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The Nugget Circulates From Skagway to Nome

# THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

Nugget Advertisements Give Immediate Returns

DAWSON, Y. T., SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1903.

PRICE 25 CENTS

## REBELLION IS IN PROGRESS

### China Threatened With an Upheaval Greater Than That of Two Years Ago—The Powers Have Been Warned to Anticipate Trouble.

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Peking, Jan. 31.—The rebellion in Kwang Si is more serious than ever known. The rebels, 40,000 strong, have taken possession of many districts and towns and Pak Gnai, Pak Shek, Si Shing, Si Yan, Hing Yip and Lau Chow are in their occupation. They are marching into Yunnan armed with modern rifles, under their chiefs Chan and Luk. Shanghai advices say that unless Tun-Fu is suppressed the powers

will soon find themselves face to face with a bigger revolt than that of two years ago. Missionaries are already beginning to leave the threatened districts. A correspondent in Kwan Hu, writes that a crisis is imminent and the officials are powerless to act.

### Largest Afloat

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
London, Jan. 31.—The White Star liner Cedric, the largest merchantman afloat, is making her trial trip today.

## PITIABLE CONDITION

### Confronts the Famine District of Sweden

### Thousands Will Perish Unless Relief is Given—Beggary Wages Are Paid.

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Stockholm, Jan. 31.—In north Sweden the famine-stricken people are absolutely destitute. Pitiable conditions prevail at every point. If relief is slackened during the next six months thousands of human beings and cattle would perish. The authorities condemn the action of sawmill companies in forcing the famine sufferers to work for beggarly wages.

### BY LIGHTNING

### Power Plant at Niagara Partially Destroyed by Fire.

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Niagara Falls, Jan. 31.—Lightning destroyed a part of the power plant at Niagara Falls, resulting in serious obstruction to factories, railroad and lighting systems in many towns, including Buffalo.

### SOLD FOR COAL.

### Woman Gives Up Her Child for a Ton of Fuel

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Glenwood, Pa., Jan. 31.—To keep the rest of her family from freezing, Mrs. Arthur Mitchell, of this city, gave her youngest child to a wealthy family in return for a ton of coal.

### Sold Specimens

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Oaker City, Ore., Jan. 31.—Peter Peterson, a working miner of Baker City, Oregon, has been arrested for selling specimens of ore from Columbia mine. Forty pounds of ore have been recovered worth upwards of fifty dollars per pound afloat.

### Drowned 13

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
London, Jan. 31.—The British cruiser Pioneer ran down a torpedo boat destroyer near Corfu. Thirteen were drowned.

### Peculiar Death

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
New York, Jan. 31.—Anna Long, a four-year-old child, died from forcing a small electric light down her throat.

What Happened Jones—Auditorium.  
Job Printing at Nugget office.

### TRAVEL IN COMFORT

## Weld's Stage and Express

Dawson to Gold Bottom  
Leaves Dawson 3:00 p. m.  
Every Day in the Year.  
Office 124 Third Ave. Phone 116

### Good Dry Wood!

A. J. PRUDHOMME  
211 Harper St., N. Free Library  
Phone 214-A

## BRITISH COLUMBIA

### Will Re-Enact Anti Jap Legislation

### Prior Adopts Joe Martin's Suggestion as a Rebuke to the Veto Power.

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Victoria, Jan. 31.—Premier Prior has issued a statement of the government's new policy in which is adopted Joe Martin's suggestion that disallowed anti-Asiatic legislation be promptly re-enacted as a protest against the exercise of the veto power to the disadvantage of the province.

### FOR LIFE

London, Jan. 31.—The sentence of death imposed upon Col. Lynch, convicted of high treason, has been commuted to life imprisonment.

### ROADHOUSE RULES

### Proprietors Must Comply With Ordinances of Council.

C. C. McGregor, the license inspector, will leave on Tuesday for a general inspection of all the roadhouses and hotels between here and Whitehorse, and it will go hard with those who are found not to be complying with the regulations. The acting-commissioner, as was Governor Ross, is determined that roadhouses shall be of a better class in the future than they have been in the past, and must comply with all the requirements of the ordinances as to the number of rooms for guests, the position of the bar, the manner in which the rooms are kept, etc., or the proprietors will not obtain a renewal of a license for the premises.

### LIVELY AT THE RINK.

### Skating all Afternoon. Hockey Tonight.

This afternoon there was a merry crowd at the rink, skating to the music of the police band. The temperature was just what it ought to be for enjoyment, and the ice was in splendid shape.  
Tonight there will be the first hockey game for the past three weeks. It is between the Civil Service and the Mounted Police, and as the latter has materially strengthened its team since the last game was played, there will undoubtedly be an exciting match.

### WHITEHORSE ROAD

### Superintendent Betrand to Give It a Thorough Inspection.

Superintendent of Public Works Bertrand will leave on Tuesday for the purpose of making a thorough inspection of the road to Whitehorse, and also to attend to other matters in connection with the public works department at Whitehorse. It is rumored that when he arrives at the end of the route he will take a run over to Skagway to get a sniff of the ozone from the bay.

The Nugget's stock of job printing materials is the best that ever came to Dawson.



