

ENTERTAINMENTS FOR WEEK

All the Theatres Putting Up Good Programs.

"Shore Acres" Again at Standard—"Lucky Jack" at Orpheum—"The Astronomers" at Savoy.

That the Standard made no mistake in reproducing "Shore Acres" this week was evidenced last night by the crowded house which attended. "Shore Acres" is not only the best play which has ever been put on in Dawson but the cast is also the strongest.

Edward R. Lang as Nathaniel Berry, portrays the character of the old New England grandfather, honest, upright, ready to lend a helping hand to everyone and a favorite with the children and all who know him. Wm. Mullen takes his part well as Martin Berry keeper of the lighthouse and owner of Shore Acres. He is a man of good principles but not of a strong character who allows his ambition to get possession of his better nature and causes him to put up the farm into lots contrary to the advice of his wife and brother and also makes him desirous of allowing the boat on which his daughter is running away with her lover to go onto the rocks, but Nathaniel interferes and saves the boat.

A. R. Thorne and Master Hedger as Joel Gates, the grass widower, and his daughter Mandy score rounds of applause for their acting especially in the dinner scene where they get a square meal for the first time in many months. The character of Sam Warren the young physician who has new ideas is well portrayed by Bob Lawrence.

Vivian displays her ability as Helen Berry in love with Sam Warren, and his new ideas in defiance of her father, run off with Sam and returns on Christmas eve with a baby and a reconciliation follows.

"Give me that book," I say "Give me that book." Ann Berry (Martin's wife) conducts all her conversation in a most emphatic manner by repeating the last sentence. Julia Walcott takes this character and by her usual clever work compels the audience to follow her movements very closely.

Master Fred Eggert as Young Nat Berry the boy terror, and Irene Wilson as Millie Berry show a marked degree of ability, and attract considerable attention.

The balance of the company, take their respective parts, which are of minor importance, in proper style and make the play better this week by giving their attention to the small detail work connected with the play.

The play throughout is lively and interesting and is set off to the best advantage by the fine scenic effects.

Thursday night will be family night and no doubt the theatre will be crowded then as it is sure to be all through the week.

The Orpheum last night was crowded to the doors before the curtain was raised on "A Lucky Jack," Hearde's opening production. The synopsis says this is the first voyage of the steamer Coptic, having on board a lady missionary bound for Honolulu, who, having gained the enmity of fellow passengers and crew, is subjected to many practical jokes by Lucky Jack, the sailor who, being drunk, gets into her stateroom instead of his own, which causes great excitement on board the ship. During the action of the piece Billy Onslow dances a native Honolulu dance, while Miss Kate Rockwell sings "Every Race Has a Flag but the Coon."

The cast is as follows: Lucky Jack, the sailor, Ed Dolan; Capt. Dreyfus, J. H. Hearde; first missionary to Honolulu, Edith Montrose; first officer, Larry Bryant; ship's mascot, Clarence Wilson; queen of Honolulu, B. Onslow; I Can't Stand to Lose, Kate Rockwell; the Orpheum trio, Stanley, Hearde, Garnet; Blanche Cametta, and her gallant sailor girls.

A long and interesting olio follows in which the old favorites participate, including Allie Delmar, Clothilde Rogers, Kate Rockwell, J. H. Hearde in one of his clever make ups, Madge Melville the Tige Lilly queen, Larry Bryant the baritone soloist, Dolly Mitchell the ragtime artist, Wm. Onslow, the versatile comedian, Mac Stanley the song and dance artist in something new and Blanche Cametta. A challenge buck and wing dancing contest between Kate Rockwell, Dolly Mitchell and Mac Stanley assisted by Eddie Dolan's dancing cow is one of the special features of the performance which concludes with Eddie Dolan's farce "A Klondiker Hunting for a Wife in Frisco."

This piece, as are all of Dolan's creations, is very funny and keeps the audience in a good humor throughout.

The Savoy program this week is in keeping with its usual high standard of excellence, being replete from first to last with that which amuses and entertains. It opens with one of John A. Flynn's inimitable one-act burlesques entitled "The Astronomers," introducing

Jennie Guichard and the Savoy gaiety girls in the following cast: Mrs. Jennie Guichard; Jupiter, Carrie Winchell, Venus, Myrtle Drummond; Saturn, Dorothy Campbell; Morning Star, Josie Gordon; Evening Star, Mae Lake; A Planet, Lun Warren; The Planet, Mammie Hightower; Rain-Bow, Miss Teeny; A French maid, May Ashley; Willie off the Yacht, Cecil Marion; Svengali, Jas. Townsend; W. H. Dust, Jno. A. Flynn; D. P. W. McManus, Jus. Post.

