

6 PAGES

ROSEBERRY'S NEW LEAGUE

with Himself as President Authorized.

Test of His Strength Among British Liberals as Party Leader.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Feb. 27.—Lord Rosebery formally authorized the formation of a new Liberal league, the cabinet, and to the

of affairs in the north labor made Chicago his headquarters of the Liberal party. He had announced that the stock of the party was fully taken up, and the wealthiest families in the country were ready interested in it.

of Devonshire, Lord President of the Council, says those who declined to "play the game" are right to criticize as Lord Rosebery has done. Resolutions were passed by the council referring to the expressed hopes of the Rosebery of getting Unionist recruits, and he declines these hopes to be quite

Robinson's Stages. The past two days Robinson's stages have arrived, bringing the following: E. F. Wright, W. E. Booth, D. T. Shaw, A. Mahrt, Otto Shaw, Davey, Joe Schell, Frank Roshielt, Mrs. Boyle, Mrs. C. Lathrop.

The Ladue Assay Office

is prepared to Assay all kinds of Rock. We have the finest equipped assaying plant in the Yukon Territory and guarantee all work. Our Quarts Mill will soon be in operation and we will make it possible to develop the values of any free mill-ore with.

The Ladue Co.

Avery's Grocery

EMPIRE HOTEL... Prop. and Mgr. JAS. F. MACDONALD. Neatly Furnished. Well Heated. Bar Attached. SECOND STREET. Near Second Ave.

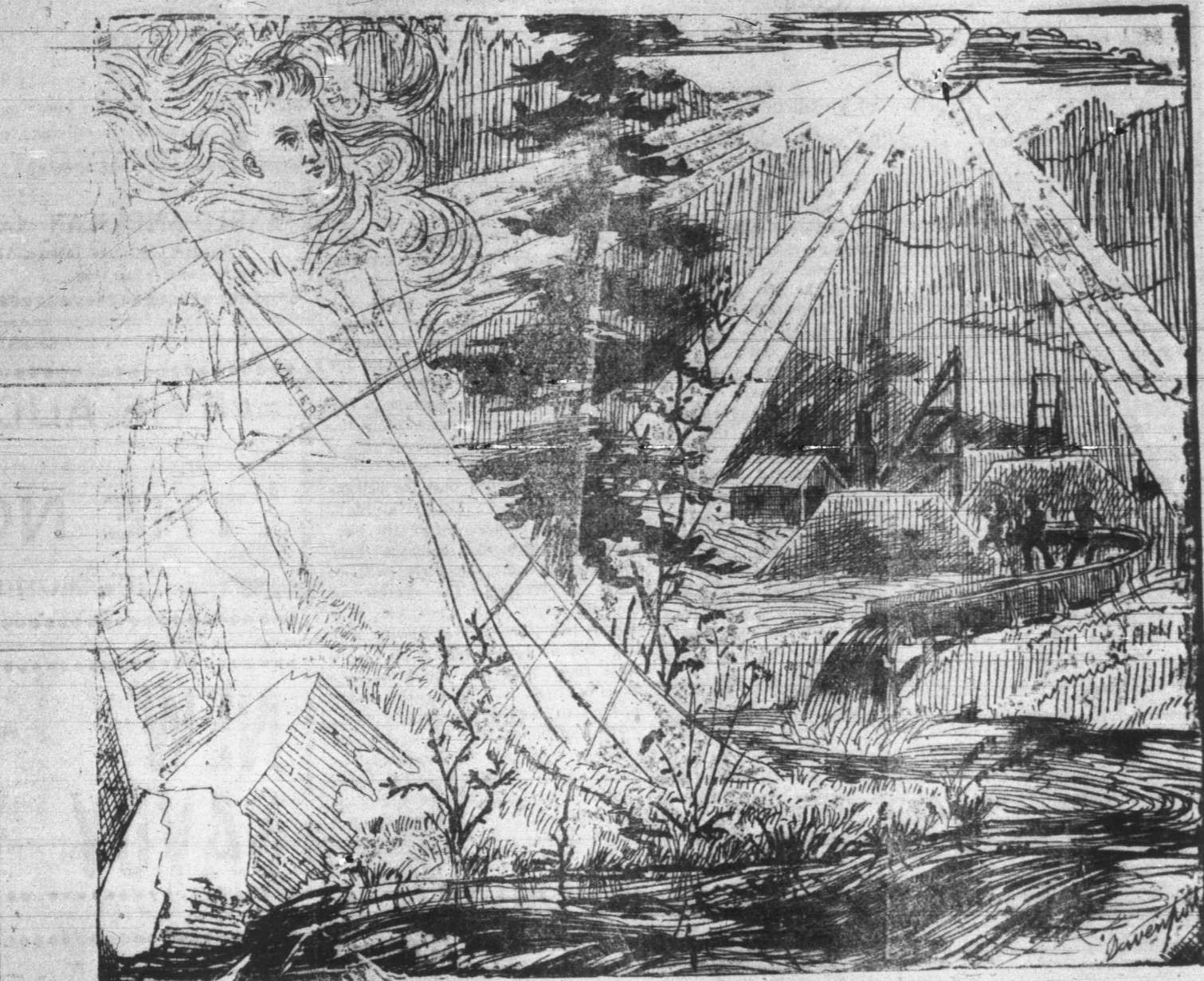
The Sunset Range

The famous double oven. Hotel Range. Specially adapted for restaurants and hotel use.

25 PER CENT. DISCOUNT

On Air-Tight Heaters of All Kinds.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.



AS SPRING ADVANCES WINTER RECEDES.

Wyndham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, strongly condemned the United Irish League as a political machine menacing the safety of the community. He hopes to see the crimes act rigidly enforced against it.

Fifteen Killed. Special to the Daily Nugget. Dinksbuhl, Bav., Feb. 28.—There was a great fire at this Bavarian city today, and by the collapse of a wall in the burning building fifteen firemen lost their lives.

Speaker Booth Dead. Special to the Daily Nugget. Victoria, Feb. 27.—Hon. John Pator Booth, speaker of the British Columbia legislature, died today.

Northern Re-Opened! Cafe. WE NEVER CLOSE.

THE DAWSON CLUB. E. W. PAYNE, Prop. Membership fee \$6.00 per month, which entitles member to a \$6.00 commutation ticket for billiards, pool or bowling. 1st. Avenue, Over Monte Carlo.

REOPENED HOLBORN CAFE. R. L. HALL, PROPRIETOR. Business Lunch 11:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. Dinner 4:30 to 9:00 p. m. OPEN ALL NIGHT. FIRST AVENUE. Next J. P. McLennan's

BAD MAN BROPHY CAPTURED

Unremitting Sleuthing of Police at Last Rewarded—Capture Made at Stockade Roadhouse on Bonanza Creek Last Night—Is Now Safe in Jail.

Everybody about town this morning was talking of the arrest of Brophy, and everybody was giving the mounted police compliments for the persistency with which they had followed up the case and for their bravery in capturing alive one of the most desperate criminals who ever dishonored the territory with his presence. He is a man of many crimes but few, if any, convictions. Speaking professionally of him this morning Mr. Mart Tomerlin, his near neighbor in the woodpile palace of King Edward, said, "Brophy is a gentleman. I never thought he'd be took."

But the feeling up town cut no ice at all compared with the feeling at the barracks. Every man there seemed to walk as proudly as if he had made the capture himself, and to carry a "didn't-I-tell-you-so" air that was particularly captivating and infectious. Sergeant Smith, who had snatched a couple of hours sleep only since safely depositing the bad man in jail, was on hand for a consultation, which was held before Judge Macaulay, Captain Starnes and Crown Prosecutor Congdon being in attendance. The result of this conference was that it was decided Brophy was too sick to be brought up for preliminary trial today. Dr. Thompson, the surgeon at the barracks, put Brophy on the hospital table this afternoon and again examined his wound. He found the bullet had made a clean hole right through the right side and just missing the lower rib, and that there was no danger from it whatever.

But this is overrunning the story. Major Wood was out early this morning, on a tour of inspection of the barracks, and he took the opportunity of expressing to the Nugget representative his high appreciation of the work done by his men. Policeman Cudlip came along at the moment, with his dog team, all ready to return to his post on Indian river, and he complimented him in the highest terms. Cudlip blushed like a girl with pride, he was so embarrassed, in fact, that he forgot to salute. Cudlip is one of the tallest and

handsomest men in the force. Moreover, he has been twenty years in the force with a blonde moustache that shows no signs of age or the drooping of youthful ambitions, and he had a reputation to maintain. When Brophy was shadowed to the Stockade roadhouse Cudlip was sent for, it would seem to be, as a matter of course, as Brophy was known to be a dangerous man who had sworn not to be taken alive.

"Yes," remarked Major Wood, after the brief interview with Constable Cudlip, "I naturally feel proud of the good work done by my men, and I had confidence they would catch him if he was still in the territory, as we had every reason to believe. Great credit is due to McMillan, who practically made the actual capture, but all the men are entitled to credit, especially Sergeant Smith and Captain Starnes, who have spent so many sleepless nights in this hunt."

"The newspapers have been wrong in a great many points in regard to Brophy, and the Sun this morning says that we failed to find Jessup. Why, we did find him. We never give up a quest like that. We traced Jessup down the river and have a letter from the U. S. marshal that Jessup is now at Coldfoot, and that he travelled all the way under his own name and is there under that name."

Major Wood then invited the Nugget representative to accompany him in his inspection of the jail, and this gave an opportunity of seeing the notorious criminal Brophy.

Brophy was stretched out on his cot with the blankets close over his head.

"How do you feel, Brophy?" asked he Major.

"Pretty well, considering."

"Wound pain you much?"

"Well, it does some, of course. It seems to be pretty well now, but one can't tell in cases of this kind how they are going to turn out."

"When you get clean clothes and a bath you will feel better."

"Yes, I hope so. But if you could let me have a smoke I'd feel much better now; all right, in fact."

"Certainly, you shall have a

smoke." It will thus be seen that Mr. Brophy is being treated as a prisoner of distinction, as he undoubtedly is. He looked pale, and to some extent worn, and there were lines on his face that were not there when he faced his accusers on the charge of vagrancy. Of his indomitable pluck there was still no doubt. His face wore a smile, however, and he seemed to be enjoying a feeling of restfulness after the hunting he has undergone the last few weeks.