JOHN BULL AND UNCLE SAM WILL REVIEW THE TREATY OF 1825.

## CAPT. HEALY'S RAILROAD PLANS

### Has Raised \$16,000,000, to Construct Valdez Railroad Into the Interior of Alaska—Encountered Much but Pushed His Scheme Through to a Successful Issue—Is Now Engaged in Determining Upon Point for Steamboat Connection—Failed to Secure What He Wanted in Seattle.

Seattle, Jan. 31.—The Whatcombe Reveille yesterday contained an account of the proposed removal of the headquarters of the North American Transportation & Trading Co. from Seattle to that city. The statement was based upon the visit of J. T. Flynn, who spent a day there in consultation with officials of the Bellingham Bay and British Columbia Railway. Flynn was referred to as the agent of the N. A. T. & T. Co. in the matter. When seen last evening in regard to the story, Flynn said: "The reference to the N. A. T. & T. Co. was a mistake on the part of the Whatcombe paper. I was representing Capt. John J. Healy, who is at present interested in the Valdez and Copper River Ry., and although he was the founder and at the present time is a holder of stock in the N. A. T. & T. Co., to the amount of \$500,000, Capt. Healy's present enterprises are in direct conflict with the original company as well as those of the White Pass Railway with which it affiliates. One con-

trols the rail route and the other the Pacific Coast Steamship Co., fought the enterprise, not only in Seattle, where Capt. Healy purchased goods to the amount of a million dollars, but in Washington, New York, and even London, but with all that, he kept right on with the fight and at last succeeded in raising \$16,000,000 necessary to build the railway, thus affording an all-American inlet to American territory.  
"In looking around for a place to use as his base of supplies, as well as a point of steamship connection, Capt. Healy took into consideration Seattle, Whatcom, Tacoma and San Francisco. Preference was given to Seattle on account of old acquaintances, but failing to receive the encouragement he felt that the expenditure of \$250,000 on a semi-public enterprise entitled him to be accepted an invitation to confer with San Francisco merchants, where he is at present, while he will also look over the field at Tacoma. At the former place his proposition was received most favorably by business men who

promised every possible assistance. The latter place I will visit tomorrow, but cannot say what will be done until after his return here about February 1st."  
**YOUNG WOMEN**  
Leave Old England to Settle in Africa  
Special to the Daily Nugget.  
London, Jan. 31.—Sixty-five young women have left London for Johannesburg in connection with Lord Milner's scheme of emigration for women.

### Coal Drops

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
New York, Jan. 31.—The retail price of anthracite in New York has dropped to \$7.50.

There is a letter at the Nugget office for G. M. Fairhurst.

### What Happened Jones—Auditorium

### Clears Mystery

Tacoma, Jan. 3.—Speculation has been rife in Pacific coast marine circles during the past week as to the probable identity of the four-masted bark reported wrecked on the north shore of Tierra del Fuego. Captain McCrone, master of the British bark Mozambique now in port loading cargo of wheat, has given definite information concerning the wreck reported by the Alghistan.  
Captain McCrone himself saw this wreck of the Mozambique, he beat his way into fourteen fathoms of water and examined the wreck, but there was no sign of life aboard nor was he able to ascertain her name. When he reached his destination he reported the wreck and her position to his owners, who notified Lloyds. Ultimately an English gunboat, sent to make an investigation, discovered the name of the vessel and ascertained that the crew had been rescued. The description of the vessel given by Captain Craig tallied exactly with the one they had seen of the Alghistan in 1899.  
Neither Captain nor Mrs. McCrone recall now the name of the vessel. The wreck is not visible until closely approached. It is that of a four-

### Required by Court

Many interpreters were required by Police Judge Fritz to solve the disconnected jargon of Fabrice-Suwerow, charged with having lottery tickets in her possession. The old woman bawled many remarks at his honor, but being unable to understand them, he called in all the interpreters in the hall of justice. Dong Gong, the Chinese interpreter, was called first, but he only shook his head. Frenchmen, Italians, Spaniards, Germans were soon represented and the courtroom became a modern Babel. Judge Fritz had in terror and none of the interpreters was able to tell what the woman was talking about.

### Over the Ice

Fresh Butter Fresh Bacon  
Large shipment just received by whom—by Dunham, of course. You can always depend on his having the freshest and best groceries.

### Exciting Contest

The "Ad" contest of Smith's is creating a great deal of interest, and many are trying for the \$20 and the \$10 prizes. Send in your "ad." Anyone stands a chance to win, and it costs nothing to try. For particulars see Auditorium program, or call at Smith's store, King street.

### Where is Duxier?

Turner, Oregon, Jan. 5, 1903.  
Editor Klondike Nugget  
Dear Sir,—Please may I ask if there is one James I. Duxier in or about Dawson city. We received a letter dated August 1, 1902, saying he would start for home in September, and have heard nothing more from him. May I kindly ask you to make inquiry concerning him. Please let us know if he is around there or what you can about him, and oblige.  
SARAH R. DOZIER.  
Typewriters, letter press, blank books, etc., at Smith's.

### What Happened Jones—Auditorium

## COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED

### To Take Up the Vexed Question of the Alaska Boundary—Will be Empowered to Interpret Treaty of 1825 Between Great Britain and Russia.

