

TERRITORIAL ELECTION NOW

Another Battle as the Smoke of the Municipal Campaign Blows Away—Present Situation of the Yukon Campaign and the Candidates.

Now that the municipal election is concluded, and so satisfactorily to all concerned, public attention at once turns to the election for members of the territorial council.

This may arise from the fact that already people have made up their minds as to the candidates.

The next to come out as a candidate was George Vernon, and immediately after him C. W. C. Tabor, the barrister.

The representatives of another candidate were present at this meeting, those of George K. Gilbert, who before this had received the unanimous endorsement of the trades and labor convention.

There remains, therefore, three strong candidates in the field, all of whom have a large following.

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MRS. SMYTHE'S DANCING ACADEMY

Adults—Tuesday and Friday evenings. Special inducements to ladies.

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liable lawyer representing the city is therefore to be ardently desired.

But the great majority of the miners believe in constitutional conventions and in abiding by their rulings.

At Whitehorse there are three candidates in the field, but Bob Lowe is an old timer well and favorably known all over this country.

STEAMER MOVEMENTS

Heavy Storms Cause Their Delay.

Terrible Cold Weather and Storms Reported at Juneau From Valdes.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Skagway, Jan. 6.—Steamer Dirigo, with two passengers for Dawson, got in night before last.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Paris, Jan. 3.—The New Year receptions were marked by an expression of President Loubet, in which he said France commenced the new year with an appreciation of the feelings of human brotherhood.

Playing at Juneau

Skagway, Jan. 6.—All Layne and Daisy D'Avaza of Dawson are now giving weekly performances at Juneau and Douglas island and are said to be meeting with success.

Charged With Murder

Special to the Daily Nugget. Syracuse, N. Y., Jan. 3.—Mrs. Maud Kiehl and her mother have been arrested at Syracuse, charged with the murder of William Kiehl by arsenical poisoning.

Newfoundland Treaty

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, D. C., Jan. 2.—The French shore modus vivendi is renewed for a year, pending the consideration of the Bond-Hay treaty.

Mine Explosion

Special to the Daily Nugget. Bachmut, Russia, Jan. 2.—Fifty-eight miners were killed here today by an explosion of fire damp.

Meeting Tonight

A meeting of the supporters of C. W. C. Tabor is called for tonight at the rooms recently occupied by the McLennan committee.

Morris and Walton—Auditorium.



MORE MEDICINE.

GRAND MARCH OF VICTORS

Great Rally at the Residence of Mayor-Elect McLennan—Shouts of Victory and Short Speeches—Aldermen-Elect Serenaded With the Horns of Jericho—Red Fire at Nugget Office—Official Figures of the Returning Officer—Dr. Edwards Gets the Casting Vote—A Close Election.

The city seemed to be mysteriously quiet this morning after the awful din of last night, and it seemed strange to see men going about their business as customary so soon after such an exciting day as yesterday.

James Grant said he was the oldest voter of the whole lot and he believed that he esteemed it a very great honor, and that in return he had no hesitation in pledging himself to use his utmost endeavors, as far as ways have, for the best interests of the city.

Mr. McLennan, at which there were immense cheers. Then Jack made his little speech, and included in the toast the family of the mayor, saying that in a short time he would have "seven more of a majority."

Among the speakers then called for loudly was Jack McLagan, who said a government man was not allowed to speak, but presently his exuberance got the better of his prudence and he called for a toast to Mrs.

owe this honor entirely to you and believe me that I esteem it a very great honor, and that in return I have no hesitation in pledging myself to use my utmost endeavors, as far as ways have, for the best interests of the city.

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ORGANIZATION MEETING.

All the friends and supporters of Dr. Thompson as a candidate for the Yukon Council are requested to meet tonight at 8 o'clock at the committee rooms.

BY ORDER COMMITTEE.

EDWARD LA BELLE TO HANG

Application for a Reserved Case Is Refused by Mr. Justice Craig—Counsel Will Endeavor to Secure a Stay of Execution From Ottawa.

Mr. Justice Craig has overruled the application made yesterday by the counsel for Edward La Belle for a reserved case in order that the minister of justice might again review the trial of the condemned murderer.

The defense asks a reserved case for the opinion of the court of appeal on the following matters:

1. That the trial should have been postponed to give the accused further time to prepare his defense and secure witnesses.

2. That the admission of the alleged confession of the prisoner was wrong, the same having been extorted by the police authorities and those acting under their direction and was not voluntary, and that the same ought not to have been admitted.

3. That evidence was erroneously admitted of answers made by the prisoner to questions of a constable and his assistants after and while the prisoner was in custody.

4. That statements made by the prisoner were induced by false representations on the part of constables in charge of said prisoner and by other inducements and were therefore inadmissible.

5. That one Fournier was wrongfully placed in a position to intimidate the accused on his trial at the time he was giving evidence at said trial.

6. That the evidence at the trial was not interpreted or translated into the French language as the trial proceeded as it should have been.

7. On the ground of surprise and advantage taken by the constable and authorities in charge of prisoner in secreting his communications to his relatives, and misleading him in

to the belief that the same had been forwarded as promised.

8. That the learned judge who presided at the trial misdirected the jury as to the law relating to the effect of circumstantial evidence, and omitted to state the law fully when requested by the jury and by the defense.

9. On other grounds appearing on the evidence taken at the trial and raised as the trial proceeded.

The application is dated January 5 and is signed by N. F. Hugel and Auguste Noel, counsel for the defendant.

Mr. Justice Craig had not intended to hand down his decision until today but last night Mr. Noel asked for the same in order if it were unfavorable to the application he would have an opportunity of getting off a communication to the minister of justice the same evening, in consequence of which his lordship rendered his decision at once and which is as follows:

"Counsel for the prisoner have today asked for a reserved case for the opinion of the court of appeal on several grounds. In answer to the first ground of appeal, that the trial should have been postponed to give the accused further time to prepare his defense and secure witnesses, I have to say that no application was made for a postponement to secure witnesses, or no proper application. It was suggested by counsel for the prisoner that he would require time, but a certain time was given to him which he did not avail himself of, and no material whatever was filed on any such application. In answer to the grounds two, three and four, my ruling appears in the notes taken at the trial. As to ground 5, Fournier was not placed in a position to intimidate the accused, but at the request of prisoner's counsel, and the crown consenting, the said Fournier was brought into court and remained in court during the trial for the purposes of the accused's defense. As to ground six, no request was made for a translation of the evidence, and all witnesses giving evidence in the French language were interpreted. As to ground seven, my ruling already appears in the notes taken at the trial. As to grounds eight and nine, the same answer applies. And upon the whole application I refuse to state a reserved case for the opinion of the court of appeal."

RAILROAD DISASTER

Worst in the History of the Dominion

Wreck on Grand Trunk Results in Twenty Fatalities and One Hundred Injured.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, Ont., Jan. 5.—The worst train wreck in the history of Canadian railroading occurred near here today on the Grand Trunk railway.

JEFFRIES' KNOCK-OUT

Whines That He Was Not Trained When Against Monroe.

Christmas Weather East

Chicago, Dec. 25.—Weather reports show heavy fall of snow in eastern and western states. Thermometer ranging down.

"The Parish and the Priest in the Country God Fergot," at Landahl's circulating and exchange library.

FOR A RE-COUNT

Late this afternoon Attorney Aikman, on behalf of D. V. Davis, filed an application with the returning officer for a re-count of the votes for the mayoralty.

SHARKEY AGAIN.

Offers to Meet Either Jeffries or Fitzsimmons.

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, Dec. 26.—Sharkey has since the Jeffries knockout issued a challenge to fight either Jeffries or Fitzsimmons.

He Was a Biter

Eugene Barnard got mixed up in some sort of a jargon behind the Ottawa early this morning in which it is said he used his teeth to anough advantage as he did his fists. He was arrested under the charge of drunk and disorderly, the facts of the biting not being known to the crown at the time the information was laid. Another may be filed subsequently containing a more serious charge. Barnard pleaded guilty to being drunk and disorderly and was sentenced 12 and costs or ten days at hard labor.

