

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NUGGET.

VOL. 4 NO. 45

DAWSON, Y. T., THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1900.

PRICE 25 CENTS

JAMES ALLMARK

Constable and Court Orderly in the N. W. M. P. Service

HAS VANISHED LIKE DEW DROPS

From a Huckleberry Bush Before the Morning Sun.

HE SKIPS IN A SMALL BOAT

For the Green Fields of America, Which Lie Beyond the Boundary Line.

From Wednesday's Daily.

Had Diogenes lived in the present day the great Yukon vale would be a broad field in which he might wander with a lantern in day light in quest of honest men. Another thing, that of continuous daylight, would also be in his favor.

The most perplexing question of the day and hour is: Whom can I trust? And every day seems to lessen the number of men in Dawson who were formerly looked upon as being, like Caesar's wife, beyond-reproach.

Up to the hour of going to press—there may have been two or three since—the latest embarkation for the "green fields of America" was Jimmy Allmark, a constable in the N. W. M. P. service and, since the daring holdup on the evening of January 10th, orderly in the police court and "receiving teiler" when hnes were paid.

But the rotund and familiar form of Jimmy is not there any more. As vanishes the glistening dew drops from the huckleberry bush, so has Jimmy vanished from the scenes of former triumphs. His tight pants and patent

leather shoes will no more greet the eye of the habitue of the police court, and his stereotyped command "stand up" will be heard only in nightmares. But Jimmy's straw-err blonde face, with its frank, honest look and happy smile, the brilliant twinkle of his laughing eye as some hootch soaked individual would bear the ultimatum of \$20 or 30 days, are things which we can never forget. As an oasis in the desert, so was Jimmy's smile to the monotony of the police court.

It was three or four nights ago that the former trusted constable silently dropped down the river and away from the service he seemingly loved so well; for Jimmy was a good officer, one who stood on the tallest church steeple, so to speak, in the estimation of his superiors in the service, who trusted him implicitly. In fact, up to the time the news of his departure was wafted hither and thither by the local zephyrs, if anyone had been asked to name a policeman in Dawson who was apt to live and die in the service, nine in every ten would have said Jimmy Allmark.

O Tempores! O Mores! It is in the air and Jimmy could not resist the current that said "come on, Jimmy." It is not believed he wanted to go, the writer is confident he did not; but going, and going in small boats in the dead hour of night when all nature is wrapped in the long, white unstarched robes of night is epidemic and Jimmy was caught in the vortex and whirled away. And that is all there is to it.

Constable Allmark is said to have taken with him money not his own to the amount of about \$800, possibly a little less, of which amount \$265 is said to belong to Attorney Clark of Clark & Wilson, the money having been paid on an account which Mr. Clark gave Allmark to collect; but it is not thought that he got away with any great amount of fine money paid into the police court, as there is but little opportunity there for "copping off" or holding out. Allmark has many friends in Dawson who are sorry for his departure, and greatly deplore that he should have gone in a manner that reflects discredit upon himself as well as upon the honorable service to which he belonged and in which he had ever been a true and efficient member.

His Experience.

"On the 8th day of last July I went to work on a lay on a certain claim less than 10 miles from Dawson. I was to pay the owner 45 per cent and also pay all the royalty, which left me 45 per cent on which to operate. I worked like a nigger until the 6th of the present month, when I finished cleaning up. I paid every bill I owed at 100 cents on the dollar, and I will take my solemn oath that this is all I have left for 11 months of the hardest work I ever done in my life."

As the speaker ceased, he opened his hand and showed the fruits of his labor—just 40 cents.

That man borrowed money from a friend and was a passenger on the Seattle No. 3.

Townsend & Rose

The Leading ..Tobacconists

Have removed from their former location on Second avenue, to their

NEW STORE....

First Ave. Next to Madden House
Club Rooms Attached

Another Sale Week!

WE NOW OFFER

Cheviot Suits... \$15 and \$18

Our sale is continued of

UNDERWEAR, SHOES, HATS AND Gents' Furnishing

2nd Street, Opp. Bank of B.N.A.

