

Vol. 3—No. 111

DAWSON, Y. T., FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1902.

PRICE 25 CENTS

YUKON ICE UNBROKEN

Still Firm in Front of This City

Little Change Either Above or Below—Water is Rising All Along the River.

People who risked their money and guesses that the ice would move from the river in front of Dawson by five o'clock of May 9th now realize that they were premature in the date selected. The ice may go out within 24 hours and 124 hours may see it where it is now. The nights continue so cold that mercury goes down into the twenties and not until almost the middle of the day is there much perceptible thaw.

The water in the Yukon continues

The Ladue Quartz Mill

IS NOW IN OPERATION.

We have made a large number of tests and are ready to make others.

We have the best plant money will buy and guarantee all our work in this mill and also in the

Assay Office

EMPIRE HOTEL
JAS. F. MACDONALD,
MAX. LANDEVILLE
Everything New. Elegantly Furnished.
Well Heated. Bar Attached.
SECOND STREET. Near Second Ave.

Shoff's Kidney Cure

9 out of 10 people here need it. It's sure.

PIONEER DRUG STORE

A. B. Hall TONIGHT A. B. Hall

Grand Minstrel Show

Produced by Arctic Brotherhood, Camp Dawson No. 4.

A REVELRY OF BURNT-CORK ARTISTS

A Colossal Production.
75 Performers,
Beautiful Ballads,
Fine Dances,
Swell Costumes,
Magnificent Scenery,
Cake Walkers,
Buck Dancers,
7 New Acts,
Pleasing Specialties.

General Admission \$1.

AUCTION

To be sold at public auction on the premises corner Princess street and Fourth avenue, where the goods may be examined, Saturday, May 10, at 11:00 a. m., all the salvage from the steamers Mona and Glenora, consisting of

One 80 H. P. Locomotive Boiler.

Two 60 H. P. Brick-set Boilers, Duplex Pumps, Steam Capstans, Steam Engines, Paddle Wheel and Shafting, Pipe and Fittings, Iron and Steel Castings, Tools, etc., as may be seen.

Also the damaged hulls of said boats as they lie in the slough on the west side opposite Dawson.

W. FURNIVAL, Auctioneer.

ANCIENT HISTORY OUTDONE

Greatest Catastrophe Ever Known Occurred to St. Pierre, Danish West Indies, Yesterday—Of 25,000 People Only 30 Escape Death by Fire.

Special to the Daily Nugget.

Paris, May 9.—The commander of the French cruiser Suchet has cabled from Fort de France, Martinique, under date of Thursday as follows: "Have just returned from St. Pierre, which has been completely destroyed by an immense mass fire, which fell on the town at about eight in the morning. The entire population of 25,000 is supposed to have perished. Have brought back survivors, only about thirty persons. All ships in the harbor were destroyed. The eruption continues."

This appears to be the greatest tragedy in many centuries, for neither modern nor even ancient history contains a record of so overwhelmingly destructive a torrent of death and devastation as engulfed the pretty West Indian city.

Commander Suchet reports that on Thursday the entire town of St.

Pierre was wrapped in flames. He endeavored to save about thirty persons, more or less burned, from vessels in the harbor. His officers went ashore in small boats seeking for survivors, but were unable to penetrate the town. They saw groups of bodies upon the wharves and believed that not a single person, resident of St. Pierre at the moment of the catastrophe, escaped. The governor of the colony and his staff colonel and wife were in St. Pierre and probably perished. The extent of the catastrophe cannot be imagined. The captain of the British steamer Roddam was very seriously injured and is now in a hospital at St. Lucia. All his officers and engineers are dead or dying. Nearly every member of the crew is dead. Supercargo Campbell and ten of the crew of the Roddam jumped overboard at St. Pierre and were lost.

CHALLENGE ACCEPTED

Burley and Bates Will Have a Go

Ten Round Match for a Decision Will be Pulled Off at the Orpheum.

The lovers of fast events are again to have the gratification of seeing two giants come together, Nick Burley and Billy Bates having signed articles yesterday. The match was arranged by Manager Pantages of the Orpheum where the go will be pulled off at 10 o'clock of the evening of May 23. The conditions agreed upon are for ten rounds for a decision and the championship of the Yukon and Northwest Territories, the winner to take 75 per cent. of the gate receipts and the loser 25 per cent. A side bet of \$1000 has been decided upon and each has posted a forfeit of \$250 that they will be in the ring ready to go on at the hour named. The referee will be selected either at the ring-side or during the day before the match. Tom Chisholm is backing Bates and a rattling good go is anticipated.

Bates is by no means a stranger in Dawson, he having resided here for the past two or three years. He has gone up against such men as Billy Perkins and Frank Slavin, his go with the latter being a ten-round draw and one of the tightest battles ever seen in the city. He has the advantage of youth, good wind, a long reach, has never abused the magnificent physique with which Nature has endowed him, and never could be called a quitter. Burley's fight with Slavin is of such recent occurrence and was so eminently satisfactory that he needs no introduction to the sporting public. He is as quick and agile as a school boy, fights clean and punches hard and there is no reason why the mill of the 23rd should not be as interesting as the one between Slavin and Burley.

A Lively Center.

Horkan's free library is one of Dawson's liveliest business places. Mine Host Horkan looks carefully after the wants of his patrons, who have access both to his large list of books and periodicals and also to the best lunch counter in the city. Good square meals are served at all hours and at the very lowest prices. When you make another trip down from the creeks be sure and give Horkan a call.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

WILL BECOME MERCHANTS

W. F. & Y. to Enter the Commercial Field

Compelled to so They Say as a Matter of Protection to Themselves.

J. H. Rogers, agent of the White Pass and Yukon route received the following wire night before last which in a manner is self explanatory:

Seattle, Wash., May 7.
Dawson, Y. T.

Important plans just perfected by which bona fide merchants will be supplied with staples by our company. Full particulars being rushed to you.

The significance of the foregoing message means that for a time at least the small merchants of the city will be enabled in the course of another month or two to buy goods here in case lots cheaper than they could get them outside with freight, duty and insurance added. During the course of a half hour chat had with Agent Rogers yesterday evening at the Zero Club he explained the position of his company about as follows:

"The first definite information I had on the subject was the telegram I have just shown you which I received night before last, so it is safe to assume that the reports which have been about town for the past few days are true. It is the intention of the company to engage in extensive mercantile pursuits for the purpose of supplying legitimately organized stores with their stock. Our business will be with the bona fide merchants strictly and not with brokers and jobbers, nor shall we do any retailing and thus enter into direct competition with our own customers. We feel that we can not persuade the smaller merchants to place their orders on account of the threat of the N. C. Co. to knock out all competition and put them out of business, so we will do the next best thing, bring the goods in ourselves and sell to them direct at cost with but freight and insurance added."

"Then it is true that some of the merchants have placed orders outside for goods this season?" was queried.

"There is no doubt of it," was the reply, "as very few if any orders whatever of any consequence have been sent out. They are simply afraid to after what has happened in the past ninety days. The N. C. Co. can sell goods at a loss and not feel it, at least not for a time, where the small merchant with a limited amount of capital could not think of following such a suicidal policy. They feel they do not dare lay in a big stock of goods bought by themselves in the open market for fear that next fall their larger rival may knock the bottom out of prices and land them high and dry. The only solution is that we shall have to go into business ourselves in order to provide the traffic necessary to keep up our lines. I think I am

safe in saying we can lay goods down here over our lines as cheaply as the N. C. Co. can via St. Michael and we will be able to supply the merchants in any quantity they may desire from one case to a car load and at a less figure than they themselves could bring the goods in. In addition to that it will afford them a tremendous saving in interest and storage charges in thus being able to buy in small quantities instead of having to lay in nearly a year's supply at a time. It was not our desire to enter the mercantile business and I long combatted the idea in my reports, but as matters have shaped themselves we are simply forced into it as a matter of self protection. We shall have our warehouses filled from top to bottom and will supply bona fide merchants in any quantity they may desire from one case up.

"Another thing I might mention to you now that we are speaking of this subject. Yesterday I interviewed nearly every merchant in the city, told them our plans and they were all glad to hear of the move, we have determined upon and promised us their hearty co-operation. You see there is really no jobbing house here and heretofore the houses have had to purchase in large quantities in order to buy advantageously. Thus came the drafts, often at a time when it was an effort to meet them."