Number Stamps

Set of rubber type with holders with which you can make your own rubber stamps. They are very handy for politicians, business houses, etc. Sold by Smith, King street, Portland building.

They Call That Cold

Special to the Daily Nugget. Kansas City, Dec. 26.—Frost storms for years prevailing. Thermometer down below zero.

Will care for one or two good dogs for their use during the balance of the winter. Apply Nugget office.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

Vertical text on the left margin: 1903, during, below, view, y, rm, nd street, extending, eventually, the city, of the, led by, not to, line and, incoming, lary not, \$1,000, sufficient, strictness, the ad, vances and, penditures, of re, bring the, rally asking, the on public, has been, and the, debt and, stings, ed take, to carry, discharge, be best, ADAIR, joke, rough, making, serious, food, day, chance, office, at in the, andahl's, rary, torium, S, od Im, Overco, could get, you must, Tailor, E, NEEDED, OS, Advocate, Bidg, RELL, Ave., weeks, Directed, inter-, L.E., S



\$50 To Whitehorse \$50

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE RELAY STAGES

No Night Travelling. Time 41 Days to Whitehorse

Stages Leave Tuesday, Jan. 6, and Thursday, Jan. 8, 1 p. m.

Secure Seats Now

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Alaska Steamship Company

Dolphin and Humboldt Leave Skagway Every Five Days.

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Five Horsepower Boiler and 4 Horsepower Engine

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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.

\$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.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 6, 1903.



AMUSEMENTS. Auditorium—High class vaudeville.

For Members Yukon Council.

DISTRICT NO. 1. Dr. ALFRED THOMPSON C. W. C. TABOR

DISTRICT NO. 2. ARTHUR WILSON, M. G. B. HENDERSON.

THOMPSON AND TABOR.

The Nugget today adds to its list of candidates for the Yukon council the name of Mr. C. W. C. Tabor.

Of the various candidates now before the electors of the Dawson district, with the exception of Dr. Alfred Thompson, who has already received the endorsement of this paper, we regard Mr. Tabor as best qualified to perform the duties of councilman. He is an old timer in the country, is familiar with all its interests and is a man of sufficient breadth of mind and strength of purpose to place public demands ahead of private considerations.

It will be remembered that by common consent of all interested, party lines have been dropped in the campaign for the Yukon council. Everyone seems agreed that a strong and concerted effort should be made to select the best men, irrespective of their party affiliations and with this view the Nugget is in perfect accord. The merits of the various candidates have been sifted by this paper as thoroughly as is possible under the circumstances, and we have been brought irrevocably to the conclusion that Messrs. Thompson and Tabor are the best men in the field. It will, therefore, be the aim of the Nugget to contribute in every legitimate manner to the election of the two gentlemen named, in the belief that they are best calculated to serve the interests of a majority of the community.

YESTERDAY'S ELECTION. The election of R. P. McLennan to the mayoralty chair demonstrates again that the taxpayers of Dawson are desirous of having their affairs entrusted to the keeping of safe and conservative men.

Mr. McLennan was essentially the representative of the substantial, law abiding interests of the community.

Ladies' Underwear

I have just received a full assortment of Health Underwear in black and natural wool—all sizes. Ladies' and Children's Felt Shoes.

J. P. McLENNAN... 253 FRONT ST Phone 101-B Agent for Standard Patterns.

ity and his success is attributable very largely to the fact that the electors who wish to see the town properly governed came forward spontaneously to his support. It was by no means an easy victory, and the change of a very small number of votes might easily have brought about a different result. However, all is well that ends well and Mr. McLennan is as strongly entrenched in the confidence of the people as though his majority had been 200.

The showing made by Mr. D. W. Davis was remarkable and served to indicate that the old time customs man is still a popular figure in Dawson. The contest between Mr. Davis and Mr. McLennan was perfectly friendly as was also the case with respect to Mr. Adair. Mr. McLennan was second choice with most of the supporters both of Mr. Davis and Mr. Adair and many of them have stated that the result is quite satisfactory to them.

With regard to Jefferson Davison the same can not be said. Mr. Davison showed plainly his willingness to stoop to any means, however contemptible, in order to effect Mr. McLennan's defeat. The circular issued early yesterday morning indicated plainly the animus behind the candidacy of Davison and a very fitting rebuke was administered to that worthy by placing him at the bottom of the list.

Mr. Davison's ignominious defeat shows very plainly that the people of Dawson will not tolerate anything in the nature of crooked politics. Concerning the part in the election taken by this paper, we have merely to say that the Nugget has followed what seemed to be the line of duty. In so doing success has been achieved, which fact speaks most eloquently in its own behalf.

Some word should be spoken for the unceasing and faithful work performed by the members of Mr. McLennan's committee in his behalf. Hard work and persistent work was performed by each and every one of them up to the minute the poll closed and it is a pleasure to the Nugget to acknowledge the services rendered by them.

We think that the citizens of Dawson may well congratulate themselves upon the outcome of the second municipal campaign in the history of the town.

An indication of the influence exerted by the News in the municipal

election will be found in the vote cast respectively for Messrs. McKinnon and Greene. The first named gentleman who was thrown down so badly by the News polled 185 votes, lacking only 20 to have been elected. Mr. Greene who was substituted for Mr. McKinnon by the News secured 86 votes, less than half the number cast for Mr. McKinnon. Had the News let go of McKinnon a day earlier he would have been elected.

All during the mayoralty campaign the News candidate was labelled in that paper "Joseph H. Davison." Our contemporary very evidently is of the impression that a man who is an "unworthy instrument" must of necessity be called Joe.

It affords the Nugget much satisfaction to be able to announce the fact that Mr. Davison also ran.

We were about to make a remark concerning the Sun, but really it isn't worth while.

To Bag Some Turkeys.

Rapidan, Va., Dec. 29. — President Roosevelt and his family, with the exception of Miss Alice and little Quentin, reached Rapidan on their special train at 2:35 this afternoon, much to the surprise of the natives. The president's coming was kept a profound secret by Joseph Wilmer, whom he is visiting, in order to prevent the gathering of a crowd, and no more than half a dozen people were at the station when the train arrived.

Mr. Wilmer, the president's host, is an old friend of Mrs. Roosevelt's family. The lady of the White House visited here before her marriage to the president, and the boys have spent many happy days in vacation upon the big plantation owned by Mr. Wilmer, who is a bachelor. Mr. Wilmer is the owner of a magnificent old fashioned country mansion and is a keen sportsman. If the birds can be found it is the intention to flush a few turkeys for the president on Monday.

During the afternoon President and Mrs. Roosevelt went driving. The start back to Washington will probably be made about noon. Monday, after the president tries his luck at the elusive Virginia turkey which foiled his plans upon his last visit to the state.

First Xmas Candle—I'm just burning to know when it's time for us to go out.

Second Ditto — Bosh! Twelve o'clock! You are not up to snuff!

The head of the family expends many dollars on presents and receives two handkerchiefs and a pair of mitts. Then is the time to be merry. Barrett is long on shorts.

Stroller's Column.

There were a lot of boys in town for the municipal election but there were also a lot of them too busy up the creeks to come in, and the Stroller feels it a kind of a duty to let those into the fun of it and to tell them what they missed. Well, when they read the fact that there were twenty-three candidates and "der kerpel" running for office they can form some idea of the gory times we have been having for the past few days, and the grand celebration which wound it up last night.

It was a Dante's Inferno for the ringing of cow bells, the blowing of horns and the consumption of hothead and the counter of every saloon in town was as the deck of a racing yacht in a squall. The votes of a fickle public had washed six men into the rigging, two were washed from one side of the deck to the other clinging to floating straws, and the rest went overboard. That is to say that six men were only too glad to get them up, and six men were sufficiently despondent to drown their sorrows in the flowing bowl, and two didn't know where they were at, for they had both poled the same pole. They met and shook hands. There was an Alphonse and Gaston time as to "which should treat and if ended in both setting them up. Presently somebody behind would whisper

"Say, I've just seen George Calvert, and he has decided for the doc."

"Hurrah, hurrah, boys, let's have something," says the doc.