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Washington, Jan. 31.—Secretary Hay removed a subject of diplomatic friction between the United States and Great Britain when he and Sir Michael Herbert, British ambassador, signed a treaty again submitting the irritating Alaskan boundary question to a joint commission for adjustment. It may or may not relate to Venezuelan matters, but negotiations

at this particular time are regarded as significant. The treaty provides that each government be represented by three commissioners. No provisions are made for a neutral umpire. The commission will determine the interpretation to be placed on the treaty of 1825, between Great Britain and Russia, which defined the boundary between British America and Alaska.

## EMPEROR WILLIAM

## EUROPEAN POWERS

### Said to be Admirer of Monroe Doctrine

### Are Preparing to Take Action

### Prospective Ambassador to Washington Defines Opinions of German Monarch.

### Will Force Turkey to Institute Reforms in Macedonia—Supplies Purchased.

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Berlin, Jan. 31.—Baron Steek von Sternberg, who expects to succeed Ambassador von Holleben at Washington, denies Germany's alleged ulterior designs in Venezuela, and asserts that the emperor admires and respects the Monroe Doctrine.

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
London, Jan. 31.—The European powers are preparing to take serious action to compel Turkey to institute reforms in Macedonia. Turkey and the Balkan states recently purchased supplies of war materials. There are reports of hasty mobilization of Austrian forces. Russian orders have been issued to officials to prepare for eventualities.

## CONVENES MARCH 5

## LIFE PRISONER

Ottawa, Jan. 31.—The Dominion parliament will convene on March 5. It is unofficially reported that Hon. J. H. Ross M.P. for Yukon, will receive the appointment of minister of mines.

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Chicago, Jan. 31.—Through errors in the indictment of John Dennison, of Chicago, who was convicted of murder twelve years ago and received a life sentence, the prisoner has been freed on a writ of habeas corpus proceedings. He is only 38 years of age.

## CASE DISMISSED

## STRIKE TROUBLES.

### Case Against Margot Benoit is Disposed Of.

### Causes Warlike Preparations in Netherlands

The case against Margot Benoit, keeper of a cigar store on Third ave. in the rear of the postoffice building, who was charged with carrying on a business without the necessary city license for the same and which was enlarged upon yesterday, was again brought up before Mr. Justice Macaulay this morning. It was shown that the woman had acted in perfect good faith, having paid into the city treasury \$12.50, the fee demanded and later securing from the license inspector an extension that she presumed was valid. After hearing the facts in the case his honor dismissed the charge, stating that it would not be right that she should suffer through the error, clerical or otherwise, of an official. The original license was shown to have never been good as Police Commissioner Macdonald, chairman of the license committee, had failed to sign it as required by the bylaw. The right of the license inspector to grant the extension given was also denied.

Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Amsterdam, Jan. 31.—Cavalry and marines have been sent to Amsterdam and the Dutch social workers is held in readiness at Nieuwediep in anticipation of strike troubles.

## CURLING TONIGHT

## Who Knows Walter B. Ross

### Great Game Between Two of the Crack Teams.

Baltimore, Jan. 6, 1903.  
Editor Nugget  
Dear Sir,—You will confer a great favor on us if you will be kind enough to let us know if you have seen or heard anything at all concerning Walter B. Ross of Baltimore. We heard from him two years ago this December last past. We answered the letter that we got from him, but we have not heard from him since. We thought that perhaps through your paper you might have heard something of him, and I trust that you have and that it is not asking too much of you to write us if you know anything at all concerning him. Your kindness will be appreciated very much by us all, and you will oblige his sister very much.  
MISS EFFIE S. ROSS,  
1141 N. Mount St.,  
Baltimore, Md.

There is an exciting curling match scheduled for this evening, between the famous team of Bob Moncrieff and that of T. D. Macfarlane. This is the first series of the bonspiel for the cup. Mr. Macfarlane's team is composed of G. D. McKenzie, Mr. Justice Macaulay and Mayor McLennan; Mr. Moncrieff's team of A. D. Cameron, J. P. McPherson and Joe Boyle.

After this the tie between the Bell and the Crisp teams will be played off. The Bell team is composed of J. L. Bell, Hamilton, Dr. McArthur, and Herbert Robertson; the Crisp of W. McKaye, A. G. Smith and Y. G. Hulse.

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\$50 To Whitehorse \$50

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE RELAY STAGES

No Night Travelling: Time 41 Days to Whitehorse

Stages Leave Tues., 9 a. m. Thurs., 1 p. m. Sat., 1 p. m.

Secure Seats Now

G. E. PULHAM, SUPERINTENDENT J. H. ROGERS, GEN. AGENT

Alaska Flyers

...Operated by the...

Alaska Steamship Company

Dolphin and Humboldt Leave Skagway Every Five Days.

FRANK E. BURNS, Supt. ELMER A. FRIEND, Skagway Agent

Burlington Route

No matter what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read Via the Burlington.

PUGET SOUND AGENT

M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN.

FOR SALE

Cheap for Cash

Five Horsepower Boiler and 4 Horsepower Engine

Apply - - - NUGGET OFFICE

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.

The Northwestern Line

Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect 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, Wn.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.

Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co.