"Have you made any arrangements yet as to buildings?"

"No, I have not been advised so far in that respect, but that will be the least of our troubles. There are plenty of warehouses here and if necessary we can build others."

"What class of goods do you propose handling and what is your estimate of the tonnage?"

"From the wire I infer our stock will consist wholly of staples, including hay and feed and a few moments ago I wired Mr. Lee that the season's shipments should aggregate 10,000 tons. We will certainly have as good—add close buyers as money can procure and will buy only in car load lots. A certain amount of the tonnage we are bound to get, 30 per cent. I should say, such as potatoes, etc., and that class of goods we shall not handle. Last year we handled almost two-thirds of the total tonnage of the Yukon, our shipments amounting to 21,000 tons as against 11,000 tons via St. Michael. Our road is a very expensive one to operate and we should get a better rate than via the lower river. Why we operate six months in the year at almost a dead loss and it takes three locomotives to pull a train of 18 cars over the hill. We must have the traffic and if it won't come to us we will have to go after it. Concerning the little details, I shall be fully advised upon the opening of navigation. Both Mr. Russell and Mr. Lee will arrive early in the season. No, I do not know who has been chosen as the manager of the mercantile end of the business."

Manager Messer of the N. C. Co., was seen at his office this morning. He had a copy of this morning's morning in his hands and his face was wreathed in smiles.

"Well, what do you think of it?" was the query put.

"It strikes me as being as funny that I have not been able yet to give the matter any serious thought. For the White Pass people to pose as a friend of the lower river is about as ludicrous a proposition as I ever heard. It looks to me like a

Continued on page 6.

MANAGER'S TROUBLES

Must Not Sing Airs From the "Mikado."

Manager Pantages of Orpheum is Notified He is Infringing on a Copyright.

Verily, the ways of a theatrical manager in Dawson are hard. It is not enough to be compelled to keep a bevy of soubrettes in good humor, to appease the ravenous appetites of a horde of comedians, to play adagio con expressione with the orchestra so they will be satisfied, to pay an enormous license and an equally altitudinous rent, but now comes the man, or in this instance a woman, with a copyrighted idea and demands her royalty or the music shall not be played and the songs sung. One of the cleverest things put on the Orpheum this season is a musical skit entitled "The Great Tycoon," in it being introduced the tune "Three Little Maids From School" from the "Mikado," and therein lies the trouble. The song during the week has been sung in costume by three pretty girls and each night Manager Pantages wore a broad smile as he witnessed the efforts of the three little Miss Chrysantheums. But he smiles no more. It so happens that the widow of the late D'Oyley Carte owns the copyright to all of Gilbert & Sullivan's operas, including the "Mikado," and it so happens, also, that the show has representatives in Dawson. These notified Mr. Pantages yesterday that his "Three Little Maids" song was an infringement upon the Carte copyright and he must cut it out or figure as defunctant in a suit for damages.

N. F. HAUEL, K. C.—Law office, Monte Carlo building, First avenue. Phone—Office, 129; residence, 86. Dawson, Y. T.

The Man With a Price.

Joe Clark in his paper of May 2d says: he is a man without a price, thereby intimating that all others have a price.

I for one acknowledge that I have a price, which is seventy-five cents a pound for the best coffee on earth, to wit: Schilling's Best.

F. S. DUNHAM, proprietor of The Family Grocery, corner Second avenue and Albert street.

CROWN AND BRIDGE WORK
610 PEAR STREET
Dawson Dental Parlor
Bank Building, Opp. N. C. Co.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

Capital paid up (Eight Million Dollars) \$8,000,000.
RESERVE \$2,000,000.

The Bank is prepared to purchase gold dust at actual assay value, less the usual charges for express and insurance, up to and including 30th April, 1902; after which date all dust will be subject to the proposed export tax.

D. A. CAMERON, Dawson Branch, Manager.

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 18
 (Dawson's Pioneer Paper)
 Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly.
 GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Daily.
 Yearly, in advance \$30.00
 Per month, by carrier in city in advance 5.00
 Single copies 25

Semi-Weekly.
 Yearly, in advance \$24.00
 Six months 13.00
 Three months 6.00
 Per month, 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 five times that 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.

FRIDAY, MAY 9, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium—"The Girl I Left Behind Me."
Orpheum—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

MINERS' WAGES.

Many inquiries have been made at this office with respect to the protection afforded laborers by the so-called miners' lien ordinance, which was passed last year by the Yukon council. The ordinance in question does not give the laborer a prior claim upon the dump upon which he may be working, neither does it involve the claim owner in case the laborer is employed by a layman. A mortgage or other similar incumbrance holds against the laborer's claim and must be satisfied before the latter can be adjusted. It is provided in the ordinance, that any laborer or group of laborers who may have reason to believe that their wages will not be paid may file with the courts a statement of their case and make application for the appointment of a receiver to take charge of the work with which they are connected.

The term "lien law," is in reality a misnomer as applied to the ordinance in question. It is designed rather to protect the laborer against misapplication of the proceeds from a dump rather than to give him priority in payment of his wages. It would be well for every laborer employed on the creeks to acquaint himself thoroughly with the terms of the ordinance in order that he may know exactly what his rights and privileges are.

A RECORD BREAKER

When the methods used in mining operations at the present time are compared with the old system pursued three or four years ago, a remarkable degree of progress is shown. Under existing conditions, the work of each individual man on a claim where machinery is employed, is easily equal to that performed by two men under the old system. The dumps now taken out in the course of a few months are larger than formerly resulted from operations extending over an entire season. It seems reasonable to conclude, therefore, that the output for the present summer will exceed that of all previous years. The number of men employed is equally large, while their individual effectiveness has largely increased.

The fact must be taken into consideration that a number of claims that have been enormous producers in the past will contribute a comparatively small proportion of the present year's clean-up. This loss, however, should be more than offset by the increase in the extent of opera-

tions and the improved methods of working. Conditions seem favorable to make the present season a record breaker.

The atmosphere is surcharged with rumors of a pending commercial war. The ultimate effect of a clash between the big commercial and transportation concerns is difficult to foresee. It is clear, however, that a struggle such as now seems likely to occur will result to the benefit of the consumer, and in that way prove advantageous to the community generally. Anything that tends to lessen the cost of commodities makes the mining industry more profitable, and the mining industry governs every other line of business in the territory.

The principle laid down by Andrew Carnegie that "trade does not care a fig for flags," is absolutely sound. Business is devoid of sentiment. Whoever is able to give the best returns for the money demanded will secure the trade, regardless of circumstances. In the great struggle for commercial supremacy now being waged on both sides of the Atlantic, Mr. Carnegie's theory will exert an important influence.

The quiet which now prevails in local political circles is merely the calm preceding the storm that will break when the parliamentary campaign begins. That there will be any lacking of victims ready and willing to sacrifice themselves upon the altar of the public service does not seem probable.

The war against filthy back yards is still in progress. If the good work is continued, Dawson will shortly present a greatly improved appearance. There may not be an over production of Godliness in this great Klondike capital, but that is no reason why there should be a dearth of cleanliness.

The fact that the Pope is growing physically weaker has caused a great stir among those who would like to succeed to the pontificate. It appears that politics sometimes creep even within the sacred circle of the church.

The Arctic Brothers will appear before the Dawson public this evening in the role of minstrels. The cause for which the entertainment is given is a worthy one and the Nugget bespeaks a full house for the "culted gemmen."

That extremely early break-up seems to be somewhat backward in making its appearance.

The railroad merger is a step in the direction of the nationalization of all railroads.

Too Early.

One raw February morning an instructor in the University of Michigan was calling the roll of an eight o'clock class in English. "Mr. Robbins," said he. "There was no answer."

"Mr. Robbins," in a slightly louder voice.

"Ah," said the instructor, with a quiet smile, "come to think of it, it is rather early for Robbins."

This is Current Literature's anecdote of the late Moses Coit Tyler, who later became professor of history at Cornell, and it shows him in the pleasing light of a man who could be boyishly gay at a gray and cheerless hour—no small feat, if one stops to consider an instructor's provocations to morning dullness.

See the grand minstrel—first part garden.

BOYS' CLOTHING

Suits,
Shirts,
Shoes,
Stockings,
Caps, &c.

J. P. McLENNAN
 233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B

ADVANCE IN PRICES

Of Eggs and Beef Made This Week

Potatoes Drop Down one Third—Cream Also Takes a Tumble.

