

SCOOPS ALL CONTEMPORARIES ALL THE TIME

SETTLE THAT HAT BET

Sargent & Pinski's
The only house in Dawson that sells the high-grade
STETSON HAT...
Same price as charged for cheaper goods.

New, Fresh Butter

We have just received the first consignment of
1001 Butter
From Iowa Creameries. We have also in stock the Elgin Butter which we guarantee to be sweet and fine.

THE LADUE CO.

IF YOU BUY IT OF LADUE CO. IT'S GOOD.

Patent Preps
Toilet Articles
Reid & Co.
Wholesale Drug Store - Front Street

Hotel McDonald

THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN DAWSON.
JOHN O. BOZORTH, Manager

Orr & Tukey.. FREIGHTERS

ON AND AFTER MAY 6 DAILY STAGE
TO AND FROM GRAND FORKS
Leaving each place at 8 a. m. & 2 p. m.
Office - A. C. Co. Building

The O'Brien Club

Refitted and Handsomely Furnished
First Class Bar Is Run in Connection for Members.

50c Whiskies

SOLD FOR
25 Cents
At Dawson's Finest Saloon
"THE PIONEER"
GEORGE BUTLER, PROPRIETOR
First Avenue. Near Second St.

Dog Muzzles

We manufacture muzzles on the spot. Made of Leather, Wire or Band Steel and complying fully with the ordinance and made to fit.
McLennan, McFeely & Co., Limited

ANOTHER ORDER

From Ottawa Countermanding Original Concerning Gambling Houses.

ALL THAT WILL PREVENT THEIR CLOSING

On June First, Only Ten Days From Date.

IS YOUR NAME ON THE LIST?

Taken by Police—Dance Halls Must Also Close—Many Believe Order Will Be Called Off.

Again, unless a countermanding of the original order comes from Ottawa, are the days of open gambling and dance halls in Dawson numbered and from the expression "open gambling" it must not be inferred that upstairs or club gambling will be allowed any more than is the kind which from the inception of Dawson has been allowed. Superintendent Primrose, officer commanding the police post at this place, was asked yesterday of the order wired here about the first of March to the effect that all gambling should at once cease, and when a conference between Commissioner Ogilvie and Major Wood resulted in a local order being issued to the effect that all gambling houses must close for good on the night of the 16th of that month.

The 16th came on Saturday and no games opened Monday morning, the 18th, many having even gone so far as to remove from their rooms all gambling paraphernalia. Shortly after noon of that day, it will also be well remembered, telegraphic messages were received by both Commissioner Ogilvie and Major Wood bearing instructions to not enforce the closing order until June 1st. The games all resumed, since which time no further orders have been received from Ottawa bearing on the subject.

But the sands of time have continued to run with the result that the first of June is almost here and, in the absence of further orders extending the time limit or calling it off entirely, the days of grace having expired, Major Primrose says the original order will be strictly and rigidly enforced on June 1st. With the enforcement of the order in view the police called on last Saturday at all the gambling houses in the city and throughout the district when the names of all professional gamblers were taken for the purpose of keeping a list on which police surveillance will be kept after the order is enforced, the object being to see that those who have subsisted in the past on the result of gambling do not continue to do so in the future or until the order is rescinded. In the list of professional gamblers appears the names of in the neighborhood of 150 men in Dawson alone, to say nothing of the great army of boosters and hangers on who are not recognized as brothers by the "perfesh," but who in the main are supported by those termed, though incongruously, perhaps, "legitimate gamblers." It is the booster class which the closing order will most seriously affect, they being dependent to a large extent on the straightout gamblers, the majority of whom are possessed of sufficient ability to turn their hands to other means of earning a livelihood.

Of the professional gamblers many have already arranged for leaving on the early steamers down the river for Nome or Teller City, believing that either of the places will this season be a fertile field in which to ply their avocation. Others will go to Seattle, the throttle valve of which is now wide

open with a monkey wrench hanging on the escape.

"Hope springs eternal in the human breast" and there are those, many of them and the most intelligent men in Dawson, who do not yet believe gambling will be closed, and if closed, for only a short time. It is known, or very generally believed at least, that many high officials and others in the Yukon who stand well with the government are not ultra in opposition to gambling in Dawson, as it has been carried on under close police surveillance, and it is thought by many that the government, has been by them familiarized with these views and of the conditions as seen by those who are here, and that the original order will yet be revoked. This is a question which time will solve, but in the meantime and in the absence of orders to the contrary, gambling houses and dancehalls will go out of business on June 1st.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

MRS. M'KINLEY IMPROVING

Rally in Her Condition of the 16th Continues.

San Francisco, May 16, —10 p. m. — via Skagway, May 21. —The change for the better in Mrs. President McKinley's condition continues and great hopes are now entertained that she may rally and ultimately recover.

THE LAW ENFORCED

Regarding Neglect to Clean Up Filthy Premises.

Many persons who had neglected to comply with the ordinance relative to the "spring cleanup" were forcibly reminded of their neglect when they faced Magistrate Rutledge from the prisoner's box. Constable Scofield and Assistant Fire Chief Bullock had made a tour of inspection of back yards yesterday and the result was a general roundup.

The first case was that of Olof Olsen of the Klondike hotel. Olof pleaded not guilty, but the preponderance of evidence was against him and a fine of \$20 and costs was imposed.

Emanuel Summers, H. Brown and Clothiers Adolph each paid \$20 and costs.

William Sheridan and Wellington Compton were dismissed on the same charges, while the case of Geo. Willis-croft was continued until 3 o'clock this afternoon.

Peter Smith had been arrested for indecent exposure by Constable Scott. He was given an option on paying \$25 and costs or of allowing the sun to set on him for a period of six months. As 180 days are comprised in six months, this particular scion of the house of Smith paid his fine and probably resolved to turn over a new leaf.

POURING IN FROM CREEKS

Visitors for Victoria Day Already Arriving.

Already there are arrivals from the creeks of those who have taken time by the forelock in their determination to witness and participate in the coming celebration which is now but three days off. Many laborers who have not missed a day for six months are now taking a much-needed rest, much-needed shaves and haircuts and in the meantime will see all there is to see. They believe the old but true adage "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and the adage applies to old as well as young boys.

Especially on the nearby creeks work will be practically suspended on Victoria day and even on the outlying creeks, Gold Run, Dominion and Selphur, those who do not come to Dawson will take the day off and go to Caribou City where great preparations have been completed for a "bi-yu" time. Very little is ever gained by working on a national holiday and the people in the Klondike are not slow to realize that fact. To use an old Latin expression, Friday will be a day of "fies in urbes."

Clever Idea.

Have you seen the Gilbert patent steel muzzle? A practical and humane invention. The dog cannot bite, but suffers no distress. For sale by the Dawson Hardware Co., Holmes, Miller & Co., and at the Forks. Manufactured at the tin shop opp. Fairview.