Copper River and Cook's Inlet

YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.

FOR ALL PORTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport

OFFICES SHATTLE SAN FRANCISCO

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 12. (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher. SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$30.00. Monthly, by carrier in city, in advance 3.00. Single copies .25. Semi-Weekly. Yearly, in advance \$24.00. Six months 13.00. Three months 7.00. Monthly, by carrier in city, in advance 2.00. Single copies .25.

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation of 10,000 copies of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur.

\$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. SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1903.



AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium - What Happened to Jones.

ALASKA BOUNDARY.

A commission is shortly to be appointed for the purpose of determining the merits of the disagreement between the United States and British governments with respect to the Alaska boundary line. Three commissioners will be selected by each side, and the particular matter which will engage their attention is the interpretation of the treaty of 1825 which defined the boundary between Alaska and British North America.

In the interests both of the Yukon territory and Alaska it is most desirable that this long vexed question be settled at the earliest possible date. The question has long constituted a cause for irritating and unnecessary discussion between Canada and the United States, and in a measure has tended to weaken the mutual feeling of esteem which rightly and justly should exist between the two.

The main desideratum is a permanent settlement of the whole question. When that is accomplished and the agreement reached has been accepted and ratified by the respective governments, the Alaska boundary question will be taken out of the field of newspaper and political argument and will cease to be a bone of contention between the two countries.

In coming years there should be found a continually increasing spirit of goodwillship between Yukon and Alaska. Both territories are only now entering upon a realization of the possibilities before them. Each has before it a future, boundless in prospects and only marvelous in point of results already accomplished.

Events in the future will move with a rush. Railroad construction will be pushed forward, trails and wagon roads will be opened up, new districts will be developed and regions which have lingered centuries in primeval quietude, will begin to throb with the pulsations of invading civilization. The great north is awakening from its slumber, shaking off its lassitude and is preparing to enter the world's arena as a competitor in the race for supremacy.

In the interest of this territory and Alaska alike it is of the utmost importance that their respective federal governments shall have no points in respect to which they are at variance.

Each will be able to extend a helping hand to the other in many a time

of need, and both will profit by close and friendly relationship.

It is satisfactory, therefore, to note that the vexed boundary question is at length to be approached in a manner that bespeaks a final settlement. In the interests of all concerned the matter should be adjusted rightly and for all time.

PATRONIZE THE THEATRE.

The Nugget notes with keen regret the fact that greater appreciation has not been shown for the efforts of Mr. Bittner to provide the city of Dawson with clean, legitimate entertainment.

Mr. Bittner, has labored long and arduously to elevate the standard of the local stage and to furnish a class of amusement for the people of this city which could be enjoyed alike by men, ladies and children.

The public, however, has not exhibited an appreciative feeling for what Mr. Bittner has done, and it might seem to be a proper conclusion that legitimate entertainment is not as popular as the vaudeville performances formerly given in local playhouses.

The Nugget does not believe this conclusion is correct, but nevertheless the fact remains that the Auditorium is not given a tithe of the patronage to which it is entitled.

We have no hesitation in thus referring to the matter because we believe that a good theatre is an essential in any live community and we should feel disposed to regard the permanent closing of the Auditorium as a public calamity.

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The public has responded very generously and satisfactorily to the Nugget's announcement of a reduction in subscription price. While the Nugget already covered the local field pretty thoroughly at the old rate of subscription, a sufficient number of new names is being added to compensate in aggregate revenue for the loss involved in the cut. The Nugget is now within the reach of rich and poor alike—a popular, newsy paper sold at popular rates. No one can afford any longer to be without the Nugget.

He Wants to Know

By Letta Grcs. He wants to know why wood should float. Why lead and marbles sink. He wants to know why people walk. And why we eat and drink. He wants to know why bees should sting. And why we holler, oh! He wants to know what makes the steam. That makes the engines go.

Religious Services

Methodist Church—The pastor will preach tomorrow morning on the subject, "Christian Courage." The usual monthly musical service will be held in the evening. "Anthem, 'Seek Ye the Lord,' Roberts, tenor solo and obligato by Mr. McLeod; quartette, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Mullen, Mr. Finnie and Mr. H. Povah; solo, 'Shepherd of Souls,' (from The Sign of the Cross) Edward Jones, by Mrs. Edythe Walker; duet, 'Tarry With us,' Nicolai, Mrs. Mullen and Mr. McLeod; solo, 'The Palms,' Faure, Mr. O. S. Finnie. The pastor will preach on the subject, 'Music in the Heart.'

Good Table Linens

Here is a chance for the prudent housewife to get in her table linens at very low figures. Table cloths singly or by the yard, of the best grades of pure linen, plain or figured, with or without borders. Napkins, all sizes. Special sale for one week.

J. P. McLENNAN

233 FRONT ST Phone 161-B Agent for Standard Patterns.

FOR SALE—Very cheap, interest in creek claim No. 143 below lower on Dominion. Inquire E. C. Stahl, this office.

Coronto's Oldest Newspaper

The Old Editor and the New, and Some Reminiscences of the Christian Guardians Past History.