Tomerlin was standing at attention in one of the corridors and on permission being given to speak with him he was asked what he thought of the capture.

"Well, I feel glad he's caught. You can understand how I feel under all the circumstances. As things turned out I am glad he is caught because it just proves things against Harris. I never thought he would be caught, and in one sense I am sorry for it and in another I am not. Brophy is straight as a string and a gentleman in every way, while Harris—well, as you know, he is narrow, and spiteful, and he's not in Brophy's class. He's a mean petty thief who never could handle a big job. No petty thief ever could."

In the orderly room at the barracks the first thing to strike the visitor this morning was a pair of leg manacles, with a tag on them: "These belong to Grand Forks." These were part of the equipment used to secure Brophy when he was brought in this morning, his hands handcuffed and a rope about him, tossed on the bottom of a sleigh like a wild animal that had been captured, with Sergeant Smith sitting over him and watching his every movement. You may be sure the police took no chances of his possible escape. And during the whole of that long ride in the nipping early morning air the prisoner was not swearing at his fate, but was "joshing" his captors in the most jovial strain, telling them where they had just missed him, and many little schemes of his to delude them that he chuckled over, and his captors laughed with him.

The capture of Brophy was cleverly planned and cleverly executed. The Stockade roadhouse, where he was captured, was only one of several places that were being just as carefully watched at the time, day and night, and for two or three weeks ever since, in fact, it was known that he had left Dawson. One of the laughs the criminal had on the police on his ride home was that he had been at a hotel in this city for the first three weeks of their hunt for him. He then went to the Forks in

(Continued on page 6.)

MARCONI ASSISTED

By the Canadian Government

In Return for Special Telegraph Rates by His System—He is Given \$80,000.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, Feb. 27.—Parliament has voted to give Marconi \$80,000 in return for special rates on telegraphy and for communication facilities by his system.

May Be Settled

Special to the Daily Nugget. Halifax, Feb. 27.—In regard to the modus vivendi bill introduced in the Newfoundland assembly, Premier Bond explained today that important negotiations were proceeding between the colonial and imperial governments and France, and he expressed his confidence that the businesslike statesmanship of Hon. Joseph Chamberlain will result in a satisfactory settlement of the question.

Make Turkey Pay

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, Feb. 27.—The United States government will demand from the government of Turkey the amount of the ransom paid for the release of Miss Stone from the brigands, holding that the Sultan's government is responsible since the operations for her release. The United States' claim against Turkey in connection with Miss Stone's detention by the brigands amounts to \$72,000.

To Visit Canada

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, Feb. 27.—Prince Henry visits Canada next Wednesday. Although unable to spend the day at Ottawa, he will cross the bridge at Niagara Falls, being received by Laurier or his representatives and furnished with an infantry guard of honor while in the Dominion. The usual salute will be fired in his honor.

Marine Disaster

Special to the Daily Nugget. Halifax, Feb. 27.—The marine court of inquiry into the loss of the Allan Liner Grecian suspended Captain Harrison for three months and recommended that a departmental regulation be made requiring all pilots to be examined as to sight and hearing every six months.

Boer Tactics

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, Feb. 27.—It is stated Boers to the number of 500 or 600 broke through the British outpost line at Bothasburg in the Transvaal by rushing cattle through ahead of themselves. Only 15 were killed and six wounded in the daring dash.

Strikers Dispersed

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, Feb. 27.—The latest news from Roumania is that cavalry dispersed the strikers who invaded the chamber of deputies making a demonstration in favor of the modified trades union bill. Strikers to the number of 200 were arrested.

Minister Blair Ill

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, Feb. 27.—Hon. Minister of Railways Blair is threatened with Bright's disease and has gone to New York to consult a specialist. He may be forced to retire from public life before many months.

Choicest cuts, beef, mutton and pork, at Bonanza Market, next Post Office.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 14 (DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER) ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

Subscription Rates table with columns for Yearly, Six months, Three months, For month, and Single copies, with sub-headers for Daily and Semi-Weekly.

NOTICE

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

LETTERS

And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1902

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre—"The Nominee." New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

THE ROOT OF THE EVIL.

The way to abolish an evil is to go to its foundation. The Treadgold concession is the outgrowth of a pernicious system of government and the only way in which the matter can be properly and satisfactorily handled is by making an attack upon the root of the evil.

It is obvious, therefore, that the matter should be probed more deeply. What this territory requires is a legislative body of its own creation having complete jurisdiction over all mining interests and responsible to the local electorate for its actions.

With such a body established there would be no possibility of any Treadgold concessions being granted. No legislator dependent upon the suffrages of a Yukon constituency would risk his political life by fathering such a measure.

The editor of the News should brush up a little in matters of local history. In referring to the re-organization of the "Yukon Party," the News states that "the Yukon party commences its existence under most favorable auspices."

The prospectus of the new railroad soon to be constructed from Dawson to the Forks, which is reviewed elsewhere in this paper, indicates that the enterprise will be pushed along

on safe and conservative lines and that the rates of transportation will be very moderate. The construction of the railroad should give an impetus to mining development which could be received from no other source.

Candidates for office are as scarce in British Columbia as they are plentiful in the Yukon Territory. It might prove mutually advantageous to ship a few of our own aspiring statesmen down to British Columbia and show the benighted moss-backers of that province how to run things.

The Nugget is the only newspaper published in the city of Dawson which is conducted in the interests of the whole public and not seeking the promotion of any individual political aspirations.

There is a fortune in store for the enterprising manager who can secure Miss Stone for a series of lectures through the States. Beyond question, Miss Stone would prove a greater drawing card than any attraction that has appeared on the American lecture platform in years.

On Sunday next the noonday gun will be fired 45 minutes later than usual and Dawson will again be running on time with the balance of the civilized world.

The capture of Brophy, the "short man" in the Dominion hold-up affair, is another proof of the ability and efficiency of the N.W.M.P.

Persons Inquired for.

- Henry Grauman, by Mrs. W. E. Namendorf, 1520 Centre street, Houston, Texas. Rachel Cecile Poencet, by G. A. Williamson, 87 Elwood street, Highbury, London, N. England. Mark S. Pierce, by Joseph C. Pierce, 381 Van Buren street, Chicago, Ills. Frank O'Hair, by Thomas O'Hair, Seattle, Wash., U. S. A. Wallace Porter, by Charles Porter, Park street and Blanding avenue, Alameda, Cal. Frank Diegal, by L. C. Belle, 4 River street, Chicago, Ill. Any person knowing the whereabouts of any of the above missing persons will confer a favor by calling at the town station, N. W. M. Police, 3rd avenue.

Cheap Fuel.

The "roothack" of four months ago about wood-for fuel being worth \$20 per cord before spring has been fully exploded as the very best quality of wood is now being peddled from house to house in quest of purchasers at \$9 per cord.

Shoff's Cough Balsam cures at once. Pioneer Drug Store.

Job printing at Nugget office.

Dress Goods AT A BARGAIN

We are offering a large line of Black and Colored Dress Goods at

Half Price

J. P. McLENNAN 233 FRONT STREET

DECISIONS RENDERED

In Gold Commissioner's Court.

Question of Jurisdiction in the Dispute Over a Gold Run Hillside.

Gold Commissioner Senkler rendered two decisions yesterday and one today in cases heard some time previously. One of the first named was that of C. M. Woodworth vs. E. C. Briggs and O. Backe, the claim involved being No. 7 and No. 8 on Eighty pup, a tributary of Hunker.

"The protest was filed and appointment issued in this case on the 30th day of April, 1901, and the regulations in relation to mining property in the Yukon territory, established by the governor-general-in-council on the 21st of March, 1896, and amendments thereto, were cancelled by order-in-council of the 18th of March, 1901. This order-in-council came into force on the 22nd of April, 1901. The present ordinance governing the hearing and decision of disputes in relation to mining matters in the Yukon territory came into force on the 1st day of May last.

"Mr. Gwillim contends that there being no order-in-council or law governing the hearing and decision of disputes in mining matters in force between the 22nd day of April and the 1st day of May, 1901, that there was no power to issue any appointment from this office during that period.

"It appears that the defendants had a survey made of their bench claims by Mr. R. J. Jepson, D. L. S., and the first publication was made in the Yukon Sun on the 9th day of February, 1901. An order-in-council was passed on the 2nd day of March, 1900, whereby the holder of a claim who wished to have his boundaries defined could employ a Dominion land surveyor to make a survey thereof, and after publishing notice in one of the newspapers at Dawson for a period of three months, such survey would define absolutely the boundaries of his claim; if within three months from the time such notice is published the survey is protested, the protest shall be heard and decided by the gold commissioner.

"Clause 52 of the interpretation act reads as follows:

"The repeal of an act, or the revocation of a regulation, at any time, shall not affect any act done or any right or right of action existing, accruing, accrued or established, or any proceedings commenced in a civil cause, before the time when such repeal or revocation takes effect; but the proceedings in such a case shall be conformable when necessary, to the repealing act or regulation."

"Under the order-in-council of March 2nd, 1900, above mentioned, the plaintiff had a right to bring a protest against the survey made by the defendants within three months after the first publication in the Yukon Sun, and at the time that regulation was repealed, the plaintiff's right of action existed. I think his right is preserved under clause 52 above mentioned, and he had a right to bring a protest and have an appointment issued from this office on the 30th day of April last."

The second judgment rendered yesterday was in the case of W. A. Allen and R. L. Allen vs. John A. Crewe and concerns a fraction on Hunker, 31a below discovery. The commissioner finds as follows:

"From the notice of motion drawn up in this case by Mr. Thornburn, I would assume that he was acting for the plaintiff Robert A. Allen. He did not appear upon the return of this notice of motion, and Mr. Stacpole on behalf of the defendant moved for its dismissal. Mr. Thornburn now complains that the order dismissing this notice of motion should be changed as to the costs imposed; that he came with the intention of acting on behalf of W. L. Allen, asking to vary the judgment giving W. L. Allen an undivided one-third interest in the claim. I think this should have been mentioned in the notice of motion; I will not change the order dismissing the notice of motion as made."