Then other candidates would come in and do the graceful and go out again, and the boys got thirsty once more. There would be some more whispering and one man would go out at the back door and come in through the front door with a rush and yell, "Calvert's thrown us down and given it to Cresswell." There would be more cheers and Cresswell would insist upon setting them up twice. And the same game was played so far into the night that Cresswell had to say, "You bought some cigars from me the other day, charge this to the account," and the doctor was trying to say, "If ever you fall down, old man, I'll pull you leg for nothing."

Meantime there was great doings up at the new mayor's house. The boys were all standing around the dining room table and drinking and talking at the same time. The mayoress was leaning over the banister and laughing until the tears ran down her cheeks, with enough of noisy boys pulling at her skirts to make a wholly elective territorial council. She was laughing at the an-

tics of about six hundred voters, every one of whom at that moment believed that he had cast his vote for McLennan. Suddenly there was silence. The crowd had dragged out the mayor to make calls upon the other successful candidates. An hour after there was another uproar in the dining room and a voice came down the gangway from the poop deck. "R. P., stop your fooling and come up here. Bridget, take a broom and sweep up." And Bridget took a broom and swept all the noise into the street.

And then there were the funny stories as to how it happened. There were hundreds of shrewd political managers who knew every vote in the city, and it seemed that by only the most fortuitous circumstances had a tie for all the candidates for mayor been avoided. One man after another would take the Stroller into a dark corner and mysteriously whisper: "We had thirty-one votes all in a bunch, and they were solid and cinched and copper-riveted. What? How could we? The dough didn't come. That's what. If we had only—"

There were hundreds of yarns like that, though it is quite a question if there was any dough at all in the matter until the election was over and the dough went over the bar. You always hear these stories from the old timers who chance to be defeated, and it seems to the Stroller to belong to the old, old times before men were sufficiently educated to appreciate the value of a ballot, and when a dollar in the hand was worth more than independence and a possible ten dollars saved in personal taxation by voting for the right man. No, boys, there did not appear to be any of that kind of electioneering, but there were some unscrupulous doings all the same, by a man who had not grasped the intelligence of the Dawson people.

No, boys, there was not much of "the good old days" business about this election, but there was lots of fun for all that, and you would have enjoyed it. You would have enjoyed the racing of the teams after voters—and you never saw, you couldn't have believed that we had so many fine rigs in Dawson. All the fine horses and all the old plugs were out and all were driven at their highest speed. And then when you got to the police court, it was like being suddenly dumped into a crowd of hotel runners at a metropolitan railroad depot. A little hundred swarmed around you calling you by name or what they thought might be your name, and thrusting cards in your face, and hollering out the name of

their candidate and whispering instructions how to vote and trying to get you to one side. If you didn't happen to have a vote you could have lots of fun. But it came out all right, boys. You all know "R. P." and that he will make a first class mayor, and you probably know most of those who were fortunate enough to be elected aldermen.

The story told by the Stroller about the Basutoland medal led to two or three letters from sordoughs who fought in South Africa, one of whom had known the gentleman upon whom it was conferred and was glad to hear of him. One of these writers, Thomas Colville, says that the Stroller was incorrect in one of his statements. It is more likely that the man who received a medal would be the best authority on such a subject, but for all that the Stroller gives Mr. Colville's criticism for what it is worth. It is as follows:

"Permit me to correct several inaccuracies which appear in your paper in the Stroller's column re South African wars. You state that the British government never gives medals to local soldiers who take the field with Imperial forces. This is entirely incorrect. All the local volunteers who served in the Kafir and Zulu wars received medals. The Basuto war, which was fought during 1880 to 1881 and not 1880 to 1883 as stated in your paper, was carried on by the Cape government, the Imperial government taking no hand in it whatever. No medals were given for this war, so that the bar referred to could not have been received for the Basuto war, but must have been given for the attack on Murrroi's mountain which took place before the Basuto war and was an entirely different affair. I may also state that there never was a war carried on by the Cape Mounted Rifles alone, without the aid of other local forces."

Will Appoint Dr. Crum. Washington, Dec. 16.—While no official announcement has been made it is understood that the president has decided to appoint Dr. D. W. Crum, the colored applicant, as collector at Charleston, S. C. Investigation of the charges involving the integrity of Dr. Crum has been made by the president, and it is stated that they have been found unwarranted.

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Jobs Promised Tomorrow Delivered Today.

THE KLONDIKE NUGGET JOB PRINTING DEPARTMENT.

HARRY DIS

Prosecuting got He

His Lordship Castigation

Maud Earle... scoring yesterday court that it has recourse a law when let a portion of the during the trial she had accused \$397 of being hirsute West's indignation while on brought back. His preliminary held before who bound his court and the day afternoon Craig. The most striking ing brought to responsible for administered which will pre serious for the

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HARRY WEST DISCHARGED

Prosecuting Witness For- got Her Evidence.

His Lordship Delivers a Verbal Castigation That is a Stem- winder.

Maud Earle received such a terrible scolding yesterday in the territorial court that it is doubtful if she ever has recourse again to the aid of the law when her lover runs away with a portion of her cash. It occurred during the trial of Harry West whom she had accused of skipping out with \$297 of her money and two gold rings. West was arrested at Whitehorse just before the close of navigation while on his way outside and brought back by Detective Falconer. His preliminary examination was held before Mr. Justice Macaulay who bound him over to the higher court and the trial came on yesterday afternoon before Mr. Justice Craig. The hearing resulted in a most remarkable state of affairs being brought to light which was responsible for the verbal castigation administered by his lordship and which will probably prove much more serious for the prosecuting witness. During the preliminary trial it developed that West and the Earle woman had been living together and were lovers, she running the Old Inn roadhouse near the Ogilvie bridge and her paramour acting as financial manager and bartender. Maud is fat, fair and probably hugging the fat, line pretty close, and in view of West deliberately shuffling off a good home at the very beginning of winter and the accompanying hard times and few jobs, it is assumed that the chains of love had begun to gall his ambrosial skin. At any rate, he made a getaway with some of Maud's jewelry and a quantity of her hard-earned monies, reaching Whitehorse in time to step into the arms of the police, thanks to the fact that the wire was still doing business at that time. Now here is where West proved himself a wise guy. After being bound over to the higher court he succeeded in getting bail, thus escaping an enforced stay at the Hotel de Barracks. The Earle woman, being the only witness upon whom the crown could rely for a conviction, West was soon making goo-goo eyes at his old sweetheart. He promised to be a good boy and not run away any more and they soon buried the dead past and once more resumed their old relations. And so it happened that Maud forgot all about the testimony she had given in the police court, had no remembrance of the transactions of three months ago and denied having been aware of the nature of the charge contained in the information which she had sworn to. This all came out in her examination in the witness box and it was so palpably true that she was using every endeavor to shield her lover that his lordship finally lost patience and declared that such a trial was a travesty upon justice. The witness not only denied flatly her own evidence given in the police court but also denied having given it if it had been transcribed by Stenographer Blankman. His lordship's denunciation was most bitter and he declared to the witness that she had used the money of the crown for the purpose of having brought back to her her paramour in adultery. The rings that had been stolen were not allowed to be returned, she was ordered not to leave the court room until she had been given permission and the crown prosecutor was strongly advised to at once lay an information against her for perjury. There was no doubt, said the court, but what the witness had evidence sufficient to warrant a conviction, but she would not disclose it and a verdict of not guilty must be found accordingly. West was dismissed but was given a warning that he will not soon forget. During the evidence of Detective Falconer it was shown that West on his trip up the river had gone under a number of aliases. "Anyone who sails under as many aliases as you have," said his lordship wrathfully, "is entitled to a conviction and if you ever come before me again it will take something more than Maud Earle to save you."

HOCKEY LEAGUE

The Game to be Played Off Wednesday Night.

The hockey league held a meeting on Sunday afternoon at the athletic club, to decide if the tie game on the previous evening should be played off. The league decided that it should be played on or before Thursday evening, and the exact time was left to the two teams which played it. The representatives of these teams decided to play it off on Wednesday evening.