"If You Bought It at Parsons It Must Be Good."

\$500 OR 3 MONTHS

In the Common Jail Is Alternative Given Struthers and Sutherland

BY HON. JUSTICE DUGAS TO-DAY.

Wm. S. Brown Must Serve Three Months and Pay \$100.

TEMPERED WITH GREAT MERCY

Were the Sentences and Language of the Court in Fleting Justice—Brief History of the Case.

On the opening of the forenoon session of the territorial court this morning the three prisoners, W. S. Brown, R. D. Sutherland and John Fred Struthers, the participants in the late sensational bribery scandal, were brought over from the jail for sentence.

Struthers and Sutherland were ordered to step into the prisoner's box where they were jointly dealt with. Justice Dugas informed them that after a fair and impartial trial by a jury they had been convicted of serious charges, but that he did not propose exercising the power vested in him by imposing the maximum penalty provided by law; that they were both young men and had possibly been led by older, and more experienced persons into the crimes committed by them; that a lengthy petition in Struthers' behalf had been submitted to him, which petition was signed by many influential people. The judge then sentenced the two young men to pay a fine of \$500 each, and in default of such payment to be confined in the common jail for a period of three months. The prisoners then stepped down from the prisoner's box which was immediately entered by William S. Brown, whom Justice Dugas thus addressed:

"Brown, you are the instigator of this crime, and I will not be so lenient with you as I have been with the others. You are older, therefore more experienced than the others, and it is but right that your punishment should be more severe. Another thing: You came into this court and committed perjury, hoping thereby to protect Struthers; later, being ashamed of yourself, you withdrew your plea of not guilty and substituted that of guilty. On account, therefore, of your being the instigator of the crime, and of your having perjured yourself in this court, I will sentence you to imprisonment in the common jail for a period of three months, and at the expiration of that time to pay a fine of \$100, and in default of payment of that fine to one month additional imprisonment in the jail. That is all."

It is said this afternoon that Struthers has paid his own and Sutherland's fine, the two amounting to \$1000, and that the young men are now both free.

The readers of the Nugget are familiar with the history of the crime for which the three men, John Fred Struthers, Ronald D. Sutherland and William S. Brown, were arrested, tried, convicted and sentenced.

Struthers, previous to and on May 9th of the present year, was bench claim recording and claim renewal clerk in the office of Assistant Gold Commissioner Bell. On the above mentioned date Wm. S. Brown took to the desk of Struthers a bill of sale to Geo. Brewitt for a claim on Lovett gulch, also Brewitt's miner's license. In a short space of time, Brown emerged from that office with papers which purported to show that the claim had been duly represented according to law by the required amount of work having been performed, the records showing that two men, "James Johnson" and "Simon Thorne," had sworn that the legal

amount of work had been performed, Sutherland's connection with the above was that he, as a broker, had undertaken, for Brewitt's agent, to have the claim appear to be duly represented for the sum of \$135, Sutherland turning the matter over to Brown and Brown dealing directly with Struthers in the assistant gold commissioner's office.

The same evening all three of the men were taken into custody by Sergeant Wilson by whom the trap had been laid. It may have been the first offence, or it may have been the hundredth; certain it is that it was the last along that line.

At the preliminary hearings the disposition made of the \$135 was admitted by all three of the prisoners. It was cut up as follows: For his commission as broker, Sutherland received \$22.50; for effecting the deal at the office of the assistant gold commissioner with Struthers, Brown received \$37.50; to keep the accounts of the office, a square \$15, the usual fee in such cases, went into the cash drawer, while the remaining \$60 went to Struthers as recompense for his ingenuity in supplying "James Johnson and Simon Thorne," the mythical affiants, and for his further work in perfecting the documents.

All three were held over to the territorial court, and when the time arrived for their respective hearings, Struthers and Sutherland plead not guilty and stood for trial. Brown plead guilty. All were convicted several days ago, and the last scene, as above stated, was enacted this morning when sentence was imposed.

Held on a Capias.