DUMPING GARBAGE

Into Klondike River Very Seriously Condemned by All

WHO SPEAK REGARDING THE MATTER

Doctors Condemn It as Injurious to Health.

WILL SURELY DRIFT IN EDDY

All Agree That Only Proper Place to Dump Garbage is Below City in Current.

The most important question before the people of Dawson today is the proper disposition of the garbage in the absence of sewerage system. The present system which consists of dumping the garbage in a pile off of a little platform on the bank of the Klondike near the bridge is considered by everyone who has given the matter any thought to be inadequate to accomplish the desired result of carrying it into the current of the Yukon to be taken away. Instead of being taken away as was intended it remains in a pile and unless the water should suddenly raise it will in all probability remain there all summer.

Last summer the garbage was all dumped at the foot of Eighth street and while it entered the water and disappeared from sight, there being no current in the river at that place it just naturally sank to the bottom and remained there and Dr. McFarlane traces the cause of the first and most serious case of typhoid which was treated at St. Mary's hospital last fall, immediately to the drinking of water from that vicinity after the river froze over.

When asked his opinion on the matter Dr. McFarlane said that while he had not examined closely into the details of the present dumping place he had heard the complaints which have been registered against it.

"This," he said, "is a most serious and difficult question to solve. In my estimation, if the garbage can be placed far enough into the river to insure it being taken into the current of the Yukon, it will be much better than dumping it into the river below the town where there is possibility of its getting into the channel. A better method, however, would be to load it onto scows and charter a steamer to haul the scows out into the current of the Yukon and there dump it for then there would be no possibility of its coming back onto the town."

Dr. Richardson was asked his opinion and said that in his estimation the present location of the garbage dump was altogether improper and that the only way in which to properly dispose of the refuse was to take it out and dump it into the channel of the Yukon.

Mr. Chas. Milne, grocer, when asked for his opinion about the matter said that he had not personally visited and inspected the point of dumping garbage but that from what he could learn of it from others it is very bad policy. "The refuse," said he, "is bound to find its way to a great extent into the eddy which extends nearly the whole length of the town and the result will be very disagreeable. Garbage should not be dumped at any point above the town where it will all sweep back past it for the reason that a large amount of it is bound to get into the eddy and there it will remain. The place to dump garbage is below the city."

Mr. Reid the druggist said that the Klondike was not the proper place for the garbage; that some method of getting it into the Yukon should be found. Harry Hershberg, and in fact a number of others were seen relative to the same matter and all were a unit in condemning the dumping of garbage into the Klondike as bordering on asininity and an act for which no possible sensible motive or reason can be advanced.

Thrown From a Horse.

The folly of an old sea captain attempting to ride on horse back was fully demonstrated on Sunday when

Albert Close, the efficient government telegraph messenger, was violently thrown to the ground from his steed since which time he has been something of a cripple, but is now recovering. However, he will be compelled to keep a "sub" on for several days to come. He is thinking of buying a hobby horse.

The Children.

The committee and ladies who have undertaken to arrange for the children's part in the celebration of Victoria day report satisfactory progress. Fifty dollars was appropriated at the committee meeting last night for a float by which a number of the little ones may participate in the parade which will take place immediately after the morning service of song, games and sports for the children have been arranged to take place immediately after the parade.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

AGAINST GEO. O'BRIEN

Witnesses Leave Skagway for Dawson Today.

Skagway, May 21. —W. H. Abbott left here this morning. He will take a canoe from Whitehorse to Lebarge and with one or two other witnesses in the O'Brien murder case will endeavor to reach Dawson by June 1st.

EVERYTHING ARRANGED

For Glorious Celebration of Victoria Day.

The committee on arrangements for the celebration of Victoria day have all matters well in hand and ere the arrival of the day everything will be ready and in first-class condition to welcome the glad occasion. A grandstand 300 feet long with a seating capacity of 2000 people is being erected in front of the Yukon and C. D. docks, immediately in front of which all the sports will take place. Except those played at the tracks. One hundred dollars have been appropriated towards decoration of the grandstand. Seats in the number of 400 in the center of the stand will be reserved and these will sell at \$2 each. The remaining 1600 will sell at \$1 each, any and all of them being available seats.

The parade will be a grand affair, embracing the police, veterans of several wars, fire department, relic of volunteer fire department, various organizations and societies, several hundred school children, mercantile and industrial floats, children's floats and others. The program as previously published in the Nugget will be closely followed.

The sports committee has done its work well and faithfully and the day will be one long carnival of athletic exhibitions. From all over the creek comes news of entries to be made in the long list of sports while many horses are now in daily training for the races. The streets by Friday will be in very fair condition. The committee has decided to eliminate dog races from the program as the people of Dawson and the creeks have lately had about as much dog as they care to voluntarily witness.

The matter of filing entries should be attended to at once and should be filed with the general secretary, J. Newton Storey, who can be found in his office at all times.

Derby plug tobacco demonstrates that quality speaks, not the name.

Perinet E. File Regina See Champagne, \$5. Regina Club hotel.

Mumm's Pomeroy champagne \$5. Regina Club hotel.

Canned spring chicken. Selman & Myers.

Turkish bath at Allman's, \$5.

Holland herring. Selman & Myers.

Latest Kodak finishing at Goetzman's.

GOING OUT?

THEN YOU WILL NEED
A Trunk, Valise, Hand Bag, Telescope Box, Steamer Shawl or Steamer Chair, or, perhaps something in Wearing Apparel.
COME AND SEE US
And we will fit you out for a comfortable trip...
Ames Mercantile Co.

RECEIVED BY WIRE.

STEAMERS COMING.

Ora, Nora and Flora Pass Five Fingers at 7 O'Clock This Morning.

BAILEY ALSO BELOW THE FINGERS

But Stuck on Point Off Small Island.

SIFTON HIGH AND DRY ON BAR

Near Mouth of Little Salmon—Klondike Corporation Fleet Due in Dawson Tomorrow.

Five Fingers, May 21. —The steamers Ora, Nora and Flora passed down en route to Dawson at seven o'clock this morning.

The Bailey also passed but is stuck fast on the point of an island a short distance below the Fingers.

The Clifford Sifton is high and dry on a bar near the mouth of Little Salmon river.

From the above it is very evident that the first steamers of the season from the upper river will reach Dawson sometime tomorrow and if the channel was entirely clear the hour of arrival would probably be early tomorrow morning, and in all likelihood Commodore Martineau of the Flora will be the first skipper to tie an up-river steamer to a Dawson wharf.

The above wire does not state at what hour the ice jam at Five Fingers broke away but it was probably during the night and some hours previous to the passing of the steamers. As the water is bound to rise very materially in the near future it is not probable that either the Bailey or Sifton will be long delayed on the bars unless they went on when the water was backed high from ice jams, in which event considerable rise of the river may be required to float them. The Bailey has aboard a large amount of mail and her arrival, therefore, is a matter of general interest.