London's Most Picturesque Christmas Celebration

PORTLY, pompous London — and over 700 pounds of plum pudding. That portion of it known as the "City," the wealthiest corporation in the world — lends itself to a strange ceremony wherewith to celebrate its Christmas. It would be intensely funny if it were not so dignified and so kindly. Celebrations down in the square mile called "The City" mostly mean aldermanic feasting. The lord mayor who is also an alderman, gets \$50,000 a year and spends as much again chiefly in eating and giving prodigious dinners. The other aldermen and the sheriffs likewise fulfill their chief official functions by banqueting on every possible occasion, and the ancient Guildhall, the stately historical home of the city's highly ornamental and gastronomic government, is famous throughout Christendom for the marvelous spreads that have been provided therein for kings, queens, premiers and visiting potentates. In one way the Guildhall is true to its traditions at Christmas time, but in another it isn't—because, for once, the city fathers look on while officers eat, and the guests, instead of being the richest, mightiest folk of the day are the littlest, poorest and most helpless that can be gathered in—all the sad byways and alleys of Whitechapel. This banquet is no ordinary affair, for the "City" has a tremendous dignity to maintain, and an unbroken record dating from away back before America was discovered, of doing nothing common. So the ragged urchins from all the dens that are sometimes grouped under the general title of Whitechapel, are treated with the same exact and punctilious ceremony that is occasioned by a royal visit. The result is the most picturesque holiday entertainment of the year. The guests are always 6,200 in number, carefully chosen by relief societies from the hungryst of all the hungry children in London. You don't have to be good to get an invitation; you only have to prove that a big Christmas dinner would come handier to you than to almost any one else. Twelve hundred of the children, who are more or less able-bodied, are gathered under the noble old, raftered roof of the Guildhall, and the other five thousand, who are all cripples or too ill to come, have their dinners sent around to them. The banquet begins this year as usual at 5 o'clock on the afternoon of December 31. But there is a queer little touch of ceremony at noon on the same day. At the stroke of 12 on the last day of each year Alderman Sir William Treloar, who conceived the idea of this banquet and who raises most of the \$8,000 necessary to pay for it, turns up with the lord mayor of that year at the door of the Guildhall, and Sir William formally hands to the lord mayor a thick packet of envelopes. Each of these contains a long list of names of the cripples who are to receive the hamper—twenty tons of them in all—for which the delivery men are driving up in line. The lord mayor hands to each man his list and says, officially and formally, "God speed to you." The same formula is repeated to every man. The dinners might taste just as good if this ceremony were omitted, and it would save the busy lord mayor a good deal of bother, but the bit of sentiment is never lost on the people who witness it. As becomes the headquarters of the best fed corporations in the world, one of the features of the Guildhall is its great kitchen, where delicacies have been cooked for kings and premiers since time out of mind. It might be maintained that the chief of the Guildhall kitchen is far and away the most important member of the municipal government. Even the cooks at Windsor cannot do a Christmas ham of beef to such a nicety as those in the Guildhall. Yet these grave potentates attend as seriously to the preparation of the repast for the little army of the unwashed—as they did a few weeks ago to preparing the city's feast for King Edward and Queen Alexandra. There is no turtle soup to be sure, but the roast beef and the plum-pudding are enough to make a millionaire's mouth water. Everything is ready to be served piping hot when the children are admitted. At that time the great hall, where so many monarchs have sat in one tumultuous mass of wriggling, ragged humanity. Some of the children have their faces washed in honor of the occasion, but so much ceremony is not de rigeur. It would appear that every one of the 1,200 has been fasting voluntarily or otherwise for a day or two before. The sights and sounds when this army falls upon its food are something that the infant denizen of no American slum can hope to compete with. Sights-seers are almost as eager for tickets of admission to the galleries, whence a view may be had of this wondrous scramble as the children themselves are for invitations to the feast. The portions served are generous—roast beef, potato, cabbage, milk and Christmas pudding enough to cope single-handed with the appetite of an ordinary child. But second helpings are the custom with the Guildhall guests, and attempts at the third round have been known. That total makes 1,000 pounds of meat

and over 700 pounds of plum pudding. Etiquette calls for the lapse of half an hour from the time the banquet comes on till the ceremonies begin, but fifteen minutes would do as well. At half past 5 the lord mayor and his lady, followed by a gorgeous procession of city officials, begin a solemn, stately march up and down between the long rows of tables. It is part of the game that his lordship should be in full saff, so to speak. His crimson robes of state, with enough fur down the front for a king's ransom, his huge bejeweled sword and his chains of office are all in evidence. The lady mayoress likewise has to be dressed in her Sunday best. The big gilded mace, portentous sign of the city's might, is borne along behind the pair, followed by the sheriffs, and last but not least the benign Alderman Treloar in his robes of office. The legions of the late uned, now stuffed well nigh to bursting, are as a rule considerably awed at first by all this magnificence, but with some prodding they are induced to rise and pipe out "God save the king." As the procession goes on down the aisles the lord mayor periodically chants "Happy New Year to you, little brothers and sisters," to which the children have been instructed to answer back (with due formality) "The same to you, sir, and your ladyship." It has now become part of the ritual that these responses should alternate occasionally with "Hurrah for our alderman!" "Long live Sir William!"

The procession paces on and on, slowly, up and down the aisle for fifteen or twenty minutes, that the full idea of the municipal majesty may sink into the inmost being of even the smallest guest, and perhaps so enable a few of the more lusty ones by dint of much cheering and wriggling about to find room for another mouthful or two. After the children are dismissed, their mothers are introduced into the hall to feast on what remains. It is difficult to tell which sight is the more grievous, the gaunt, pinched, grimy faces of the children anywhere from 3 to 14 years old, or the haggard, ragged women, many of them young, but none looking as if she herself had ever been a child. The final ceremony comes when yet a third series of guests is entertained. After the mothers have gathered up their baskets of fragments, the flocks of pigeons which circle day after day about the turrets of the Guildhall are called down for the crumbs which have fallen from the children's tables. For yards and yards around, the stone pavement is blanketed in gray with the birds. Sir William Treloar, who makes all this quaint Christmas entertainment possible, is known all over London as "The children's alderman." It takes a lot of hustling season after season to raise the funds for the feast, and it took a lot of persistence in the first place to persuade the corporation that its precious Guildhall could be used without loss of dignity for guests at the uttermost extreme from those usually entertained there.

But without the systematic preparation which the Ragged School Union makes for this peculiar feast, even Alderman Treloar and the lord mayor and lord mayoress would be at sea. The union is a federation of nearly all the societies through which London seeks to aid poor children. Most of these societies have queer names that are rather significant of the English attitude toward the poor. There is a touch of the same condescension about them that there is in the Guildhall feast—an accentuation of the difference between the classes. Among these organizations are the Barefoot Mission, the Goose Club, the Grate and Kindness League, and—observe this name—the Guild for the Poor Brave Things!

But London is generous, even if it is a little condescending, and the Ragged School Union, which was organized nearly sixty years ago, has really done a wonderful work in helping the condition of the children of the slums, and especially in helping along little cripples.

**DON'T BE A QUITTER**  
'Tis the coward who quits to misfortune,  
'Tis the knave who changes each day,  
'Tis the fool who wins half the battle,  
Then throws all his chances away.

There is little in life but labor,  
And tomorrow may find that a dream,  
Success is the bride of Endeavor,  
And luck—but a meteor's gleam.

The time to succeed is when others  
Discouraged, show traces of tire,  
The battle is fought in the home stretch—  
And won—twixt the flag and the wire!  
—Cohn Troilwood Moore.

It doesn't seem to throw cold water over Kris Kringle's good intentions when we turn the family hose on him.—Glens Falls Republican.

Barrett is headquarters for horse feed.

ONE MORE SESSION

Council to Meet Again Tomorrow Evening

Can't Leave Office Until Auditor's Report for the Year Has Been Filed.