Jack Cavanaugh was yesterday arrested and lodged in jail on a capias warrant, at the instigation of a person to whom he is alleged to be indebted in the sum of between \$500 and \$600, and who feared that the erstwhile Forks hotel man was about to decamp for the territory of the "Sams." A second capias warrant for a sum of \$240 claimed to be due by another party has also been sworn out against Cavanaugh.

POLICE COURT NEWS.

The first case before Magistrate Primrose this morning was that of Alex Gordon, a man of Herculean proportions, charged with having been uproariously drunk yesterday morning in the Aurora saloon. Alex is the man mentioned in yesterday's paper as having to be loaded into a wagon and hauled to the jail. It also came out that Alex had been quite destructive in his actions while under the influence of hootch, as he had almost torn the pants off the arresting officer. An itemized account of Alex's expenses were made as follows: Pants, \$10; coat of wagon to convey him to jail, \$2; fine, \$5; costs, \$5; total, \$22, or one month in jail, which means one month on the royal fuel refinery. Alex did not have the "filthy lucre" in his clothes, but a friend said "I'll fix it."

The suit of John Hogan vs. J. W. Rogers was continued until the 20th, owing to the fact that Rogers is not physically able at this time to make the long trip in from Gold Run. Rogers is the man who was shot several times some weeks ago by his partner, Soggs.

Five men were in court this morning to enter suit against J. C. Patterson, operator of claim No. 29 below on Sulphur, for wages alleged to be due. But as the court records show that already two judgments have been entered against Patterson on which distress warrants have been issued, but no property found on which to levy attachments, the claimants were advised to look around for property belonging to Patterson, and if any is found to return and enter suit.

The case against Lulu Watts, charged with having belabored a man over the head with a bottle, was concluded yesterday afternoon when the female who possibly didn't inspire the song "Lulu, Love Her, 'Deed I Do," was dismissed.

Notice.

We, the undersigned, have purchased Louis Golden's building, The Exchange, and business. Anyone having any debts due please present the same to EDWARDS & DELONE, Prop.

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

Fresh eggs just arrived, Mohr & Wilkens.

RECEIVED BY WIRE

FULLY CONFIRMED

Lord Roberts Cables to London the News of Pretoria's Capture.

GENERAL BOTHA SOUGHT AN ARMISTICE

But Roberts Stood Pat for Unconditional Surrender.

KRUGER'S WIFE IN PRETORIA.

Movements of Other Troops—13th Yeomanry Captured—Features of New Alaska Bill.

London, June 5, via Skagway, June 12.—Not until this morning was London fully assured that Pretoria is in the hands of Roberts' forces. Lord Roberts cabled the news just before dark yesterday. The enemy had been beaten back from nearly all his positions. Shortly before midnight of the 3rd Roberts was awakened by a messenger bearing a letter from Gen. Botha asking that an armistice might be agreed upon. To this message an answer was returned stating that unconditional surrender would be the only terms offered.

Botha replied that he had decided not to defend the capital and asked protection for the women, children and property in the city. At 2 o'clock on the afternoon of the 4th Roberts took formal possession of Pretoria. Mrs. Kruger and Mrs. Botha are both in the city. Botha and most of his troops are reported to have escaped.

Other Movements.

London, June 5, via Skagway, June 12.—Lord Roberts reports with regret that the 13th Yeomanry surrendered to a superior force of Boers near Lindley on the 31st ult. He sent Methuen to the rescue, the latter arriving too late. His force kept up a running engagement with the Boers for five hours. Buller has not moved of late, and operations elsewhere amount to but little.

Alaska Bill.

Washington, D. C., June 6, via Skagway, June 12.—The bill amending the Alaska code has gone to the president for his signature. The bill as it now stands allows the miners at Nome to make their own regulations within certain reasonable limits. No delegate from Alaska is allowed in congress.

Three additional judges are appointed for the district. Six men hereafter will constitute a jury.

By Str. Sybil.