It is surprising but true that in Dawson and on the creeks there have been consumed within the past four weeks upwards of 800 cases of the 1100 cases of eggs that arrived over the ice. When this fact was realized this week eggs that had been for two weeks selling at \$25 per case took a jump to \$27 and may go to \$30 or even higher before the stock now lying at Lower Lebarge awaiting the opening of navigation, reaches Dawson.

Potatoes have dropped from 18 and 20 cents, at which they were held all winter, down to 12½ cents and may drop to 10 cents before additional stock arrives. The demand is much less than anticipated.

Cream has come down from \$18 to \$16 per case this week, while condensed milk is slow at \$10.

Oats are steady at 8½ cents and there will be no advance as the market is well stocked to last until new consignments arrive.

Beef has advanced about 30 per cent. in the past week. Poultry is still plentiful and cheap, selling at from 40 to 50 cents per pound, retail.

General quotations are:

STAPLES.	
Flour	\$ 3.25@4 5.00
Sugar, per 100	13.00 14.00
Beans, per 100	8.00 8.00
Beans, Lima	10.00 10.00
Rollled Oats, per 100	8.00 9.00
MEATS.	
Beef, pound	40 60
Veal, pound	40 35@60
Pork, pound	30 50@75
Ham, pound	35@40 40
Bacon, fancy	20 25
Caribou, pound	35 30@50
Mutton, pound	25 35@50
BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE.	
Agens' butter, 60-lb.	\$ 1.00can
Elgin butter, 60-lb.	.27.50 1.50can
Coldbrook	22.50 25.00
S. & W., 48-lb.	30.00 1.50can
Eggs, fresh	25.00 1.00doz
MILK AND CREAM.	
Eagle, case	13.00 10.00
Highland, case	16.00 16.00
Carnation Cream	16.00 16.00
CANNED GOODS.	
Roast beef, doz	3.00 3 for 7.00
Mutton	3.50@ 4.50 2 for 1.00
Ox tongue	12.00@15.00 1 for 1.25
Sausage meat	4.00 2 for 1.00
Lunch tongue,	
case	9.00@11.00 1 for .50
Sliced bacon	3.00 4 for 1.00
Roast turkey	7.00 1 for .75
Corned beef	3.00 3 for 1.00
Sliced ham	3.50 2 for 1.00
Salmon, case	11.50 3 for 1.00
Clams, case	11.50 3 for 1.00
Tomatoes	5.50 3 for 1.00
Corn	4.25 3 for 1.00
String beans	6.50 2 for 1.00
Green peas	6.50 2 for 1.00
Cabbage	7.50 2 for 1.00
S. & W. fruits	14.00 2 for 1.50
Simcoe fruits	9.00 2 for 1.00
CHOICE CALIFORNIA MISSION.	
Fruits	8.50@10.00
Silver Seal	11.50 2 for 1.25
Succotash	7.00 3 for 1.00
Lubbeck's potatoes per tin	8.00
Beets	9.00 2 for 1.00
Asparagus	14.00 1 for 1.00
Asparagus tips	14.00 1 for 1.00
Celery, 4-5 stalks, doz	12.00 1 for 1.00
CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME.	
Ptarmigan, each	35 50
Rabbits, each	35 50
Grouse, each	35 50
Poultry, pound	30 35
Broilers, pound	50 60
Greyling, frozen	40 40
Greyling, fresh	75 75
Halibut	30 35
Whitefish	50 50
Pickercel	40 50
Salmon	20 25
MISCELLANEOUS.	
Potatoes	12½ 14
Onions	35 35
Cabbage	35 35
Turnips	30 30
Lemons, case	33.00
Oranges, case	40.00 50.00
Rollled oats	9 9
Oats	8½ 8
Hay	4½ 6
Soap	12.50
Tobacco, Star	1.20

"Was Mrs. Gabbot's 'conversazione' a success?"
 "Decidedly. Everybody chatted at a great rate."
 "How did she ever manage it?"
 "Oh, she had a musical program, you know, that lasted all through."
 —Philadelphia Bulletin.

a little game at romps in the garden of the palace which discloses a very close touch of nature. The princess was seated near a little lake, which had been constructed in a serpentine shape, winding about under rustic bridges.

She was laughingly scolding one of her attendants, when the girl broke away, crying out, "My mistress is angry with me! I'll drown myself!" and rushed into the water.

The princess called out, "Oh, stop her! Stop her!" and three or four more followed immediately. But the first knew well enough that the water was not more than three feet deep, so she had done it for a joke, and she turned round and threw water in the faces of her pursuers.

The princess had seen the joke directly after the cry had escaped her, and now joined heartily in the fun, and urged others to help in the capture. The general harem dress when warm weather set in was white Indian grass-cloth, more or less fine, made loose, and confined at the waist by a colored sash, a ribbon to match being usually worn round the throat, and to tie back the hair.

The dress could not be hurt by the immersion, but the ribbons might be spoiled. Some were seen to cast a glance on their pretty ties, which was a signal to those who saw the look to rush upon them at once and push them in.

There was nothing but screaming and laughing, several disporting themselves in the water, others pursued all over the garden, met at the cross-paths, turning and doubling on their pursuers. The princess clapped her hands with delight and laughed unrestrainedly, and the girls themselves were immensely pleased with the joke.

"Oh, she had a musical program, you know, that lasted all through."
 —Philadelphia Bulletin.

LAYS TO LET
 Lays to let on 14 above Hunker and 59 below. Apply C. W. C. Tabor, Orpheum Bldg.

BANK SALOON
 McDONALD & TRAROLE
 Wines, Liquors and Cigars 25c
 1st ave. and King St. Opp N. C. Co.

B. B. B., B. of N. B.
 On Tap at the PIONEER SALOON

Sweller'n Ever
AURORA SALOON
 THOS. CHISHOLM, Prop.
 Wines, Liquors and Cigars
 FIRST AVE., COR. QUEEN ST.

The New Monte Carlo
 WINE, LIQUORS 25c AND CIGARS
 MCKINNON & NEIL, PROPS
 First Ave. Opp. White Pass Dock

DAWSON LIQUOR CO.
 CHEAPER THAN EVER!
 FRONT STREET, Opp. L. & C. Dock. TELEPHONE 161

ESTABLISHED 1898...
ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY
 Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail At Right Prices.
 Five Proof Sales Sold on Easy Terms. BANK BUILDING, King Street.

IF YOU WANT good, fresh Beef, Mutton, Poultry, Game, etc. See
 QUEEN ST. Phone 70 **Shaw & Co.**

\$80 M. CURRENCY.

DOMS CIGARS

\$1,000.00 Standing Offer
 To the person that will prove that this is not a genuine Long Filler Habana Cigar.

Beginning Monday, May 12, we will offer to the trade only in case lots containing 2,500 each

FREE
 1 Box Horseshoe Tobacco, 1 Box Seat N. C. Tobacco,
 1 Box Bull Durham Tobacco, 500 Vanity Fair Cigarettes,
 500 Turkish Cigarettes.

This Cigar has been duly registered and any person or persons imitating this brand or part thereof will be prosecuted.

Townsend & Rose,
 FIRST AVENUE.

DOLLARS!

\$15.00 SUITS | \$18.00 SUITS | \$22.00 SUITS | \$25.00 SUITS

On Display in Our Show Windows. Best Material, Style, Workmanship.

N. A. T. & T. CO.

Egyptian Girls at Play.
 In her "Recollections of an Egyptian Princess" the author describes

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At the Fork of the Road

"Mother, I'm about as well pleased to find Jim Haskins is elected to the legislature as I was to be elected myself."

John Tyner glanced up from his paper and over the top of his steel-bowed spectacles at his wife.

"It all seems sort of strange—kind of like things you read about in books. Jim and I were boys together back in Illinois. We used to fish and hunt together, and our folks and his traded in harvest, and we used to run together with the same crowd of young folks. Then we enlisted the same day, and we marched and messed and bunked and fought together for three mighty long years."

He laid down his paper, took off his glasses and polished them meditatively on his shirt sleeve.

"He was a couple of years younger than I was, but he was tough as a hickory nut and stood marching better. Once on the march down in Tennessee I was about tuckered out, and I thought I would have to drop out of the ranks, whether or no. But Jim wouldn't hear to it. He took my gun and knapsack and carried them himself until we made camp. When I was wounded at the battle of Franklin and left for dead, it was Jim that carried me off the field—I reckon I owe my life to Jim. I'll be mighty proud to set in the legislature with him—mighty proud!"