For a moment yesterday evening Alderman Murry had his ambition gratified for he occupied the mayor's chair temporarily. The time had arrived for the council to convene and meet in his worship nor Alderman Macdonald, the senior member of the council, were present. City Clerk Smith called the gentlemen to order, and he proposed Mr. Murry take the chair, it was so ordered by Wilson, carried, and Mr. Murry for the first time occupied the seat of honor. His reign was short lived, however, as his worship arrived during the reading of the communications and the chair was seized in his favor. Those mentioned, together with Norway, were the only members present. Several times the Nugget has announced that such a meeting would be the last of the present council, but in each instance it has been proven that another guess was coming. Last night it was thought would see the wind-up of the present administration, but it now appears the present members can not relinquish office until the report of the auditor has been filed and accepted, which will not be ready before Wednesday. A special meeting has been called for tomorrow evening and that positively will be the farewell appearance of the council as at present constituted. Among the petitions presented was one signed by W. H. Fairbanks for the N. C. Co.; C. E. McKee for the N. A. T. & T. Co.; John Cormack for Alex. McDonald and Dr. T. B. Cooke for the Ladue Company, in which the gentlemen said with reference to the petition of the Klondike Mines Railway Company that they preferred the road should run between the outside line of the docks and the river. A lengthy communication was read from C. W. Tennant regarding the dangers of ice accumulating in the fire hose when in use at a fire during the excessively cold weather and offering a remedy for the same. Mr. Tennant's letter was published in full in the Nugget yesterday evening. City Engineer Rendell filed his first annual report which will be found in detail elsewhere in this issue. No new bills were presented and none of the standing committees had a report to make other than the recommendation by Adair that a check be drawn for \$410.07 in favor of the City Engineer for the advance charges and freight on a quantity of fire supplies which just arrived from Whitehorse over the ice, the rate down being twenty cents a pound. His worship objected to such action, saying that those goods were guaranteed to be delivered before the close of navigation and he wished the matter of their delay investigated before any bills pertaining to them were paid. Adair pointed out that Chief Lester had ordered the goods brought down, whereupon his worship withdrew his objection and the bill was ordered paid. The draft how in the bank for collection in payment of the goods will be sent back unpaid and will remain so until the company explains why the articles were not delivered as per contract. Once more the final action on the railway franchise bill was postponed, his worship proposing that the matter stand over until tomorrow evening. Near the conclusion of the session his worship referred to the strenuous way they had all had and expressed his regret at the result which would prevent the worthy chairman of the finance committee from occupying the highest seat within the gift of the people in the city government, and also in the unseating of three of the present aldermen. As far as he was personally concerned he would have been happy to have seen all the old aldermen returned. Upon the adjournment being taken it was with the intention of meeting in special session tomorrow evening at 8:30 at which time the auditor's report will be ready and the business of the year will be closed up.

THE LASS HE LEFT

"Re went upon a journey,  
And she was left at home,  
And she was left at home,  
And yet 'twas he who stayed behind,  
And she that far did roam.

"For though he went by mountain  
And wood and stream and sea,  
A little cot enwrapped in green  
He saw perpetually.

"And she within the green leaves,  
Not knowing that he stood  
Forever by her, dreamed her way  
With him by mount and wood.

"Now heaven help these lovers,  
And bring her safely home,  
Or lead him back along the track,  
Where she, 'e'en now, doth roam."

...The Wife...

A STUDY IN NATURAL HISTORY By Dorothy Dix.

The wife—This docile domestic animal is to be found in all parts of the globe, where she is most useful in assisting man to till the soil, carry on the arts and commerce, and raise Cain generally. Indeed, so widely is she distributed throughout the civilized world that almost every man possesses one, and while he is frequently miserable with her, he is wretched without her. Although, however, the wife is found among the fauna of every country, it is interesting to note that she is held in varying degrees of esteem in different lands. In Africa she is a slave, in Asia a plaything, in Europe man's companion, while in America she is his boss. In Africa and Asia she is also driven four-in-hand abreast, while in Europe and America she is driven tandem.

The wife belongs to the cat family (genus waterwaals), and betrays her hereditary traits in many ways. While she is young she is kittenish, a trick that she sometimes forgets to abandon after she gets old enough to know better. She is amiable as long as the fur is rubbed the right way. She purrs with contentment when she is well fed. She gets her back up at anything that displeases her, and frequently administers a sly scratch when you are least expecting it. In appearance the wife differs greatly, not only in different latitudes, but in the same environment. She is found both tall and short, dark and fair, and fat and thin—in short, with such varying characteristics that in selecting one a man has only to gratify his tastes. Unfortunately, though, no guarantee goes with the wife that she will remain the same piece of goods, the man picked out, and it not infrequently happens that the one who was selected because of her figure develops into a feather bed, or an animated skeleton, while another, who was chosen because she was kind and gentle, becomes so cross and snappish that she is dangerous to be about. Men also often discover that after they have picked out one kind of a wife that they prefer another type, but as in all enlightened countries a matrimonial clearing house called a divorce court is maintained, this is a mere temporary inconvenience.

As has been stated, the wife is a domestic animal, but she is by nature a foxy creature, who plays shy and wild, and the catching and taming of her is one of the choicest sports of mankind. In reality, she belongs to the species of man-hunting animals. If man would leave her alone she would track him down, and nothing in natural history is a more interesting story than the cunning and art with which this apparently innocent little animal turns the pursued into the pursuer. From her infancy she has been trained for the game, and she leads man a merry chase to the altar, where she allows herself to be captured. In her habits the wife is one of the

most interesting of animals, and exhibits an amount of contradictions that keeps a man guessing as long as he lives. She is gregarious, and goes in flocks to hen clubs, where she amuses herself by drinking weak tea and listening to long-winded papers out of an encyclopedia on a subject of which she knows nothing, and concerning which she cares less. She also enjoys seeing plays that make her weep and harrow up her soul. She spends most of her time getting new clothes, and is never so happy as when she thinks she has a garment that will make the balance of the bench miserable. Still more remarkable is the circumstance that she does not seem amenable to kindness, for she frequently deserts the good, kind master who worked his fingers to the bone to support her, while she will almost invariably follow the tyrant who beats her to the ends of the earth. The peculiarities of the wife are equally worthy of consideration and distinguish her from all other animals: Her sense of smell is abnormally developed, as evidenced by the certainty with which she can detect the slightest alcoholic odor on a man's breath, no matter how many pints of clove he may chew in the vain effort to disguise it. Her hearing is equally acute, and generally gets into working order just as a man is hazing off into his first sleep, when she is sure to rouse him up to see if burglars are not peering in the cellar window. Her ability to go without sleep is also phenomenal. On lodge nights many wives never close an eye, but wait up with their powers of language undiminished to welcome their husbands home at 3 a. m.

Still another curious characteristic of wives is that, although they are generally too delicate to do their own housework, they are able to lead a rush on a bargain counter that would cause a football player to tremble, and that, although a little work brings on nervous prostration, no amount of fatigue hurts them if it is something that is fashionable to do. The old adage, "You cannot teach an old dog new tricks," applies with peculiar force to wives, for notwithstanding the fact that they are clever and intelligent creatures, they can rarely be changed from what they were originally. Many a man marries a soft-looking little wife, thinking he will clip her to suit his tastes, or teach her the tricks he admires, but he generally finds that it is less trouble to humor his pet and do her way than to try to make her do his.

In spite of all this, however, a wife is an almost necessary creature around a house, if you want to give it a homelike look. She is useful to attend to a man's social and religious duties. She is frequently valuable as an ornament, and she is simply invaluable as a scapegoat if a man expects to need an excuse for falling in business or being driven to drink. The supply of this valuable domestic animal, which has been called by an enthusiastic naturalist "man's best friend," is so great in many parts of this country that they have no market value, and, in New England especially, wives may be had for the asking.

**Oil Advancing.**  
New York, Dec. 26.—The Standard Oil Trust, which this year paid its stockholders \$10,000,000, or 40 per cent. of its capitalization, in dividends, has made in the last twenty-four hours a grab of \$50,000,000 of this vast sum added to the revenues of the trust, the bulk is to John D. Rockefeller and nearly all of it to half a dozen "oil magnates." The price of oil has been steadily climbing for three months. In September the price of kerosene for export was 84 cents per gallon. Since then the advances have been recorded by 5, 10 and 15 points. The price was 9 cents a gallon on Wednesday, today it is 104 cents, an advance of 1 cent in a day, the largest single advance that has been made in many years. The circular of the Standard Oil Company says that "the basis on kerosene is the price per American gallon of 110 test in cargo lots of 3,500 cases, delivered at the refinery." Added to this are schedules for quantity, packing and test. Thus 3900 cases of oil at 150 test, packed in imperial gallons, cost today 11.80 cents.