A fine line of fancy worsted trousers and suiting; also a few suit lengths of black Vienna with silk linings for full dress suits. These goods are the best ever brought to Dawson. George Brewitt, the tailor, Second ave. between Second and Third streets. c16

FRESH GOODS

FANCY REX HAMS

The Ames Mercantile Co. F. JANSEN Res. Manager

Ladue Co.

Has received its beautiful Calendars for 1900 and cordially invite the people of Dawson and vicinity to call and select one for their homes.

Fine Groceries

Our Stock is Still Complete

..Steam Fittings..

A full line has been brought in over the ice. Special prices in quantities.

Bar Glassware

A Choice Selection

Ladue Co.

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunker Creek, on Klondike River. Sluice, Flume & Mining Lumber. Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike River and at Boyer's Wharf

W. W. BOYLE

A GENIUS' SUDDEN ILLNESS.

Mr. H. W. Bracken Now an Inmate of a Dawson Hospital.

His Many Valuable Inventions Made Him Famous in the Mining World—Hopes for His Recovery.

From Wednesday's Daily.

The following was handed in with the request that it be published:

H. W. Bracken, whose scientific skill as an inventor, the patentee of the Bracken safety elevator, concentrator, battery die and a separator, a device to separate gold from black sand, inventions which have made him famous all over the mining world, particularly in the United States, is now a very sick man at the Good Samaritan hospital. The Nugget of October 4th, in its columns published Mr. Bracken's unfortunate luck in Alaska, the sad death and burial of his brother, John H. Bracken, of Eureka, California; and the arrival of the surviving brother in Dawson.

Four years ago capital combined and infringed on Mr. Bracken, and, like all trusts, it crowded out the small capital which left the inventor without the means to enjoy the just rewards of his own genius. A strange coincidence happened. His brother got burned out of house and home and at the same time, both were divested of all their wealth. They decided to go and try to regain their lost fortune in Alaska as the most speedy way to secure their place in life again. They left San Francisco two years ago on the ship Hunter, and after 46 days of continued sea sickness they landed at St. Michael. They took passage on the steamboat Layell Young up the Koyukuk to the head of navigation, then they polled their boat to the head of the water, which they prospect, but found nothing worth staking. In consequence of the lateness of the season and scarcity of grub, they turned and rowed down the Koyukuk over 1000 miles, prospecting the bars and tributaries until they reached the Yukon and took passage on the last boat for Dawson. Ice jams forced them into the Dall river for winter quarters.

The two brothers went up the Yukon 15 miles, built a cabin and cut over 200 cords of wood; during that time they gave free hospitality to over a 1000 men stampeding to the Koyukuk excitement on tramway bar. After the rush when the river was too dangerous for traffic, was the time of the extreme illness of his brother when isolated and alone. When navigation opened, the strong brother stationed a distress signal to passing boats; many times he signalled distress to be ignored; again and again to return broken hearted to attend to his brother, emaciated and on a death bed. At last Capt. McCarthy, of the boat John Cudaby, kindly took the poor sufferer to the Circle City hospital, where in a few days he died and was buried unknown to four societies, although a good member of them all.

The broken hearted brother tried to sell the wood to send the proceeds to his brother's family, but failed to find a buyer. He came up here last fall on the last trip of the John C. Barr, hoping the change to new faces and work would tend to build up a broken spirit and that he would become himself again.

Last fall while he was hunting work on the creeks some wretch stole his tent and all it contained, leaving him only the clothes on his back. Then the police got the man and gave him six months. Mr. Bracken, although a very scientific mining man, was not engaged in that line last winter, and he had to compete with others at hard mining labor, until last week he came in to town to sell his wood to some shipping company.