Case vs. Collier.

The go between Case and Britain has been declared off, the latter failing to put in an appearance within the specified time. Collier and Case are now on the card for a set-to. Case, agreeing to stop the big derby in less than ten rounds. The event is to be pulled off at the Savoy theater on next Thursday night. Collier will be recognized as the big colored pugilist of masculine proportions who was stopped by Caribou Sinclair last winter in a ten round go. The admission to the contest will be \$1 for general admission \$2 and \$3 for reserved seats according to location.

Special Invitation.

The executive committee of the Victoria day celebration specially invite American citizens and all patriots to take part in the grand parade to be held on the morning of the 24th inst.

DONALD MAC GREGOR,
Chairman.

Executive Committee.

Col. MacGregor, J. Newton Storey and Hugh McKinnon have been appointed an executive committee to deal with all matters connected with the celebration of Victoria day which may arise from now on till it becomes a thing of the past.

Deal of North Carolina, Sweet Virginia and Kentucky blended tobaccos.

Photo supplies reduced at Goetzman's.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ESTABLISHED 1898. Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY

Yearly, in advance.....\$40 00
Six months.....20 00
Three months.....11 00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance. 4 00
Single copies.....25

SEMI-WEEKLY

Yearly, in advance.....\$24 00
Six months.....12 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 special 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 Dawson and the North Pole.

LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Fairbairn, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

TUESDAY, MAY 21, 1901.

PROBABLE EFFECT.

The statement has been made that the Canadian Pacific Railway Co. is making a strong effort to secure control of the White Pass & Yukon Route. While there is but little corroborative evidence to strengthen the suggestion, aside from the fact that the matter has been discussed by prominent C. P. R. officials, it is not at all unlikely that some effort along the lines indicated has been made.

Control of the White Pass line by the C. P. R. would place the latter road in a position to dictate terms to all steamers plying between Skagway and lower points. The present rate war now being so bitterly contested is practically a fight between the C. P. R. and the owners of opposition boats for the control of the ocean portion of the Dawson traffic. The former alleges as a grievance that the boats operated from Puget sound ports call at British Columbia points for passengers and freight northward bound, but fail to do so on the return trip, thus placing the C. P. R. at a disadvantage in competing for transcontinental business originating in Alaska and the Yukon territory.

Should the C. P. R. succeed in securing control of the White Pass and Yukon line it would follow as a matter of course that they would also immediately become masters of the situation so far as the traffic between coast points and Skagway is concerned.

What effect such a move would have upon the interests of the territory is of course, as yet purely conjectural. Viewed in the light of experience, there is no reason for belief that results of a beneficial nature would accrue.

Competition would be largely reduced and the efficiency of the service given the public would as a natural consequence suffer materially.

As a matter of fact the transportation business both of Alaska and the Yukon territory is already sufficiently concentrated, and any further movement in that direction must be viewed with concern. In a new country especially competition is absolutely essential to growth and development, and monopolies no matter of what nature must be regarded as dangerous to the common welfare. When transportation concerns spend their energies in slashing each other's rates, there is no need for any alarm on the part of the public. But when negotiations for amalgamations and combinations are in progress, the people may well begin to consider how their interests are to be affected.

It is possible that control of the northern traffic by the C. P. R. would not result injuriously, but the probabilities point in a decidedly different direction.

A MATTER FOR THE COUNCIL.
The garbage nuisance grows apace. Complaints which at first were only murmurs are growing louder and louder as the full possibilities of the new place of disposing of the city's refuse become more generally recognized.

A constantly increasing mountain of garbage is being dumped into the Klondike and each day the fact is demonstrated more and more clearly that a colossal blunder has been made instead of being carried out into the Yukon the garbage remains in the vicinity of the point at which it is dumped into the river or else is scattered along the bank of the stream.

Last summer the government went to considerable expense in constructing a conduit by which a stream of water is carried from the Klondike through the lough, which crosses the reserve. The

improvement was generally regarded as a good one and met with public approval.

Under present conditions the slough bids fair to become as offensive as it was before the water was turned through it.

If there are any points to be urged in favor of filling the Klondike up with garbage they are yet to be brought forward. Or the other hand there is no disputing the fact that serious menace to the public health has been created, which is daily becoming more serious. We submit that in view of all the circumstances, the Yukon council should take the matter under immediate consideration. The longer the present make-shift plan is continued the more difficulty will be involved in dealing with the problem which each day becomes more serious.

Our telegraphic reports of last evening announced the fact that Mrs. McKinley, wife of the president of the United States was dying. Until further and more definite information is received, it is to be most devoutly hoped that the circumstances have been overdrawn and that the first lady of the great republic will be spared to live for many years to come. Nothing more pathetic could be imagined than the termination of the presidential party's tour of the States, by the death of the president's wife. Should that event occur, as seems almost inevitable from the tone of the dispatches, a spontaneous expression of sympathy and sorrow would be forthcoming from every quarter of the globe. The president's wife has greatly endeared herself to the American people by her sweet, womanly ways and their grief in case of her death would be of the kind that arises through a personal loss.

Cuban Trade Decreasing.

Washington, April 18.—Imports into Cuba from Europe are increasing, while those from the United States are decreasing. The reports of the treasury bureau of statistics show a falling off in exports of domestic merchandise from the United States in the eight months ending with February, 1901, while the reports of the insular bureau of the war department in charge of the commerce of Cuba, also show a decrease in Cuban imports from the United States and an increase in Cuban imports from European countries.

In the eight months ending with February, 1901, according to the treasury bureau of statistics, the domestic exports to Cuba were \$16,023,436, against \$16,412,547 in the corresponding months of last year; while the war department statement for the nine months ending with September, 1900, shows imports from the United States into Cuba of \$24,525,659, against \$28,094,030 in the same months of the preceding year. The same statement of the war department which shows a fall of \$3,500,000 in Cuban imports from the United States, shows an increase of over \$2,000,000 in imports from Europe, the figures of European imports in nine months of 1900 being \$21,559,239, and in the nine months of 1899, \$19,487,660, while the Cuban imports from the United Kingdom alone in nine months of 1900 were \$8,297,865, against \$6,598,582 in the corresponding months of the preceding year. Taking the entire list of European countries, it is found that, in a large majority of cases, there has been an increase in imports into Cuba in the 1900 period, as compared with the corresponding period of the preceding year.

Derby plug tobacco is in the market to stay; there's none better.

WASH SKIRTS
DUCK PIQUE DENIM.

...Wash Suits...
(Blouse and Skirt)

White and Colored Muslins

J. P. McLENNAN

See BREWITT
The Tailor

If you want to dress in perfect taste. The largest stock in Dawson to choose from.

Shop on Second Avenue
Enlarged to accommodate increased trade.

ONLY MARIE DUPLAN'S CHILD

Beautiful French Canadian Story of Love and Church.