**Smugglers Captured**  
San Juan, P. R., Dec. 26.—Supervisor of the Elections Benjamin Butler, Capt. G. W. Ments, United States marine corps, and James Brennan, an employe of the Country Club, have been arrested on information received by customs authorities for smuggling two lots of wines and liquors from St. Thomas, brought here on the U. S. S. Uncas and lighthouse tender Laurel, in all sixty four cases. The prisoners were bound over until Monday and Tuesday under \$2000 bail, when the preliminary examination will be held before United States Commissioner Anderson. It is alleged that supplies for the Country Club, which the club bought in St. Thomas, were smuggled, in through the navy and army. Butler is managing officer of the club and Brennan is the steward. The arrest of other prominent persons will be made today, and it is said that a large number more will follow, as the smuggling has continued for a long time. Frankie and Dimple—Auditorium.

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Political Announcements YUKON TERRITORY.

**Dr. Alfred Thompson**  
Is a candidate for the Yukon council from the Dawson district. The support of the electorate is respectfully requested.

**VOTE FOR AND SUPPORT**  
The Labor Candidate for the Yukon Council, District No. 1.

**GEO. K. GILBERT**  
Committee Rooms—Union Hall, cor. Second Avenue and Princess Street.

For Member of the YUKON COUNCIL Dawson District No. 1.

**C. W. C. TABOR**

For Yukon Council  
Candidate District No. 1, which includes Dawson, Fortymale, Miller, Glad and Boucher.

**M. THORNBURN**  
If elected I shall endeavor in every matter to act for the general good of this territory, and I trust my many friends will give me their vote and influence.

**FOR YUKON COUNCIL**  
To the Electors of Electoral District No. 2:  
Gentlemen,—I hereby announce myself a candidate for election as one of your representatives in the Yukon territorial council and solicit your votes and influence as my behalf.  
JOHN PRINGLE  
Dawson, 26th Dec., 1902.

**FOR MEMBER OF THE YUKON COUNCIL, DISTRICT NO. 1.**  
**A. J. Prudhomme**

**FOR YUKON COUNCIL.**  
Dawson, Yukon Territory, December 26th, 1902.  
To the Electors of the Electoral District No. 2—  
Gentlemen:—  
Owing to petitions signed by numbers of voters from the creeks requesting me to become a candidate for the Yukon Council, District No. 2, I have decided to accept the nomination, and if elected the people of the Yukon Territory may rest assured that their interests will be protected and safe guarded to the best of my ability.  
Yours obediently,  
MAX. LANDREVILLE.

**New Stock AT THE NUGGET JOB PRINTERY New Type**

To the Electors of Electoral District No. 2 in Yukon Terr.

To the Electors of Electoral District No. 2 in the Yukon territory:  
Gentlemen,—You have already learned that I am before you as a candidate for election to the Yukon territorial council, for our district. In asking for your support, I would point out that ever since coming to the north in 1898 I have been in the closest touch with all classes of our people, especially with the miners, on the trail, on the claim, and in the camp. It is not too much for me to say that there is no one in the country who has had better opportunities to get the miners' point of view, a knowledge of their grievances and also of their desires and suggestions as to the proper remedies.

It is because of this intimate knowledge of our people and their needs, and because I believe that I can properly serve your interests, that I ask you to give me your support throughout the campaign and your votes on election day. I promise to be the unwavering advocate of a pure, progressive and generous policy, a supporter of every measure for the good of our people, and the outspoken and fearless critic of every measure which I consider either wrong or unwise.

The general policy which I shall favor is as follows:  
1. A wholly elective council with extended powers, and the making of the council a medium through which the Dominion government shall be advised as to its Yukon policy.  
2. The establishment of a government assay and gold purchasing office in the Yukon.

3. The enactment of a more satisfactory lien law.  
4. The reduction of miners' fees.  
5. A fair adjustment of timber rights as between quartz and placer miners.  
6. Government ownership of the water supply, or such supervision by the territorial council of water rights as shall keep rates within reach of the miner on low-grade ground.  
7. Encouragement and substantial rewards to those who discover or open up new mining ground.  
8. A radical change in the concession policy, so that only strictly hydraulic ground shall be placed under concession, and the cancelling of any concession where the conditions of the grant are not strictly fulfilled.  
9. Publicity of all legislative transactions, and supervision by the council of all territorial appointments.  
10. I will give consideration to the amendment of quartz regulations, in regard to further development work after the issue of a patent, as under the present regulations no further work is called for by the government after the patent has been issued.

11. The enactment of a comprehensive and unambiguous mining code. Those who know my record are aware that I have always taken a deep and practical interest in the miners and have used what influence I had to assist them, and whether elected or not, shall continue to do so. But I ask for election in order that I may have more power to aid in the development of a generous and progressive policy.  
JOHN PRINGLE.



**VALUABLE DOCUMENT**

**City Engineer Rendell Files Report**

It Contains Resume of Past and Good Suggestions Pertaining to the Future.

At the meeting of the council last night City Engineer Rendell filed his first annual report covering the work performed during the year by his department and containing a number of valuable suggestions regarding the future. It is an interesting document and is reproduced herewith complete.

Dawson, Dec. 31st, 1902. To his worship, the mayor and city council of Dawson:

Gen. Linn, I herewith submit my first annual report for the year ending December 31st, 1902, together with such recommendations as I think advisable for your honorable body to consider, pertaining to the engineering and public works department.

You are aware that on taking over the affairs of the city, I had no plans or date of any kind to work from, consequently great difficulties were met with in locating the main culverts and drains, in order to carry off the drainage water from Dawson, that threatened damage by flooding.

The greater part of the box drains were found to be utterly unfit for use, many of them were broken and out of grade. In some places I found the water did not go through the boxes, but had cut channels through the muck and made outlets in places far from the main boxes, causing much damage to streets and property. This I attribute to the way in which the boxes were constructed and laid.

There are about fifteen miles of streets open to traffic, and in fairly good condition.

In my opinion drainage water from the hills around Dawson will give very little trouble, if any, as sufficient drains have been constructed during the past season to take care of said water. To put a large drain around the base of the hills, would not in my opinion be expedient owing to the contour and formation of the ground. It would be a very expensive and unsatisfactory undertaking. The necessity of such a costly drain has been obviated by a small ditch being put in the past summer, along the east side of the N. C. Company's tail, east of Dawson.

The following is the principal departmental work done during the season:

1. Establishing bench marks on the following streets: First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, Seventh and Eighth avenues, Judge, George, Albert, Steele, Duke, York, King, Queen, Princess, Harper, Turner, Dugas, Craig and Bridge streets.
2. Plans, profiles and specifications for Garbage road and pier.
3. Plans, profiles and specifications for macadamized streets.
4. Plans and specifications with studies for water contract system.
5. Plans of Dawson, 200 feet to the inch and 41 blue prints of same, with report on proposed water system and other data for insurance companies.
6. Plans and profiles in detail for box drains on the following streets:—Duke, York, King, Queen, Princess, Harper, Church streets and Second avenue.
7. Lines, grades and specifications for 103 sections of sidewalks.
8. Examination of titles and written notices to build 56 sections of sidewalks, under by-law No. 28.
9. Plans, profiles, estimates and specifications for contract to fill and grade Second avenue and Princess street.

In addition to the above mentioned departmental work, I have had to give personal attention to various details of city affairs and examinations as well as superintend all construction. I have caused to be made field books to be indexed and surveys plotted, general plan of Dawson, to be completed, scale 100 feet to one inch; detail plan of Dawson, to be completed, 100 feet to one inch. Owing to the accumulation of very valuable plans, it would be wise that provision should be made for their safe keeping.

