

SANTA CLAUS APPEARED

Festivities at St. Andrew's Hall

Children of the Presbyterian Sunday School Greet Their Old Friend.

Santa Claus at St. Andrew's hall, adjoining the Presbyterian church, was greeted with the utmost enthusiasm on Christmas eve by the little folk of the Sunday school.

Song by the audience—"All Hail the Power."

Prayer—Dr. Grant. Song, "Merry Christmas," by the children.

Recitation—Arthur Lutro. Recitation—Ruth Brown. Dialogue—Ollie McLennan and four little boys.

Recitation—Doris Wood. Song, "Adesles Fideles"—By the children.

Recitation—Adrienne Cammilla. Recitation—Harry McLennan. Recitation—Thomas Taylor.

Recitation—Lucille McKay. Dolly song—By twelve little girls. Recitation—Bennie Walker.

Recitation—Carl Fletcher. Recitation—"Bones"—Lillie Thompson.

Recitation—Ivy Close. Recitation—Margaret Fawcett. Recitation—Genevieve Matson.

Recitation—Elnor Sather. Song—"Ring Merry Bells"—By the children.

Recitation—Bessie Wood. Recitation—Louise Forrest. Recitation—Frank Close.

Song—"We Hail Thee"—By the children. Dialogue—"Wishes"—By six little girls.

Recitation—Lottie Grissel. Recitation—Goodwin Anderson. Song—"Christ Carol"—By the children.

Recitation—Charles Sutherland. Recitation—Margaret McArthur. Recitation—Olea Olsen.

Song—"Angels Song"—By the children. Recitation—Mae Schooling.

Recitation—Marie Wilcox. Recitation—Lorena Ames. Recitation—Dorothy Grey.

Song—"Hurray for old Santa Claus"—By the children.

Thanks were extended to the Nugget for having gratuitously printed the slips containing the words of the songs.

Master Harry McLennan, a little mite of a lad, was called to the platform and he in turn requested the presence of Dr. Grant.

When the latter had arrived the youthful orator in language of his own presented the pastor on behalf of the children of the Sunday school with a beautiful easy chair.

Dr. Grant responded, expressing his appreciation of the gift. His only fear was that the chair being so luxurious it might have the effect of making him lazy.

If he had been presented with such a beautiful chair in '98 he would have fainted at the sight of it. Then the soft side of a board was the best that could have been hoped for, the seats consisting of benches with no backs and the floor.

The contrast then and now in the number of children who attended Sunday school was remarkable. Then if one lone child appeared the teachers felt more like weeping than laughing as they were taught.

"I thank the children of the Sunday school for their splendid present and I only hope that you have not denied yourselves too much in order to give it to me. I wish you all a very merry Christmas and a happy New Year."

some dogs. Who had a dog to trade or loan? Every hand whose owner possesses anything in the shape of a dog, went into the air.

GIFTS FOR HOSPITAL

Our Member of Parliament Sends a Sewing Machine.

The Good Samaritan hospital has several Christmas gifts to acknowledge, among them a fine sewing machine from Hon. James H. Ross, M. P. for Yukon.

The ladies of the Christian Endeavor society of St. Andrew's church send a number of wreaths of evergreens to decorate the rooms and the wards where the patients are lying, and to cheer them up with Christmas memories.

"What is this 'a la' on the meenoor 'a'?" asked the country cousin. "Sometimes it is there," replied the other country cousin, who was city-bred.

"Indianapolis News." "But nobody was particularly hurt, although Mr. Fay is grieving somewhat that his calling suit is beyond the possibility of repair."

XMAS ON THE CREEKS

Pleasant Time on Eldorado and Bonanza

Christmas was generally observed on the creeks. Everybody took that day of the birth of our Saviour as a day of rest.

At the Presbyterian church at Grand Forks a large Christmas tree was beautifully decorated and laden with lots of presents for the children.

