

WEEK AT THE AUDITORIUM

Theatre Now Under the Management of W. W. Bittner.

Big House Greets First Production of the "Great Diamond Mystery" - Cummings Engaged Next Week.

The week opened in the Auditorium last night with a crowded house, though fully half of those present in the house missed part of the first act and not a few the second. In response to a number of requests Manager Bittner last week decided to ring up the curtain a half hour earlier beginning Monday evening, announcing the change from the stage every evening last week. Promptly at 8:30 last night the first act began with scarcely half the seats filled. The innovation will be continued throughout the week when it is found that the later hour is more generally desired a change back to the old hour of beginning—9 o'clock—will be made. Otherwise 8:30 will be the hour until further notice.

The play this week, "The Great Diamond Mystery," is somewhat of a lurid type of comedy-drama, one in which there is the typical red-shirted villain who makes gun plays every now and then but is always a little slow on the draw. It is a play not at all suited to the excellent talents of Bittner and his company. The denouements are improbable and the climaxes weak and while every character makes the most of his or her part yet there is no opportunity for any really clever work. The plot hinges upon the mysterious disappearance of a diamond necklace, the property of Mrs. Hildebrand (Daisy D'Avara) who upon the eve of her departure to a grand ball finds her necklace to have become unfastened and leaves her gems with Mary Marshall (Miss Lovell) who is an inmate of the Hildebrand household. Julius Hildebrand (Mr. Williams) the son is in love with Mary and during the progress of the ball returns to his home and visits her surreptitiously. While they are making love on the balcony, Jim Brandon (Mr. Thorne) who is supposed to be the father of Mary, enters the room for the purpose of killing Julius, sees the diamonds lying on the table and steals them. A moment later they are missed and the lovers each think the other the thief. To shield the girl he loves Julius acknowledges he has taken the gems, is denounced and disowned by his mother and seeks seclusion in the wild and woolly west. Five years he remains in Nevada and chance suddenly throws the real culprit in his way. In a drunken bout Brandon confesses to Peter Grump (Mr. Bitt-

ner) his guilt, he is enticed back to New York to participate in a safe cracking scheme, is there arrested, acknowledges Mary to be the heiress of a wealthy man and not his own daughter. Denouement—Simon Bland (Mr. Layne) as a villain as great as himself, and the curtain is rung down with all wrongs righted and peace and forgiveness passed around. Mr. Bittner as Grump the lawyer's clerk, who is always ready to back his statements by pointing out the law on the point, is the principal comedy character and grinds a great deal of humor out of a very indifferent part. Miss Holden as Polly is good as she is in every role she undertakes. Miss Lovell has a small part amounting to but little. Miss Winchell appears in one of her best characters—an Irish biddy. The balance of the cast is very mediocre. Billy Mullen and Carrie Winchell are doing specialty work this week which has made quite a hit. Mr. Bittner prior to the last act made the announcement that for next week's attraction "Friends" would be produced and that Mr. Ralph Cummings had been specially engaged for one of the principal roles. The cast in the "Great Diamond Mystery" is as follows: Julius Hildebrand, Mr. Williams; Simon Bland, Mr. Layne; Peter Grump, Mr. Bittner; Jim Brandon, Mr. Thorne; Charles, Mr. Breen; Boozie, Mr. Mullen; Dutchy, Mr. Nick Williams; Mary Marshall, Miss Lovell; Mrs. Hildebrand, Miss D'Avara; Polly, Miss Holden; Bridget, Miss Winchell.

INTO NEW QUARTERS

Gold Commissioner Office Will Move Saturday.

Saturday afternoon after 1 o'clock will be begun the removal of the records and books of the gold commissioner's office from the old and badly cramped quarters adjoining the barracks to the new Administration building. The old files and such other articles as are not liable to be desired every day will be taken over Thursday, it being a holiday, and the balance will be moved Saturday afternoon, so that at the opening hour of business Monday morning everything will be in place and there will be no interruption in the affairs of that one of the most important branches in the territory. In the new quarters the arrangements for transacting business with the mining public are as near perfect as could be desired. The rooms to be occupied are large and commodious with plenty of light in every corner. One of the greatest advantages acquired is the presence of a fire proof vault in which all records and papers of value may be safely stored. The office staff will welcome the change as well as the public.

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Their Discussion.

An animated discussion was going on in the dusk by the bandstand. A sprightly lady in a large hat and a purple veil was speaking archly to the man beside her. A missionary's wife, with a shocked expression in the severely solemn cock's feather that trembled on her head, seemed hesitating between a desire to fly and a conviction that she ought to improve the occasion. Several other men and women were lounging about, listening or laughing.

"Well, Colonel Beatson," said the arch lady in her somewhat shrill voice, "I don't pretend to understand men, but I have had my little experiences." She raised her eyebrows with a demure expression. "And I am quite certain they like a little touch of color—artistically put on, bien entendu, and very delicately, so that it just isn't mistaken for the real thing. I don't pretend to know the why or the wherefore, but the fact remains."