The following construction work has been performed: Garbage road, 2,000 lineal feet, rock contract for macadamizing, 3,000 yards; road grading for macadam, 1,800 yards; fill, Second avenue and Princess st., 9,100 yards; garbage pier, 5,008 lineal feet of box drains; 15,370 feet of extra dressing and laying macadam; replumbing two bridges, 9,000 feet of lumber; gravelled and dressed 2,200 feet of alley; graded 17,100 feet of streets; ditched 70,600 feet of streets, used 1170 cubic yards of filling in small fills around Dawson; constructed 91 street crossings of 3 inch plank; constructed 73 alley crossings of 3 inch plank; constructed 84 culverts; steam pipe, with fittings, has been placed in all box drains.

The following recommendations are submitted: 1. That any person or corporation laying pipes or drains for any pur-

pose or erecting poles for telephones or electric purposes be made to submit accurate plans and profiles of same to council for their approval.

2. That action be taken to have all garbage assorted, so as to prevent any heavy material being dumped over the pier.

3. That the sanitary condition and inspector of the city of Dawson come under the Engineering department.

4. That plans be submitted of all buildings being erected for approval by council, and that construction be subject to inspection by the council, in the fire limits of the city of Dawson.

5. That the council should possess a team of their own, say one span of horses and two wagons.

6. That the matter of protecting Bridge street in the vicinity of the Klondike bridge be given immediate attention.

7. That a re-survey of the town be made and all corner points be permanently established, and that a contour and fire insurance map of Dawson be compiled from data taken from the above mentioned survey.

8. That a drainage system be prepared.

9. That an efficient water system for fire and domestic purposes be prepared.

Realizing the importance of my department, and the obligations imposed upon me in the interest of the taxpayers, I have endeavored to carry out all work without fear of local jealousies or prejudices, and I cannot but express my hearty appreciation and thanks to his worship the mayor and all members of his council for the assistance given me in the performance of my many duties. Respectfully submitted,

W. J. RENDELL, City Engineer.

**TREATISE ON MULES**

**A Shovel, Axe or Whip Which is the Best**

Mule is Not a Horse, Neither is it a Dog, Cattle or Poultry.

“Mule Skinning as an Art” was the title of a thesis to which the audience in the police court was treated this morning, the principal point argued being whether or not an axe was a suitable article with which to chastise the brutes. Some of the evidence went to show that a shovel or a logging chain was the better persuasive, but his honor was left in doubt and still has the matter under advisement.

It was also questioned whether a mule came under the category of “domesticated animals,” horses do and so do dogs and poultry, but the mule being a mongrel and not a blood relative of neither the first name nor his long-eared progenitor he is not standing in the criminal code of Canada.

The case in which all these vexing points were involved was a charge brought against J. E. Wilson who according to the information laid against him had been guilty of cruelty and unnecessarily beating four mules with an axe.

The occurrence took place yesterday morning in South Dawson and was witnessed by Constable Taylor and Constable Laws. The constables were patrolling that portion of the city at the time and while walking along Craig street heard shouting on one of the streets adjoining. They passed over to Dugas street when they saw a four-span of mules tied to a cabin which was being moved. They were stationary at the time and the officers watched them in their endeavor to start the load. The efforts proved unsuccessful and Wilson evidently with the idea that they were meddling with his property, he stepped over the axle and walked down the line giving each one a playful little tap on his ribs with the axe just to let them know that he was there. Three times it was necessary to play a rib solo, sometimes using the flat of the axe and at others the handle. A chain was not handy neither was a club so the next best thing was employed. Taylor considered enough had been witnessed and he warned Wilson to appear in court this morning. The evidence of Constable Laws corroborated that of Taylor.

At the conclusion of the case for the crown Mr. McDougall, appearing

Barrett has fresh eggs on the way from Whitehorse. Will arrive in three weeks.

**GANNON AND GALLAHER**

“Tell that to the marines” may do all right as a phrase, but it hasn't really meant anything for a good many years now, said a warrant officer of the navy who had put in several cruises as master-at-arms on men-of-war. “A man who does a five-year stint as a salt water soldier doesn't have to sit at any uniformed man's feet for information as to what's what. When I was a Jimmie Legs, as the bluejackets call a master-at-arms, I came every close to losing the rating badge of my sleeve and the brass buttons off my blouse through the foxiness of a pair of marines on board my ship.

“One of the best sea soldiers I was ever shipmates with was an Irishman named Jim Gannon. He had the corporal's chevrons when he joined the ship I was the Legs of. He came aboard at the Mare Island navy yard before we pulled up our muddook for a cruise down the west coast of Mexico and Central South America. He was a rattling good soldier, a clean, slick-and-span man, who had in his dirty box a degree that he had taken at Trinity University in Dublin. He was well liked by officers and men, being a quiet, self-contained Irishman, who minded his own business and seldom spoke unless in reply to questions.

“But he had the old fault—the one that doubtless worked him into a government straight uniform as a soldier of the sea—an occasional love for the hot and rebellious booze. He never ‘hit the beach’ that he didn't tuck away five glasses to the one of his mates. It wouldn't have been so bad if the rum hadn't changed Gannon into a fighting devil of a maniac.

“Gannon didn't go ashore from the time he joined our ship until we pulled into the harbor of Acapulco, Mexico. Then he went over the side with the rummerino light in his gray Irish lamps, and within twenty minutes after he put foot on the beach he was fighting drunk on mescal and knocking down greasers in sets of fours. He didn't show up on board for four days, breaking his liberty three days. He was still drunk and

was thought that they were simply crouching, as usual.

“One afternoon Gallagher put in for liberty. Liberty parties used to leave the ship in that port shortly before 8 o'clock in the evening. On the afternoon before Gallagher put his name down for liberty a young ensign had joined the ship, arriving in Acapulco on a southbound Panama boat. It happened that when the liberty party was lined up at the gangway to answer to the officer of the deck's reading of the names before stepping down the ladder to the steam cutter, I was below, making the 8 o'clock inspection. The top sergeant of the marine guard was already ashore on some duty or other. The marine corporal on duty at the gangway had been called by the sentry on guard at the big below. When the new ensign, who was the officer of the deck, started to call off the names of the men in the liberty party, among the first was that of Michael Gallagher. When Gallagher's name was called out, Jim Gannon, spick-and-span in his best uniform, stepped forward, saluted, said ‘Here, sir,’ and walked down the ladder to the launch.

“The ensign didn't know one marine from another yet, having, as I say, just joined the ship the day before. The eighteen men in the liberty party knew though, and the audacity of Gannon's move stunned them. However, it wasn't up to them to say anything. The liberty party was checked off on the book, and away went the cutter to the shore, Gannon sitting in the stern sheets as cool as a cucumber. The other men in the cutter didn't say anything to him. Men-of-war's-men are not talkative under such circumstances. Gannon stepped off the cutter, made straight for a place where he knew he could hire a horse, having been in Acapulco before, and within half an hour after he left the ship he was striking into the interior for a railroad to take him into the City of Mexico. He had \$500 in gold, and the savings of a former enlistment, with him. He was never heard of after that.

“When the liberty party left the ship Gallagher was hiding under the tarpaulin on the topgallant to'style. When darkness fell with the tropical darkness he let himself down by anchor chains, swim-ashore, taking a chance on the sharks that infest Acapulco harbor, and the next morning returned with his liberty party, ‘c. and s.’ as they mark the men who return aboard clean and sober. I had missed Gannon when I hunted for him at ‘pipe down,’ to put him in the brig for the night. I was responsible for him, but I never suspected how the trick had been turned until the day Gallagher was paid off, when he told me about it in a burst of rummy confidence. I didn't ‘each,’ of course, although the job had come within an inch of getting me busted from my chief petty officer's rate to that of an ordinary seaman.”

