

Stroller's Column.

The genial manager of the Auditorium theatre, Little Willie Bittner, is a considerable character. Last week he was about 340 pounds of a man who was about to be increasing at the rate of about 10 pounds per week. With the possible exception of a man who came into Dawson on a raft in 1898, Little Bill is probably the only man who has really played even with the steamboat companies. He has frequently figured out that had he paid current freight rates on



"Wer Is Mein German Pand?"

himself either by weight or measurement that his passage up and down the river on his last trip would have been twice what it was.

But all the foregoing is aside from the story in hand. William came out to the footlights one night last week to hand the audience his customary bunch of bouquets. He had not weighed for three days and had overlooked the fact that during the interim his girth had marvelously increased.

Advancing to the edge of the stage as is his custom, William looked all around for the Auditorium orchestra. But no orchestra was in sight.

"Wer is mein German band?" said the alarmed manager.

"Ah, take an X-ray and look too yourself," answered a front row urchin.

Bittner's abdominal curvature had completely obscured the orchestra.

Geo. Brimston, Dawson's pioneer undertaker, who among other things once undertook to run for alderman, is nothing if not thrifty. George happened to be down town one afternoon recently when the weather was particularly hot. While conversing with a friend on the street corner he was suddenly seized with a terrific headache. The friend suggested that he go to a nearby drug store and get a dose of tablets or something equally effective to stop the headache.

"Not with me," said George. "I am going back to the shop as quick as I can. This headache is liable to prove fatal and if I should happen to pass in my checks on the street corner it would be just my luck to have the corner send my body down to Greene's."

Dr. Catto is as positive as any mortal possibly can be that he has the call on the coming election. In fact the doctor thinks it is a regular etch—a sort of down-hill pull and nothing to pull against. He is naturally of a mathematical turn of mind and has the whole thing figured out to the point where he is a sure and safe winner—that is provided always that figures do not lie.

Get Others Prices

Then come to me and get your outfit.

Prices Always the Lowest

T. W. Grennan
GROCER
King St., Cor. Sixth Ave.

An Alaska Pioneer.

The Juneau Journal has the following account of some of the incidents of earlier days of Julius Carle. All Alaska old timers especially those who live in Juneau are doubtless acquainted with him, for he has been in Alaska over a quarter of a century, having come to the territory in the early '70's.

He was born in France in 1816, and his youthful days were not more eventful than those of most towns.

Shortly before he left France—which was in January, 1849—he invested \$20,000 in a printing office, buying the whole establishment, in order to further some political scheme in which he was interested. He pushed his plans so well that he incurred the displeasure of the authorities and—like many other patriots—he became so suddenly aware that some other region would better appreciate his abilities that he did not go to the trouble of passing through the formalities of bidding farewell to his acquaintances, but sailed from France to Rio Janeiro, and left his newspaper to take care of itself. Shortly afterward he went to California, where he took out of the ground \$25,000 in three months and a half—lost it—hunted up \$25,000 more and this in turn went the way of the other "poke." Then he went to Westminster, B. C. There one evening, feeling ill, he retired early and some friends who visited his room about 11 p. m. pronounced him dead. No signs of life being apparent next day, his supposed corpse was duly enclosed in a coffin, followed to the cemetery by a considerable procession and lowered into the grave. After a few clods of earth had fallen into the grave a knocking was heard within the coffin, which was quickly raised, and as soon as it was opened Mr. Carle in a very serious manner announced that he was quite well and not ready to be buried just then. When he got back to the hotel he went to the barroom, called for something hot, and so badly scared the booze clerk—who had supposed him to be comfortably buried—that he forgot to charge for the drink. Well, Mr. Carle is still quite well, although in his 87th year.

Thought He Was a Farmer

New York, Aug. 22.—The next time the soldiers from Willets Point meet a man on the roadway in the outskirts of the barracks they will be very cautious how they speak about him.

This is due to the beating three of them received because they have passed remarks about James J. Corbett, the ex-champion heavyweight pugilist of the world.

Corbett is summering on a small farm in Bayside, almost a mile from the Willets Point barracks. Friday evening he was driving along the country road dressed in the usual country style. He wore a pair of blue overalls, blue jumper, and a big widerimmed straw hat.

Three soldiers were walking along the road, and as one of them saw the "farmer" as they termed him, coming down the road in the wagon, made a remark about him.