"Not at all," said Colonel Beatson warmly. "I am sorry to disagree with you, but I do entirely. It is vulgar, it is unmistakable, the sentiment of the thing is false and cowardly; in nine cases out of ten a woman won't face the fact that she is growing old, and then a paltry subterfuge, she announces it. 'Well, why should she face it?' said another voice in the dusk. "Growing old is a hideous necessity. Why shouldn't one try to ignore it, even if one deceives oneself?"

"My dear lady!" Colonel Beatson turned to the voice—"because you deceive no one! because, by coloring your hair, and cheeks disconcertingly, you lose the charm—and there is a very great charm—of middle age, and yet you do not regain your youth, you give an impression of shallowness and artifice."

"Do I?" said the voice plaintively; "and yet I really don't paint, Colonel Beatson."

There was a general laugh, and the Colonel stood up.

"I am at a disadvantage with all this light-kirking going on round me. I only know"—he broke off and then, said quickly, "one would not like one's own womanhood. . . ."

A very soft voice interrupted him. "John, we will leave the question of color to another day; it is getting late, and we dine out. Come!"

She stood, a slim, white figure, in the gray dusk, and laid a slender hand on his sleeve. Her voice was young and so was her laugh. As she turned away, she gave a little defiant bow to the circle round her. "I take John away when he begins to talk too much," she said, and her words fell sharply on the awkward silence.

As they faded out of sight there was a woman's little, grating laugh. "I believe that man is such an abject simpleton," said a voice, "that he does not know."

The appeals book, a formidable looking document, consisting of 102 closely written pages, in the case of J. W. Stevenson vs. J. A. Williams was filed today with Clerk of the Court Macdonald and will be forwarded on tonight's mail to the supreme court of British Columbia, to which tribunal the case has been appealed. The action was heard here several months ago. Mr. Justice Dugas on September 26 giving judgment in favor of the plaintiff for \$5000 damages and costs of the suit, from which the appeal is taken. In the statement of claim, the damages claimed was \$10,000 but it was subsequently amended to half that sum. The costs of the suit amounting to \$706.20 have been paid into court and Williams has filed a bond with two sureties in the sum of \$5500 pending the decision of the supreme court upon the appeal taken.

"I thought he liked it," said another, "that was why I started the subject."

"I remember her so pretty," said the missionary's wife in her earnest, melancholy voice. "I have loved her, but now it is too bad."

"What rubbish!" said the lady in the purple veil. "Why can't one let the poor thing alone? She does it beautifully—for a long time I positively doubted myself. The man is idiotically in love, and he fancies she is a sort of Nimrod de l'Enfer, endowed with perpetual youth. If he

thought for a moment, he would know one couldn't retain that color and that hair in this atrocious climate, but he won't think."

"I do it myself," said the arch lady with child-like openness, "always under a veil, and very often at night! It is far better than drinking red lavender. Ta-ta! I am dining out, too, and the worst of it is it adds an hour to one's toilet. If I meet old Beatson tonight I shall tell him I do it."

In the meantime Colonel Beatson, with his mind concentrated on his fresh young horses, was still conscious of the silent woman at his side—of the slight figure that had never lost the gracious curves of girlhood—the small, pretty head, with the rippling hair—the slim hands that lay restful on her knees. The wheels of time had been so skillfully oiled that he had hardly noticed their swift passage, and the gods had dealt very kindly with him. Seventeen years married, and he loved her still; he found her still young, still beautiful.

It was a long, dull dinner, and the poniah creaked aggressively. The arch lady, in a dress of economical cut, had fallen again to Colonel Beatson's lot. Opposite him, with her eager air of interest in her neighbor's talk, with her charming head and her Parisian toilette, sat his wife. How sweet she looked among the other women, how fresh, how delicately colored! He looked again; surely she was a little flushed to-night, and there was a dark stain under her eyes. Surely—good God, it was impossible! His wife? It was that idle talk at the club that had put it into his head. He resolutely forced back those wild misgivings; but, all the same, he knew that from the first shock he had never doubted; that it was not an effort of the imagination, or a trick of fancy, but absolute certainty. The lady who sat beside him was perfectly conscious of the moment when the grim truth pierced his brain, but her shrill ripple of talk covered the tragic pause.

A dozen times on the way home he was moved to speak to her, to cry aloud that she had deceived him, but every time that the swaying of the light trap swept her faces against him, or pressed her slender shoulder against his arm, he felt how impossible it was to do so. He loved her so much, even now, that he could not hurt her, and he felt that he reached home he had set his teeth defiantly and taken the secret to his heart, with the desperate resolution of ignoring it.

But the next evening, when he came home alone from the club, the slight, white figure, sitting in the gray dusk of the veranda, rose hurriedly and stood before him, with two slender hands upon his shoulders.

