

DAWSON, Y. T., FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1902.

PRICE 25 CENTS

STREETS ARE OBSTRUCTED

Contrary to the Lately Passed City By-Law.

Many Cases Heard Before Magistrate Macaulay Today—Fifth Cases (Continued).

A crusade, under the provisions of a recent city ordinance, has been started against the transfer and stage companies, the blacksmiths, and in fact everyone is included who allows the public thoroughfare in front of their premises to become obstructed by wagons, sleighs, carriages, to which there are no horses attached, and other debris which will be a hindrance to the fire brigade.

A. R. Gibson, a blacksmith on Third ave.; the Orr & Tukey Co. on Third ave.; and one other also on Third ave., were each fined \$5 and costs for allowing wagons to remain in the street after the horses had been unhitched. The extreme penalty under the provisions of the ordinance is \$100 and costs, and the magistrate stated that those who should come up hereafter for the same offense would receive a much heavier penalty.

John McLean was fined \$1 and costs for having climbed too freely of the slumber brand last evening.

M. Himple was given the option of paying \$15 and costs or spending 30 days on the reduction works for having taken aboard too large a cargo of the kind of hootch which creates disturbances.

Samuel McCullough obstructed the public thoroughfare while under the "influence." Samuel had not been

particularly obstreperous so the case against him was dismissed with a caution.

John Roberts, a resident on Third ave.; and E. Moore and A. Anderson, residents between Second and Third avenues and King and Queen streets, were before the magistrate charged with having an accumulation of filth on their premises, but the cases were enlarged until tomorrow.

Worse Than Hootch.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Augusta, Me., April 25.—As the result of drinking a decoction of wood alcohol three convicts in the Maine state prison are dead and four others are not expected to recover. Among the dangerously ill is Edward Grafham, serving a life term for the murder of Clifford Mosher of Gorham.

Workmen Injured.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, April 25.—Fifty workmen on their way to places of employment were seriously injured through an accident to what is called the "Three Penny Train" on the Great Eastern railway, near Hacking Downs this morning. Breaking of locomotive axle was the cause.

Howard Acquitted.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Frankfort, Ky., April 25.—The jury in the case of Barry Howard, on trial here as principal in the Goebel assassination, acquitted the prisoner this afternoon.

TO DISCUSS EXPORT TAX

Meeting at the Board of Trade Rooms.

Members of Board and Merchants Generally Are Invited to Attend.

The following notice has been sent out today which is self-explanatory: Dawson, Y.T., April 24, 1902.

By direction of the president, there will be a special meeting of the Dawson Board of Trade in the rooms of the board in the N. C. Co.'s office building, to discuss the proposed 2 1/2 per cent. royalty or export tax. All members and merchants interested are requested to be present at 8:30 o'clock sharp, Friday evening, April 25, 1902.

DAWSON BOARD OF TRADE. By E. W. Clayton, Secretary. As will be seen by the notice the invitation is not confined to members of the board of trade but is designed to include all business men who are interested in the settlement of the vexed gold dust question.

HOLBORN CAFE. R. L. HALL, PROPRIETOR. Business Lunch 11:30 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. Dinner 4:30 to 9:00 p. m. OPEN ALL NIGHT.

FIRST AVENUE. Next J. P. McLennan's

Shoff's Rheumatic Liniment

Greatest liniment of the age for sprains, bruises and rheumatic pains.

PIONEER DRUG STORE

Rochester Bar. Billy Baird, Prop. Cor. 208 Ave and King St.

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

THE... Detroit Lubricators!

1-3, 1-2 AND 1 PT.

Our stock of Lubricators is complete. Call and see us when you need anything in steam fitter's SUPPLIES. Water and steam packing a specialty.

McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

MAJ. WOOD PROMOTED

Advanced to Assistant Commissioner.

Will Report Hereafter Direct to Ottawa—Appointment Meets With General Approval.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, April 25.—Superintendent Z. T. Wood, of Dawson, has received the appointment of assistant commander of the Northwest Mounted Police for the Yukon territory and will receive a salary of \$1800 a year. Major Wood will hereafter report direct to Ottawa instead of Regina. His position now is inferior to but one in the force, that of Major Perry, who is the commander, the head of the entire police system of the northwest.

Mail Progressing.