The burlesque is followed by a dozen or more vaudeville stars and specialists, prominent among whom are the operatic duetists, Walthers and Forrest, Freddie Breen, the sour dough comedian, the Winchell Twins, Celis Delacy and many others whose performances are interspersed by overtures from the Savoy orchestra, than which there is none better in the Northwest. The long but lively program concludes with a conception by Jim Post which he has named "Love Will Find a Way," and in which the entire cast appears. Don't miss seeing the Savoy this week.

COMING AND GOING.

Messrs. Greenland and Johnson of Hunker are registered at the Regina today.

J. J. Coy, a Bonanza claim operator, has been in the city for the past several days.

The last mail over the ice leaves tonight. It closes at 7 o'clock and will leave early in the morning.

The Aurora has been closed yesterday and today for repairs. It will open in pomp and splendor tomorrow afternoon.

Mr. Andrew Olsen, a sour dough with a record of eight years, was in the city on business—the forepart of the week. Mr. Olsen is a wealthy mine owner.

Owing to the incincerence of the ice which was evidenced yesterday by the number of teams which went through, travel across the river has practically suspended.

Wm. Chappell, of Eldorado, Larry Burke of the Forks, Thos. A. Smith of Bonanza and Capt. Thos. Nixon, of Skookum gulch, are registered at the McDonald.

The crown land and timber agent has in his possession a large number of patents for lots in the Ladue, Klondike, government reserve and government additions which were issued some time ago and he requests the owners to call for them before the next lot, which is expected at any time, arrives.

The beautiful badge which had been made for Chief Stewart of the fire department by the citizens of Dawson, was presented to him yesterday afternoon at his office in fire engine house No. 1. Judge Davis made the presentation speech in a few well chosen words. The following gentlemen were present: Judge Davis, Sheriff Ribbeck, Mr. Spitzel, J. J. Delaney, Mr. McAlpine and several others.

Army Meat Supply.

London, April 12.—The British war office confirms the report that it is going to try the experiment of supplying the army with only home grown beef. The experiment will extend six months from June 2d.

The director of contracts, A. Major, said to an Associated Press representative: "The new rule applies only to refrigerator beef, hitherto bought in the open market in London. It will not seriously affect the American trade as the total weekly supply for the army is only 20,000 pounds, which is barely two per cent of the weekly imports of refrigerator beef into England from the United States. Mr. Broderick's action was taken long before the New Orleans proceedings. It is quite absurd to suppose that any idea of retaliation prompted the order which was due to a natural desire to help some of the industries. The difference in price is very trifling, and we are making that up by giving Tommy Atkins' frozen mutton two days instead of one day weekly. If the plan is satisfactory our supply problem will be greatly simplified, for we often gave complaints and disagreement over refrigerated beef. You must not suppose that we now use no home grown beef. Aldershot and some of our other camps are almost entirely supplied with home grown beef. We have hitherto used refrigerated beef in addition to our rations rather than as integral part. We have no prejudice against American firms, and we do not believe they will miss this trade to any extent, even if it is decided to continue the experiment."

No Time to be Lost.

He (timidly)—Now that we are engaged I—I presume I may—may—kiss you as much as I please, mayn't I?

She (encouragingly)—Yes, indeed. Make the most of your time, dear. There's no telling how long an engagement will last nowadays, you know.—Stray Stories.

Mumm's, Pomery or Perinet Champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina club hotel.

Oranges, Lemons. Selman & Myers. See Brewitt the tailor for clothes.

107 Front Street 107

Kearns Among His Friends.

From the eternal city come the tidings that Senator Thomas Kearns—our own Tom—and Perry S. Heath have had an audience with the pope. No details are given, but it is a reasonable supposition that Tom is showing Perry round and incidentally dropped in and introduced him to his old friend, the pope.

Senator Kearns' acquaintance with the celebrities of Europe is a wide one. He and the king of England lived in adjoining palaces when they were youngsters and the good old queen was fond of relating how Tommy Eddy used to come in and beg ginger snaps and peppermint candy from her. While Mr. Kearns is not quite so well acquainted with the czar, they have spent many an hour together playing tag and hunting bombs in the late emperor's back yard. The senator never goes to St. Petersburg but the czar insists on his putting up at the imperial palace and making himself right at home. As to the relations between Mr. Kearns and the emperor of Germany, they are such old cronies that they never think of calling one another anything but "Tom" and "Bill." The empress has been often heard to remark that when that American—referring, of course, to Tom—and her husband get to telling stories over their beer and frankfurters there's no getting William into his bed before daylight.

There is, therefore, nothing remarkable in the fact that Mr. Kearns was able to introduce his friend Perry to the pope. Any friend of Mr. Kearns is welcome in any palace in Europe. The only reason that he has not visited Europe more frequently of late is because the young princes and princesses are so fond of "Uncle Tom," as they call him, that it breaks their hearts when it comes time to go and see him off at the depot, and Mr. Kearns has such a tender nature that he dislikes to be the cause of all this childish grief.—Salt Lake Herald.