"John, I know," said the soft voice hurriedly, "I saw it in your eyes last night. Help me to bear it—the growing old, and all the terrors of it; love me, John, just the same. It is only you I care about."

"My dear," there was infinite tenderness in the words.

"I have thrown it all away," she went on with panting breath. "My hair is a little gray. I am growing old, John."

"My dear," he said again, "what is that to me? I love you."

He stooped and kissed her in the darkness and hurried off to dress.

But, in the full glare of the lamps, they met again. She was sitting motionless, with expectant eyes, and lips slightly parted. With a desperate effort he kept the tender smile up on his lips, as he came towards her.

This his wife—this fragile, pale, gray lady, with faded cheeks, and soft, gray hair above the temples, but no trace of youth about her, except in

A Meat Market and the Classics

Oviedo, the writer of "Sumario de Natural Historia de las Indias," one of the most gifted and delightful writers of the middle ages, embodied in his history a splendid description of the native American turkey. He does not, however, entertain his readers with a lively description of that fowl as a food delicacy, probably by reason of the fact that in those days the noble bird was considered to be more of a thing of beauty than the subject of an epicurean repast. The world of letters would gain a feast of words and Oviedo, a feast of the gods if he lived in Dawson today and partook of the turkey as prepared for the table in a thousand homes. If that distinguished gentleman was with us the Yukon market would be perpetuated in history for from that depot the choicest corn fed turkeys are distributed.

Cor. King St. and 2nd Ave. The Yukon Market A. R. Cameron, Prop.

WAGE EARNERS GO TO LAW

To Collect Money Due for Services Rendered.

In Magistrate Macaulay's court this morning there were no cases except for wages, and none of these came to trial. In the case of Mrs. Minnie McKay vs. Murray Edie for \$245 the debt was acknowledged and judgment ordered, payable forthwith. A request was made that defendant be allowed to pay \$50 per week, but the court disallowed it, stating that in past cases such rulings have been taken advantage of to avoid payment altogether.

OFFICIAL MOVING DAY

Administration Building Being Occupied at Once.

Today is moving day with the government offices formerly in the old postoffice building. It was not intended to move until Thursday, Thanksgiving day, but this morning several of the furnace fires went on a strike and the gubernatorial quarters were soon filled with smoke, not the first similar occurrence by any means. Then it was resolved to move without further delay. In addition to the governor and territorial secretary, Acting Comptroller Hinton and staff, Tax Collector Smith, Local Superintendent of Public Works MacLennan, Legal Adviser Newlands, and the Dominion engineering corps under charge of Messrs. Bertrand and Thibodeau are also moving into their palatial quarters in the new administration building. But a very short time will be required to get things in shape in their new quarters and by tomorrow afternoon the officials will all be at home to their friends and public in general.

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Mr. Thos. McMullen is under a physician's care at the hospital. He has been the victim of a severe cold which has threatened pneumonia. Dr. Richardson announces that he hopes to pull his patient through without a prolonged illness.

The weather. Within the past 24 hours temperature has grown a trifle cooler and has been a trifle cooler than it has been for some time. Dr. Richardson announces that he hopes to pull his patient through without a prolonged illness.

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The Nugget Dawson Vol. 3 No. 283 ADMINISTRATION Magnificent Street in the Dominion Ready for Who, Who This

The traversing for the first time and many apartments in the new administration building completed and which will be occupied by next Monday. The building will be a masterpiece of the magnificence of the government provided by the government servants. Though handsome yet it will not compare with the work of the eye continually looking about the building walls, ceilings, desks and file cabinets is finished in beautiful, dark grained Columbia fir oiled and varnished. The surface resembles a mirror. The floors are stained with a pattern of burnished brass and windows, over the main separating the clerks' office is either silvered or stained glass, hand carved anywhere and to a sound effect. The transformation of the cramped, dirty, dingy quarters seems incredible.

is starting from Fifth Avenue through double doors opened by a handsome mannequin directly opposite to the ground floor. Half way up a landing from which the stairs pass on either by the left. Through the first door from the gold commissioner's office, which occupies the south end, there is a broad passage to the south end of the department to the right as one enters the street consists of three rooms occupied by the department of public works, in the room of Mr. Fuller and Bertrand. The room is fitted up with files and drawings and are of native manufacture. The room is so arranged that the clerks themselves to the workmen's hours readily attend to already mentioned in the department. Mr. Fuller and Bertrand are occupying the department. The clerks' office is a writing room and accommodation of those who wish to see the government. The end of the main hall is directly into the rooms of the department. To the left of the department is the office of the stenographers. On the right is the southwest corner of the private room of the department. It is handsomely carpeted, lighted by two chandeliers, and in the room are easy chairs, comfortable desks, an elaborate cabinet made of oak with a top of bird's eye maple.

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