Word was received this morning that the outgoing mail which left here Tuesday evening had passed Selwyn, thus indicating that good time had been made in spite of the bad trail. The inbound mail which left Whitehorse at the same hour has not yet reached Five Fingers and can not be expected here before Tuesday or Wednesday of next week. The next mail for the outside will close Monday evening at 9 o'clock.

Nip and Tuck.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Peking, April 25.—Imperial Chinese forces administered a check to rebels near Nan Ning, capturing the leader, Hung Yung Sen. Subsequently the rebels captured two villages in the outskirts of Nan Ning where they have established temporary headquarters.

Smooth Sailing Now.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, April 25.—The Klondike Mines Railway bill passed the commons with the amendment asked by the company to validate bonds of the road sold in New York previous to the charter being obtained.

No Opposition.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, April 15.—Rear Admiral Lord Charles Beresford was elected without opposition to the seat for Woolwich vacated by the retirement of Col. Edwin Hughes, Conservative.

Foxy Pierpont.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, April 25.—J. Pierpont Morgan and associates are negotiating for a combination of Scottish coal interests with a capitalization of fifteen million dollars.

Castle Burned.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Brampton, Ont., April 25.—Wright Castle, the residence of the late Geo. Wright, has been destroyed by fire.

Queen's Condition.

Special to the Daily Nugget. The Hague, April 25.—There is no special change in Queen Wilhelmina's condition. The malady is reported as taking the usual course.

Arch-Bishop Ill.

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, April 25.—Arch-Bishop Corrigan is very ill. Bulletins are issued twice a day.

Choice Rex Hams. Ames Mer. Co.

Mrs. Lueders received yesterday some new spring goods—the latest in elegant velvet skirts, velvet waists, combs, hair ornaments, etc. c24

Choice Rex Hams. Ames Mer. Co.

A New Baby.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Robe was made glad yesterday by the arrival of a 9-lb. daughter. Mother and child are reported as progressing nicely.

Sad Case.

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, April 25.—Jos. Altolio, seven years old, received fatal burns while saving his father from death by fire this morning. The father and son were sleeping in a stable in or-

der to care for a sick horse and the son set fire to the couch by upsetting a lamp. In wrapping his father in a blanket and thus extinguishing the flames, the child was himself so injured that he will die.

P. B. Butter, have no other.

Chechaco grub for Sour Doughs—Northern Cafe.

On Near-By Creeks.

Mr. W. H. Richardson of No. 4 Victoria gulch came to town yesterday and attended the big fight last night.

Messrs. Gates, Carpenter and Shepherd came down from Victoria gulch yesterday and went to the show last night.

Mrs. W. H. Seeborn of Oro Fino hill and Mrs. H. Brewett of Adams hill are in town visiting for a few days.

Mr. Peterson of Oro Fino hill is transacting business in town today.

Mrs. and Miss Arndt of No. 16 above Bonanza entertained a few friends at what last Wednesday evening. A dainty luncheon was served and a very pleasant time was spent.

The first sluicing on Eldorado or Bonanza, to the knowledge of the writer, was done last Tuesday afternoon on No. 16 above Bonanza. Wednesday afternoon they were sluicing on Nos. 17, 37 and 42 Eldorado.

Our \$2.50 hat is a stunner. Ames Mercantile Co.

Complete line paints, oils, brushes, etc. Ames Mercantile Co.

STAMPEDE EXPECTED

Milne Concession to Be the Next Scene.

Clerks Anticipating a Larger Rush Than Occurred at the Opening of Treadgold Grant.

For the first time since the Treadgold concession was thrown open the wicket at the relocation window of the mining recorder's office this morning had not a stamper in front of it. A. R. Boyes, who presides at that department, considers the rush practically over, but he is anticipating a much larger one May 1 in consequence of the throwing open of the Milne concession. Today and yesterday the book containing the registry of the Hunker hillsides and benches which are within the Milne grant has been in constant use by people looking up lapsed claims.

The number which have been recorded within that strip of ground measuring two and one-half miles up and down creek by a mile in depth it is said in the office aggregate nearly 400, and probably two-thirds of them are vacant and subject to relocation. It is thought the number subsisting will approximate nearly 100, upon a great many of which pay better than wages has been found. On Dago hill and also on Savoy hill considerable work has been done during the winter. Bedrock at these points is quite deep, averaging about 100 feet. On Henry gulch, too, a paystreak of excellent quality has been located during the past year and some large dumps have been taken out this winter. In the rear tiers of benches there is still a great deal of virgin ground to be had, though the staking in places has extended back as far as the ninth tier.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Regina Hotel.—Jas. Hamit, Eldorado; W. M. Cowley and wife, 22 above Bonanza; Chas. Lamb and wife, Bonanza; W. C. Leak, Eldorado; John A. Moe, 24 below Bonanza.