His wife smiled placidly over her knitting as he talked.

"Of course Jim is more fit to set in the legislature than I be," John Tyner went on. "He was a good scholar, and got to be a famous lawyer and public speaker long ago. It's a wonder he hasn't gone to congress before this. I never had half a chance to get the education he had. It was dig and hoe and plow and grub roots with me. Then pap died, and I couldn't see my way to leaving mother and Benny to shift for themselves. Benny was weakly, you know but he took to books like a duck takes to water. So we gave Benny the chance, and he was doing mighty well in school when he took the fever and died. Then mother followed him and the war broke out and I went. I might have gone to school after it was over, but I thought I was getting pretty old for it, and then—I met you, mother, and that did settle it!"

He smiled humorously as his wife glanced up from her knitting with a tender light shining in her eyes.

"You've been a good man, father, and that's more than I can say for some men with a fine education. You are getting along toward your old days, but I've yet got to hear of the first mean thing you ever did. You remember Abe Lincoln? He never had much schooling, but he knew what was right about as well as the next one, and he did it, too. And when you go up to the capital to help make the laws I know you'll think of him and do the right thing, father."

John Tyner's bronzed face took on a little ruddier color at these words of his wife. As if to change the subject, he broke in:

"He was a great man, mother, was Lincoln. Level-headed and good! The first and only jury I ever set on, he was a lawyer on one side. I was just past twenty-one, but I shall never forget one thing he said to us.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said, "I not only ask a verdict at your hands because I think we are entitled to it in law, but for a far deeper and better reason. I ask it because it is equity. I ask it because it is right! Why, mother, he made doing right look like it was something great and grand!"

"Well, it is," responded his wife. "Doing right is something great and grand."

When John Tyner and James Haskins met in the corridor of the State house at Topeka they clasped hands and exchanged heartfelt congratulations. Then they sought chairs in a secluded corner and talked over the old times. Haskins confided to Tyner his ambition to be elected to the State senate next time, and then to run for congress. Tyner gladly and proudly promised to do all he could to further these aspirations, and then admitted that, aside from "voting right," he had no higher ambition than to get a special law passed permitting the building of a bridge across Wild Horse River.

Haskins smiled at the modesty of this ambition, and readily pledged himself to support the measure by voice and vote.

"And by the way, John," he added, "I have a contest on my hands. The fellow I defeated has got it into his head that he was elected, and has filed a contest for the seat. Of course it will not amount to any-

thing, aside from the annoyance of it. The speaker will appoint a special committee to hear the evidence. Of course a majority of the members of the committee will be from our side of the house, and will make a majority report favorable to me. Our side will all vote to sustain the majority report, and of course the report will be adopted on strictly party lines. It will all be a mere formality, but I thought I would tell you so you could keep your eyes open for it."

"What is it about?" asked Tyner.

"Wasn't you elected fair?"

"The man who gets defeated never does think he was beaten fair. That's human nature. You see, I got in by a close squeeze—had only a majority of eleven. Smith claims he has found that fraudulent votes were cast for me in a couple of townships. It is a preposterous claim, of course. All you have to do is to vote for the majority report when it comes in."

Then some one called Haskins away, leaving John Tyner with a perplexed look on his face.

In a few days the special committee appointed to hear the contest case of Smith vs. Haskins was in session. When his legislative duties would permit, Tyner would staid away to the committee room and listen to the taking of evidence. As the evidence accumulated he felt a strange sinking at his heart. The testimony seemed to be all in favor of Smith. In fact, relying on his party's majority in the house, Haskins had made little defense. Perhaps there was no ground for making one.

When the committee had concluded its labors, it brought in a majority and a minority report. The majority report simply declared that, after carefully hearing the evidence and considering the credibility of the witnesses, the evidence was not sufficient to unseat James Haskins.

The minority member of the committee then moved the substitution of the minority report for the majority report. His report was then read by the reading clerk.

It was long, and recited the more important testimony in detail. In plain words, it set forth that thirty laborers, who worked on the grade for the new railroad, and who had voted in Spring Creek township, were not legal voters of that township; that sixteen voters of a thrashing "outfit" in Cedar township had not been in the township long enough to acquire a voting residence. The report ended by declaring Thomas Smith elected by a majority of thirty-five votes.

A moment later the "Ayes" and "Noes" had been demanded on the adoption of the minority report, and the clerk, in a high-pitched, monotonous voice, had begun calling the roll.

"Arkwright?"

"No!"

"Archer?"

"No!"

"Beadle?"

"Aye!"

"Carter?"

So the voting began, on strictly party lines.

In some way a rumor had gained credence that John Tyner was in favor of the minority report. Haskins was standing near the speaker's desk when two of the party leaders hurried to him with the rumor. He laughed at the idea.

"Why, men," he said, "I haven't a better friend on earth than John Tyner. We were boys together. We soldiered together. He is a man who always votes his ticket straight. The idea is ridiculous!"

"See him, at any rate," the leaders advised. "He stands well, if he is an old farmer, and he might lead a bad break."

The clerk was going slowly down the roll in his even, high-pitched voice. As Haskins hurried down the aisle, he noticed that Tyner seemed much disturbed. Tyner did not see Haskins approaching. Old friendship, gratitude, political pride and party loyalty were calling to him to vote against the minority report. His conscience was whispering, "Vote aye!"

Haskins leaned over and spoke to him with an easy smile on his face. "I'm going to win out, John," he said.

Tyner did not seem to hear him.

"The evidence is untrustworthy," he went on. "Those fellows had a right to vote somewhere. If a man wishes to vote and casts but the one vote, he ought to have a right to vote wherever he may be. The spirit of the law gives a vote to every man. Anyway, the house is the sole judge of the election of its members!" Then he saw something in John Tyner's face that filled him with alarm.

"John," he said, tremulously, "I've just heard you were against me but I cannot believe a word—not a word of it! Dick Keene just told me and I told him we had slept under the same blanket and eaten out of the same bean-pot too long for you ever to go back on me in that way. 'Isn't that so, John?"

The roll-call was droning on: "Kelso, King, Lombard, Lupton." Tyner felt as a man does when some appalling disaster suddenly looms before him which he is powerless to avert or avoid. He tried to speak, but no sound came from his lips.

"John, I do not want to throw up the past to you, but I hope you have not forgotten that July afternoon down in Tennessee when I toted your knapsack and gun. The enemy would have taken you in sure that day if I hadn't helped you out. I want you to help me from getting caught by the enemy today. Remember who carried you off the battlefield at Franklin when you had been left for dead? You've always said I saved your life that day. I want you to save my life—my political life—today!"

"Norquest?"

"No!"

"Richardson?"

"Aye!"

"Think of all it means to me!"

Haskins went on. "State senate next time, then congress, maybe. If I lose today I am ruined—politically ruined. Think of your bridge across Wild Horse River. Special legislation is hard to get through. I will champion the measure and make the best speech I know how for it. Say you are going to vote against the minority report, John. For my sake and for the sake of the old times, say it!"

"Tyner?"

There was no response, and again the clerk called the name.

Suddenly, as in a vision, John Tyner saw the placid smile of his wife as she bent over her knitting. Again he heard her say, as she looked up at him and then at Lincoln's portrait on the wall, "I know you will think of him and do the right thing, father." For the third time the clerk called "Tyner?" And then he found speech.

"Mr. Speaker," he rose to his feet and was recognized by the chair, in accordance with the rule of the Kansas legislature for such interruption of the roll-call, "so far as I know I have never done anything before in my life that needed explaining. I've seen hard times and good times, and through all I've just been a plain, ordinary farmer. I'm no lawyer, like the most of you, and I never set on a jury but once in my life. Nevertheless, I've got some ideas of my own on this contest case."

As he paused, a hush fell over the house and the stillness became intense.

"The time I set on that jury Abraham Lincoln was one of the lawyers. He said the thing to do always is to do the right thing. That's what I calculate to do today."

A wave of hand-clapping swept over from the side of the opposition. Some one near him muttered, "Old John Tyner's going back on us!" It cut him to the heart, but he went bravely on.