The Priest Was But a Man and Man-like He Loved a Pure Woman—The Result.

The sleepy little parish in the province of Quebec seemed, like Rasselas' happy valley, shut out from all the world. Beyond the hills, I told myself, mankind knew bitterness, defeated hopes, broken faith, dreams gone starry, but on this hither side such sadness could not come. I glanced half enviously at the peaceful village lying in the sun. I had paused near the rude Calvary on the bank above the noisy stream, and I now discovered that a woman was standing at its foot. She had evidently finished her prayer, for she slipped her rosary into her pocket and turned toward me with the ready smile of her people. I made some comment upon the soft beauty of the day. From where we stood we could see the gleaners at work in the fields, and an occasional snatch of song or burst of laughter was borne to us on the still air.

"It is a spot that no knows no sorrow," I said.

My companion, who was not a young woman, followed my glance.

"It is a happy people," she answered slowly, "like the children, but there is no spot where sorrow comes not, m'sieu, save in the blessed heavens. I've seen heartbreak so cruel here the sun has never been so bright since that day."

"Tell me about it," I urged.

She made a gesture of assent and invited me to a seat on the bank. "It was long ago," she began, after a moment's reflection; "so long that if you ask them yonder about M. le cure they'll think you mean the cure who lives by the church—a very good man—but I don't mean him, I mean the Abbe Moreau—a very good man likewise, save for one sin. Ah! m'sieu, who of us who has not one sin and more? The good God sees and I think he is not so hard with us as we are with each other. Mais—I don't know—I am only an old woman.

"Well, nobody can tell you that story like me—nobody knows. But I don't forget, it's all clear as if it was yesterday when it happened. It begins with Narcisse Duplan, the same who killed himself, as m'sieu has heard—no? It was because of Marie his wife—she ran away and left him, and then it was the same as if the sun had gone out of the sky for Narcisse. He grew so dull; where he came the laugh and the song, they vanished like smoke. We were sorry—oh, yes!—but your neighbor's sorrow don't make much difference to you after all, m'sieu, it don't last long, and bimby we forget. Marie wasn't worth remembering anything, and so we told Narcisse, but the winds will heed your voice sooner than will a man who loves. He knows not reason, and this poor Narcisse had none at all. So one day there was an end to his sorrow—he stopped it all with his knife—like this. He left no money, no land, nothing but his little girl Margot, and what to do with her was the one great question. Nobody was willing to take her—children were plenty in Beaupre and every year there were more coming. Nobody wanted this child—nobody had cared for the mother and maybe the child would grow up like her. Then the cure said to me:

"Madame Rose, there is no child to make sunshine in your house—let this little one come in."

"And I answered:

"Pardon, M. le cure, what do I care for Marie Duplan's child? The mother is a bad woman. My husband told me that many times before he died. She made Sylvester Laroque the same as crazy with love for her, she ruined Jean Prevost's home, she broke her father's heart and now she's gone away with the Englishman, and that poor fool Narcisse is dead.

"S'poses my house is lonely I cannot do what you ask. Once there was a little child here that I loved more than all the world—oh! you know M. le cure—and the Lord took her. I want no other child in her place, I only want her back again—my arms are empty without her."

"So he had to take Margot himself, and he carried her all the way to the manse. She wasn't afraid, she just clung to him close; she was about five years old then and not big for her age. Was she pretty? Par exemple! Maybe there were prettier children in the parish, I don't know. She was better than pretty, she had—how do you call it?—charm. Beauty is a very nice thing, m'sieu, and the woman that has it is like a careful soldier always well armed, but it is as quick to depart as the rose itself—fire, fever, the years, and be old! it is gone. That other stays till the end. Margot's mother had it too, in her low voice and her soft eyes and in the heart that knows

(Continued on Page 3.)

"I Had Rather be a Dog and Bay the Moon Than Such a Roman!"

See what worry and torment people get mixed up in by not following the golden rule. The game is not worth the candle, gentlemen. Its ridiculous to fight like plebian cats, particularly on a question of aristocratic dogs. This is a serious world and our thoughts should be engaged on serious subjects. Take a little advice and drop this everlasting wrangle. Go mad on clothes—there's a subject worth raving over. Everybody takes a fit who does business with us and goes away happy. Come down and get inoculated.

OPPOSITE WHITE PASS DOCK

HERSHBERG

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

PHYSICIANS.
DR. W. T. BARRETT—Physician and Surgeon. Office over Northern Cafe, First Ave. Office hours 11 to 1; 3 to 5; 7 to 9. Telephone 182.

LAWYERS.
WHITE, McCAUL & DAVEY—Barristers, Solicitors, Notaries Public, Conveyancers, Etc. Offices, Aurora No. 2 Building. Phone 55.

CLARK, WILSON & STACPOOLE—Barristers, Attorneys, Notaries, Conveyancers, Etc. Office Monte Carlo Building, First Avenue, Dawson, Y. T.

BURRITT & McKAY—Advocates, Solicitors, Notaries, etc.; Commissioners for Ontario and British Columbia. The Exchange Bldg., Front street, Dawson. Telephone No. 89.

N. F. HAGEL, Q. C., Barrister, Notary, etc., over McLennan, McFeely & Co., hardware store, First Avenue.

WADE & Aikman—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.

DATTULLO & RIDLEY—Advocates, Notaries, Conveyancers, etc. Offices, Rooms 7 and 8, A. C. Office Bldg.

DELCOURT, McDOUGAL & SMITH—Barristers, Solicitors, Conveyancers, Etc. Offices at Dawson and Ottawa. Rooms 1 and 2 Chisholm's block, Dawson. Special attention given to Parliamentary work. N. A. Delcourt, C. M. F., Frank J. McDougal, John P. Smith.

MINING ENGINEERS.
J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and 44 below discovery, Hunker Creek.

SOCIETIES.
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge (U. D. F. & A. M.), will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:30 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

NOTICE
There was left last summer at our place of business in Boyle's wharf, several packages of goods by unknown persons. Unless the same is claimed and proven by the right parties on or before June 15 the same will be sold to pay charges. SONNICKSON & HENRY.

TO MINERS.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce desire to ship a large collection of nuggets from the various creeks to Great Britain for exhibition purposes and is prepared to pay better than the actual assay value for the same at their office in Dawson.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regius Club hotel.

EXCEPTIONALLY FINE MEATS.

CAN NOW BE OBTAINED AT THE

Bay City Market

GRAND FORKS.

ADVERTISEMENTS

What's the Matter With

THE NORTHERN

It's All Right!
You Bet! Every Time!

For Gentle Slumber or Epicurean meals try the place. Nothing in Dawson can touch it.

RAYMOND, JULIEN & CO., Proprietors

The Merry Murmur of the Rippling Water

Is music in our ears, you bet. It means a lot to us all. Don't get a swelled head-boys just because the gleaming dust has fattened your purse—save your dough. Call on me for bargains in Clothing, Boots, Underwear or any old thing you need in my line. I am not in a combie against you.