As one entered the church the words "Glory to God in the Highest," and "Peace on earth, good will toward men," met the gaze.

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TEAM RAN AWAY

Charley Worden's Thrilling Experience After the Party

Charley Worden and his wife, another lady and John Fay, went to 26, Eldorado to spend Christmas.

There was quite a big banquet there, which was followed by a ball, and at two o'clock this morning Mr. Worden had his trotters hitched to the cutter and started for home.

It happened that the party arrived by stage at noon today, and that the horses were then quietly resting in their stable, is quite a story.

They had got about a mile from the Forks when the horses began to act Christmasly, so Mr. Worden says, and presently the party was sprawling over each other down a steep bank.

Charley had hold of the reins but for fear the plunging horses might strike one of the women he let them go. They returned immediately to Dawson at their topmost speed.

Just in sight there were two men each with a loaded sled. They saw the horse coming but had not time to get out of their way.

Neither could the horses swerve to pass them at the high speed they were going, so they were both struck and knocked from the road.

But nobody was particularly hurt, although Mr. Fay is grieving somewhat that his calling suit is beyond the possibility of repair.

MUST GET PERMITS

Notice to Those Going to South Africa

Several people thinking of going from here to South Africa called on Acting Commissioner Wood for information as to how they were to gain admittance to the country.

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INDIAN WAR NOW CLOSED

Morning Joke's Yellow Story is Baseless

The war is over, and the detachments are coming home. That is, the great Indian uprising which was manufactured by the morning joke and located between the head of Little Salmon and the Pelly, is at an end.

The police got there before all the other white men were killed and in ample time to save all the other trading posts which had not been burned down by the morning joke.

Major Cuthbert was notified by wire this afternoon from Selkirk that the detachment he had sent out from Tantalus, to investigate into these horrible rumors, published in the morning joke, had returned.

They brought back with them to the post the two Indians supposed to have started the yarn. Their names are Begundy and Long Shorty. They positively deny having made any statement in regard to the matter.

The police who have been upon this trip of investigation make a very short and explicit report. They say they found no white men had been killed, no Indians killed, no trading post burned down.

At Selkirk the police named Johnson, on suspicion as being the source of the rumor. Johnson started a rumor two years ago about the killing of two Mackenzie river Indians in the Pelly country, and he was therefore suspected.

But the best evidence is that he is not guilty this time.

What is now known is that the story of an uprising of any kind was absolutely groundless, and that the police still entertain hopes of being able to run the instigator of it to earth and making him remember the trouble he has put them to for nothing.

POLICE BANQUET

Annual Christmas Gathering of Men and Non-Com's.

The non-commissioned officers and men of the Mounted Police had their customary banquet in the men's mess at the barracks last night, to which all the ex-police men were invited.

The rooms were profusely decorated by the men, and all told there were over a hundred set down to a splendid feast.

Just as grace was being sung the officers entered. Major Wood and Major Cuthbert made brief speeches on the excellent comradeship which prevailed, and then the men all rose and officers and men joined in the toast to Merry Christmas.

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WRECK OF THE "JULIA PLANIE"

A Legend of Lac St. Pierre

On wan dark night on Lac St. Pierre De win' she blow, blow, blow, An' de crew de wood scow Julie Planie

Got scar' an' run below— For de win' she blow lak hurricain, Bimby she blow some more, An' de scow bus' h'up on Lac Saint Pierre

Wan h'arpen from de shore. De captinne walk h'on de fronte deck, An' walk de h'up de'ck, too— He call de crew from h'up de' ole, He call de cook h'also.

De cook she's name was Rosie. She's come from Montreal, Was chambre maid h'on lombaire berge, H'on de grande Lachine canal.

De win' she's blow from nor'east-ness— De sou' win' she's blow too, Wen Rosie cry, "Mon cher captinne, Mon cher, w'at I shall do."

Den de captinne frow de big hanckerre But steel de scow she dreef, De crew he fan't pass de shore, Becos he loss hees skeef.