Corbett jumped from his rig and protested. Then the three men laughed and jeered at him. To the one who did the most talking Corbett requested to know who made the insulting remark. The soldier quickly replied that it was he. With a right hand jab Corbett made the man measure his length in the roadway.

The second man went to his aid and met with the same fate. Before the third could get in a blow he, too, was stretched upon the road. When the three men had picked themselves up Corbett, in a polite manner, asked them if they knew who he was. He incidentally mentioned that he was Corbett and handed each man his card.

When they returned to the barracks they told their friends of what a mistake they had made and of how Corbett had taught them a lesson. One of the soldiers is today nursing a badly discolored eye as a result of his mistake.

New Yorker Fined.

London, Aug. 22.—Rutherford Stuyvesant, the well-known clubman of New York, who married the Countess Warraner, widow of a Dutch count, on June 16 last, and the driver of his automobile were fined yesterday by a Kingston-on-Thames magistrate for furious motoring. A police constable testified that Mr. Stuyvesant's car traversed a measure of a quarter of a mile in thirty seconds.

Mr. Stuyvesant expressed the opinion that it was not going more than ten miles an hour. The magistrate, however, remarked that he had just had a personal experience of the pace at which the New York gentleman traveled. On his way to court he encountered Mr. Stuyvesant's car rounding the corner, and only his nearness to the curb enabled him to escape being knocked down.

The Unknown—at Auditorium.

NUMEROUS SKIN GAMES

Flourish at Seattle Elks Carnival

Police Notify the Big Mitt Men That They Must Seek Other Pastures

Seattle, Aug. 23.—All disreputable games and those of doubtful honesty that have been running within the carnival grounds since Monday, were closed by the police yesterday. Not a game was spared and consternation prevailed among the "big mitt" operators, who claim they had been given to understand that they would be permitted to operate uncollected during the carnival period. Many of the operators holding privileges, when seen by a reporter last night, stated that they would re-open their games today. The police officials, on the other hand, state that if the games are found running again, the operators will be promptly arrested and placed in jail.

Yesterday morning when the carnival opened, all of the skin games were operating as usual, and a few more varieties of graft had been added to the list. Special Officer Bevan, who had been ordered by the chief to close the games, arrived at the carnival grounds early in the day, and began his rounds to notify the "big mitt" men to close up at once. Having been given to understand previously that they would be allowed to run, many of them were very indignant, and a few refused to close. Bevan would stand for no delay or refusal to comply with his orders, however, and gave positive commands to the operators, who, seeing that they would meet with trouble if they refused, quietly obeyed the officer.

On Industrial street Bevan found the most notorious skin game that has been running in the carnival. Ben Pincus, the individual who had been backing the proposition, and who was chiefly interested in it, was gone. In fact, there was no one there, and Bevan took the hatchet which he carried and smashed everything in sight at the place. The boxer game is the rankest of all the "big mitt" games that have been running in the grounds, and its victims were fleeced without the least degree of an attempt to hide the graft. Pincus has operated various skin games around the city for many years.

Another coarse graft game was the shooting gallery, where those foolish enough to bite were simply robbed of their money. The fish pond game, which received its first expose in yesterday's issue of the Washingtonian, the big mouthed nigger game, baseball Tivoli, the cane rack and others were all closed.

Manager Frank M. Paul stated yesterday that the individuals operating the fraudulent devices had obtained space in the carnival grounds through misrepresentation, and upon this basis it is not likely that the "big mitt" men will get back any of the money which they paid for the privilege of being allowed to open in the booths. However this may be, the carnival management, the police and the public are to be congratulated upon the closing of these rotten, piratical, grafting schemes which would have given the carnival a black eye that it does not deserve and cannot afford to accept.

As a Suggestion.

London, Aug. 22.—The Standard, discussing Canada and the mission to London of Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Canadian premier, suggests that, as the Dominion is not inclined to subsidize the imperial navy, she might be willing to take over and maintain all coal stations and naval bases on her coast and the garrisons at Halifax and Esquimaux.

"This," says the Standard, "would be quite as useful as paying for a couple of ironclads, and it would be more in accordance with colonial feeling."

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Good Luck Too Late.

In a recent issue of the Moulders' Journal, there appeared the following notice:

"Information is sought concerning the whereabouts of John Finneran, who left San Francisco about five years ago. Legacy of \$10,000 awaiting him."

Finneran's good fortune came too late, for his body now lies cold in death in the morgue at Vancouver, B. C.