Continuous publication from as early a date as 1829 can be the boast of but few newspapers in Upper Canada, and but one in the city of Toronto. This one is The Christian Guardian, of whom for so many years Egerton Ryerson was so well known all over the Dominion as its able editor. Three or four Sundays ago its new editor, Rev. G. J. Bond, reached his first sermon in Toronto, in the Central Methodist church, and the Globe said of the gentleman: "He is an eloquent and forceful speaker, thoroughly in earnest and his utterances carry conviction. He is possessed of a splendid voice, full and resonating, and pleasant to the ear." That is what is said of him as a preacher. As an editor he has yet to be criticised from the high standpoint of excellence which was shown by his predecessor.

The Christian Guardian—now almost entirely devoted to matters of a religious nature, was, in its early days, reckoned as one of the newspapers of the day. While maintaining all the attributes of a religious publication, it yet devoted a great portion of its space to describing the events going on in the world about it, and in its editorial columns, political and general subjects received considerable attention.

It is not, however, intended just here to describe the career of this historic publication, or to refer to the men who have been at its head

down through its years of existence. Rather is it the intention to take as text a copy of the issue for November 12, 1834, its 261st number, and to derive from an examination of it as much interesting material as possible about early journalism in Ontario.

This first number of the sixth volume possessed several features which are invaluable to a present-day investigator. In the first place, the title's name appears in a prominent position at the head of the paper. At this time, and, in fact, ever since The Guardian's foundation, Egerton Ryerson was editor, though he shortly afterwards withdrew from the management of the paper. Again, at the top of the first column appear some details about the publication of The Guardian—all decidedly useful. There it is learned that the paper was issued every Wednesday, from its office in Toronto, street, west of the jail. Then follow directions about terms and agents and the information that "the proceeds of this paper will be applied to the support of superannuated or worn-out preachers of the Wesleyan Methodist church in British North America and of widows and orphans of those who have died in the work; and the general spread of the gospel." At the very end of the paper the printer's name, J. H. Lawler, is inscribed. For all these useful details, trivial though they might have appeared at the time, the present generation should be grateful.

The Guardian of 1834 consisted of four pages of five columns each, on which the only advertising that appeared was of the condensed variety. There was very little display type used, and the whole sheet presented a neat, clean appearance. On the front page, articles of a religious nature, chiefly copied from other publications, were largely in evidence. Religious and missionary articles—occupied about half the second page, and then began the editorial section, which was continued on to the third page. The remainder of the reading matter on the third page comprised the latest foreign and domestic news, carefully divided up into countries. The last folio contained three departments designated, respectively, "the ministers," "youths," and education department. In fact, methodical arrangement was the keynote of The Christian Guardian.

Of the reading matter, little need be said. The paucity of local news



EDGERTON RYERSON, First Editor of the First Newspaper Published in Toronto.

is set down as follows: "To be sold by the press, type and printing materials of The (Toronto) Advocate, office, consisting of an iron-Imperia, press, a small job press, a large and powerful standing press, very many fonts of type in the order, and of all the requisite sizes for books, jobs and newspapers; a great variety of cuts, ornaments, borders, chases, cases, dashes, leads, fractions, rules, frames, galleys, troughs, furniture, composing sticks, card plates, leaders, and every other requisite for an extensive job and news office. The whole establishment was carefully selected by the proprietor, cost about £750, has been well taken care of, and will be sold for less than half the purchase money. Credit will be given if required. Apply to Wm. L. Mackenzie, Toronto, 3rd November, 1834."

As was remarked earlier in this article, the editorial column was much more personal than it is today. From the preceding number of The Guardian a characteristic paragraph, from the pen of Egerton Ryerson may be gleaned: "This number," he writes, "completes the fifth volume of The Guardian. The management of the present time, with the exception of one Conference year, has been placed in our hands. This has taken place contrary to our expressed wish at the time of appointment, except in one great public principle, and the conviction of imperative duty to the public, the church and ourselves that induced us at the late conference against our private inclinations, to continue in our present office another year."

So much for the old paper of 1834. Its value did not die with the day on which it first saw the light, but its columns are still able to bestow valuable light on an important part. The press of today may have come to be considered as ephemeral, but in only one sense is this true. When regarded as a storehouse for current history nothing could be less ephemeral.

The chauffeur is peculiar in many of his ways. He goes a mile a minute—Returns in thirty days. —New York Sun.

Send a copy of the Nugget's Christmas edition to your outside friends.

BOBBY'S MEMORY

Kept Beautifully Green Last Night.

The A. B. and St. Andrew's Ball

the Most Swagger Ever Held in Dawson.

"It was a great night."