Hammell Grand Forks

THE GRAND HOTEL

Formerly the Globe

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J. H. Hearde's Great Production

Vassar College May Festival
Eddie Dolan's Farce Comedy "PINK DOMINOES"

ONLY MARIE DUPLAN'S CHILD

(Continued from Page 2.)

no age. If Narcissus Duplan left nothing to his child, Marie was more generous with her gifts.

"It don't seem very long, those 12 years that Margot lived at the manse, but they made some difference. Not with the cure, but with her. She was like her mother, just as fair to look upon. When she passed, all the young men felt their hearts beat faster. Only she was not the same as her mother, for she seemed not to see them. Then one day she came to tell us goodbye. She was going to teach in a village yonder, and she was both glad and sorry to leave Beaupre, and the smiles and tears were on her face same like the sky in April. Oh! she would be back again some time, she said. But I thought, maybe when that sometime comes many of us will not be here. Who knows? It's like that in this world, and so it ain't all easy to say goodbye. Truly I sorrowed most to let her go; the others had their husbands and children and thought not deep of her, but always I must think that she might have been with me all the days making sunshine like the cure said, and I missed her—missed her.

"Well, he missed her too. How do I know that? If your little child goes away, m'sieu, don't you sorrow for her? Ain't the world a sad place without her? The cure is only a man like other men, I told myself when I saw how his face grew white and whiter. He was very good to us then, and he smiled just as often as before—only his smile hurt, because you felt it was like a cloak drawn up over a big sore that you wanted to heal and were not able. Margot wrote back long letters about how nice she found the school and how sweet the children were. And she said, too, there was no spot like Beaupre after all—it was the very heaven of the world. She loved all the people here and the fields and the brook—she said she heard its voice all the time and it called, 'Come back—come back.'

"The cure read it all out to us and he showed us the letters besides. I never saw anything more beautiful than those letters, and he seemed so pleased when I told him that, because it was he who had taught her from the very beginning. And he said:

"She was a good pupil, Madame Rose. No man ever had so good a pupil. No man in the whole world is prouder of her than I am. And then he went away and walked—walked.

"I know something how he felt, so when my little girl died I couldn't stay in the house; I couldn't bear the emptiness and the stillness, and didn't want to come back to it, because it was so lonely without her. And when I saw the cure always walking in the fields and over the hills I told myself, 'Voilà! the house is empty for him too, poor man.'

"He grew very still, and then the smile didn't come so quick to his face—it had disappeared. Sometimes—most often—he'd pass by the men and women as if they were but stones, and he had no word for the children running out to meet him. Well, the people said for excuse he had migraine perhaps, but when there came no change they thought he had the fever because his eyes were strange and dull, and they were afraid. Then I said to myself:

"He misses Margot. Any father would miss his child and M. le cure was the same as her father. And she in Margot—nobody could know her without loving her. Bimeby he'll grow all right, because time will cure him. Time cures everything. You cut yourself and no matter if you lose much blood the skin come together again. It's the same with the heart. It cracks maybe, but little by little, little by little, the edges come together and gets itself mended. It ain't so good as it was, but it will do! Don't you know what I speak? Ain't my heart cracked—like this very long time, hein'?"

"The people listened to me, and they were right and they would wait patiently until the cure was healed. But what do you think? M. le cure got no better. In all weather he walked as if he wasn't able to keep still. And there was nobody to hear confession. The church stood empty day after day—day after day—and the whole village began to murmur. Then one Sunday, when everybody had gone to church, the doors were shut and a little card was hanging there. All-phonse Seguin—he's Baptiste's father, m'sieu, and he's too old to work in the fields now—he took the card and read how there wouldn't be any service that day. Well, for sure, the people were very angry.

"All that week long the cure did just as I've been telling you, but when Sunday came again there was no card on the church doors; they stood open wide and the people—so many people—went through. I never saw so many—went through, little and big, was there. It was very still in the church and we stayed a long time, but bimeby the cure came in. He was all in black and his face was so white and somehow it didn't seem as large as before. He walked to the altar steps, then he turned and looked at us all; so he stood for maybe two—three minutes. It seemed like an hour, and it was so

quiet I could hear Angele Prevost's breath come puff-puff, and she was 'way behind me, but I knew that sound.

"Then he said very soft:

"My people—"

"There was a little stir among us like the noise you hear when you throw a stone into the hedge and the birds fly up scared, then it was still again in a moment and he said once more:

"My people, it is a long time that I have know you all and you are very dear to my heart, and maybe when I tell you goodbye you will feel sorry as I do. For I come this morning not to preach, not to hear confession—no, it is I who make confession, and then I go."

"Everybody moved quick, but the cure didn't stop, he just kept on in that same gentle voice:

"It makes it easier if I tell you a story, because we are the same as the children, we all like stories. Very well, then: there was a priest once who lived in a beautiful little parish, and he was very fond of his people and they loved him too, so he thought he would stay with them always. And that made him very happy. Then one day, because of his abundance, he adopted a small child. She had no father nor mother, and was all alone in the world. Well, for sure, that made some difference! Other days when that priest got home he used to shut himself in his room, with his book, but now he cared no longer for his books. It was the same as if his house, which was always a pleasant place, was set right down in paradise, so much, so very much more beautiful did it become. And that was just because a little child was there. I said that priest loved his people before, but truly he loved them not so tenderly as he loved them now. Very often in those other times he thought them stupid and he lost patience with them, but now he was more gentle and he just thought of them as children—God's children—and he couldn't be angry with them. Then he told himself, 'Now I understand how the good God loves us.' And it was his love for the child that showed him the way.

"The years stood not still with that man and little girl. They both grew older, and the love between them grew too, till there was nothing sweeter in the whole world. The priest taught that little child out of the books and her mind was like some lovely flower, and she taught him, too, so that everywhere he looked beneath the sin and sorrow he found something good and fair. But there came a day when it all seemed very dark to him, and I'll tell you about that time. That little child was a young girl now and she went away to teach the children in another village. He let her go because he thought it was for her happiness, and she was a ward of the church and the bishop and others said it was best. He seemed glad, like everybody, because of her good fortune, but he was no more glad when she had gone and he came back to the manse. It was so lonely. Everywhere he saw her face and he thought he heard her voice. First it was like the voice of the little child singing 'Dors-tu-bien' to her doll, then it grew older and it said the 'rhythmic tables and spelled the words; then it grew older still and it wasn't so loud, but it was the same voice, and he heard her say, 'Good night, father.' And when he thought she wouldn't tell him 'good night' any more, he put his hands up so and he cried, 'Oh! my God, I miss my child—I want my child!'