"I've known Jim Haskins since we were boys together. We used to fish together for suckers and goggle-eyes at the old mill-dam, back on Sugar Creek. We enlisted in old Company B on the same day, and for three years we marched and fought side by side. We've shared each other's rations and slept on the ground under the same blanket. He carried my musket and knapsack when I was clean tired out. He brought me off the battlefield of Franklin when I had been left there for dead. When I tell you all this you will understand, maybe, how much I think of Jim Haskins."

This time a vigorous clapping of hands came from the side of the majority.

"Once when I was a little shaver I got lost when I came to the fork of an old road through the timber. I come awful near taking the wrong road, until I happened to see an old 'blaze' on a tree. Then I found out the way. I've been at the fork of the road for the last ten minutes, but remembering Lincoln and—something else—was like seeing the blaze on the tree. And—God help me!—I think them railroad votes and them thrashing-machine votes was fraudulent. I can't feel right and vote again this report. Mr. Speaker, I vote 'aye!'"

He sat down and buried his face in his hands. Tears trickled through his fingers as he heard the cheers from the opposition and the murmur of disapproval from his own side of the house.

Then James Haskins did an almost incredible thing.

"Mr. Speaker!"

"The gentleman from Davis!"

"Mr. Speaker, I rise to the ques-

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North Bound 1st Class No. 1 Daily Except Sunday	STATIONS	South Bound 1st Class No. 2 Daily Except Sunday
Lv. 9:30 a. m.	SEAGWAY	Ar. 4:30 p. m.
9:50	Shovel	4:45
10:15	Klifton	4:55
10:35	Olester	5:05
10:55	Tunnel	5:15
11:15	Switchback	5:25
11:35	WHITE PASS	5:35
11:55	Melrose	5:45
12:15	Freer	5:55
12:35	Log Cabin	6:05
12:55	(HERNETT)	6:15
1:15	Pavey	6:25
1:35	Pennington	6:35
1:55	Bondick	6:45
2:15	Winton	6:55
2:35	CARIBOU	7:05
2:55	Leandro	7:15
3:15	Lorne	7:25
3:35	Monte	7:35
3:55	Dewette	7:45
4:15	Nobinas	7:55
4:35	Cowley	8:05
4:55	Ungava	8:15
5:15	Wagon	8:25
Ar. 4:30 p. m.	WHITE PASS	Lv. 9:30 a. m.

**Alaska Time—1 hr. slower than Pacific Time (Moose Station).*

A. B. NEWELL, General Mgr. J. F. LEE, Traffic Mgr.

Experience With Loons

About thirty years ago a notion had gained belief that turtle oil was a potent remedy for rheumatism; and a self-styled doctor, living in my native town, who knew how to trim his sails to catch the popular breeze, had offered a number of the boys of the village a dollar a quart for all the turtle oil that they could procure for him.

For remedial purposes turtle oil is probably no better than goose oil, tallow or lard; but for the time being faith in it had sprung up, and that was enough for this empiric doctor.

As boys, we did not trouble ourselves with the medical question. It was an attractive offer, and our undivided attention was fixed on the dollar.

The only drawback was that the offer came in November, so late in the fall that the turtles at the lake had all gone into winter quarters in the mud of the bog, and could no longer be captured sunning on the logs, or by night upon the long sand-bank where they laid their eggs. We had a homely knowledge of their habits, however, and knew about how deep they burrowed while hibernating, and on the afternoon of my story three of us had gone to the lake, or rather to the wide, muddy bog that bordered it, bent on capturing a boat-load of big turtles. An old bayonet affixed to the end of a short pole, and a spade with a long handle made up my equipment for turtle-hunting; but in addition to spades, my two fellow hunters, Alfred and Willis, were provided, one with a strong hay fork, the other with a grapnel hook lashed to the end of a stout ash sapling.

For safety's sake, too, we had each an old pair of snow-shoes. For although the mud of the bog was now slightly frozen over, the deep sloughs beneath were still dangerous. The lake itself had not yet frozen. We were therefore able to cross over from our shore to the bog in a boat—an old craft that had long been common property among the boys for fishing excursions.

Our modus operandi can be conjectured from our outfit. Having put on our snow-shoes, we began searching for turtle signs, and prodding deep into the mud with the bayonet. When touched with the point of the sharp weapon, under such circumstances, the burrowing turtle would stir slightly, thus differentiating itself from a sunken log or root. When the reptile was located, the task of unearthing it was begun with spade and grapnel.

But afternoons are short in November. We had secured no more than three turtles, if I remember right,—big, muddy, semitorpid creatures that lay on their backs like flat stones in the bottom of the boat, hardly stirring,—when the approach of sunset warned us to set off for home. We were rowing back across the upper reach of the lake, when directly in front of us we saw a flock of four loons, which we had already noticed, sailing to and fro, several times that afternoon.

"It's queer they haven't gone yet," said Alfred. "They always leave here earlier, before it gets so cold."

All four of the loons were swimming down across our course,—great, handsome birds,—and one of them, turning its head toward us, uttered the short, singular laugh characteristic of loons. We noticed, however, that two of them were much smaller than the others, and that one of the two lagged about fifty feet behind the rest as they swam.

"Those two are this year's young ones," said Willis. "Perhaps they were late hatched and aren't large enough to fly far yet."

"Oh, yes, they are!" said Alfred. "A loon can fly, if only there is room to rise from the water, by the time they are half-grown."

We had come up quite near the lagging one by this time, and wondered why it did not dive. Instead, it seemed to be making frantic attempts to swim, yet did not progress fast, and the others were as evidently swimming slowly to allow it to keep near them.

"Why, I believe something's the matter with that young loon!" said Willis. "He cannot swim much. Let's catch him."

Thereupon Alfred and I plied the oars smartly, while Willis steered the boat, and after pulling for two or three hundred yards we came close upon the lagging loon, wondering all the while that it did not dive.

It continued struggling ahead on the surface till Willis steered the boat close alongside, calling out to Alfred to catch it. The young loon then made a great effort to rise, but Alfred, dropping his oar, seized it by one wing and pulled it into the boat.

We then saw that something was wrong with its feet. They were not properly webbed, but looked like clubfeet, little deformed masses of red flesh and bone.

The instant it felt Alfred's grip it uttered a wild, harsh cry; and that cry of distress affected deeply the two old loons. They were fully fifty yards ahead, but they turned instantly, with similar wild cries, and seeming to stand erect in the water, they flapped their powerful wings and came directly toward the boat.

So far from being alarmed, however, we thought it a rather good joke at first, and made ready to strike them. But the loons had a mode of attack which we had not reckoned on. They came near the boat, and with their wings threw water over us and straight in our faces, as boys, while swimming, sometimes dash water at one another, striking it with the palms of their hands. One who has never seen loons throw water with their wings can have little idea of the force with which they propel it, or the quantity they can throw. We were quite blinded and drenched by it, and they kept a constant stream of it coming, making the whole lake resound to their loud outcries.

On a warm summer day this would have been a mere lark; but on that cold November night such a drenching was really a serious matter. To add to our discomfort, too, while dodging about in the boat trying to fend the cold douches from our face, Alfred had his foot gripped by one of our captive turtles. The reptile held fast, despite vigorous kicks, and altogether we were in a bad way.

Willis and I had seized hay-fork and bayonet to repel the attack, but the loons seemed to know their advantage. They did not come within reach, but continued drenching us, driving whole bucketsful of that cold water over us. We were soaked to the skin.

I do not believe there remained a dry thread in the clothing of any one of us, and our assailants kept bombarding us till Alfred threw the young loon out on the lake. Then he had all that he could do to free his boot toe from the turtle. Willis and I secured the oars and paddled away. We had been fairly worsted; and I remember that we were so cold and our teeth chattered so badly that we left our turtles in the boat overnight, and ran home as fast as we could to get warm.

These four loons remained in the lake that fall till the evening of the first day of December. On the morning of the next day the club-footed young loon was seen in a small mill-pond a quarter of a mile south of the lake. The other three loons had gone. The lake froze over for the winter that night.—Ex.

International Marriages.

An English journalist, writing about what he calls "the Americanization of the world," gives full credit to the work of American women in this direction. He quotes a remark which the late Lord Dufferin made some twenty years ago:

"Few people have any idea of the extent to which the diplomatic service is Americanized by the influence of marriage. Nearly all the attaches of the various embassies at Washington are captured before their term of office expires by American beauties and American heiresses. The result is that the diplomatic service, the only service which is really cosmopolitan, is Americanized through and through."