Today are but memories where yesterday was full of sweet anticipations, fond hopes and happy dreams. That which has been looked forward to with such eagerness has come and gone, the last note has died away in the distance, the pipes has put up his wraps and a cheery good night soon of all those who a few hours previous made a picture beautiful to behold and kaleidoscopic in its colorings, not one was left save the caretaker, and he muttered to himself—being the puffs of his short, stubby pipe, "It was a great night." Not given much to sentiment he viewed with calm disdain and as so much rubbish the visible remains of the evening. There is a bit of lace that once adorned my lady's gown, a badly crumpled program in which brave young men scribbled their hieroglyphics—a Toss, and pity it is that the counterfeiter has been made so clever that one may be pardoned for seeking the odor it never knew. Only a rose yet for hours it had found a nesting place on the pretty head of her whose eyes had ensnared willing captives by the score. And there it lay on the floor crushed and trampled upon, its petals looking as though it had played the little role in that little comedy of "The Loves me, he loves me not." But all grief that comes to the caretaker's broom and as he swept up the offerings placed so short time before at the shrine of beauty, the frayed souvenir from the damkest of lingeries and the dullest of chronicles of favors bestowed he gave little heed to the delicious form one may have compassed, the sweet-nothings that may have been o'er heard by another and the quickening pulsations of a tender heart left by still another when HE came and carried her away in a voluptuous walk. In future years the remembrance of the ball given in honor of Bobby Burns on Friday evening, January 30, 1903, will ever be a bright, ineffable spot in memory's tablet.

"It was a great night."

Never before in Dawson's history has a ball been given which attained such unparalleled success as that last night under the auspices of the A. B. and St. Andrew's society. Never before has the commodious ball room of the A. B. been so prettily and so elaborately decorated and never before have the society matrons looked so well as they did on that evening. The young buds, the debutantes, sweeter. Nothing was lacking, nothing had been overlooked and the result could not have been otherwise than the transcendent perfection. The handsome ladies, the manliest men and the swaggiest gowns ever on parade were there as a view from the gallery or the stage presented as pretty a picture as any on the Pacific coast could boast. The dances of St. Andrew's society in the past have long been held up as a criterion for others, to follow, but a new mark has been made a new pattern cut out, and it will be many moons before the success of last night is excelled.

About the decorations, Mr. Turnbull Townsend with a wealth of building, draperies and flags of all kind and descriptions at his disposal made he hall resemble a fairy hower. Long lines of pennants were strung from each corner to the centre of the room, suspended directly over the arched light, while surrounding three sides of the gallery were flags draped in the most tasteful profusion, giving the spectators a sort of semi-obscurity and affording quiet little nooks which harmless flirtations might be indulged in safe from the keen eyes of the ubiquitous chaperon. Beneath the gallery and strewn entirely around the hall was a wide width of bunting, harmonizing perfectly with the general tone color of the decorations. The orchestra had a position on the stage, which had a chamber setting, the players being partially hidden behind potted palms. A number of the electric lights were fitted with colored globes and one entering for the first time stood entranced at the beautiful view that greeted one's vision. No add to the effectiveness of the scene, several numbers were danced under a calcium supplied with colored plates, the lights in the room being turned off. It was a new innovation and had a very pretty effect.

About the collation. It is unfortunate that sufficient room could not be had so that all could have gone to supper at the same time, but that was no fault of the caterer. Bruce was at his best and he never led a fatter lot of dancers or ones who appreciated his efforts to a greater extent. Though the tables set sixty-five, three sittings were necessary to accommodate all the guests and during that time the orchestra worked hard.

Johnnie McCraw was a bit of a character in a country village in the north of Scotland. He lived in the chalet of the villagers, but sometimes found it particularly hard to do so.

One day, when the springs of his pathy seemed to have dried up, "Johnnie" made his way to the house of the local doctor and said: "I've come to get a my back taken out, doctor."

"Dear me," said the medical man, "What's wrong with you?" "Oh, they're a right, but I've no use for them; I've nothing to eat."

"Yes," said the doctor, who set the joke, "Here's a sipper for you to get a loaf."—Pearson's Magazine.

Best hot drinks in town—The Sideboard.

CRUISE OF THE STAR OF PEACE, WITH THE DEVIL UNDER THE FORE HATCH.