"So he sorrowed many days; he went into the fields, and everywhere she went with him in his mind. He felt her little fingers in his hand and he heard the pattering of her feet running to keep up by his side, and sometimes he carried her as he used to when she was five, or six, or maybe seven years old. Pretty soon she was able to keep up and very often she would run far, far ahead and would laugh at him when he didn't catch her. The priest made pictures like that, but bimeby—and this was very strange—it wasn't any longer the little child he thought so much about. When he turned his head it wasn't to look far down where a little child would stand—he only looked just so far and he saw her face there with the shining eyes and the blush of a wild rose in her cheeks. It was so he thought of her. It was not the child, it was the young girl.

"And one day he looked down and because the face wasn't really there he groined out aloud. It was all clear to him. He loved her and he was a priest of God. He loved her as you men love your wives, he loved her as you women love your husbands—he couldn't live without her. He went back to his house, but she wasn't there; he went out into the fields, but she wasn't there. He couldn't pray—always in his prayers her face would come—he was only able to ask for one thing.

"Then he knew he wasn't fit to guide his people any more. He kept away from the church, he spent long days beneath God's sky and he tried not to think of the happiness that you know, but it was impossible to put that dream aside. He only asked to live a little time in the sun, he wanted a place there—he was not so old, not so much more than forty. Then he told himself, 'I'll be a priest no longer,'

and he wrote to the bishop that he renounced his vows—"

"The cure stopped talking and stood very still with his head dropped on his breast; presently he straightened himself and looked around at us all.

"Pray for me, he said at last.

"Pray for me. I am he that I have told you about. I have sent that letter—I have forsaken my parish. Soon I go to see Margot and I will say to her, 'Child, I cannot live without you. I am no longer a priest. I want to marry you. Will you come with me?' And I think—I think—she will say yes. I don't know, but there is something here which tells me she will say yes. Goodbye, my people. Goodbye, my children."

"Then he turned and went swiftly from us like a shadow; he made a sign of the cross—he didn't seem to see anything. We heard his steps on the stone floor and the door closed to and there was no more sound in the church, save only some women crying.

"P'raps you think, m'sieu, we said something, hein? But we had no words and nobody looked at his neighbor. I liked that. Why should we look at our neighbor? S'pose we had thought because the cure stood so near God with our sins he was different from us—that only showed our ignorance. He was no more than a man and we couldn't blame him. It was the fault of Marie Duplan's child—she wasn't like her mother for nothing. But nobody said a word in the church, it seemed too great a sin. Bimeby All-phonse Seguin went out on tiptoe and then Jules Perot went, too, and after that every one of us till we all stood in the sunshine. Truly it was no longer quiet then. Everybody was sorry for M. le cure and everybody blamed Margot. The cure, do you think, m'sieu? Mere Angele she upbraided me—me. She said, 'Rose Michélet, if you had taken Margot this had not happened!' he said other cruel things besides, and the rest said like wise.

"Well, I went home quick, I can tell you. I didn't want to hear their voices. But the voice in my heart said the same words and I knew it spoke true. But I could do nothing. The bishop was angry with M. le cure and God was angry. It was too late. The cure had given up everything—God and the church—for the sake of a little girl, and I was the real one to blame. So I sat there all alone and wept, and presently the door behind me was opened very gently. I didn't move, for I thought it was only the wind, but soon I heard some one say:

"Madame Rose."

"I looked round scared and there stood Margot. I thought I was dreaming, but no! it was she—and yet it was no more the same Margot I used to know. She was no longer a girl, she was a woman, and her face was all white as if she suffered miseries. I put up my hands to keep her off—I didn't want her near me—it as she who had brought all this sorrow and shame to Beaupre. She shrank back then as if I had hurt her, and she cried:

"Oh! I have no other place to go, Madame. There as another place, but

I cannot go there now. I've walked miles and miles this day. I was in trouble, but the more close I came to Beaupre, the more distant seemed my cares, till at last they disappeared. When I reached the church I thought: 'Everybody is in there—I will go there too. They will be glad to see me again. And afterwards I will go to the manse, and M. le cure and Ursula—oh! they'll be more than happy to have me with them once more.' So I crept into the church; and it seemed like some fete day that I didn't remember, there was so many people. But it was very still; there was no music—nothing! Then I saw my dear M. le cure standing by the steps of the altar and—I heard every word he said. And my heart leaped in my breast, and then I understood—never mind what. I heard the women sob, but I didn't weep. Why should I weep? All the same I stole away; I wanted to be where I could think. I went along by the brook till I came to the Caivary and I waited there in the bushes. I was happy—oh! never so happy as then. I wanted to run to the manse, but something held me back, and I told myself I must wait till my heart went not so quick. And I thought I'd go in a little while and I'd knock very soft on the study door, but M. le cure would know that knock anywhere. He'd throw the door open wide and he'd cry, 'It is Margot—enter—hasten!' Just to think of that made my heart go fast—fast—and I knew it would take too long for it to grow slow and calm again, but when I would have left my hiding place some people stopped near me and I heard them say it was all my fault that the cure had given up everything, that God would never pardon him, and then they cursed me. Well, I wasn't able to think very plain—there was so much noise—the brook and the birds seemed to mock at me. Bimeby I told myself, 'I will ask Madame Rose to help me. I don't want harm to come to the cure. What must I do?' 'And what is for me?' she asked.

"I couldn't tell, m'sieu, so there was no more speech between us for a while. Soon she began talking again, and she said:

"I have no longer any school. There is an old man in the parish yonder who wants to marry me. He has much money and the people there think he is a grand man—me. I know different. I cannot marry him, and so I told him many things. Money and lands won't satisfy a woman's heart, Madame. They can't buy happiness. Well, he was very angry when I tried to make that clear, and he said he would fix me sure—I shouldn't teach

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the school longer. So he told them all it wasn't right for me to be with the children; that I wasn't—fit. He knew all about my mother—oh! she did much wrong, my mother—and he made up very shameful stories besides, about me and one Antoine Marcel, because I took his flowers and when he went away forever I wept for his grief. He loved me, Madame, very true, that Antoine, but I cared not for him either; my heart was here in Beaupre all the while. But the people believed those stories and they wouldn't let me stay. So that is why I come home, and—I have—no—home."

"No," I said, 'you have no home here.'

"Then, m'sieu, is was plain in one great flash how the cure could be saved for the church.

"Hold," I cried to Margot, 'write a letter to M. le cure, write it quick and I will bear it to him. Tell him you don't like the stupid life of the village and so you go to see the world with some one who is young and gay.'

"But Madame," she interrupted, 'that ain't true. I cannot tell that lie. I cannot have my dear cure think me like that. I love him as he loves me.'

"There is no other way to save him and save his soul," I said. 'Va! it will be but a little pain. S'pose it is a lie, we women can't always say what is true—we must think of others and keep back what will be for their harm if we love them.'