Food properly cooked prevents dyspepsia—try the Northern Cafe.

FOR SALE—One 30-horsepower boiler. Apply T. Shaw Boiler Works. p30

FOR SALE. A good dog team, harness and sled. A bargain. Apply Nugget office.

MENTALLY INCAPABLE

Defense in a Suit That Was Brought

Under a Written Agreement Concerning the Representation of a Bonanza Quartz Claim.

What funny things one sometimes sees when they don't have a gun. The dignified presence of a superior court room is not a place where it could be expected one's risible faculties would be often aroused nor is it likely a humorist would ever invade those precincts in search of copy, but if Finley P. Dunne or George Ade had been in Mr. Justice Craig's department of the territorial court a few days ago they could have gotten material for a story that would have proven a stemwinder. It would not have been all comedy, for the opening act contains a rich, round pathetic vein brimming full of sympathy. The hero is seen to be in the hospital in a deplorable state of health, the good samaritan appears, takes him thence and nurses him back to life. Then, during his absence one day the villain shows up, a bold, bad man with hair all over his whiskers; he has a paper in his hands and this the invalid is induced to sign while in a hypnotic state, a trance, or some sort of condition caused by a double barreled shot of morphine. According to the evidence it would appear that he of the whiskers made his exit through the back door muttering between his clenched teeth "Aha! my proud beauty, I've got you at last," at just about the time the heroine made her entrance R. E. O. P. The fateful paper bearing the signature alleged to have been secured while the writer was in an unfit mental condition for business was a most important exhibit in the case, it being the agreement upon which the suit was brought. The parties to the action own some quartz claims on lower Bonanza, that is, they do and they don't, for the defendant swore to having disposed of his interests to his lady friend long before the work was performed for which payment is now sought. He is a newspaper man, and as a representative of the London Times held down most effectively a seat at the press table during the O'Brien trial. She is likewise of the litterati, fat, fair and forty, with the descriptive powers of a Salsus, the passionate longings of Ella Wheeler Wilcox and the poetic nature of a Bernhardt.

So much for the dramatis personal, now for the evidence. Suit was to recover \$502 alleged to be due according to the signed agreement for defendant's share in the cost of representing and surveying certain quartz claims. She—I am manager of the Los Angeles and Yukon Mining Company. This gentleman had previously transferred his interest to me and he had no right nor authority to make this agreement upon which suit is brought. He has nothing to do with the company except as a stockholder.

I was never asked nor consulted in the matter by the plaintiff. Defendant and I are partners and I have nursed him back to life. Upon my return from the outside last year I found him in the hospital in a deplorable state of health. I took him away and nursed him. Am a professional nurse. Was in the Cook county hospital and nursed the victims of the Haymarket riot. Upon the day in which plaintiff secured his signature to this agreement I had gone to town after medicine leaving the patient under the influence of morphine. Returned in a half hour and found him greatly excited—hysterical; plaintiff had been there and talked to him until he was nearly crazy. His lordship here mentioned that if it were sought to prove mental unfitness expert medical testimony would be necessary. The defendant upon going on the stand swore not only as to his mental unfitness when the contract was signed, but declared the plaintiff was guilty of false representations; that the work he swore to having done on the St. John claim was not done and he could prove it by the quartz recorder.

His Lordship—"Then that is the man you ought to have here." He testified further that he was not a surveyor but a mathematician. Counsel—"What is your defense that you say you were not in a fit state to transact business? Were you drunk?" Witness—"I wasn't drunk; I never tasted a drop of liquor in my life and I don't like such insinuations."

"Were you a lunatic?" "Yes, when I signed that paper I was; I was compos mentis, too ill to do business."

"Was your mind clear?" "Not as it should have been."

His lordship gave judgment direct from the bench at the conclusion of the evidence, remarking that it was unfortunate defendant appeared without counsel and that his defense was so ragged. The plaintiff proved the work done and the contract was reasonable and clear as to the terms agreed upon. As to the unfit mental condition of the defendant it was wholly failed to be proven and judgment was entered for \$505.20.