A good many years ago the Star of Peace, of which ship I was captain, was taking on wool at Freemantle, Australia. This was a staggerer for officers and men. Think of being shut up in a prison where ten paces was as far as you could run, when the devil was after you! We were like nervous children in the dark, catching a glimpse of death grinning over our shoulders every time we glanced back in the storms that raged continuously about our ship. Think of driving through a sea of icebergs and not one of the crew daring to stand a watch! Every man looked at his mate with suspicion, yet no man durst stay alone. A horror sailed with us day and night. We needed little to make us stark mad, and the little came. One snow squall, the mate ordered all hands aft to haul on the main brace. The wind was howling and the sails boomed like artillery. "One hand, there! Lay forward and get a square block from the fo'castle head!" roared the mate. Hansen, a big Swede, clumped down the ladder to the waist of the ship and went forward. After going a few slow steps he drew back. "The galoot's scared, by gum!" bellowed the mate. "Go nurse the blessed baby, Mike! He'll never go alone." A grizzled Irishman let go the rope and started forward reluctantly. Seeing a companion coming, the Swede went on. The darkness swallowed them both for a moment. Then a cry came hoarse and gurgling. Down in my cabin I heard it above the shrieks of the storm, and came up the companionway in a jump. Out of the dark old Mike plunged. Close behind him a huge, hairy shape clutched at him. To me it looked like the gorillas I had seen on the coast of Africa. I had seen one cruising for gold dust and ivory. The monster came after Mike almost to the ladder. Then it slunk back into the dark. You could hear no sound of its feet. The mate said the thing floated on air. Some of them saw bat-like wings on it. The crew screamed like frightened gulls and swarmed up the icy rigging. Mike fell in a sort of a fit, and I couldn't get a word out of him for a couple of days. The crew disregarded my orders to lay down from aloft. Harcourt came up just then, and we told him about what we had seen. The men yelled down added details from the yards. Not one of them doubted that it was the devil. To tell the truth, I thought they had it logged about right. But Harcourt thought of it only as something to hunt. The lad was full of pluck. The mates, Harcourt, and I got harpoons, capstan bars and knives. Then we crept forward. I felt my hair rising on my scalp. Harcourt was in the lead. That fellow sailed closer to gritan than any man I ever had in my cabin before, or in my forecabin either. "Poor chap!" I heard him mutter, flashing a lantern over something stretched on the deck. It was the big Swede. The poor fellow must have been like a baby in the grasp of that devil. "Let's wait till it gets light," said Harcourt gravely. When day broke we made a thorough search of the decks, but found nothing. Harcourt asked me if there were any sea monsters in these latitudes that might come over the rail. The crew said flatly that it was the devil. They believed the fiend would come aboard night after night till the last one of us had been torn to pieces. We examined every hatch and found them all securely fastened. Whatever the monster was, it had left the ship. But I could not make the men believe this. To tell the truth, I was not sure of it myself. It was the passenger who put us on the right track at last. He had been examining the forward scuttle very carefully, trying it this way and that. Suddenly he jumped up with a shout. "Say, cap'n," he yelled, "this scuttle is fastened on the inside only!" Whatever had done the killing had come out of the hold through the forward scuttle on forays for food and water. His cunning made it probable that it was a man, its immense size and ferocity made it seem a beast. The sailors still stuck to the idea that it was a devil. How we rounded the Horn with that crew I don't know to this day. "If I had a gun," said Harcourt, "I'd go down and find out what is there. But seeing the cap'n of this craft is such an idiot and hasn't anything that shoots, I'll lay for the devil." So we put a watch on the scuttle and sharpened our knives. Harcourt was on watch just before daylight of the second night when he heard the scuttle begin to grate as if it was cautiously slid back. He was armed with a harpoon and carried a dark lantern. All night long he had watched patiently, like an Eskimo at the blow hole of a seal. He flashed the dark lantern over the rail so no gleam was visible, and waited with poised harpoon. At last the noise ceased. Harcourt whipped his lantern around and flashed it on the hatch. In the glare he saw a hideous, hairy face. Its eyes were red with ferocity. Its lips snarled back over yellow fangs. For a second only the hunter stared. Then yelled and drove the spear down from his vantage height on the fo'castle head. The harpoon struck quivering in the coamings of the hatch. The scuttle closed with a bang. "Missed him!" yelled Harcourt. "Next time I'll have something better than this; whatever he may be. No, cap'n, I'm not saying what it is; but it looked like a gorilla. He's a nasty customer any way." The hunter in my passenger was now thoroughly aroused. He bribed the carpenter to help him with a new scheme. The more he could make the men work the better I liked it. Two of them were cleaner daft. They all slept on the quarter deck at night though they went into the fo'castle house when on watch in the day. My authority was pretty near at an end. They said it was old Horny himself, and that Harcourt's harpoon had gone straight through him. "You're wrong," snapped Harcourt. "I missed him, darn it!" It was out of a five foot ash boat stretcher that the carpenter and Harcourt fashioned a bow. They made three arrows, long and straight, and tipped with iron. His weapon finished, my sporting passenger set to work rigging a trap with which he meant to catch the monster. He bent a tackle to the scuttle, and arranged it so that by pulling a rope carried through a snatch block and reeved behind a corner of the deck house a man on guard could slam the scuttle and hold it shut. "The monster in the hold was either desperate with hunger or he was mad beyond all caution. It was hardly dusk when he slid back the scuttle and peered out. Old Mike, in ambush behind the deck house, saw the ugly head and trembled, but he stuck to his hold on the rope. Stealthily the monster crept out of the hold and slunk behind the forecastle. Then Mike tugged hard at the tackle and gave a quavering yell. The scuttle closed with a bang, the crew tumbled out of the fo'castle, and the officers piled forward. When he heard Mike sing out, the monster made a dash for him, but the shorts of the crew scared him, and he ran noiselessly back to the scuttle. He found the hatch closed. Roaring like a mad bull, he leaped up the steps and stood at bay on the forecastle head. He growled and yelled and brandished a long knife. He was a man of enormous build. He had arms knotted with lumps of muscle. His face was the most horrible I have ever seen. Arms, chest, and face were covered with curly black hair. He was naked to the waist and wore trousers marked with the broad arrow of the Australian convict. So ferocious was he in his rage that he seemed more like a huge ape than a man. The sailors huddled below him in the waist of the ship, cursed back at him, and flourished their knives. But as soon as I made sure that the creature was only a man I started up the steps with a harpoon. He gave a howl of defiance, wrenched off the round cap of a capstan, and lifted it high above his head. That chunk of iron weighed three hundred pounds, but he poised it like a bit of wood. I threw up an arm instinctively, more to shut out the sight of that horrible face than for any protection it might afford. The convict let out a last yell before driving that mass of iron at me, and woke up Harcourt, who had been snoring on the sail aft. He took everything in at a flash; he jumped off the quarter deck and came flying down the waist, fitting an arrow to his bow as he ran. He gave a shout of satisfaction as he saw that mighty figure raging against the sky. The convict roared back at him and hurled the capstan top far over my head at Harcourt. He dodged it lightly. Then he stopped, drew the bowstring to his ear, and sent an arrow singing into that hairy chest. The convict wobbled at the knees and lurched forward into the crew. They were on him like a pack of hounds, jabbing with their knives and cursing. "I fancy that's my meat," said Harcourt, with much satisfaction. Indeed, the arrow stuck out a foot between the dead man's shoulders. "That isn't the first crack I've had at him, either," added Harcourt. "He's the brute I knocked over the side at Freemantle. He knew me, too, when I came running up. That's why he didn't kill you, cap'n." We pitched the body overboard without any ceremony, and served grog for the next six watches. Our nerves needed a bit of stiffening. But it was a nervous crew, and was never good for much, so we didn't strike the Thames till the owners had about given us up. My excuse was: "How can a man make a good run when the devil is under the fore hatch!" Some folks declare w7 geniuses are cold toward one another. But here and now I'll show the world that I'll defend a brother Against the slanders of the foes that offer to demean us, The very same as if there were no rivalry between us. Now, there are those who do not like our Shakespeare, so 'tis said. Because, by will, he left his wife his "second best bed." But when he made his will, no doubt 'twas easy to perceive it. He occupied his best bed was then too sick to leave it.