The case in which a decision was rendered today was one affecting the jurisdiction of the gold commissioner, he deciding he had not the power to hear the action. The title of the case is Bailey Powell vs. Emil Kratzert et al, the claim in dispute being the hillside adjoining the lower hall,

left limit, of 33 Gold Run. The commissioner said:

"After considering the arguments of counsel on a motion made on the 6th of December last, I have come to the conclusion that under section 1 of the ordinance governing the hearing and decision of disputes in relation to mining lands in the Yukon territory, I have no power to hear this case.

"The fraud alleged in the protest upon which the plaintiff claims that he is entitled to a declaration that the defendant holds the claim in question in trust for him, is based upon an agreement between the parties themselves. Section 1 above mentioned is confined to fraudulent acts in connection with the carrying out of the regulations.

"The protest is hereby dismissed with costs."

To Urge Support.

St. Louis, Feb. 14.—Final arrangements have been made for an invasion of the Atlantic seaboard states by distinguished world's fair delegations. A brilliant series of dinners and receptions have been planned for the entertainment of the St. Louisians in various state capitals where the delegations will appear before the legislatures in the interest of appropriations for exhibits.

It has been decided that the delegation shall leave St. Louis Saturday, Feb. 22, and appear before the New York legislature at Albany on Feb. 24. From Albany the party will go direct to Trenton. The members of the delegation will meet the New Jersey legislature the following day and then go to Providence, R.I., to state their case in the legislature there on Feb. 26. Thence the party will go to Boston.

The finishing touches have been added to the trip of the delegation to Maryland. It will leave St. Louis at noon today over the Big Four Railway, arriving at Baltimore at 6 p.m. Saturday.

AN OUTING ENJOYED

Junketing Trip Over the Creeks.

Territorial Secretary and Mrs. Brown Return From an Excursion of Several Days.

Dr. and Mrs. J. N. E. Brown returned Tuesday evening from an extensive trip over the creeks occupying several days and embracing Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run and Bonanza. The trip was made more for pleasure than in an official capacity, though Dr. Brown being secretary of the board of education took advantage of the opportunity to inspect the schools at Gold Bottom, Cariboo, Gold Run and the Forks. In speaking of their experiences, the doctor said:

"We had a most delightful trip with but one exception. Some of the roadhouses are simply awful and I can not understand why they don't serve better meals and furnish more cleanly and better accommodations. But speaking of roadhouses, it is a mystery how so many of them manage to exist. Why, between the Cliff house and Gold Bottom I counted no less than 31 public houses.

"The trails are in excellent condition and with the weather so moderate sleighing was indeed a pleasure. We followed Dominion to the mouth of Gold Run and I was surprised to see so much work being done on the former. There are fully 1900 men employed and I have no hesitation in venturing the opinion that Dominion is being more extensively worked this year than ever before. I am told, too, that summer operations will also be very heavy. On Gold Run there are not as many claims being operated as there were last winter, but with the arrival of the warm weather the creek will doubtless resume its old time activity. There will also be a great deal of work on Hunker this summer.

"The schoolhouse in Gold Run is the best of those on the creeks, occupying a beautiful location. Another thing which Gold Run can pride itself on is the excellent hotel on one of Chute & Wills' claims, the equal of anything in Dawson."

Big Deal Completed.

Today Ewen Morrison purchased A. L. Rhyns one-third interest in the "Leonard" claim for \$5,500 cash, for his client Mr. J. S. Day of Chechaco Hill, who is now the owner of the claim, Mr. Morrison having bought the two-thirds at the government auction last week. This, with the Rheam claim, gives Mr. Day the

largest block of unworked gravel on Monte Cristo Hill; also the most valuable.

Double Hanging

Special to the Daily Nugget. Asheville, N. C., Feb. 26.—Dudley Johnson (white), and Ben Foster (colored), were hanged today for burglary. This is under the old law of North Carolina.

Halifax Taxation

Special to the Daily Nugget. Halifax, Feb. 26.—The city council today decided to retire in a body on April 30th, to enable the citizens to

express approval or disapproval of their high taxation policy.

Hunter Gets In

Special to the Daily Nugget. Victoria, Feb. 26.—Gordon Hunter was today appointed Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of British Columbia.

All kinds of game at Bonanza next Post Office.

Amateur Operatic Society.

A full rehearsal of the opera "M. S. Pinafore" will be held at Andrews hall this evening at 8 o'clock sharp. A full attendance requested.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail At Right Prices. BANK BUILDING, King Street.

AMUSEMENTS THE AUDITORIUM ALL THIS WEEK "THE NOMINEE" LIFE MOTION PICTURES

NEW SAVOY Week Commencing Monday, Feb. 27. Nat C. Goodwin's "CONFUSION" FARCE COMEDY

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. Copper River and Cook's Inlet. YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. Steamer Newport

Alaska Steamship Co. Operating the Steamers. "Dolphin"-"Farallon"-"Dirigo" For All Points in Southeastern Alaska

Burlington Route No matter to what point you may be destined, your ticket should read Via the Burlington PUGET SOUND AGENT M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE.

By Using Long Distance Telephone You are put in immediate communication with... Yukon Telephone System

FEBRUARY 27, 1902

Story of James Stirling

the most disagreeable man so far. I hoped that we might have reached England first, but it was not the will of the Almighty. For God's sake find some corner for me where I may be isolated.

"But what is wrong with you?" I asked. There was no one near at the moment to listen to our words. "Look at me, doctor," he made reply. "What do I look like? Healthy and handsome eh?"

"You look ill, very ill," I replied. "But what do you fear?" He bent forward and whispered a word. I started and felt myself turning pale.

"No," I said, "impossible!" "Possible, very. In fact, certain. I was exposed to the infection just before leaving for England. A friend of mine died of it. He left the child to my care. The child was not infected then, and she is not infected now. Will someone else look after her?"

"Then she is not your child." "An expression of agony crossed his face. "I am taking her home to her mother," he said. "Once she is put into her mother's care my sorrows cease. I cannot tell you any more, doctor. No, she is not my child, but I love her as I love no other creature on earth. Let someone take care of her, and put me where I can be out of the way."

"Stay where you are for a moment or two," I answered. I rushed off to where Mrs. Harris, the stewardess, was waiting for me. "Do what you can for the child," I said. "I'll be back presently."

I saw the captain in his stateroom and told him briefly what had occurred. "What!" he cried. "A case of bubonic plague on board. Heavens!" "Whatever happens, Captain," I made answer, "we must keep panic at bay. There is that cabin in the stern of the lower deck which is unoccupied. Stateroom No. 4; it is quite out of the way. I'll have Stirling conveyed there."

"He had no right to come on board after subjecting himself to infection," said Captain Ross. "The whole thing is disgraceful—and the child—you say the child was subjected to the same infection."

"He says the child is safe." "Safe," said the captain; "he would say it to screen her. She must be closely watched, and if there is the slightest symptom of indisposition she must be quarantined at once."

"I will do all that is necessary," I answered. "I have promised the poor fellow to look after the child, and I must keep my word. After all, he is terribly to be pitied. From what I have seen of him he is not likely to live."

"Ugly brute," said Captain Ross. "He has put me into a fine mess. Well, do what you can, Grant. I can depend on your discretion."

Accordingly I had Stirling conveyed to an empty cabin on the lower deck. It was a large, roomy apartment, but seldom used on account of its bad position. Having seen to the sick man's comfort, I went back to the luxurious stateroom, where little missie quivered in royal fashion over the stewardess.

"Come, Miss Victoria," I heard Mrs. Harris say. "You must get up, it is very naughty for little ladies to lie in bed all day."

"Go 'way, natty thing," was little Vic's response. "You will get up for me, won't you?" I said, touching her on her shoulder. "Stirling would wish it."

The pretty blooming face was raised from the pillow; the bright eyes were fixed on mine. "Eic, go to Beauty-Deer. Take Vic to Beauty-Deer," and the mite stretched up her arms.

"Get up, then," I said, temporizing in quite a wicked fashion. "Let Mrs. Harris dress you at once; I can do nothing while you stay in bed."

At the thought of finding "Beauty-Deer," Victoria allowed herself to be put into her clothes. When she was fully dressed Mrs. Harris clasped her in a passion of motherly love to her breast.

"Take Vic to Beauty-Deer," said the child. Murmuring some inaudible reply, the stewardess took her into the dining-saloon, where the servants were enjoying their belated breakfast, but although the good woman coaxed and petted, little Victoria shut her lips tightly, and refused either to speak or to touch food.

At first this conduct on the part of the child was put down to a fit of baby sulks, but when it continued all through the day, and no one could induce the poor little mite to eat, or

to play, or to be happy, matters began to look serious. She was a very patient baby, and after the first trouble she ceased to cry. She crept back to the luxurious cabin, which she and Stirling had shared together, and, crouching on the floor, clasped her broken doll in her arms.

She sat there hour after hour, a most pathetic and hungry expression in her eyes. Meanwhile, the plague-stricken man grew worse. As the night approached, he began to get delirious. I resolved to sit up with him, and in company of a sailor who had already suffered from plague, and was supposed to be immune, kept watch during the long hours of darkness.

Seldom had I spent a more dreadful night. In his mad delirium the man was giving himself away, and his revelations of his past life were terrible. There were few deeds of lawlessness at which he had stopped. He had injured and oppressed most of those he had come in contact with, he had lost his money by gambling, and defrauded his friends. In especial, there was one man whom he hated; his bitter hatred of this man was apparent in his delirium and caused him sometimes to give vent to wild and terrible screams, and even shrieks. Beyond doubt there was a very black sin on his soul in connection with this man. As Stirling raved and struggled, and tossed himself about, I had to exercise all my force to keep him quiet. By the morning, however, the fell disease had to a great extent done its deadly work. The giant lay quiet as an infant, perspiration streaming off his face.

"He is quieter now, David," I said to the sailor. "I can leave him in your care for an hour or two. I will just go and have a disinfecting bath, and change my things—then I will come back and relieve you."