"She stood still and wared with herself, and once she almost fell, so I pushed her into a chair by the table; then finally she said:

"I will do what you tell me, only I'm a good woman, Madame. I'll always be a good woman."

"I brought the writing things to her and she sat and thought a long time before she began to write. She tore up much good paper and she wrote again and again; when she had finished at last she read the letter, it wasn't very long and she said in it that what the people yonder spoke of her was true, and it was true, too, what they couldn't tell him, that she was very happy because she knew what love was. She meant always to be happy and gay in the world and she wouldn't ever see him again. That made her sorry, but only a little, for she hadn't time to think much of the old life. Then she said good bye. When she came to the end she kissed the paper many times before she gave it to me.

"Will he understand?" she whispered.

"Yes," I answered, 'will he understand that I love him—that I haven't forgot all he's taught me? Will he understand that?'

"No," I said very firm, 'he will just think you are Marie Duplan's child and that will cure him.'

"Oh, God," she sobbed, 'how can I let him think me like that—how can I?'

"I was very sorry for Margot, m'sieu, but what would you? The cure must be saved. He had not yet left the manse when I reached there, and I handed him the letter myself. He didn't ask any questions, he just opened it and read it; maybe two, three times, as if the writing wasn't easy to make out. Then he went past me very quick and closed the door of his room. But I saw his face and I understood.

"It was late when I got home and Margot still sat by the table. She raised her head when I came in and I saw the heartbreak in her face too. The pain of it hurt me sharp like a blow with a knife. I had looked on such sorrow before, and never once since that time. But all the same I think it was the cure who was wounded the deepest, because he must tell himself that Margot had failed him every way.

"As for her, m'sieu, I wanted to keep her with me always, only that couldn't be. She was like a pure little dove—I say that and I know all about her mother. I can say nothing else, for I have looked into her eyes and have seen the whiteness of her soul, but there could be no home for her in Beaupre and so she went away into the night; and she said, the last thing, 'Pray for me, Madame, pray for me, that is all. I don't know anything more about her—she never came back.'

"And the cure?"

"The cure, m'sieu? It was like I thought. The bishop gave him a long penance, he went to the Silent Brother-hood and he stayed there many years, they say. He never came to Beaupre they say. Perhaps he is dead, perhaps he lives—I know not. But he is pardoned, that I know. All the people prayed for him, and the good God heard those prayers for sure."

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THE THEATRES THIS WEEK

All Have Entertainment of Pleasing Order

And in Harmony With Holiday Week—Crowded Houses Greet First Production of Programs.

At the Standard this week the four-act emotional drama "Esmeralda" is being produced by the Standard stock company, headed by Vivian and Lang. The play was received with such general approval when it was produced before and the requests for its reproduction were so many that the management had no hesitancy in putting it on again, which is being done in a manner creditable to the management and very acceptable to the public, many new features being added since the former production.

The cast and synopsis of the play is as follows:

Esmeralda, Vivian; Mrs. Rodgers, Julia Walcott; Nora Desmond, Daisy D'Avara; Kate Desmond, Lucy Lovell; Mary the housemaid, Gladys Gates; Mr. Esterbrook, Fred C. Lewis; Mr. Rodgers, Alf. T. Layue; Mr. Drew, Wm. Muller; Jack Desmond, Harry O'Brien, Marquis, Robert Lawrence; Dave Hardy, Edwin R. Lang.

Act 1.—Prospecting—The man and the mistress—Petitcoat government—Buying a farm—Five hundred for a farm—Ten thousand for silence—The sacrifice of an honest man—Father Rogers as a consoiler—Sweet Esmeralda.

Act 2.—A study in art—The meeting of old friends—A breach of confidence—A stranger among strangers—Breaking the news—The power of love—A revelation—Wealth and Esmeralda.

Act 3.—Woman's wants and woman's obstinacy—Love and ice—Reviving old subjects—The margins, and "the man from North Carolina"—The woman and the man assert themselves—"Taint for you to touch her, I'm her father."

Act 4.—The study in art continued—Interrupted love continued—Dispelling illusions—Dave is rich—Mother, shake hands—The little house finds a tenant and we are together—Back in our little home in North Carolina.

Between the acts Gladys Gates, May Walker, Cad Wilson and Beatrice Lorne appear in specialties.

The orchestra under the leadership of Wm. E. Brannon renders the following excellent selections: March, "Chicago Athletic Club," Maurice; "Southern Plantation, Medley," Boetger; overture, "Italians in Algiers," Rossini; ragtime Melodies, Meckie.

The Savoy theater this week headed by John Flynn and the Savoy Safety Girls is producing an entertainment which is termed "By all odds the brightest, cleanest, most wholesome and most entertaining program ever offered the Dawson public."

The entertainment opens with a burlesque by John A. Flynn entitled "A Dress Rehearsal," in which the following take part: Soubrette, Jennie Guichard; leading lady, Celia DeLacy; the French maids, Carrie Winchell, Josie Gordon, Cecil Marion, Lulu Watts, Miss Tenn, Dorothy Campbell, Lu Wheeler, May Ashley; the manager, Jas. Townsend; the heavy man, Jas. Post; the property man, Job A. Flynn.

The piece concludes with the Highland fling and a grand cake walk.

A long and entertaining olio follows in which Miss Dollie Paxton the descriptive singer makes her first appearance at this house. She is followed by Walthers and Forrest the ever popular duettists; Sadie Taylor, the clever entertainer, Nat Darling the singing comedian, Celia DeLacy, the Winchell Twins in their song and dance specialty, Post and Ashley in one of their clever sketches, Myrtle Drummond the contortionist, Jennie Guichard and Miss Josie Gordon who makes her first appearance at the Savoy, making a program of strength and merit.

The evening's entertainment closes with Billy Ryans' farce comedy entitled "A Rough House," the action of which is synonymous with its name and provokes no end of amusement.

The entertainment throughout is excellent and is sure to have a large patronage through the week.

The Orpheum has not lost any of its popularity since its reopening and last night, as usual, opened this week's engagement to a crowded house.

The evening's performance commenced with J. H. Hearde's interpretation of a "Rag Time Reception," in which he is assisted by the following characters: The Black Side Kicker, J. H. Hearde; Bronco Bill, Larry Bryant; Mr. Donohue, Ed. Dolan; Mr. Donohue's wife, Lola Glenn; Member of the Hockey Club, Madge Melville; his sweetheart, Madam Lloyd; Mascot of the Rag Time Reception, Clare Wilson; queen of the chappies, Stanley and Garnet; phenomenal entertainer, Blanche Cametta; the rag time baby, Allie Faine; a Black Misunderstanding, Kate Rockwell.

The olio which follows includes Doty Mitchell the queen of ragtime

artists, Mae Stanley, Colthilde Rogers, Allie Delmar, Bryant and Onslow in their knock-about sketch "We're Friends Now," Eddie Dolan the popular comedian, Madge Melville, Kate Rockwell, J. H. Hearde in a new sketch specialty called the "Black Chinaman", Blanche Cametta and Madam Lloyd the operatic soprano. Duncan and Garnet in their clever acrobatic and contortion work make the hit of the evening.

