful of the many plants of the Pacific Packing Company. It was also one of the most costly and it is said that it is an entire loss so far as the buildings are concerned and also some of the machinery. Hooley and Kelton—Auditorium.

Political Announcements YUKON TERRITORY.

Dr. Alfred Thompson

Is a candidate for the Yukon council from the Dawson district. The support of the electorate is respectfully requested.

VOTE FOR AND SUPPORT

The Labor Candidate for the Yukon Council, District No. 1.

GEO. K. GILBERT

Committee Rooms:—Union Hall, cor. Second Avenue and Princess Street.

For Member of the

YUKON COUNCIL

Dawson District No. 1.

C. W. C. TABOR

For Yukon Council

Candidate for District No. 1, which includes Dawson, Fortymile, Miller, Glacier and Boucher.

WM. THORNBURN

If elected I shall endeavor in every matter to get for the general good of this territory, and I trust my many friends will give me their vote and influence.

For Member of the

Yukon Council

District No. 2.

ARTHUR WILSON

For Member of the

YUKON COUNCIL

District No. 2.

M. G. B. Henderson

FOR YUKON COUNCIL

To the Electors of Electoral District No. 2. Gentlemen—I hereby announce myself a candidate for election as one of your representatives in the Yukon territorial council and solicit your vote and influence in my behalf.

JOHN PRINGLE. Bonanza, 30th Dec., 1907.

FOR MEMBER OF THE YUKON COUNCIL,

DISTRICT NO. 1.

A. J. Prudhomme

FOR YUKON COUNCIL.

Dawson, Yukon Territory, December 26th, 1907. To the Electors of the Electoral District No. 1—

Gentlemen:—Owing to petitions signed by numbers of voters from the census requesting me to become a candidate for the Yukon Council, District No. 1, I have decided to accept the nomination, and if elected the people of the Yukon Territory may rest assured that their interests will be protected and safe guarded to the best of my ability. Yours obediently, MAX LANDREVILLE.

New Stock AT THE NUGGET JOB PRINTERY New Type