DISPUTES OF NATIONS

Tendency Shown in Venezuelan Trouble

Arbitration Clearly a Milestone in the Progress of Human Civilization.

The reference of the dispute between the Republic of Venezuela on the one hand and several of the great powers of Europe on the other to the Hague tribunal for arbitration is another clearly-defined milestone in the progress of human civilization. It proves the increasing determination of the states of western Europe to avoid hostilities wherever it may be found practicable to do so, not merely with each other, but with smaller states wherever they are found. The tendency of which this incident is symptomatic will give genuine satisfaction to every humane observer of current events. It indicates the near approach of a time when wars will be less numerous, and of a time more remote when they will altogether cease. How much that may signify for the betterment of social conditions it is impossible to estimate, but it signifies all the more from the fact that the great powers of the world—the United States now included—impose heavy fiscal burdens on their citizens for the purpose of keeping up gigantic armaments by sea and land even in times of profound peace. The substitution of international law for war as a means of deciding disputes between nations is analogous to the substitution of positive law for private warfare as a means of settling disputes between individuals. Under the feudal system, which during the middle ages was the political and legal organization of all western and central Europe, each vassal of a reigning monarch had a customary and lawful right to seek redress by force of arms or to defend himself against spoliation; but for many generations disputes between lords, like those between commoners, have been dealt with by courts of law. In like manner, but by voluntary disuse of the right to make war on each other, the sovereign nations of the world have for a century past been settling by diplomacy and arbitration conflicts of interest which would at one time have been conflicts of armed forces. How far and how fast this growing

DOMINION'S THREE FIRES

Not Much Damage But Lots of Anxiety

Dr. Bell Has an Explosion, Burns His Hands and Sings His Eyebrows.

Dr. Bell had just discharged the cook when strange noises arrested his attention. "Eureka!" he cried, "the very thing I'll found a new school of music." Hastily scoring the effect of crashing pots, smashing china and breaking furniture, he forthwith became famous.—New York Sun. Dominion, Jan. 29.—This evening the fire fiend gave Dr. Bell a furious visit of a few minutes' duration—a sort of "touch and go"—leaving the doctor with a severely burned hand, singed eyebrows and hair, and a "burnt offering" instead of a laboratory. The fire was caused by too much air pressure from a foot bellows into a gasoline reservoir which had just been filled with gasoline, causing the gasoline to overflow into a blowpipe then in use. The gasoline fell in a fine spray of flame all over the laboratory bench and onto the floor, setting up a large blaze around the gasoline tank. The doctor stayed with it until he had smashed a window and threw the tank and bellows out of doors before the explosion was due. The gasoline having just been brought from out of doors, did not get warmed up enough to explode before it was launched into a smokeshed. Dr. Bell got his left hand covered with melted rubber from the bellows and gasoline from the tank and would have suffered more but for the timely "sousing" of a pail of water by Sandy Miller upon the blazing hands. The fire lasted about two minutes from start to finish, but in that time \$200 worth of damage was done to the laboratory and contents. The Caribou hotel set its fire brigade instantly with full buckets of water, but only two pailfuls were used, as snow was dashed in and smothered the fire instead. The Acme grocery with its chemical extinguisher, Naiter's restaurant, Pierce Bros. (Griffith, Miller, Spencer, Roberts and others) were there with intelligence and activity, and not only saved the drug store and residence but the mining inspector's office, Mr. Tim's cabin, Pierce Bros' jewelry store, Keel Bros' shop and Max Lang's cabin as well, as these places are in very close proximity. This didn't seem to be enough of a hot time, for the next morning on 19 below upper the ghost of the Williams roadhouse fire lit on the roof of Kniffin's cabin and proceeded to devour that, unheeding the man who

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