The show concludes with Eddie Dolan's extraordinarily laughable farce entitled "McGinty's Troubles" which brings down the house.

The Orpheum orchestra is a fine musical organization and during the intermission plays some very fine pieces.

LAST REPORTS SUBMITTED

By the Various Victoria Day Committee.

The executive committee of the Victoria day sports met at the Board of Trade rooms last evening to receive the final reports of the various subcommittees. Col. MacGregor was in the chair.

The secretary reported that the grandstand committee had let the contract of erecting the grandstand to Mr. Connolly, and the work was nearing completion. The terms of the contract were: Contractor to erect the grandstand at his own expense, the committee to receive 25 per cent of the gross proceeds. The exclusive right to sell soft drinks, etc., on the grandstand and within the ring was sold to Mr. Bourman for the sum of \$50. The grandstand would seat close on 2000 people, and the committee had decided to reserve about 400 seats at an admission fee of \$2, the general admission being \$1.

Mr. Maurice Marsden was added to the printing committee.

Mr. Hugh McKinnon reported that the parade committee had made very complete arrangements for a successful turnout. The streets would be in good condition, and nearly every institution in the city had promised to take part.

The decorating of the grand stand was given to Mr. Townsend, \$100 being set aside for that purpose, of which Mr. Connolly, the contractor, offered to pay half.

On the motion of Messrs. W. M. McKay and J. A. Clarke, the sum of \$50 was appropriated for the making of a float for the children in the parade. The chair and Mr. Hugh McKinnon and the secretary were appointed a committee with full power to deal with any or all matters pertaining to the sports that may arise between this date and the day of the meeting.

The meeting then adjourned.

The meeting then adjourned.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

Many Can Not Believe Published Reports of Garbage.

There are people in Dawson who even yet doubt the oft-published statement to the effect that garbage from all parts of the city is now, by direction of the medical health officer, hauled to the Klondike river and at the instigation of that official dumped into the Klondike river only a few feet above the mouth of the ditch which the council had constructed a year ago for the purpose of draining the barracks slough of filth instead of carrying more into it. A visit to the place which is probably 50 feet east of the toll bridge will convince the most skeptical that the refuse of the city, instead of being sent up in a balloon to spill out and scatter over the town, is being hauled to a point above where it will goe back through the ditch and slough that leads through a densely populated portion of the city, while much of the portion that misses the slough will linger on the bar in front of the barracks or find its way into the eddy in front of the city and there remain a pestilential-breeding aggregation of filth, refuse and ofal.

Where the dump now is, the water of the Klondike having receded, there remains several tons of garbage and unless the water in the river again becomes very high, it is there for the season if not cleared away by hand.

Verily, there be things past finding out, and the motive for dumping the refuse of the city above rather than below it is one of them.

For pure liquors go to The Sideboard. Try Allman's sanitarium bath.

107
Front Street
107

Gigantic Closing Out Sale!

...\$100,000 STOCK...

Finest and Newest



Men's and Boy's Clothing, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, Rubber Goods, Etc., Etc. THIS ENTIRE STOCK MUST BE CLOSED OUT AT ONCE

Regardless of Cost!

\$500 Reward!

TO ANYONE WHO CAN PROVE THIS IS NOT A BONA-FIDE SALE

Everything Must Go. Prices Unheard Of. Call and Convince Yourself.

San Francisco Clothing House

JAKE KLINE, Manager

OPPOSITE YUKON DOCK

It's New Home.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce is now at home to its many customers in its new building a description and out of which were published in the Daily Nugget of Saturday, which day the two former offices in the city were amalgamated, the entire business being removed to the new building which is especially adapted to the purposes for which it was constructed. Monday morning the bank's business opened at the usual hour but in its new home where the conveniences are modern and where a heavy force is kept busy in their various departments transacting the immense volume of business of the institution.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Boosters, Attention!

A meeting of the Boosters' union is called for 11 o'clock tonight in one of half-filled-with-ice cabins on the hill east of the A. C. trail. Business of importance will be up for transaction at the meeting, a full report of which will appear in the Stroller's column tomorrow. Entrance to the place of meeting will be through a hole in the roof. The password for tonight is "Scurvy."

Here's a Soap.

For Sale—A restaurant complete with tables, chairs, stoves, cooking utensils, etc., all ready for business. Lease on fine central location for one year secured. Must be sold immediately. Apply at once to R. Gillis, broker, McDonald hotel building, Second street.

Alaska Commercial COMPANY

NOW that the Fine Weather is here, you will need to replenish your home. Call and Inspect Our Immense Line of Goods. We are certain that we can suit you.

A. C. CO.

REMARKABLE PICTURES.

Jam Photoed by Goetzman Showing Ice 14 Feet Thick.

Various opinions have been expressed as to the maximum depth of the ice the past winter. Goetzman, the photographer, has so far as known recorded the thickest cake of ice ever observed, which was by actual measurement found to be 13 feet and 4 inches of solid ice. The immense floe was discovered near Klondike City by an employe of Goetzman, he having searched for two days for the largest cake of ice in the neighborhood of Dawson.

The big block of ice forms the foreground in a most striking picture of the ice jam at that point. The negative is one foot square and 14 different views of the subject has been taken. These pictures are the finest photos of ice in the Yukon ever taken and are worthy of the most careful preservation.

The old standby, Seal of North Carolina, is always generously good.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor Pioneer Drug Store.

Latest photo buttons at Goetzman's.

Y. O. O. P. Notice.

All members of the Yukon Order of Pioneers are requested to meet at their hall at 9 a. m., May 24th, and form an order for their position in the line of march of the procession on Victoria day. By order of the

PRESIDENT.

For Sale.

Nine-room lodging house, elegantly furnished, centrally located; a big bargain. Apply at once, R. Gillis, broker, Second street, McDonald hotel building.

The Pacific Cold Storage Co. offers every facility for keeping frozen products.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

Kodak tripods; \$3.50 Goetzman's.

For a fine bath try Allman's.

REMOVED

Mrs. Dr. Slayton

Has Removed to Her Old Parlor on Second Avenue, next to the Cafe Royal Bldg.

Where she will be pleased to meet her many friends and patrons.

Hours, 10 to 10.

By Using Long Distance Telephone

You are put in immediate communication with Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creeks.

By Subscribing for a Telephone In Town

You can have at your finger ends over 200 speaking instruments.

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Central Office, Third St., Near A. C. Store

With the Arrival of the First Boats

We Will Receive a Heavy Consignment of

Boilers, Hoists and Engines

10, 12 and 20 Horse Power

Vertical and Horizontal Engines

ALL SIZES

CALL ON US FOR PRICES

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PACKING OF ALL KINDS

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