To show that our women are doing a corresponding work in the field of business and finance, the English journalist quotes a Parisian editor who has advanced an interesting theory, that through American marriages the titled houses of Europe are postponing for a time the downfall which must follow the invasion of Yankee trade and democratic ideas. Thus the daughters and sisters, by means of the millions earned by the fathers and brothers, are temporarily preserving a state of affairs which those very millions have doomed.

International marriages have heretofore been a subject rather of impertinent jest than of grave consideration on broad economic grounds. Contrary to the general impression regarding these marriages, they are usually happy, and few of them are brought about by mercenary considerations. Moreover, to think of the American girl who marries abroad as an agent in the "Americanization of the world" gives her an importance which her brothers seldom attain.

Malvar's Surrender.

Manila, April 16.—Gen. Malvar has unconditionally surrendered to Brig. Gen. Bell at Lipa, Batangas province, with the entire insurgent force of the provinces of Laguna and Bat-

angas. Gen. Bell says his (Bell's) influence is sufficient to quell the insurrectionary movements in Tayabas and Cavite provinces and capture all those in the field who have not yet surrendered, but Malvar has ordered the complete surrender of every insurgent to the nearest American force.

Gen. Wheaton, reporting to the division headquarters, says that all resistance in his department has ended and that the surrenders just announced mean that the ports will be opened and that the Filipinos in the detention camps will be allowed to return to their homes in time to plant their crops.

Gen. Wheaton is especially pleased with Gen. Bell's care of the natives confined in the camps. The officers in charge are held personally responsible for the quality and quantity of the food served out and of the general welfare of the occupants of the camps. After scouring the mountain passes, Gen. Bell employed volunteer bolo men for protection against Ladratism. Numbers of Filipinos volunteered, and expressed the liveliest satisfaction at the treatment accorded to themselves and to their families who were in the concentration camps.

Gen. Wheaton gives Gen. Bell great credit for his indefatigability in conducting the campaign. He was in the field, on horseback, day and night, personally superintending the most arduous operations.

The people of Manila are delighted at the prospect of a resumption of trade with the pacific provinces and are anxious to show Gens. Chaffee, Wheaton and Bell their appreciation of the fact that the insurrection is really over.

About 3,500 rifles have been received by the American officers in Batangas and Laguna provinces during the past four months. Gen. Malvar personally requested an interview with Gen. Bell in order to make his complete submission.

The lack of news in the Island of Samar is due to a defective cable. It is believed, however, that the American commander there received yesterday the surrender of all the insurgents in Samar, unless the planned proceedings were altered.

A case of cholera has occurred on the transport Hancock which arrived yesterday from Singapore and is now being quarantined.

Ireland Makes Protest.

London, April 17.—In the house of commons today John Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader, speaking of the crimes act proclamation, issued last night by the lord lieutenant of Ireland, Earl Cadogan, declared that an infamous conspiracy was on foot in England to foment crime in Ireland, where none existed. The stories of outrages and violence in Ireland were infamous calumnies.

The Nationalists in Ireland were only governed by a contemptible minority. This statement was cheered by the Irish members. A hundred men, continued Mr. Redmond, stood ready to replace every man sent to prison in this struggle. The Irish entreated Mr. Wyndham, the chief secretary for Ireland, to change his policy; but if he continued it they would meet him face to face, and give blow for blow. Their answer to his coercion of Ireland would be to harden their hearts, strengthen their organization and compel redress.

Mr. Wyndham replied that while it was true that there was a comparative absence in Ireland of crime against the person, the lives of people were made miserable by intimidation and boycotting. The government was not acting from political motives, but as the result of information laboriously collected and carefully examined.

A motion for adjournment, to discuss coercion, made by Mr. Redmond, was rejected by a vote of 253 to 148.

John Redmond and John Dillon have sent a joint cablegram to former Congressman John F. Finerty, of Chicago, appealing for American sympathy and support during the struggle against coercion.

Gleason and Queenan Meet.

Fairhaven, Thursday, April 17.—Larry Gleason and Perry Queenan are to fight twenty rounds tonight before the Buffalo Athletic Club of this city. An agreement is trying to be effected this afternoon that if both men are still up at the close of the twentieth round they shall continue for a decision. The fight is at catch weight. Queenan weighed in today at 141, and Gleason at 138. Queenan is a favorite in betting, a number of wagers having been made that Gleason will not stay eleven rounds. There will be a ten-round preliminary between Barney Mullen, of Sedro-Woolley, and Nichols, Queenan's trainer.

Job printing at Nugget office.

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LONE STAR STOCK

"There is no sillier babble in this world than the ever-wise advice so often given not to buy mining stock, not to buy mines. Such people have most likely been bitten by foolishly investing in something that they had no knowledge of and which had no value; the same calibre of people go into the mercantile business, pay three prices for their goods and fail; invest in a poor farm and starve. I speak advisedly and say what every man who has investigated this issue knows to be the truth, that less money is lost proportionately in mining than in any business in this world, and larger fortunes are made in mining and in the investment of mining stocks than in any business or any investment on earth. A good mining stock will pay the investor more easily twenty, thirty, forty, fifty and 100 per cent. annually than municipal bonds, railroad bonds and stock or government bonds can possibly pay five per cent. Money invested in a good mining stock is safer than in a bank; than in mortgages, railroad securities, municipal or government bonds.

"The security of a good mining stock is the raw material of money itself; it is what we call in Africa the 'stuff' itself; it is the 'stuff' at whose feet governments, cities, banks, railroads, mortgages, land corporations and all forms of business kneel.

"I speak only of gold and silver mines, from the metal of which blooms and blossoms the everlasting dollar; the crude metal in our gold and silver mines is the first and best security in all this world. This is what makes banks and banking a possibility; this is what gives legs to a municipality; spine to a government and creates the business of the world into a living, breathing, active creature of life.

"Buy a good mining stock, buy it low; when it has made an improbable advance sell it; buy another good mining stock—pursue this policy, and before you dream of it you will find that your dollars have increased to thousands, your thousands into millions, and during all this time your dividends have been 100 per cent. higher than they would have been in any other investment you could have made!"

A few years ago the great Homestead Mining Company's stock could have been bought for a few cents a share; now it is worth upward of \$50 a share. It has paid monthly 20 cents a share for years and years, and when it was selling for 50 cents a share, for \$1.00, for \$5.00 a share, the buyers were few; when it reached \$30.00 and \$40.00 a share the public sought it.

Calumet and Hecla stock could have been purchased a few years ago for \$1.00 a share; the Tamarack for \$10.00 a share; the Boston and Montana for \$15.00 a share.

Calumet and Hecla today is worth over \$600.00 a share; Tamarack nearly \$300.00 a share; Boston and Montana nearly \$400.00 a share.

The Old Virginia Consolidated-Comstock Mining Company's stock in its early days sold as low as 50 cents a share, hawked on the streets of San Francisco at 50 cents a share—but the security of this stock was a good proposition—the mines in a short time became developed, stock advanced, upon the merits of the property being better shown, to \$100 a share and \$1,000 a share, to thousands of dollars a share. Men who had invested a few hundred found themselves worth \$1,000,000; men who had invested a few thousands, multi-millionaires. Out of these great gold mines rose all the wealth of Flood, of O'Brien, Mackay, Ralston, Senator Sharon, Senator Fair and most of the other multi-millionaires of the Pacific coast. The same might be said of thousands of other mining companies, not on so great a scale, still on a large scale.

Lone Star Mining and Milling Company

OFFICE, KING ST., OPP. N. C. CO.

LEW CRADEN, ACTING MGR.

FRIDAY

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Stroller's Column.

While the snow storm was raging Wednesday evening the Stroller and several others who had soaked their winter overcoats, sought shelter in a first avenue "gents" furnishing goods' resort when, very naturally, the principal topic of conversation was the weather. One man in the party spoke with a considerable degree of self-assurance, he having first come to the country in '86, hence, so far as historical information went, he was accredited the right of way. Said he:

"This has completed my sixteenth winter in the Yukon valley, during which time I have kept very close tabs on the weather and I must admit that it is behaving more peculiarly now than at any similar season of the year in my knowledge and from what I have been able to gather from the old Indians along the river from Selkirk to Fort Yukon, I find that never before in the past fifty years has such a violent snow-storm and blizzard been experienced here as late as May 7th as is this one."