“I don't suppose Tom cares. Do you?” “Tom? No. By George! Just between you and me and the steam gauge I don't believe he realizes that he did anything worth printing. It takes a sort of coward to appreciate a chance on the sharks that infest Acapulco harbor, and the next morning returned with his liberty party, ‘c. and s.’ as they mark the men who return aboard clean and sober. I had missed Gannon when I hunted for him at ‘pipe down,’ to put him in the brig for the night. I was responsible for him, but I never suspected how the trick had been turned until the day Gallagher was paid off, when he told me about it in a burst of rummy confidence. I didn't ‘each,’ of course, although the job had come within an inch of getting me busted from my chief petty officer's rate to that of an ordinary seaman.”

“That was a clincher. I saw that I was in for trouble anyway. The question was decided, and I went straight to work doing the thing that promised to leave me the clearest conscience in case I didn't have to be gathered up in a basket and shipped home to Molly and the kids in a pine box labeled ‘Perishable! Rush!’ I climbed on to the first car of ties and rolled one down to see how it would go. It went like a leaf in a gale. Then I began systematically to drop ‘em in between the car and the caboose. I did this for a long time, and nothing came of it. The car was bouncing up and down like a cork on the rolling sea, and I was pretty near discouraged. I was tired, too—heavens, I was tired to the marrow of my bones! Ties are heavy, maybe you know. Section men never try to handle ‘em single handed. They go at ‘em by twos and threes and grunt and sweat. But I kept at it, hoping that I'd be able to get one foul of the trucks before I'd unload the car, and I did. It happened right in the yard at Morton. There was a tremendous bump and crash. I think I flew up to a height of several miles. Perhaps I didn't, but I'll swear that the air up there was too rare to breathe. Anyway I didn't breathe. I struck a sand pile when I came down. I never knew before how hard sand is. I thought it was soft.”

“As a matter of fact, Tom was not injured in the least. It was some what faded when they dug him out of the sand, but not a bone was broken.

“Before he had fully aroused himself the caboose stopped and slowly began to run backward. Then he understood plainly enough what had happened. He rushed first from one platform, then to the other, setting the brakes, but the caboose, with two heavily loaded cars behind it, did not stop. He hurried out to set the brakes on the cars, but found that on one the ties had jolted down against the rod so that he was unable to turn it, while on the other the brake was a ‘freak’—it would not set tight enough to grip the wheels. And there he was, alone on a runaway gathering speed every minute in its progress toward the six coach special loaded to the doors with people. It was not the most enjoyable of situations.

“It is impossible to describe his emotions, because he himself said when I asked him that he had none. The balloon simile quite exhausted his supply of imagination.

“I saw,” said he simply, “that there was going to be the deuce to pay if something wasn't done confounded quick, and I saw, too, that whatever was done I'd have to do myself, that was all there was to it. The special was nearly due at Morton, and I figured that I'd be there pretty promptly, too. I estimated that at the speed I was making and was likely to make I'd collide with the special on the big dump about a mile and a quarter beyond the station, a regularly nasty place, owing to the long slide over the rocks. And I said to myself: ‘Conductor, it's your life you spare it?’ ‘No,’ said myself to me, ‘I can't, and even if I could what of it?’ ‘Only this,’ said I to myself, ‘there's just one thing to do, and that's to throw your crazy caboose and your idiot flat cars into the ditch. Yes, said myself to me, ‘but if I do that I'll have to go with ‘em, and I don't want to—I might be injured.’ ‘Well,’ said I to myself, kind of disgustedly, ‘if that's the broadest view you can take of it, all right, but I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself.’ ‘There's mighty little comfort ahead for you in this life if you let these fool cars smash into that special. Besides, are you going to stay on and smash with ‘em, or are you going to drop off and break your blooming neck?’

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**THE TRICK BARRY DID**

Tom Barry, conductor of train No. 34, a freight which leaves Goose River Junction each morning, running the devious length of a branch to Dorlington, and returns each night, is a man marked among his fellows. There are several reasons for this, although one is sufficient to prove the statement—he has never yet been known to lose his self-possession.

To quote Banley, who is the poet as well as the engineer of No. 34, “he never rattles though all the world may shake,” which is putting it pretty strong, as any reasonable person will readily admit.

It goes without saying, therefore, that Tom Barry is a man of nerve. His acquaintances will tell you stories if given half a chance which make the records of a score of gill laced soldiers whom I might mention pale into the most sickly insignificance. Yet I suppose the space his exploits have occupied in the newspapers would not exceed sixteen inches in its entirety. The only mention, for instance, of the exploit known on the branch as the affair of the circus special was this item in the Dorlington Gazette:

“We hear that the morning train broke in two shortly after leaving the junction Monday of this week. The excursion train for the circus at Wheelerville was a short distance behind, and it narrowly escaped being bumped into by the runaway cars.”

Banley brought the paper to read and pointed out the item with a trembling forefinger. “Wouldn't that crimp you?” he exclaimed scornfully. “Four lines to cover as pretty a bit of heroism as was ever spiced by an allocutionist! Not a word about Tom! We hear narrowly escaped being bumped into—Lord!”

“I don't suppose Tom cares. Do you?” “Tom? No. By George! Just between you and me and the steam gauge I don't believe he realizes that he did anything worth printing.

“I think I'll have to go with ‘em, and I don't want to—I might be injured.” “Well,” said I to myself, kind of disgustedly, “if that's the broadest view you can take of it, all right, but I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself.” “There's mighty little comfort ahead for you in this life if you let these fool cars smash into that special. Besides, are you going to stay on and smash with ‘em, or are you going to drop off and break your blooming neck?”

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**Wishing You a Happy New Year**

and thanking our many friends for the assistance rendered during the late fire, we remain,  
Yours to Please,  
**SARGENT & PINSKA,**  
SECOND AVENUE

**N. C. CO. TEMPERATURE**

2 a. m. January 6, 1903.	— 28 Below
4 a. m. January 6, 1903.	— 4 Below
7 a. m. January 6, 1903.	— 33 Below

**T** Choice Early Spring Picked Pan Fired Green Tea. Our own importation and pack. Try a one pound package at 75c. We also carry all the other good brands.

**Northern Commercial Company**

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**CRACK-A-JACKS COMING**

The four men who have been expected to strengthen the police hockey team have left Whitehorse and are said to be top-notchers. The police are jubilant, and hope now to take the first rank. Constable Hasketh is from Toronto, and is well known in eastern Canada as a clever hawker. Constable Fowles is from Woodstock and played with the intermediate team, is also known as a forward and a clever shot by Constable Swift is a brother of J. E. Swift, and was a long time one of the main stays of the Quebec seniors. Constable Johnson is from Ottawa, and reputed to be a close roller.

**Cause of Stage Fright**

An expert claims that stage fright really comes from a distention of the stomach. He argues from this fact that persons in Dawson contemplating appearance should be careful of their diet and always buy goods of Dunham, where they are assured of getting the purest and best.

**LOST**—Saturday, roll of film amounting to \$40. Finder please return to Nugget and get reward.

**GOOD CLOTHES**

Always Create a Good Impression.

If you need a new Suit, Overcoat or pair of Trousers you should get only the best. To do that you must go to  
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We Have the Goods and Can Make the Prices. Give Us a Trial Order.

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SECOND AVENUE — TELEPHONE 36

**The N. Fro**

Vol. 4

**FOR**

**Both With V**

The Nugget territorial Dr. Alfred Taber, both and organized meetings, each it was until next election. The both candidates name of got noticed the committees. The meeting supporters name, appointed stage, and the practical present. It Executive non, chairman Woodworth, Smith, S. J. Jones, General bell, H. B. R. Mouton, J. T. J. Catious, Barron, E. B. C. Cogg Murray, G. J. J. Searle Alcock, R. S. Dr. Stron Campbell, D. Joe Gibson, farlane, Dan Russell Pat E. Miller, W. S. Pelland, Moberg, Fr. Chas. Paton Angus McDo McDonald, Donald, J. D. M. Black When this pointed Dr. Geo. Verman of his spoke in and then there was to hold a victory wood- Mr. Wood called upon that Dr. Th and there a lieve that choice of the far as he is ticket, and elected irrationally know that candidates, were dark those they (applause). A member ed. Berk to support living the w. J. ney, said he ions for a a may did a would do all much and he vantage ha already an should go to the stone u the people

**MRS. S. A.**

Address—7

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