Finneran was well known among artisans of his class in Seattle, where he formerly worked. Shortly after the strike was declared here, Finneran went to Vancouver and secured work at the Albion Iron Works.

The balance of Finneran's life story is told in the News-Advertiser of that city thus:

"Like many another good mechanic Finneran had one great weakness. It was for strong drink. His pay days were always followed by a spree. Through this cause he lost his job at the works, and after drifting hopelessly about the city for some time went off to Whatcom. About two weeks ago he returned again to Vancouver. His old foreman met him sitting disconsolately on a Water street door-step, gave him some money and secured him a job at the Vancouver Engineering Works. But Finneran

NEVER SHOWED UP THERE.

Nothing was seen of him until Wednesday last, when he visited McDowell, Atkins, Watson's drug store at the corner of Westminster avenue and Hastings street. He approached the counter, apparently to ask for medicine, when he suddenly collapsed and fell upon the floor. The clerk lifted him to a seat, administered stimulants, and summoned Dr. T. H. Wilson, who sent the man to the city hospital in a cab.

On Friday night poor Finneran was sent from the hospital to the city jail, where he died at 4 o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

He died standing up in his cell.

The deceased, it is said, has a sister living in New Jersey. His father was a locomotive engineer on a railway running out of New York. It was through his death, which occurred in an accident some time ago, that John fell heir to the legacy above referred to."

The Baldwin Expedition.

Tromsø, Norway, Aug. 23.—Evelyn B. Baldwin and several members of the crew of the America have made statements before a notary public regarding the dispute between Mr. Baldwin and Captain Johannsen of the America. According to Baldwin's statement, Captain Johannsen refused to obey the orders of the ice pilot and that necessitated his removal from the command. Baldwin says also that Captain Johannsen left the vessel at Honningsvaag without Baldwin's knowledge or consent. The relations between Baldwin and the ice pilots were always of the best, the statement asserts, and it is added that while the death of half the dogs from worms hindered the party from reaching as far north as intended, Baldwin is confident that within twelve months the America will reach the intended latitude en route to the north pole. The consulate at Christiania, to which Captain Johannsen complained, has referred him to the consulate at Bergen.

Jumps From a Window

Tacoma, Aug. 22.—George H. Johnson, a man fifty years of age, committed suicide by jumping from his room in the third story of Edison hotel in South Tacoma. About twelve years ago Johnson was a wealthy Tacoma banker, but the hard times of 1893 lost his fortune and for years he has earned a precarious living by doing odd jobs. Two years ago his wife died, since which time he has lived with his little son.

This afternoon he received a letter dunning him for money and threatening suit unless the bill was paid. He seemed much worried about it during the evening and Coroner Brown believes he worked himself into an irresponsible frenzy which resulted in his desperate leap from the window. He was an old resident of Tacoma.

Surrendered to Russians.

Berlin, Aug. 23.—A Russian student named Kalajeff, who was recently released from a Siberian prison, has been surrendered to the Russian police, it being suspected that he was an accomplice in the murder of M. Sipiaguine, the Russian minister of the interior, who was shot and killed on April 15 last.

A Monster Ship.

The latest big German steamship launched is 707 feet long, which breaks the record by eighteen inches and leads the famous Great Eastern by sixteen feet. The new ship is the broadest ever built by three and a half feet.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Meeting Tonight

There will be a general meeting of the shareholders and subscribers to the stock of the Dawson Amateur Athletic Association held this evening in the board of trade rooms in the N. C. office building at 8 o'clock. Much business of importance is to be transacted and a full attendance is desired. The question of a site will be definitely decided upon and bids will doubtless be asked for looking toward the immediate construction of the building.

Baseball Yesterday

Labour Day, yesterday, was celebrated by the N. C. Co. and Civil Service teams indulging in a game of baseball on the barracks ground, the latter, being defeated by a score of 15 to 5. Quite a number turned out to enjoy the game, but at the end of the fifth inning a shower of rain coming on the majority of the spectators were driven to cover.

Johannesburg Exhibition

New York, Aug. 13.—A special cable to The Times announces that a large and important industrial exhibition is to be held at Johannesburg. The committee of arrangements includes Lord Strathcona, Sir Robert Herbert, Albert Hofis, Sir Alfred Jones, and many other prominent men. There will be a representation of India on the committee. The exhibition is to embrace mining and agricultural machinery, all motive powers, tramways, and industry of every description. The arts and sciences will be represented. It will be the largest gold exhibition the world has ever seen.

At Auditorium—The Unknown.

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