Last Tuesday evening on the street Mr. McLaughlin invited him up to the Masonic entertainment where they all enjoyed a pleasant meeting of the fraternity. The invited guest was called on for a speech, as it was said "he had a head like Col. Ingersoll." Mr. Bracken responded to the call and in an extemporaneous speech was equal to the occasion, displaying a gift of the orator like that of the famous colonel in fluency of wit and humor and an eloquence of pathos that would become a Beecher, and which many dry preaching clergymen would be proud of; a speech which all members were pleased with. Mr. Bracken retired to bed in good health, but at 4 o'clock a dangerous colic rolled him out of bed. By this sudden prostration he applied straight to the Good Samaritan hospital, where Dr. Long, Thompson and McDonald kindly gave their skilled attention to

the sufferer who endured excruciating pain all day until evening, when opiates gave him needed rest. Mr. Bracken continues to rest easy, and is on the road to recovery. He has the good wishes of all friends, and the public too, for a hasty recovery. As he is a radical temperate man in several ways, to know him is to love him. None could speak otherwise of him, unless it be a schemer who tried to get the best of him. All inventive geniuses have a world of trouble, try to dodge it though they may. Goodyear's and Howe's troubles combined would not equal Mr. Bracken's trial of life. Such a genius has the sympathy of a world of people for a speedy restoration to health.

An Ingenious Lover.

Squire Slocum had an awful time gettin that daughter Polly Ann of his married to the "right man," said Mrs. Lucas as she once more sat down after her third start to go, "though I do say now and always will say that if he'd kept out of it in the first place he'd 'a' had no trouble at all. It's just like a man to always be meddlin into things. You see, Ben Siler and Henry Dunker were both sparkin Polly Ann at once, but they was by no means the same sort of fellers. Not by a long chalk! Ben was a mighty good carpenter, steady and hardworkin, smart as a steel trap, and had a host of friends, while Henry Dunker was about as worthless as they make 'em. It's my idea, Mrs. Newcome, that Polly Ann liked Ben the best in the first place, and only kept Henry Dunker hangin on to tease him, but at any rate Squire Slocum got mad one day and forbid Henry Dunker the house, and told Polly Ann she had to marry Ben. Naturally Polly Ann wouldn't have nothin to say to Ben after that, and got to meetin Henry out places wherever she got a chance. Ben was mighty long headed, and one day he goes to the squire and has a long talk with him, and the next day at dinner the squire says kind of offhand like:

"I'm glad you shook that Ben Siler, Polly. They say he's turnin out a bit wild."

"Polly just looked up surprised and then got thoughtful right away. When the squire went down town, he met Henry Dunker and shook hands with him."

"We haven't seen you up to the house for quite a spell, Henry," he says. "Come up tonight." And then he walked away, leavin Henry Dunker thunderstruck, but happy.

"He went up to the house that night, and told Polly Ann the good news of the squire's change of base. She acted tickled for awhile, but she got sober before the evening was over, and shook him inside of a week. Then she took up with Ben, and it wasn't but a couple more weeks till they made it up to elope. Polly Ann couldn't keep it to herself, and when the night came there was as good as 20 hid around in the neighborhood to see it come off."

"There came pretty near bein a hitch even then, for the squire, ben absent-minded a little, had locked up the ladder in the wood shed, after promising Ben to leave it out, and there wasn't another one in the neighborhood any where. Ben wanted her to come down through the front door, but she wouldn't do it; so Ben had to sneak around the back way to the old folks' bedroom window and borrow the old man's wood shed key to get the ladder, and then the ladder broke down with 'em. But the squire never pretended to hear."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

An Awful Sentence.

A celebrated Irish judge once passed sentence in the following manner: The prisoner was a butler who had been convicted of stealing his master's wine: "Dead to every claim of natural affection, blind to your own real interests, you have burst through all the restraints of religion and morality and have for many years been feathering your own nest with your master's bottles."—London Telegraph.

He Squandered Millions.

One of the most dramatic if not actually one of the largest failures, so far as the "habilities" were concerned, was that of Baron Albert Grant of "Emma mine" notoriety. Grant was the uncrowned king of the financial world of his day and generation. He made millions almost as deftly as the late Mr. Barney Barnato, and he spent them right royally. He bought Leicester square and presented it, a free gift, to the people of London. He gave a dinner to nearly a thousand city magnates at a cost which was popularly reputed at the time to have exceeded 100 guineas a head, and which, in any event, undoubtedly established a record in extravagant dinner giving which has yet to be beaten.