I rushed off to my cabin; the dawn was breaking. If all went well, we should arrive at Malta in twenty-four hours—we were now steaming across the Mediterranean, which was smooth as glass. I had just finished my toilet when there came a tap at my cabin door. I opened it, and Mrs. Harris stood without.

"If you please, sir," she said, "have you taken the child to Mr. Stirling?" "Heaven forbid," I answered. "I hear, sir, that the gentleman is very bad."

"But what about the child?" I queried. "Little miss is nowhere to be found doctor. I thought of course she had gone to the gentleman's cabin."

"She must not go near Stirling's cabin—do you hear, Mrs. Harris? You must keep the child in this part of the ship."

"Well, sir, I'll do my best—but I can't promise what may be impossible. The child is contrary and a bit sturned. Never a bite did she put inside her yesterday, and last night, sir, when I went into the stateroom to undress her, she was fast asleep on the floor, her cheeks all stained with tears, and that broken doll of hers—Sally, she calls it—clashed in her arms. I took the poor mite up just as she was, and popped her into her berth, and I hoped she would be safe till the morning. Well, she slept, and I went and had a bit of supper, and when I had seen to my ladies I thought I would go and sleep in the cabin with little missie."

"Quite right, Mrs. Harris," I answered. "I went to bed right enough, sir, and to sleep, and the last thing I saw was the glint of little missie's golden hair on her pillow, and I heard her breathing gentle as a lamb, but towards morning I awoke all of a sudden, and I looked across to missie's berth, and she was not there. I went and searched for her and called her name, and so did the sailors and the stewards, but none of them could find her, and none of them knew where she was. One said that maybe she had gone to find that harum-scarum man whom she is so taken up with, and I thought I would ask you sir."

"She is not there, and what is more, she must not go there," I answered. "Just speak to the purser, will you? He will give you orders to have every corner of the ship searched. Now I must go back to my patient."

I snatched some food, and went down stairs to the large cabin occupied by the plague-stricken man. The worst manifestations of this awful disease were now making themselves apparent. The deadly weakness continued, and got worse, and, strange to say, it had a sort of refining influence on the coarse face. The voice so rasping and loud was reduced to the merest whisper.

I gave a sigh of relief when I saw that little Victoria was not in the room. Motions to my sailor that he might leave me for the present, I sat down by the dying man.

"Come closer," I heard him whisper. "I have something to tell you." I bent towards him.

"How soon shall we reach Malta?" "By this time tomorrow," I answered. "Twenty-four hours," he muttered. "Shall I live till then, doctor?" "Hard to tell. I will do what I can for you, Stirling."

"Thanks. I should like to know that the child was safe in port, and delivered over to her mother. She was to meet us at Malta."

"Can you tell me anything about the little one, Stirling. You may live but you may not, you know—it is best to be prepared. At present I do not even know the child's name."

He smiled feebly. "A lady will meet you at Malta, and will come on board, and if—if I am not there give her the child. The lady will be the child's mother. The little one's name is Angelo, Victoria Angelo."

"And what am I to say when I give the child to Mrs. Angelo?" "Say that Stirling brought her across, and that he has atoned."

"I don't understand."

"Nor will she—but that does not matter. She need never know. Angelo is dead, and she gets the child. Look at me, doctor. You do not know the wicked sort of person you have on board. I killed Angelo."

"What!" I cried. "Yes, practically I did. I did it on purpose. I hated him; he and I were partners in the same business, up country, about two hundred miles beyond Bombay. The plague came, and I brought some infected sheets from a man who died of it, and put them on Angelo's bed. He took it and died. I killed him. I did every bad thing I could to that man, defrauded him, stole his property. The reckoning day was near, and I had to get him out of the way. It was either he or I to go under, and I had the choice, and I chose him. He is dead, and I was taking the little one back to her mother. Now, I will tell you something strange. You see a devil before you, a devil neither more nor less, but that mite fell in love with me—would not be happy with anybody else—liked to stroke this awful face of mine, liked to get into my arms, liked to kiss me; well, she bowled me over, doctor. I can't tell you how or why. I can bear a good bit, but just the love of that little innocent was the last straw too much. The mother had gone to England a year ago, broken down by the climate, but Angelo would not part with the child. That child could bowl any man in all the world over. Well, my punishment and my redemption, too, were to bring her home and put her into her mother's arms. But it is not to be. I hoped that I might have reached Malta before the disease broke out, for I guessed, of course, that I was infected. I am dying now and I'll never see that little angel again. I atone for everything when I die without seeing her. Oh, God, to a man like me, could any punishment be more? She is the one bit of humanity that ever touched me."

His voice trailed away to the faintest whisper. I gave him a stimulant, and after a little he said: "Do you ask if I repent—no, not a bit of it."

I sat with Stirling for hours. By and by I went back to my cabin. Mrs. Harris met me with her face quite white, and tears in her eyes. "We cannot find her anywhere, doctor. Do you think the poor little dear could have slipped overboard?" "Oh, no, Mrs. Harris, she must be on the ship."

"Well, sir, every sailor on board is searching high and low; we are all taking part."

The panic about little Victoria the saloon passengers were in a state spread rapidly, and by lunch time of excitement. They knew that Stirling was ill, although the real nature of his illness was carefully kept from them. One lady came to the captain with tears in her eyes. "My little Doris is Victoria's age. If the poor baby could be found she might come to my cabin to play with Doris."

But Vic's chosen playmates were of a different sort, a broken-down and battered doll, and a broken-down and battered man, black as pitch, except for that little streak of gold which his love for her caused to shine through his nature. Towards evening we entered some of the cross-currents of the coast of Malta. The wind rose and the Arethusa was tossed on the waves. In Stirling's cabin the motion was felt a good deal. The dying man was now in a state of stupor, and could scarcely be roused to take nourishment. I arranged once again to spend the night with him. By six o'clock in the morning we should reach Malta. Could he possibly live so long? Night settled down over the big liner and Stirling breathed heavily. About an hour after midnight he

dropped into a still deeper slumber. His breathing became fainter and once I bent towards him wondering if the last moment had come. As I did so he started up, fresh strength animated his frame, he opened his eyes and looked around him—then he uttered a laugh. "It is time for the pussy-call," he said. "How queer that I should have forgotten—Little Victoria will wonder, well, never mind, Victoria, better late than never."

He half raised himself on his pillow and forming his lips into an "O," he began to make the queer purring sound of a large cat. This curious noise had not continued more than half a minute before there came a rustling from under the berth, and the next instant, to my horror, a little white face and a dirty white frock appeared in view, and the baby girl, clasping a broken doll in her arms, looked straight into the ghastly face of Stirling.

"I see come, Beauty-Deer," said little Victoria. "Pussy's come; take I in your arms, Beauty-Deer, 'cause I see so tired."

Before I could prevent him the man leapt forward, snatched at the baby, got her into his arms and pressed her to his heart.

"Stay close to Beauty-Deer, little Vic," he said. "Send Beauty-Deer to sleep."

"Hush, hush, Beauty-Deer. Go sound asleep," said little Victoria. "But with that last embrace, and those last words, Stirling's spirit departed. It was with some difficulty I could take the child from his arms."

Wonderful to relate the poor baby never took the plague. We reached Malta the next morning. Owing to quarantine laws, no one could come on board, and Victoria's mother could only be seen on the neighboring quay.

But all it good time the little girl, well and hearty, was pressed in the loving arms of Mrs. Angelo. When this took place the child looked very

solemnly at her mother. "Beauty-Deer asleep. Don't talk too loud, mummy. Don't wake Beauty-Deer."—By Mrs. L. T. Meade.

**A Long Man-hunt.** San Francisco, Feb. 14.—The Chronicle says that Sheriff George A. Storrs of Provo, Utah, has been in this city for several days in search of a man whom he has been pursuing for over five years, a man charged with four murders and numberless lesser crimes, punishment for which he has thus far succeeded in escaping. The object of this interesting man hunt is one George H. Wright.

Of the many crimes charged to George H. Wright, alias James G. Weeks, alias C. T. Case, alias Stevens, ens, the most serious is the murder of three young men, Albert Ernstrom, Alfred Nielson and Andrew Johnson, near Pelican Point, on Utah Lake, on February 16, 1895. For this crime H. F. Hayes, stepfather of Ernstrom, was indicted on December 4, 1895, tried and on April 14 following, found guilty and sentenced to be hanged. Hayes secured a commutation of pardon and, on a showing that he was innocent, was finally pardoned. Since then the officers have been hunting for Wright, who is accused of the crime.

A sweet little maid of four years in Harlem was distressed the other evening because her father did not come home to dinner on time. Her grown-up sister said to her: "Papa is naughty, and when he comes we won't give him any tea."

When he did come the sister sent the teapot out to the kitchen for fresh tea. The baby looked on with a troubled face, and stole softly to her own room. Shortly she returned, with something squeezed up in her tiny fist. Going up to her sister she whispered: "Annie, I'll give you all my pennies if you'll give papa his tea."

And opening her hand she displayed all her carefully hoarded Christmas pennies.—New York Times.

WINTER TIME TABLE—STAGE LINE. THE ORR & TUKY CO., Ltd. Going into effect Nov. 11, 1901—Week Days Only. FOR GOLD RUN AND CARIBOU via Carmack and Lorne. 9 a. m. FOR GRAND FORKS. 9 a. m. 1 p. m. and 5 p. m. FOR BELLEVILLE LOWER DOMINION via Hunkle Creek. 9:30 a. m. FOR QUARTZ, MONTANA AND EUREKA, CREEKS—9 a. m. every other day, Sun days included. Sunday Service—Leave Dawson and Grand Forks at 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. ALL STAGES LEAVE OFFICE N. C. CO. BUILDING. PHONE 6. Watches set by departure and arrival of our stages.