"Liar! Liar! Liar!"
Everybody looked around expecting

The bartender not having removed the bottle from the bar, the old man poured himself a drink and then took a second as a chaser and continued: "You ejoys but you don't know nothin' 'bout what's bin and what ain't bin in this country. The heaviest snow this country ever seed, was in May of 1869 and 'f I remember rightly it were on the 20th or 21st of the month. The weather had been sorter mild before that and the Klondike had gone out jest like it has now, an' me an' Limpin' Grouse was waitin' anxiously fer the Yukon to go out soze we could float down an' visit some kin of her'n at Fortymile. Waal, on, I think it was the 20th of May, two solid foot of snow fell."

"Next day the sun came out so all-fired hot the snow hadn't time to melt and b'gosh it burned a brown crust on its top and there ain't never bin such sleddin' in this country before nor since. Me and Limpin' Grouse started to Fortymile in a sled one day arter noon an' got there before bedtime, b'gosh. That crust never did melt. The snow went away from under it and the grass and



ME AN' LIMPIN' GROUSE LEFT FOR FORTY MILE AT NOON AN' WAS THAR BY BEDTIME."

to see Captain Woodside, and there just inside the entrance leading to what at one time was the black-jack reception and entertainment room stood the sourest of all doughs. He was livid with rage as was apparent by his flashing eyes and clenched fists.

"F I didn't know no more'n you raps I'd hire some school house janitor to gimme lessons at night, drat ye, but I doubt if ye'd have sense nuff to ever larn th' name of th' printer of the book you was studyin' onten. Shakespeare or Bill Ogilvie, I fergit which, hit a bull's eye when he said, 'Some men is born fools, others becomes fools and others has fools thrust upon 'em.' I'm of the latter class for if ever a man had ter listen ter foci utterances, him is me."

weeds grew up and punctured it and let the wind get under it till it finally dried up and blown away. However, I used to find hunks of that crust lyin' around till snow came next fall.

"But here I am puttin' myself on a common plain of mediocrity with you ignoramouses. I'd orter be ashamed of myself when that grave back thar is cryin' out fer a coat of green paint to last 'till grass grows."

From the number of cats—fur cats—now seen in Dawson the time is not far distant when the following will be appreciated:

Creature of night; bold, brazenly immoral, responsible to neither gods nor men;

From out the dark thy irreligious choral
Jars on my nerves and angers me again.

When dogs and other honest brutes are sleeping,
And not a cur awakes to bay the moon,
With low companions thou thy watch art keeping
And giving tongue to thy unlovely tune.

What demon, deep within thy black heart hidden,
What base promoter of foul deeds and strife,
Malignity and hate and war has bidden

Thee lead that dissolute and vicious life?
Art thou provoked by influence infernal
To levy war on all thy wretched kind,

Profane the air with revelry nocturnal,
To gratify thy dark and bloody mind?

Thy fur, once thick, is largely dissipated,
Thy ears are notched, thy lips are gashed and torn,
Six inches of thy tail has been abated

Thou art a thing to look upon with scorn,
Yet why waste hard-wrought verses in denouncing

Thy manifold transgressions, callous cat?
The word for you I'll lose no time pronouncing,
Take good care that you heed it, Thomas: Scat!

As good poetry, no matter if it is stolen, is better than poor original matter that fails to come unless drawn out by a mustard plaster, it won't stick on a corkscrew, the Stroller herewith presents the following for perusal by his benedictine friends:

When Mary greets me with a kiss on my return at night,
And when her eyes are dancing in a waltz step of delight,
I know her loving nature is so pleasantly alive,
Because she plans to ask me for another twenty-five.

She doesn't need to tell me that 'twill be excursion day,
That she's tired out with labor and just pines to get away,
I can read a woman's features and I've learned to know the sign,
When dollar articles are marked way down to ninety-nine.

The thrill that passes through me as I stand and take the kiss!
Oh, you single men, believe me, 'tis a sweet and sacred bliss;
The price has made it sacred and no wonder I hold back,
For a twenty-five is going to the gurgle of a smack,
'Tis in vain I grawl at business and discourse with much dismay
Of losses I have suffered and big bills I've got to pay;

She scorns my pictured ruin and I have to get in line,
When dollar articles are marked way down to ninety-nine.
Oh, merchants of the city, pause a moment in your greed,

That you've got to make a living I most readily concede,
But I ask you frank and honest, can't you find some other way
And not torment us husbands with your blasted bargain day?
I plead the case before you, for the money's running slow,
And the house is full of notions bought because you marked them low,
I'm helplessly at mercy of this wicked wife of mine,
When dollar articles are marked way down to ninety-nine.

The Stroller realizes with no small degree of alarm the fact that his good friend Prof. George is lately developing the kindly disposition of Happy Hooligan in that he is ever volunteering his services to help unfortunates out of difficulty. Prof. is ever ready, without money and without price, to lend his kindly offices and it is worthy of comment that he usually succeeds. It was noticed that Prof.'s last client in court escaped punishment.

The Prof's is a spirit worthy of emulation but as in Happy Hooligan's case it invariably gets him into trouble

Here is a poem from the Denver Evening Post, the sentiment of which is worthy of serious thought:

I am sitting by the river, Eloise,
Where the waters dance and quiver in the breeze,
And the little birds are winging overhead and sweetly singing,
Till their melody is ringing thro' the trees.

Here together we sat chumming, Eloise,
While we listened to the humming of the bees,
And you said when I made money, As the little bees made honey,
I would be your solid sonny: Oh, you tease!

As we sat beneath the willows, Eloise,
Bosoms heaving as the billows of the seas,
What a joyful recollection
That by prudent circumspection
I was winning your affection, by degrees.

All at once a scream went flying thro' the trees,
Seemed to shatter e'en the sighing of the breeze,
And the voice which erstwhile charmed me,
Now with pitying ring alarmed me,
Till the very blood that warmed me seemed to freeze.

What a chill of fear came o'er me, Eloise,
As you threw yourself before me on your knees,
And you said a bug that harm meant
Was between your back and garment,
And you begged the dreadful varmint I would seize.

But my modesty was riven, Eloise,
And my blushes ran up seventy degrees,
And you called me craven coward,
Epithets upon me showered,
And alone left me embowered beneath the trees.

So again I here am sitting, Eloise,
And the same old birds are fitting thro' the trees,
In the same old way they're singing,
And the same old way they're winging,
And the same old music's ringing on the breeze.

But I've grown—a whole lot older, if you please,
And I've certainly grown bolder—by degrees.
And if now I had occasion,
I would stop that bug's invasion
Without any hesitation, Eloise.

It is said there is a man in Dawson who has a standing offer of \$10 for any man who will holler "Rubber!" at him. In these quiet times when labor is stalking up and down the face of the earth offering to work for six bits an hour and board itself, it is a wonder some fellow does not take a chance at the ten buckarinos. But as the man was mad when the offer was made, the chances are that the price of "Rubber!" has gone down to \$7.50.

It is with regret that on these bright afternoons the Stroller frequently observes men coming from their cabins on the hillside down town wearing lurid jags. This indicates a revival in the bottle trade and it also indicates getting drunk with malice aforethought.

The man who hits from one paint store to another may have good intentions but he gets overloaded before he realizes it and is, therefore, to a certain extent an object for the commiseration of distinguished people like the Stroller.

But for a man to carry a bottle to his cabin and then lay off his coat, roll up his sleeves, spit on his hands and sail in for no other purpose than to get roary-eyed drunk is not recherche in good society and the man who does it need not expect that the "400" will receive him with open arms and allow him to dampen his whistle from their punch bowls.

To drink in good society a man must be circumspect.

A young Dawson man calls his sweetheart Winter because she lingers in his lap.

Long last December when the blasts of Boreas swept o'er the land like measles over a country school district, the Dawson fire department was called out by the tintinabulations of the double-quick gong. A lively run was made up First avenue and when passing along about the middle of the block between King and Queen streets the ponderous engine which, like young Lochinvar from the west, stayed not for anything in front of it, ran over and killed a small dog. Had the dog been named Kosisko, freedom would have shrieked when he fell; but as the dog's name was "Mush, you ——— malnute," the engine went on and freedom kept her mouth shut.

Time passed on just as time is in the habit of doing and the fact of the fire engine having run over and killed a dog would have been long since forgotten were it not for the fact that the remains of the late defunct are still lying on First avenue about two-thirds of the way across

it and almost immediately in front of the Northern Annex.
The above may strike the average reader as a flat story but it must be borne in mind that it deals with a very "flat" subject.