De night was dark lak' wan black cat De wave run 'igh an' 'fas' Wen de captinne tak' de poor Rosie An' tie her to de mas'

Den he h'also tak' de life preserve, An' jomp h'off on de lak' An' say, "Good-bye, ma Rosie dear, I go down for your sak'

Nex' morning vey h'early. 'Bout half-pas' two—'ree-four— De captinne—scow—an' de poor Rosie Was corpses on de shore.

For de win' she blow lak' hurricain, Bimby she blow some more, An' de scow bus' h'up on Lac Saint Pierre, Wan h'arpen from de shore.

Moral. Now h'all good wood scow sailorman Tak' warnin' by dat storm, An' go h'up marry some nice French girl

An' leev on wan beag farm. De win' can blow lak' hurricain, An' s'pose she blow some more, You can't get stay on Lac Saint Pierre

So long you stay h'on shore. —W. H. Drummond.

The Quiet Man

I lingered o'er the checker game a night or two ago; The one who played against me seemed to have no ghost of show;

I had a bunch of lousy kings that strutted all about, And bullied my opponent's men, who dared not venture out.

Way over in a corner shrunk a timid little man; He watched my crowned heads marching by with banner and with song.

And seemed to be discouraged over standing still so long. But pretty soon an opening occurred two blocks away.

And not another moment did that little fellow stay. He bounded o'er the board and took three kings in one fell swoop.

Then landed in my king-row with a wild, ecstatic whoop. You've known these quiet fellows that just sat around and thought, And never made a move while the others raged and fought.

The whole community had come to think of them as dead. Or else so very near it that their hope of fame had fled.

The chaps with recognition for their portion pose and strut, And seem to overlook the man who keeps his talker shut.

But some day, when most every one is looking 't'other way, This quiet fellow sees a chance to break into the play.

He reaches out and grabs things that the others had ignored. He puts into the life-game all the energy he'd stored.

Through all the years of silence. So you'd better not forget The still man in the corner, for he'll reach the king-row yet!

—S. W. Gillilan in Los Angeles Herald.

New Telegraphy

Over on Manchester, Conn., interesting experiments are being made in a new method of telegraphy.

Representatives of a new firm with headquarters at St. Louis are at work at the Case paper mill, endeavoring to perfect a paper that will record telegraph messages in the handwriting of the sender.

The promoters of the invention are confident of success and say that it will soon be possible for a man to telegraph a check bearing his signature. Photographs can be transmitted in this manner, it is claimed.

All the information that can be obtained is the statement that an electric instrument passes over the paper upon which the inscription has been written and the writing is thereby telegraphed to its destination where another instrument receives the message and burns the handwriting upon the paper.

FOR SALE—Very cheap, interest in creek claim No. 143 below lower on Dominion. Inquire E. C. Stahl, this office.

UNDER THE TWO FLAGS

Clifford Sifton's Address to Boston Canadians

History of Free Government in the United States and Canada Compared.

(Special correspondence of the Nugget.) Boston, Dec. 2.—At the annual meeting of the Canadian Club of Boston, Hon. Clifford Sifton, minister of the interior of the Dominion, delivered an address which received high praise from the local dailies.

It was, in effect, a history of Canada, with references here and there to the causes which had led the much younger republic in which he was speaking to be so far ahead of Canada.

He spoke of the clever young men who had left Canada to find better opportunities for advancement in this country, but with no slur upon the United States for which he had nothing but praise.

He then referred to the heavy immigration which had set in from the United States to the great agricultural lands of the north-western portion of the Dominion, and to why there were Canadian clubs in New York, Boston and Chicago, and his hopes of a continuance of the present, good feeling between the two great neighbors.

In the beginning of his extremely interesting address he said that the romantic and fascinating nature of the early history of the Dominion easily excelled all other parts of the new world.