Did It Catch Your Eye? A Little Printer's Ink, if Judiciously Used, Will Do It Every Time. Speaking of Printer's Ink, we have barrels of it, all colors; also the most complete line of Job Stock ever brought to Dawson. How Are You Fixed? If you need anything in the Printing Line give us a call. We can supply you with anything from a calling card to a blank book. Remember, Rush Jobs Are Our Delight. Jobs Promised Tomorrow Delivered Yesterday. The Nugget Printery

Approval or disapproval... nter Gets in... Daily Nugget... Feb. 26—Gordon... appointed Chief Justice... Court of British Columbia... game at Bonanza... Operatic Society... will be held in... A full attendance... COMPANY... BUILDING, King Street... RIUM... NEE... URES... ing Monday, Feb. 17... "CONFUSION"... ANS & EDGERTON... Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co. book's Inlet... HOMER... SAN FRANCISCO... ship Co. mers... "Dirigo"... Western Alaska... Yukon Railway... kon points... Seattle, Wash... after to what eastern... you may be... your ticket should... the Burlington... SEATTLE, WA... Long Distance... are put in immediate... with Bonanza... do, Hunker, Dominio... Run or Sulphur Creek... bing for a Telephone... can have at your... over 200 speaking instr... Telephone Syn.

# Parry Sound Bear Hunter

The life of the professional hunter and trapper, while naturally attended by a certain amount of danger and hardships, is not utterly devoid of amusement. It is, perhaps, true that such men are more easily amused than the jaded brain-worker and mechanic in our modern centres of civilization, and what affords entertainment to one might not appeal to the other. For instance, Mr. Alexander Tremblay, the well-known hunter and trapper of the Parry Sound district, some of whose adventures in the pursuit of Bruin have already been recounted in *The Globe*, would sooner spend twenty-four hours in the woods than the same length of time in a theatre, though the latter might offer a bill to which even the heart of a callous first-nighter would respond with something akin to enthusiasm. Tremblay, on a recent visit to Toronto, went to see a performance which had been received with favor by the critics and the public. It wearied him; the crowds bothered him; the artificial light and the close atmosphere were not to his liking. The only incident in the whole show that gave him any pleasure was a clever act by a number of trained dogs, and that only because he was confident that some of the canines would have made good hunting dogs had they been trained from their puppyhood to "the great game."

"Peepul, peepul," he said in his quaint broken English, when speaking of his visit, "nothin' but peepul, an' stone an' breek, an' coal smoke. No tree, an' all the street so straight run, one's head go swim. For me the woods, the lak', my gun an' pip'. What more'n dat to satisfy?"

And some of those that heard sympathized because they understood, and those who did not quite catch his meaning joined with the others in demanding just "one more story." He told me more, and was persuaded to tell still another, pieced out at times by the comments and interjection of several who had witnessed with him some of the incidents he related. His first bear, "hee's verry fir't," fooled him, he says, with a merry twinkle of his deep-set eyes. It occurred when he was wandering through the northern wilds of Quebec with the Indians who had adopted him, or whom he had adopted, "just w'at you lik'." He was at this time about thirteen years of age, and the proud possessor of a musket, the first firearm with which he had been entrusted. Behold him, then, not much taller than his weapon, and eager for adventure, setting off on his first lonely hunt. With every nerve strained he walked along, scanning the ground and brush-wood for a trail. At last he found it—that of a fair-sized bear. With heart beating high he followed it, until at last he found the animal, a bear of the male persuasion, vigorously tearing at a rotten log. Child as he was, the inherited instinct of the hunter came to his aid and checked a sudden desire to give vent to a vigorous whoop. Carefully he aimed and fired, and the shot found its home in Bruin's shoulder. Maddened with pain, the animal threshed wildly with its forepaws for a few moments and then started to run. Tremblay reloaded and followed. The blood-spattered trail was easily read for a considerable distance, and then hard and broken ground was reached; the signs grew fainter, and at last were altogether lost. For two or three hours the lad searched, keen disappointment and hope alternating in his heart, until at last his perseverance was rewarded, and he found the bear lying close to a fallen tree. There flashed through his mind stories of the cunning of wounded animals, and he approached cautiously, halting to fire another shot at the prostrate body. Not yet satisfied, he fired once again. Both shots found a mark near the bear's shoulder, and the animal made no sign. Tremblay's imagination, however, was in full working order, and he was confident that Bruin had moved a paw and blinked an eye. He waited for stronger signs of vitality, and then, in order to make assurance doubly sure, threw some stones at the animal's head. Still the bear lay low, and at last young Tremblay walked boldly forward and laid his hand on Bruin's side. "Heem's nea cold quite," he says when telling the story, "an' heem's die of the fir'shot. Wat's dat for hee's (I) be fool?" Tired, as he was, he covered the animal with the heaviest stone he could lift, and returned triumphant, but with aching limbs, to the tent of his Indian friend, Bokko. In the morning the whole family moved to the spot where the carcass lay, and did not leave it until the last edible morsel of bear had been disposed of. It would be a very Solomon of bears that could fool Alexander Tremblay now.

The best laid traps sometimes do not work just as the trapper intends

them to, and Tremblay has found this to be the case more than once. In a former incident related in *The Globe*, it was shown that an occasion of this kind resulted in an encounter with a large bear, which, though ending happily, threatened serious consequences for a time. On another occasion the denouement was not nearly so dramatic. Having set some traps on a well-marked bear trail, Tremblay left them for a day or so, and went on a fishing expedition. Returning towards evening he saw a bear moving slowly and awkwardly along the bank, one foot securely clinched in a twenty-pound trap attached by a strong chain to a sixteen-foot pole. "My trap and my pole," said the hunter to himself. He turned his dugout in shore, and landed, his only weapon being a well-made and reliable tomahawk. The bear saw him coming, seized the pole in his forepaws and hobbled off as fast as circumstances allowed. The pole and the trap inconvenienced the animal greatly, and it did not seem to just exactly realize the why and wherefore of things as they were. The bear stopped occasionally and made desperate but futile attempts to get rid of its strange and unwelcome encumbrances. Tremblay, at first, thought only of the fur and meat, but after awhile the helplessness of the brute appealed to him, and he began to wonder if he could not set it free. He approached several times with that intention, but the attitude and actions of the bear, raging with pain and incapable, of course, of any understanding of Tremblay's desire, was so foreboding that the hunter concluded to await the chance of despatching it.

And so the strange hunt went on, the man stopping when the bear stopped, the bear suffering, impotent, and perhaps well aware of its ultimate fate, the man cautious, cool, wary, biding his time, and confident of what the end would be. Finally the animal, in spite of trap and pole, started to climb a tree. Up it went, uttering weird cries and panting painfully. Bravely it struggled, almost to safety, and then its grip loosened and it fell crashing to the ground, its sufferings and struggles being quickly ended by the tomahawk.

The story of "the praying bear" is told not by Tremblay himself, but by friends for whom he occasionally acts as guide. He had tried for a long time to catch a bear whose trail ran under and beyond the partly fallen trunk of a tree, which formed a kind of an arch. The usual traps and stratagems failed completely, and Tremblay, put upon his mettle, tried another plan. He made a slip-noose of thin but exceedingly strong wire, fitted it in the evening to the tree, and returned to the shanty, to stand some good-natured chaff as to the futility of his efforts to catch this particular bear. He ventured the opinion that "heem's catch before so verry long," but refused to state the grounds of his belief. In the morning he and his friends started out, and by accident or design, no one but Tremblay knows, they went first to the fallen tree, and there they found the bear, a 400-pound male. He was standing upright, and apparently without support other than his own, his eyes closed, his head bent, his paws one above the other, hanging loosely before him. One of the hunters whispered excitedly, "Let me have first shot, fellows; never shot a bear in my life." Another said, "Looks like the old fellow was saying morning prayers." Tremblay, however, advanced toward the animal with the words, "Heem's caught, an' no bullets for heem's." And, sure enough, Bruin was dead and cold, but it was not until a careful examination revealed to the rest of the party the wire noose, drawn tightly, by reason of its own struggles, around the bear's neck, that they realized why Tremblay had ventured his prophecy of the night before.—Toronto Globe.

**Chief and Sons Drowned**

Seattle, Feb. 14.—A tragic story of the drowning of an Indian chief and two sons within sight of the wife and daughters, is reported from Killisnoo. Mrs. C. E. Van Huebner, who writes to the Douglas News under date of January 2, says that the natives of Killisnoo and Angoon are in sorrow at the fate of their countrymen.

The Indians at Angoon had long been preparing for a reception to the Taku and Sitka Indians. A flag pole had been erected in front of every house and a flag raised there. At night lights are strung up. On January 18 the Indian lookout noticed a light coming toward the village and thought it was some of the visiting natives so the whole village commenced to beat their tom-toms and sing and dance in welcome.

The joy was soon turned to mourning and the singing to wailing. In

the canoe was the widow and two daughters of Adam Ah-Yau-Ka. He and his two sons were thrown from the canoe not more than ten miles from the village. All three were drowned.

The man and his family were returning twenty miles. They were within ten miles of Angoon when darkness fell and they proposed camping on the beach. About 1 o'clock in the morning the wind began to blow furiously and the boys went to look after the boat. Adam, sr., woke up and decided to anchor the craft away from the shore. While trying to fix it where it would be safe, Mrs. Van Huebner says, a large wave capsized the craft and all three men were thrown into the water. None of them succeeded in reaching shore alive.

The wife was a cripple and her daughters were unable to do anything so the poor native women lived as best they could on the barren and uninhabited beach for the next seven days, until another canoe happened along, when they were rescued, more dead than alive, and were taken to Angoon. The next morning, after reaching that place, there were four canoes from Angoon and two canoes from Killisnoo, with more than 100 Indians, went out in search of the bodies. All the flags were at half-mast, and both villages were in deep mourning. Adam, sr., was the chief of the Wash-Kee-Nas tribe and has three brothers living at Killisnoo.

Just previous to the mailing of Mrs. Van Huebner's letter some of the searchers had returned to the village with the body of the oldest boy. They found it some distance from shore, at a depth of fifty feet.

**May Come West**

Seattle, Feb. 14.—Sheriff Cuddehe is in receipt of a circular from the Pinkerton Detective Agency bearing the photograph of Phil S. Adams, and offering \$500 for his arrest and detention.

Adams was cashier of the Commercial National Bank at Fulton, Mo., and is alleged to have taken \$10,000 in gold and currency from the bank and absconded on January 13, 1902.

The sheriff is also advised that William H. Huey is wanted at St. Louis, Mo., for forging an endorsement on a check for \$3,200, and getting the money on it.