Brewitt, the tailor, wants to see you. Large stock of new goods. Prices reasonable. Old stand, Second avenue.

See the beautiful Southern plantation sketch, "Way Down South," or "The Old Slave's Return"—A. B. Minstrel—tonight.

WANTED—Position for man and wife. Enquire Chicago Hotel p-1-3

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LAWYERS
PATTULLO & RILEY—Advocates Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices Rooms 7 and 8 A. C. Office Bldg.
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Agent for Harper & Ladue You can't Co. Hart's Addition, Merrill's Addition, The Imperial Life Insurance Company.
Collections Promptly Attended to.
Money to Loan.
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J. J. O'NEIL
MINING EXPERT
Quartz mines examined and reported on. Correspondence solicited.
Address: General Delivery, Dawson

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

Signs and Wall Paper
ANDERSON BROS.
SECOND AVE.

REMOVAL NOTICE.
On or about May 1st the YUKON BAKERY will remove to their new quarters on Second avenue, opposite S. Y. T. building, where they will be pleased to meet their many friends and patrons.

Retiring From Gent's Furnishing and Department

Boot and Shoe

We have decided to withdraw the above departments from our business and will sell EN BLOC making payments agreeable to purchaser at RETAIL.

NECKWEAR.	NEGLIGEE SHIRTS.	Boots & Shoes	SOCKS, largely English imported goods
HATS, all shapes.		The Celebrated Slater and Ames Holden.	COLLARS. CUFFS.
CLOTHING, made by W. E. Sanford Manufacturing Co.		Full line Miner's Hob Nailed Waterproof, the most sensible shoe in the market.	UNDERWEAR, Marino natural wool and Silk.

Our announcement as above is Bona Fide and by giving us a call we will convince you.

Macaulay Bros.,

One Door Below Norquay's Drug Store

Front Street

AFFIDAVITS ARE FALSE

Renewal Grants Ordered Cancelled

Three Claims to be Disposed of by the Minister of Interior.

By decisions recently made by the gold commissioner three different renewal grants to as many claims have been cancelled on account of the work of representation not having been properly done, thus placing the defendants in the actions referred to in the position of having perjured themselves. In each instance there was a contest in which the plaintiff had sought to locate ground upon which a certificate of work had been filed and the renewal issued. The contests were dismissed, the court resolving itself into a court of inquiry. As such it was found the work alleged to have been done was falsely sworn to and the grants were accordingly cancelled. The disposition of the claims rests with the minister of the interior. The first of the cases referred to was that of A. L. Lewis and R. C. Nisbet against L. L. Ginsberg over the upper and lower halves of No. 1 Mint gulch, a tributary of Hunker. The decision in full is as follows:

"As far as the case of the plaintiffs is concerned, I must hold that they having staked the ground in question after Ginsberg had obtained a renewal grant, they have no right of action, and can not call into question the circumstances under which Ginsberg obtained his renewal. As to the question of the gold commissioner's jurisdiction to change the proceeding into an inquiry, I have come to the conclusion that he has a right to do so, as having in charge all matters appertaining to the administration of mines and minerals, except coal, within the district. The case is dismissed without costs. "From the evidence of the two

plaintiffs, and that of John A. Davidson, Val. Diebold and Arthur Storrs, I have come to the conclusion that the work set out in the affidavit of representation was not done, and under section 41a of the placer mining regulations the grant issued for the claim in question is hereby cancelled. The claim will be disposed of under order in council of the 31st October, 1901, authorizing the minister of the interior to dispose of any claims which may be forfeited under section 41 of the placer regulations."

The other case is identical, except as to location, covering the upper half of 242 below lower on Dominion. The plaintiff in the action was Henry Gagne, the defendant Jean Baptiste Comeau and the following are the findings:

"The plaintiff in this case having staked the ground in question after a renewal grant was issued to the defendant, he has no right of action, and his protest must be dismissed without costs. The protest was changed into an inquiry at the hearing, and upon hearing the evidence brought by the plaintiff, namely that of Joseph Paradis, Lorenzo Letourneau, Narcissus Lefebre and Ludger Lambert, I have come to the conclusion that there was not sufficient work done upon this claim to represent it by the defendant, and his affidavit of representation is false. I hereby declare, therefore, that his claim is cancelled under section 41a of the placer mining regulations. The claim will be disposed of as seen fit by the department of the interior under order in council dated October 31st, 1901."

FOR RENT—Flat of 9 rooms, corner King and Third avenue, opposite post office. P10

See the "Icy Coon Cake Walk."—A. B. Minstrels—Friday, 9th, and Saturday, 10th.

WILL BECOME MERCHANTS.

(Continued from page 1.)

case of "With the devil sick, the devil a saint would be."

"But here is a mistake that needs correction. I never made an announcement of a rate war. The first I knew of anything like that being in sight, was when I arrived over the ice a few weeks ago, and then in speaking of the matter I merely said we would manage to hold our own in the market. The howl that is being raised seems to

the man laboring with the oars." be on account of us having made the necessities of life cheaper for the miner and producer and I am sorry if we have made it impossible for the White Pass to scoop in the entire country. Our idea is to protect the miner, the producer of the wealth the Yukon yields and we are prepared to stand by our record and that of our predecessor, the old A. C. Co. Then, too, in all this talk I see no reference to him who produces this gold; the benefits to be extended are apparently all for the merchant. The question now has resolved itself simply into the handling of a large quantity of goods, and making quick turns on a small margin. The day of big profits has long since passed and will never come again. Our customers, the miners and small merchants, need have no fear but what we shall supply their wants and deal fair in the future as we have in the past. I am increasing our requisitions by wire every day and we have not the remotest idea of cutting down our supplies. Being on such friendly terms with Mr. Rogers I naturally feel a great deal of sympathy for

There Is That Air of Exclusiveness

FIRST AVENUE
Opposite White Pass Dock

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The Reliable Clothier,
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About a Stein-Bloch Suit or Overcoat for which men pay the big prices for clothes that are made to measure. There is not a good point about made-to-measure garments that the custom-tailored clothes of the Stein-Bloch Co. do not possess. The fabric patterns are exclusive. The shape of the garments are exclusive. The perfect fit is exclusive. The long-wearing quality is exclusive, and the price moderate.

Hear "My Creole Sue" by Oswald Finnie.—A. B. Minstrels—Friday night.
Chechaco grub for Sour Doughs—Northern Cafe.
Kelly & Co., Leading Druggists.
Dinner a la carte—Northern Cafe.

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ALL NEW GOODS.

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For information see B. A. HOWES, Hotel Metropole, Dawson.

Try the "Old Crow" at Sideboard.
Food properly cooked prevents dyspepsia—try the Northern Cafe.

Hear Jack McLagan's new end song—A. B. Minstrels—9th and 10th.

Pay Your Bills.
Notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to The Alaska Commercial Company that accounts remaining unpaid May 15th next will be placed in the hands of the company's solicitor for collection.

A CARD TO THE PUBLIC.
H. L. Hedger, Dentist, has removed his Dental Parlors from the Exchange to the Bank Building and associated with Dr. G. M. Faulkner (formerly with Dawson Dental Parlors). Rooms 3, 4, 5 Bank Building, Opp. N. C. Co. Your patronage solicited.
Phone 172. **DRS. FAULKNER & HEDGER.**

You Need the Goods!

Wheelbarrows, Sluice Forks and Shovels at Specially Low Prices.

Dawson Hardware Co., Limited.

WATCH THE RED FLAG!

When our Flag on the ice on the river commences to move, indicating that the ice is going out, the big steam whistle of the Yukon Mill will blow five blasts, giving every one a chance to witness the break-up.

Do not wait until you hear the whistle to take advantage of our

BIG BREAK UP IN PRICES.

Hardware Department.

PAINTS AND OILS.

- Colors in Oil, for 1-lb can \$.50
- Boiled Oil, per gal. 2.50
- Turpentine, " 2.00
- Dry Roof Paint, per lb15
- Asbestos, 7-lb paper per lb12½
- Asbestos, 14-lb paper per lb10

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—ON—

Doors, Sashes and Glass.

REDUCTION OF 20 PER CENT. ON WALLPAPER.

Drug Department.

Big Cut All Along the Line.

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