It was a commonplace of every school history that, French Canada led the way in that discovery and colonization. Nothing was more clearly proved by the free institutions are the very life of the colony.

The colonists of Great Britain have always enjoyed a reasonable measure of local freedom and personal liberty. To this fact he attributed the greater success of British colonies as compared with those of other countries, quite as much as to the possession of what was commonly described as "the genius for colonization."

The colonists had local personal liberty, self-reliance, enterprise, independence, ingenuity, and everything without which a new colony in a strange land was simply a hothouse plant.

To an oppressive and corrupt military government in Canada, the feudal system of Europe was added in 1627, just seven years after the Pilgrims who landed upon Plymouth Rock had founded the purest system of democracy which the world has witnessed in modern times.

This Canada was fettered with medieval institutions which for 100 years kept her in poverty and weakness while the British colonies to the south were from the first the home of liberty and progress.

The development and progress of Canada had its inception in 1774, when the military government of the colony ceased and a constitution was granted which, though far indeed from being a free constitution, yet allowed complete individual liberty in the pursuit of agricultural and other industries.

The history of the early years of the Canadian people was a story of pioneer life in its hardest and least attractive form. It took thirty years of struggle and rebellion to give the Canadians of Ontario and Quebec the right of self-government which they now enjoy.

At the time of confederation in 1867, from which the national life and development of Canada may be said to begin upon a large scale, the position of the Dominion was respectable but by no means imposing.

But the foundations of the future had been well laid. Three projects were prominent in the minds of Canadian statesmen at confederation: (1) The acquisition of the northwest and British Columbia; (2) The union of the maritime provinces with old Canada by the Intercolonial railway; (3) The building of the Canadian Pacific railway.

Such projects for a people of a little over 3,000,000 might be regarded by foreign observers as chimerical and savouring of madness. Yet all has been accomplished.

When Sir John Macdonald issued his first election address, to the electors of Kingston, he announced as an important part of his policy the immediate construction of a wagon road to the townships behind Kingston.

He lived, as prime minister of Canada, to see the last spike driven in a railway which has for its eastern terminus the ocean port of St. John, and for its western the ocean port of Vancouver, the only single railway which spans the American continent.

If he were asked to state what was the greatest achievement of Canada in a material sense he would say that it had been in the domain of transportation. No known country of similar population had presented such tremendous difficulties, yet the triumph of human energy over nature had been complete.

He asked why there were Canadian clubs in New York, Chicago, and Bos-

MIDNIGHT SERVICES

Large Crowd Attended Mass at St. Mary's

Bishop Breynat Preached the Sermon and Said Good Bye Until Summer.

Soon after eleven o'clock on Christmas eve knots of people began to climb the hill to St. Mary's church, as midnight drew near there was a continuous stream, and soon the large church was as full of worshippers as it could hold.

But there was no confusion and scrambling for seats as on previous occasions. The admission by ticket plan was found to work well and will be continued. Nearly all those who applied for tickets obtained them, and they were able upon showing them to go at once to the seats reserved for them.

The decorations of the high altar was again a blaze of light and harmonious color, of splendid, almost sublime, magnificence. The stations were prettily decorated and on the left of the communion rail was the little statue, with the cow and the sacred lambino just as it has been in Rome; Catholic churches at Christmas time in all lands and in all climates since the birth of Christ.

A low, tremulous melody from the great organ creates a kind of expectancy. The presence of priests and acolytes, Bishop Breynat last, comes slowly in. The bell tolls midnight. A procession of little girls clad in white crosses before the high altar, each one laying her wreath of flowers by the manger in which is laid the holy babe, then a full and sonorous voice Bishop Breynat intones the first words of the mass, and there is a burst of glad melody from the organ loft.

It was Weyland's St. Joseph Mass, a much more difficult composition than was attempted last year, and in addition to this there were no professional singers on this occasion to take the lead and sing the most difficult arias. It cannot, therefore, be truthfully said that the execution of the