Both men are thought to have started for Seattle. A sharp lookout is being kept for the men by the sheriff's sleuths.

## DAWSONITES ON A LARK

### William Walsh Met Them All at Ottawa.

### Says White Pass Company is up Against It and Must Blow Back.

William Walsh was still shaking hands this morning with friends who called and congratulated him upon the good looks he had come back with from his winter trip, considering how many old sourdoughs he must have run up against in the course of his travels.

"Yes," he said, "I met lots of Dawson friends while away. I went from here to my old home near Toronto, and in that city I met Wills, Chute, Fred Wade, Sheriff Ellbeck, Major Primrose, Patullo, McCaul, White, and a whole lot of the boys, all having a good time, in fact a regular holiday.

"From there I went to California and run down to Los Angeles. It was a novelty to see the people lying along the beach with umbrellas to protect them from the sun, in the month of February—I mean to a Klondiker—and then to walk out in the morning and pick oranges off the trees; that was great."

"Did you hear of any Dawson deals or Dawson law suits in your travels?"

"I heard of the number of suits begun against the White Pass people for return of exorbitant freight charges. A couple of weeks ago the White Pass counsel made application to the court at Victoria to have these suits dismissed, on the ground that no action could lie against the company; in other words, that the actions were frivolous. But the court refused to dismiss them, finding that there was reasonable grounds for bringing the actions and, furthermore, that the evidence showed a probability of the actions being suc-

cessful. So it seems that the White Pass people are up against it.

"As to capital coming in here, I know of several large deals that have been made, but I only know them in confidence and they are not yet ripe for publication.

"I run across a lot of Dawsonites at Seattle, some of them on the way in. I met Tom O'Brien and 'Black'

Sullivan one day. Tom was in Ottawa and Sullivan was in Chicago. I would be with big trading schemes for the coming spring. Wills was there when I left for Ottawa with Mr. Hartman. It seems to be no doubt that the road to the creeks will be built that work on it will soon be

**The Northwestern Line**

the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Ports

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast meet with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with

**F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wash.**

**The Great Northern "FLYER"**

LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M.

A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.

For further particulars and folders address the GENERAL OFFICE - SEATTLE, WASH.

## INVEST BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE

Lone Star Stock Is the Best Investment Ever Offered to the Public.

We claim we have the mother lode. Can you deny these facts. The mines are situated at the head of the two richest creeks on earth—Eldorado and Bonanza. Gold is found on every claim on Bonanza creek, and up Victoria Gulch to the quartz mines. If it did not come from this ledge, where did it come from?

The gold found in the creek is the same as that found in the ledge.

The gold is found in slide matter on Seven pup. Where did it come from?

The best pay found in Gay Gulch is at the head of the gulch, below the quartz mines. There are eight gulches heading at the Lone Star mines. They all carry gold. Where did it come from?

Lone Star stock is the best investment ever offered to the public. Buy now. The books will soon be closed and you will be too late. Don't let the man who knows it all tell you that there is no quartz in this country. The fools who make that statement have no bank account, which is the proof of their wisdom.

Every placer camp in the world turned into a quartz camp.

Cripple Creek was a placer camp. The men who knew it all were there. They made the same statement. A carpenter found the quartz after the wise men had left.

Have you ever visited the Lone Star mines? If not, you have no right to even think. Go up and satisfy yourself. Yours for business and a quartz camp. LEW CRADEN.

## LONE STAR MINING AND MILLING CO.

LEW CRADEN, Acting Manager.

# THE KLONDIKE MINES RY. CO.

## Prospectus Reaches Dawson—Passenger Fare to Be \$2 to Grand Forks—Freight Charges in Proportion—Will Be Completed 12 Miles by July 1.

One of the most interesting documents that has reached Dawson this winter is the prospectus for the Klondike Mines Railway Company issued by Mr. E. C. Hawkins to prospective investors, a copy of which a gentleman recently returned from the Klondike has kindly placed in the hands of a Nugget representative. The booklet is most comprehensive, the information set out being placed before the readers in a brief, concise form and without the usual verbosity one is accustomed to observe in such documents. Facts and figures are given as to traffic which may be expected, operating expenses and cost of construction which, while doubtless true, are positively startling, and if the intentions of the company are fully carried out mining in the Klondike will receive an impetus, the like of which has never been known before.

The fact of which the Klondike Mines Railway Company is the outcome was made last fall when on September 25 a memorandum of agreement was entered into between the provisional directors, consisting of Thos. O'Brien, J. A. Seybold, W. D. Ross, Llewellyn N. Bate and H. B. McDiernan, and E. C. Hawkins, having in view the early construction and operation of a railway between Dawson and the Forks. The directors agreed for the consideration of \$100,000 cash and 2,230 shares of the capital stock of the company of the par value of \$222,000, to furnish the right of way, terminal grounds, etc., and subsequently to hold a meeting in Ottawa for the purpose of transferring to Mr. Hawkins the shares, stock and all rights, title and interest under the charter possessed by them, to elect new officers and pass a charter changing the head office of the company from Ottawa to Dawson.

The charter acquired by Mr. Hawkins, which is known as the O'Brien charter, is a very liberal one, and under condition of the railway being completed to the Forks, at the junction of Bonanza and Eldorado creeks, before July, 1903, is given the right of way, terminal grounds at Klondike City, 600 feet of water frontage on the Yukon river, station grounds at the Forks, and also the right to own and operate telegraph and telephone lines, water power, electric plants, etc. The route described in the charter allows construction up Bonanza, Eldorado, Dominion, thence down Hunker and the Klondike river, constituting a belt line covering the entire Klondike district. In consideration of the transfer to Mr. Hawkins of the rights and title acquired under the charter, he has agreed to construct, equip and have in operation the first section of the road running from Dawson to the Forks before September 1, 1902, and in compliance with the terms of the agreement has secured subscribers for 2,500 shares of stock and deposited in the Canadian Bank of Commerce at Ottawa \$25,000.

The agreement entered into September 25 was supplemented by a similar contract approved by the board of directors January 10, 1902, in accordance with which a construction company was incorporated and a contract entered into for the building of the road, furnishing the necessary machinery, equipment and all apparatus, the construction company to accept shares of the company's stock in payment therefor. This stock of the par value of \$100 a share is offered to investors at \$80 a share and the belief is ventured that when the road has reached the Forks the stock will be above par. The capital stock for the first section of the road is \$1,000,000, divided into 10,000 shares of \$100 each, is fully paid up and non-assessable.

The statement is also made that arrangements have already been made for the early delivery of all necessary track material and equipment and it is believed the road to the Forks can be put in operation by the latter part of July and a profitable business begun this year.

The railway, to use a common expression, will "fill a long felt want." The summer of '97 the greatest difficulty and expense in regard to transportation in the Klondike has been the transportation of mining machinery and supplies from Dawson to the Klondike and the supplying of the numerous plants with fuel and timber. This difficulty was partially overcome last summer by the construction of wagon roads, but it is a well-known fact that wagon roads, even if constructed in good order, do not

take the place of a thoroughly equipped railway. The larger portion of machinery and supplies shipped to Dawson go up Bonanza for distribution and a very important feature in regard to the railway is the fact that the business awaits its construction just as was the case with the White Pass road. The promoters propose to make such low rates for fuel and freight, as well as passengers, that all competition will be removed and the large number of teams now employed in hauling freight from Dawson will be employed to equal advantage in distributing merchandise and other freight from the end of the railway to the numerous creeks. Mr. Hawkins expresses the belief and hope that the first section of the road will be built by the sale of stock to men directly interested and without the issue of any bonded indebtedness, though an act of parliament authorizing the issuing of bonds to the extent of \$30,000 for each mile constructed should the shareholders prefer to do so and pay interest on the bonds.

As soon as the first section is begun it will be the policy of the company to immediately arrange for extensions from the Forks to an advantageous point on Dominion creek, a distance of 20 or 22 miles, which it is said can be much more cheaply built than the first section.

A splendid outlook for the prosperity of the road is given under the head of earnings and business prospects. One of the principal sources of revenue will be from passenger traffic, as a great part of those engaged in mining and other business make frequent, and in many cases, almost daily trips between Dawson and the Forks. An actual count of the people traveling on foot only on Bonanza from May 2 to May 6, last year, inclusive, from 6 in the morning to 9 in the evening, and at a time when the roads were in their worst condition, gave a daily average of 482 persons. It is a well-known fact, too, that not only would the Bonanza, Eldorado and Dominion creek miners and business people travel over the railway, but those from upper Hunker, Quartz, Sulphur, and the Indian river country would do likewise. In preparing estimates of earnings only a daily average of 300 was considered which, with three trains running daily each way, would only give an average of 50 to the train. In addition to the regular passenger fares a large business will doubtless be done in arranging frequent excursions. The present stage fare to the Forks of \$5 will be reduced to \$2, which upon the basis of the estimate made will produce a yearly revenue from passengers of \$220,000.

Next in importance to the passenger business comes the handling of fuel and mining timbers. The hillsides for miles in the vicinity of the creeks have been practically denuded of timber, and one of the greatest expenses and inconveniences of mining in the past year has been the procuring of fuel and timber at a cost which could be afforded. In hundreds of cases the excessive cost of cordwood consumes nearly all the profits of mining and there are many mines idle today on account of this unavoidable expense. It has become absolutely necessary to provide cheaper fuel and timber for these extensive districts, the supply in the immediate vicinity being exhausted. Last year over 100,000 cords of fuel and timbers were consumed on Eldorado and Bonanza and their tributaries. The railway has placed a rate of \$2 per cord on fuel and upon an estimate of 80,000 cords a revenue from this source of \$160,000 would be had.

Lumber for sluice boxes, cabins and other structures is also an important consideration. The saw mills of Dawson it is said cut about six million feet in a season, about one-third of which is used on the creeks. Two million feet of lumber of all kinds at a rate of \$8 per thousand will produce a revenue of \$16,000.