Helping the Enemy.

A coal heaver was getting in a load of coal in the suburbs of London. He was shoveling in the coals at a good rate when he was startled by a terrific yell from the house adjoining.

"Wot the dickens is the matter?" queried the coalman, starting up.

A disheveled looking individual made his appearance at the door.

"Matter, you thickhead!" shouted the man, frantically endeavoring to pull his hair up in clots by the roots, "you are putting the coal down the wrong hole. My wife's people live there!"—London Tit-Bits.

A Beggar's Reasoning.

First Beggar—Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something.

Second Beggar—I let her go because I understand my business better than you. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone, but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses. This profession has to be studied, just like any other, if you expect to make a success of it. See?—Harlem Life.

A Russell Anecdote.

Lord Russell once presided at a dinner given for Sir Henry Irving on his return from America. While the dinner was in progress Lord Russell suggested to Comyns Carr that he propose Sir Henry's health. "I can't make speeches, you know," he said.

Sir Henry gently replied, "I heard you make a fine speech before the parliament commission."

To which the pungent Irishman answered, "Oh, yes, but then I had something to talk about!"

His Limit.

"I'm getting along," said Mr. Cumrox. "I'm progressing slowly, but surely."

"In what?"

"Culture. I've been traveling around with Mrs. C. and the girls until I'm getting right refused. But there's one thing I don't think I'll achieve. I don't believe I'll ever be able to go into an antique store and tell the difference between bric-a-brac and junk."—Washington Star.

Fixed It.

Mamma—Now, Freddy, mind what I say. I don't want you to go over into the next garden to play with that Binks boy. He's very rude.

Freddy (heard a few minutes after ward calling over the wall)—I say, Binks, ma says I'm not to go in your garden because you're rude, but you come into my garden—I ain't rude.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

Latest stamp photos at Goetzman's. We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Wrath of Voters Scored.

Politics in New South Wales is quite as uncertain a game as it is in this country and the member of parliament who is ungrateful enough to forget his constituents is likely to hear from them. The Western Grazer, which is published at Welcannia, New South Wales, prints this letter which the member of parliament from the Big River country received not long ago. It was written by a man who had applied for a job and failed to get it:

"Dear Sir—You're a dam fraud, and you know it. I don't care a rap for the billet or the munny either, but you could have got it for me if you wasn't as mean as mud. Two pounds a week ain't any moar to me than 40 shillings is to you, but I object to bein made an infernal fool of. Soon after you was elected by my hard workin' a feller wanted to bet me that you wouldn't be in the house moren a week before you made a haas of yourself. I bet him a cow on that, as I thought you was worth it then. After I got your note saying you declined to act in the matter I druv the cow over to the feller's place an' told him he had won her. That's all I got for how-jin' meself here for you on poel day, and months before. You not only hurt a man's pride, but you injare him in bizness. I believe you think you'll get in agen, I don't. An' what I don't think is of more consequence than you imajin. I believe you take a pleshir in cutting your best friends but wate till the clouds roll by an' they'll cut you—just behind the ear ware the butcher cuts the pig. Yure no man. Yure only a tute for a few squatters. An' I don't think yure much of a grafter either. Go to hades. I lower meself ritng to a skunk even tho' I med him a member of parlement."

"Lopes Too Bloomin'igh."

The Englishman's Only Comment When the Broncho Threw Him.

"Most Englishmen are considered pretty fair horsemen, but when it comes to riding a bucking broncho some of them are not in or on it for long," said the owner of a large cattle ranch in Wyoming to the writer the other day. "For instance, a rich young Englishman recently came out to my part of the country in quest of some good investment. He was at my ranch as a guest for a few days, and one afternoon as the cowboys were about to round up a bunch of cow ponies the young man said that he would enjoy a good ride in the saddle. He said he was used to riding only thoroughbreds, and he didn't think we had a horse good enough for him. The boys convinced him that they had one of the finest horses on the plains, and if he knew how to ride he was welcome to the animal. He was apparently insulted when questioned about his ability to ride and answered that he could ride any kind of a horse. A sleepy looking broncho was accordingly brought out from the corral and saddled. Though the beast appeared half dead, he was the worst bucker in the herd.

"E's lifeless," said the foreigner when the pony was brought to him. The boys said the nag would wake up after the first mile, and mildred got into the saddle. The first buck jump placed him on the horse's neck, and after the second he was in the atmosphere. He turned a double somersault and landed on the sharp end of a cactus plant. When he picked himself up, one of the boys asked what he thought of the thoroughbred now. The question made the Englishman turn pale.

"E's a good 'oss," he answered, "but he lopes too bloomin'igh."—Washington Star.

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