And he started out to build a palace in Kensington which should "knock spots off" all other private residences, past, present or to come. Everything

was got up regardless of expense. The bathroom walls were inset with panels of pink Italian marble, costing 800 guineas each. In the entrance hall were four pillars of porphyry, worth £4000.

The building was scarcely finished when the crash came, and it remained for long a brick and mortar white elephant on the hands of the trustees in bankruptcy. Eventually most of the interior fittings and decorations were disposed of piecemeal. The grand staircase, which had cost to build some £40,000, being acquired by the representatives of the late Mme. Tussaud for a trifle over a fourth of that sum. It now forms the main approach to the upper and principal suite of rooms of the new exhibition buildings in the Marylebone road.—London Mail.

Fishing on Horseback.

The most remarkable fishing in the world is that practiced in catching the sturgeon in the frozen rivers of the Ural mountains. Fishing on horseback seems impossible, yet this is literally true of the fishing for sturgeon.

The Russian Cossacks go fishing in large bands. They mount their horses and ride across the frozen river until they are over the place where the current runs strongest. There they they dismount and cut through the thick layer of ice until they have formed a little pool of open water, extending across the current almost from shore to shore.

A net, which is sunk to the bottom of the river, is stretched across the stream at the open space, so that not a fish can swim past it. The horses are remounted, and the Cossacks ride up the river for a distance of four or five miles. Here the band turns about and rides down over the thick ice covered stream, forming a long line across it. They urge their horses at full gallop.

The thundering hoofs of the horses terrify the fish, and they charge madly ahead of the approaching cavalcade. Great swarms of fish choke up the stream in the mad effort to escape the terrific noise that is pursuing them, and in this way they are driven down the stream to the net.—Ex.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

Notice to Passengers.

The steamer Hannah will not sail before the 15th instant. Sailing date will be announced on Wednesday the 13th. ALASKA COMMERCIAL CO.

For Sale at a Bargain.

The Popular lodging house and Popular restaurant, situated on Second street, opposite Aurora, doing a fine business; proprietor unable to attend to the business, owing to sickness; will sell cheap. Apply on the premises.

R. J. HILTS, Proprietor.

The warmest and most comfortable hotel in Dawson is at the Regina.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Potatoes, only the best. Mohr & Wilkens.

Private dining rooms at the Holborn.

Mrs. Dr. Slayton

Will Tell Your Past, Present and Future.

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Mining Machinery of All Descriptions. Pumping Plants a Specialty. Orders Taken for Early Spring Delivery.

Chas. E. Severance, Gen. Agt., Room 15, A. C. Building.

Uncle Hoffman.
THE RIGHT MAN THE RIGHT PRICE THE RIGHT WEIGHTS
Dominion Saloon Building
UNLIMITED CURRENCY ON HAND

Strangers!

Get acquainted with SHINDLER, The Hardware Man

Re-Opened THE CRITERION

Under management of J. H. WEAVER, with a stock of the Best Liquors, Wines, Cigars, etc., in Dawson.

Corner 2d Ave. and Harper St.

Splendidly Furnished Rooms Upside.

The Best Locales in Town.

Str. CANADIAN

FOR WHITE HORSE ON OR ABOUT

Thursday, June 14th

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YUKON FLYER COMPANY

Strs. "Bonanza King" and "Eldorado"

Speed, Safety, Comfort. For reservation of staterooms and tickets or for any further information apply to company's office.

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SUITS, PANTS, OVERCOATS, HATS, SHIRTS, NECKWEAR, SHOES, HOSIERY AND TRAVELING BAGS...

You will find fully as complete an assortment as in any outside store.

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Operated By
The W. J. Walther Co.
Manufacturers of
Boilers, Engines, Hoists, Ore Buckets
Cams and General Machinery.
Steamboat Repairing a Specialty. The Only Shop in the Territory with Machinery for Handling Heavy Work

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SELLS NOTHING BUT High Grade Goods

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