In 1901 over 32,000 tons of merchandise were delivered in Dawson, and as probably the great majority of that is consumed on the creeks the assumption is made that at least 13,000 tons would be handled by the railway yearly. Merchandise has been classified into two classes, one to be known as "general merchandise," which will bear a rate of \$10 per ton, and the other designated as "first-class," at \$12 per ton, the total revenue from which is estimated at

\$142,000. Further earnings anticipated from mail contracts, express freight, refrigerator freight, etc., is expected to amount to \$97,000, bringing the total estimated yearly earnings up to \$575,000.

No figures are given in the estimates of earnings for the handling of any ore or gravel for the reason that up to the present very little has been accomplished in the way of developing quartz or other metalliferous mines. Due cognizance, however, is taken of the discoveries running from Victoria gulch to the Dome and over to Indian river, which it is believed will eventually prove very valuable. It is also believed that in addition to the ordinary quartz mining yet to be developed there will be in the near future large quantities of the decomposed quartz and schists of the old channels to be worked over by means of machinery which will of necessity be located at some convenient point along the railway. Extensive beds of conglomerates carrying gold values from \$3 to \$12 per ton have been discovered in the vicinity of Indian river, and while but little is at present being done toward their development it is possible that with the construction of the road to Indian river these beds of conglomerates will be found to be workable at a profit.

In regard to the cost of operation and general expenses of the road due consideration has been given to the high standard of wages and salaries obtained here as well as the expensive fuel. One feature, however, in connection with the operation of a railway in the far north is exactly the reverse of what would be considered by those unfamiliar with the climatic conditions. Other means of transportation from the outside world to the Klondike are possible or at least profitable for only a portion of the year; but this road can be operated in the winter as well as in the summer and will not be interfered with by the heavy snowfalls as is the case with the road over the White Pass. The snowfall in the vicinity of Dawson is even very much lighter than it is in Whitehorse and in the construction of the road no expensive snowsheds will be required, although a few sections of snow fencing may be necessary along some of the hillside cuts.

The total expenses of operation, including general expenses, is estimated at \$245,000 which, deducted from the estimated earnings, leaves a surplus of \$330,000 upon a capital stock of \$1,000,000, and it is considered by Hawkins safer to assume that the road will pay an annual dividend of at least 25 per cent.

Mr. Hawkins will arrive in Dawson over the ice next month, the actual work of construction will be begun at the earliest possible opportunity, and the building of the road it is thought will give an impetus to business in general second only to the days of '98.

**To Snuff It Out.**  
New York, Feb. 14.—Liberty's torch is to be put out. The lofty light in the hand of the bronze goddess, standing on Bedloe Island, in upper New York Bay, that has been allowed to grow steadily dimmer since Bartholdi gave the magnificent statue to the United States people, is to be permanently extinguished. Sentiment, it is said, which has kept the beacon burning all these years, can no longer keep it alight, and now the government will snuff it for all time.

News of the contemplated extinguishment of the torch has been received here in the form of a public notice to the mariners sent out by the lighthouse board of the treasury department at Washington. It states that on or about March 1, 1902, the light will be discontinued.

Installed on the island to furnish current for the torch there is a powerful electric plant, but it is unused. A few lamps of small power furnish barely enough illumination so that the beacon can be seen by passing mariners. Lack of a congressional appropriation is said to be the cause for discontinuing the light.

**Recognized in Springfield.**  
New York, Feb. 14.—Laurie Marks, the American bookmaker who was charged with being implicated in the Liverpool bank frauds several months ago, and who was supposed to have committed suicide by jumping from a channel steamer, has been seen, according to a Herald special from Springfield, Mass., in that city. The name of the person alleged to have seen Marks is not made public, but the bookmaker formerly lived at Springfield, where he was well known.

**Sunday the Date.**  
"Backward, turn backward, oh Time, in your flight."  
Sergeant-Major Tucker under whose direction the noonday gun is fired at the barracks, has chosen Sunday as the date and hour for setting the time of Dawson back 45 minutes and on that day the gun will be fired 45 minutes later than formerly.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

## OLD CREEK MADE NEW

### Once Abandoned is Now Born Again.

#### The Rejuvenation of Rosebud Creek, First Staked in '97, Again Stampeded.

Another old creek has developed into a new one upon which a new discovery has been made and to which a new stake has been made in progress. That which has been born again and is going through the process of rejuvenating is known as Rosebud creek, a tributary of the Yukon entering on the right limit five miles below Ogilvie. In years gone by the creek was made the butt of many a jest at the hands of the vaudeville comedians, Rosebud being coupled with Swede creek and Moosehide as streams which had turned out to be particularly aggregated cases of "frost," but if the statements contained in a sworn affidavit filed in the gold commissioner's office late Tuesday afternoon prove to be true it will no longer be in order to speak of the creek in terms of levity.

Rosebud creek was first stampeded late in the winter of '97 and was staked from one end to the other. In those days of excitement every creek was expected to prove an Eldorado, and pay that did not run as high as an average of 50 cents to the pan was scarcely considered worth wasting ore's time over. So when the few holes that were sunk failed to reveal gold in untold quantities the bulk of the stakers gradually withdrew and finally the creek was entirely abandoned and reverted to the crown, the same as Henderson creek upon which a new discovery was recorded several months ago and which is now yielding good pay.

Angus Gillis and George W. Mitchell are the new locators of Rosebud, their discovery being situated about 12 or 15 miles up the creek from its mouth. They recorded their claim Tuesday afternoon just before the close of the day's business and in their application state that they have sunk six holes to bedrock, four of them being 20 feet deep and two 12 feet. They also drifted 30 feet, taking from the pay gravel from 10 to 15 pans daily which they aver averages 10 cents to the pan. They found one nugget weighing \$4. As usual in cases of joint discovery they were allowed 1500 feet of ground.

Tuesday evening the news of the new find became circulated about town and before it was an hour old a stampede was on. In one party that left there were sixteen men, Dick Brown sent four representatives and many others did likewise. The stampedes are expected to return today and quite a rush is anticipated at the recorder's wicket in the gold commissioner's office.

**In Wild New York.**  
New York, Feb. 14.—The fight over the office of sheriff in the heart of the Adirondacks, has developed into a fight of another kind, according to a Herald despatch from Saratoga. At the election last November, Locke, Democrat, was declared elected by the board of supervisors, but Kathan the Republican candidate, carried the matter to the courts, charging frauds and irregularities and the Supreme Court decided in his favor.

Meanwhile Locke had taken possession of the office including the courthouse and jail and refused to obey the court order and surrender to his rival.

Both claimants organized forces to secure the prize and Locke has, it is reported, fortified himself in the county jail, declaring the decision was wrong and will be reversed and he does not propose to give up until the case has been determined by the court of last resort.

Meantime the county, which is inaccessible by railroad, is buried deep in snow, and there are fears that trouble may be precipitated before the state authorities can intervene to enforce the decision of the courts.

**War on Bandits.**  
El Paso, Texas, Feb. 14.—Pursuant to instructions from Governor Otero of New Mexico, the sheriffs of Guadalupe are organizing posses of picked men to hunt down the members of Jack Musgrove's band of bandits which has recently terrorized that region. This means that a war of extermination will be waged against the outlaws and exciting times are expected in that portion of New

Mexico to which the outlaws have retreated. They are said to be in the fastnesses of the wild Captain Mountains.

The governor addressed a strong letter to the sheriffs of the four counties mentioned, urging them to "end the reign of terror in the isolated settlements of Eastern New Mexico, caused by the murdering and pillaging outlaws," and promising that he will recommend to the next legislature that rewards be given those who are instrumental in capturing and convicting the brigands.

**Is Now a Capitalist.**  
Salt Lake, Utah, Feb. 14.—A special to the Tribune from Spokane, Wash., says that Edwin Boyce, head of the Western Federation of Miners, and leader in the recent strikes in Northern Idaho, has become a wealthy man through a rich find recently made in a mine in which he and his wife are interested. Some of the wealthiest mining men in the west are said to have offered a million and a half for the property, but the owners refuse to part with it.

Members of the miners' union are said to be greatly interested in knowing whether Boyce will remain at the head of the order or retire with his new found wealth.

**To Build in 'Frisco.**  
San Francisco, Feb. 14.—The Call states that J. Pierpont Morgan's recent visit to this coast has resulted in the proposed purchase by syndicates in which he is interested of real estate in the business section of this city, on which a fine hotel and many other buildings will be erected. The paper adds that a well-known local architect has been selected to prepare plans for the new structures. The real estate agents mentioned in connection with the matter refuse to discuss the subject.

**Bay City Market.**  
Choicest Meats, Poultry, Fresh Fish and Game.

**Pacific Coast Steamship Co.**  
Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering Alaska, Washington California, Oregon and Mexico.

**Hicks & Thompson.**  
Proprietors  
FLANNERY HOTEL  
First Class Accommodations  
Warm, Comfortable and Finely Furnished Rooms. Wholesome, Well Cooked Meals.  
BOARD BY DAY OR MONTH.  
Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE  
HUNKER AND DOMINION  
Freighting to All Creeks.

**\$3.00 Will Do It!**

Keep posted on local and foreign events. You can do this by subscribing for the

**DAILY NUGGET**

The Nugget has the best telegraph service and the most complete local news gathering system of any Dawson paper, and will be delivered to any address in the city for

**\$3.00 Per Month!**

If your clothes need pressing, cleaning or repairing see R. I. Goldberg, The Tailor, at Hirschberg's.

**THEY ARE GOOD.**  
You will say so after trying them. Beef Croquettes. Can be procured nowhere in Dawson but at The Family Grocery, F. S. Dunham, proprietor, corner 2nd Avenue and Albert street.

**Light and Power**

**Dawson Electric Light and Power Co.**  
**EMIL STAUF**  
REAL ESTATE, MINING AND FINANCIAL BROKER  
Agent for Harper & Ladue, owners of Harper's Addition, Menzie's Addition, The Imperial Life Insurance Company.  
Collections Promptly Attended to Money to Loan. Houses to Rent.  
Gold Dust Bought and Sold.  
N. C. Office Bldg. King St.

**PROFESSIONAL CARDS**  
**LAWYERS**  
PATTULLO & RIDLEY — Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8 A. O. Office Bldg.  
WM. THORNBURN — Barrister, Solicitor, Advocate, Notary Public, Commissioner, Proctor of the Admiralty Court. Office, Bank Building, Rooms 4 and 5. Telephone 118. P. O. Box 865.

**SOCIETIES.**  
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION OF Yukon Lodge, No. 79, A. F. & A. M., will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon, at 8:00 p. m.  
U. N. WELLES, W. M.  
J. A. DONALD, Secy.

**J. J. O'NEIL**  
MINING EXPERT  
Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited.  
Address, - General Delivery, Dawson

**Regina Hotel.**  
J. W. Wilson, Prop. and Mgr.  
Dawson's Leading Hotel  
American and European Plan. Cuisine Unexcelled. Newly Refitted Throughout—All Modern Improvements. Rooms and board by the day, week or month.  
2nd Ave. and York St. Dawson

**Hicks & Thompson.**  
Proprietors  
FLANNERY HOTEL  
First Class Accommodations  
Warm, Comfortable and Finely Furnished Rooms. Wholesome, Well Cooked Meals.  
BOARD BY DAY OR MONTH.  
Hicks & Thompson STAGE LINE  
HUNKER AND DOMINION  
Freighting to All Creeks.

**Signs and Wall Paper**  
**ANDERSON BROS.**  
SECOND AVE.

STILL OPEN FOR ENTRY

Concession on Indian River.

Croteau Has Not Paid His Ground Rental and Claims May Be Staked.

Another small concession on Indian river has been cancelled, or at least declared open for placer location until the conditions imposed upon the concessionaire have been complied with.

Married Last Night.

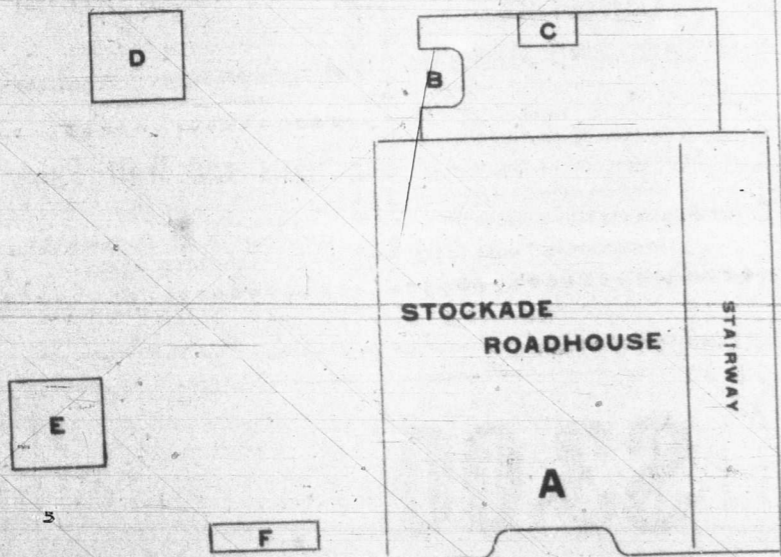
Yesterday about noon a strapping

Bad Man Brophy Captured

(Continued from page 1.)

company of a woman, and there disappeared. But one day the woman left a parcel for him at the drug store.

SCENE OF BROPHY'S CAPTURE.



- A.—Stockade Road House. B.—Lean-to kitchen by which Brophy entered. C.—Table on which he placed his rifle.

woodpile "D," and Egan esconced himself in the woodshed, "E," but thinking that a man as suspicious as Brophy was sure to be might search there, he crept under the sleigh "F."

big Swede called at the comptroller's office and expressed a desire to get a marriage license. Acting Comptroller Hinton was out of town and the precious document could not be had until his return.

At Last Accepts

Special to the Daily Nugget. Victoria, Feb. 27.—Colonel Prior has accepted the portfolio of Minister of Mines in the Dunsmuir cabinet and will oppose Bodwell for the vacant seat in Victoria.

Town Burned Down

Special to the Daily Nugget. Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 27.—The town of Portersville, Butler county, is burning and is doomed to be a total loss.

Referendum Passed

Special to the Daily Nugget. Winnipeg, Feb. 27.—The liquor act referendum bill passed its second reading in the legislature today, without a division.

place he took it from and got back to his woodpile.

After this the moments passed very slowly for the two watchers, watching the door of the dark shack. Just now the form of Brophy was made out.

When he was stood upon his feet again he said, referring to McMillan, "Well, that boy's all right, he is."

"Looks Like an Early Spring"

LAY IN YOUR SUPPLIES BEFORE TRAILS BREAK UP.

WE ARE OUT FOR THE BUSINESS

NORTHERN COMMERCIAL CO.

IS QUESTION OF FINANCE

Whether or Not Delegates go to Ottawa.

To Protest Against Iniquitous Treadgold Grant—Scarcity of Funds.

It is not yet certain that more than two, or possibly more than one, of the four persons recently selected to go to Ottawa to protest against the granting of the Treadgold concession will go.

F. T. Congdon says it is entirely with the people whether he goes or not. One thing is certain: He does not propose to pay his own way and be absent from his official and professional business in Dawson until the voice of the turtle is heard in the land in the glad month of June and pay for the trip from his own exchequer.

"Had this matter" came up two months ago," said Mr. Congdon, "I would have gladly made the trip in behalf of the people and wholly at my own expense; but it is now too late to go to Ottawa, accomplish the desired ends and get back over the ice."

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Regina Hotel, Feb. 27, 1902. — H. Williams, city; R. B. Radcliffe, Grand Forks; John E. Olson, Gold Run; Bert Owens, Hunker.

Empire. — M. W. McDougal, Bonanza, Mildred Smith, city; Honore Leblanc, Dominion; James Jackson, city; George E. Ames, Eldorado; Hale, city; G. M. Calligan, Dominion.

Alligators Like Negroes.

An interesting story of the saurian family is told by one of Algiers' oldest citizens, Michael J. Barrett, who has spent much of his life in adventure on the high seas and in traveling in a business way along the Gulf shores.

river, it was customary for the boys in the neighborhood to go in swimming every day.

Alligators were very numerous, but it was a seldom occurrence that a white man was molested by them. Mr. Barrett says that he cannot recall an instance where a white man or boy was ever killed by one.

Mr. Barrett says that on one occasion, while he and several of his comrades were in bathing, a negro boy, well known to the party, came by, shuffled off his clothes, and dived in with the others.

He tells of a similar incident on the Sabine river, another paradise for the alligator. He states that while he, two friends and a negro were crossing the river in a small boat it ran against a snag and capsized near a nest of the pests, and the white men swam ashore without molestation.

Men can easily avoid attacks from this source. But long ago, when Florida was more sparsely settled and there were no fences along the banks of the rivers, cattle and swine naturally strayed down to the river's edge to find a quiet, cool spot to graze and fight the gallinippers which were there in droves and made a shadow of a cloud.

Restored to Grace

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, Feb. 27.—Senators Tillman and McClaurin have been restored to the graces of the Senate by a reversal of the order of the President.

LOST.

LOST—From Dominion stage, about October 29, 1901, one Canvas Telescope, size 18 by 30 inches, marked "Knittle." Finder return to Orr & Tukey Co., Dawson.

NEW GOODS!

We Have Just Received a Full Line of Ladies' Suits, Silks, Supplies, Etc. JOHN McDONALD FIRST AVE. Opp. S. Y. T. Dock

No Hope Given

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, Feb. 27.—Yesterday the woolen manufacturers interviewed Minister of Finance Fielding, urging increased protection. They pointed out that Canada with only 5,000,000 people annually imports \$10,000,000 worth of woollens, while the United States with 75,000,000 people imports only \$15,000,000 worth.

Princess Narrow Escape

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, Feb. 27.—The Princess of Wales narrowly escaped serious injury at the Shire Horse Show last night. The winning stallion Hoxon Tom became frightened and dashed through the entrance to the royal box, missing the princess by scarce a foot.

Labor Leader Dead

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, Feb. 27.—James Mawdsley, the English labor leader and associate of John Burns and Kerr Har- die, is dead.

Canada's Militia

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, Feb. 27.—The minister of militia reports that the annual cost of Canada's permanent militia corps is \$300,000.

Both Are Dead

Special to the Daily Nugget. Pittsburg, Pa., Feb. 27.—W. E. Reynard, who had been drinking, this

morning shot Miss Mary Lambert, whom he had been paying his attentions, and afterward shot himself. Both are dead.

Wanted to Be Hanged

Special to the Daily Nugget. Philadelphia, Feb. 27.—Armed soldier, who was convicted of complicity in the murder of Prof. Whittier, the University of Pennsylvania, May, 1900, was hanged today.

Four New Members

Special to the Daily Nugget. Toronto, Feb. 27.—The resolution bill introduced in the Ontario legislature today by a re-districting of Algoma will give Ontario four new members.

China to Canada

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, Feb. 27.—The Chinese mission has recommended to Canada an absolute exclusion treaty, with a capitation tax of five hundred dollars until such treaty can be secured.

Foolish Girl

Special to the Daily Nugget. Niagara Falls, Feb. 27.—Miss L. of Buffalo, committed suicide, being fascinated by the waters of Niagara Falls.

Lisgar Election

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, Feb. 27.—Tombs, the defeated candidate in the recent Lisgar election, says the election will be protested.

The Nugget's facilities for out first-class job work cannot be called this side of San Francisco.

For the Next Few Days We Will Offer

OGILVIE HUNGARIAN FLOUR Per Sack \$3.25 BLUE LABEL

Roast Beef, Ox Tongue, Lunch Tongue, Pig's Feet, Gold Band Ham, Bra'n, Vienna Sausage. Get Our Canned Meats. All Prime Goods

Macaulay Bros. Third Avenue and Princess

DAWSON HARDWARE CO. Pan-American Wheel Barrow Wood Frame, Steel Tray. Steam Fittings, Etc. Second Ave. Phone 36

DAWSON LIQUOR CO. CHEAPER THAN EVER! FRONT STREET, Opp. L. & C. Dock. TELEPHONE

GENUINE LUBECK SLICED POTATOES 28 POUNDS TO CAN, \$10.00

As good as fresh and cheaper, No freezing. No Waste. No heavy freight bills.

- N. A. T. & T. COMPANY