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.

New York, April 25.—New York supporters of the Colombian Liberals are advised today of the capture by their force of Rio Hacha, a seaport two hundred miles from Cartagena. It is reported the engagement was long and sanguinary but details are not yet available.

Mr. Boyle's choral society will not meet this evening.

Bubonic Plague in Dawson.

A man in a cabin near the foot of the hill was taken violently ill today. For a time there was great excitement, as someone pronounced it bubonic plague, but upon investigation it was found his sickness was caused by eating some of the cheap canned goods so extensively advertised. The physician who attended him advised him to hereafter trade with Dunham, as he makes a specialty of the fine family groceries. The Family Grocery, corner Second ave. and Albert street.

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, Manager. Dawson Branch.

Y. Home for Babies.

The West Side Day Nursery is eighteen years old and, figuratively speaking, put on its skirts and tucked up its hair. The quarters of the nursery on Fortieth street have always been cramped and the small children of the one house and fairly oozed out at windows and doors, but now at the time of Mrs. Pratt and her sister, Miss Campbell, have dreamed and seen visions has come. A large adjoining house has been added to the nursery, and the two buildings thrown together furnish room for the carrying out of long cherished schemes.

"A woman architect made the alterations for us," said Miss Campbell to a Sun reporter. "I want to proclaim that fact from the house-seconds."

"No mere man would ever have entered into the work with such understanding and sympathy. No man ever thoroughly appreciated the fine points of a linen room, and no man would have figured out so cleverly all the little details of comfort for babies and nurses."

"What does a man know about the right height for a babies' bathtub, and the most convenient installation of a babies' kitchen? A woman architect is the one to plan such a place as this."

"She said the institution had been founded by women, for women, had been run by women, and should be run by a woman. We've had no cause to regret the decision."

"Our woman architect caught our ideas like a flash and evolved admirable ideas of her own. She had a great time persuading the contractor and workmen to carry out the ideas which impressed them as sheer tomfoolery, but she did it, and we are satisfied. With our means and opportunity I believe we could not have obtained more satisfactory results."

"The new old nursery has a breadth of 40 feet and the same depth. It is modelled on the English basement plan, which separates it at once from the wilderness of highsteeple houses in the neighborhood."

"A small boy in a checked slip covered the attractive front door for the Sun reporter. That was Tommy. Opening the front door isn't his business, but he likes it. So does the person whom he welcomes, for Tommy is a charmer."

"He's very small. His brown eyes are the largest things about him, and his confidence in the kindness of the world and its inhabitants. He was in a particularly festive mood when he welcomed the reporter, for a letter had just come for him—two letters."

"One was from his country mother. The other was from his country grandmother and grandfather. They aren't really related to him, but he has spent his summers with them for five years. Such summers."

"There's a cat named Noodles, and there's a big puppy named Bobby and a little puppy named Tommy, and they chase Noodles and the cows. There are heaps of cows, and two horses, Daisy and Pet. Tommy likes Pet best. So does Aunt Lou."

"When her papa tells her to drive Daisy she takes Pet, and then he comes home and finds Daisy in the stall and he says—but the reporter will never know what 'he' says. Tommy had talked breathlessly, but he couldn't quite tell all he knew because Mrs. Pratt and Miss Campbell were ready to tell stories themselves. Later, however, the reporter read the letters from Tommy's summer relatives. They adore the little boy. They want him sent to them the moment summer comes, before the other fresh-air children are sent away."

"They really can't wait. They've got a new kitten for him and he can take Pet this summer, and they are going to give him a party. They've written to his city mother, too, and the letter urges her to come and visit them, and sings Tommy's praises and says they only wish they'd let them have him all the time."

"That boy seems to have struck a hot thing," commented the reporter. "No softer than the things most of the children have struck," insisted Miss Campbell. "It is really astonishing how devoted country people come to the children."

"You see friends of my sister and summer homes in the western part of the state for our children and they take great care to select just the families who will welcome the tots and love them and be good to them. Our chief trouble is that they spoil the children dreadfully and we have trouble with them after they come home."

"I went up after a group of children who stayed late last fall. The children cried and the grown-ups cried, but finally we started for New York."

lined wicker basket. Beside it is a low chair for the nurse, arched full of clean clothes, a porcelain washstand with soap and powder; but the babies are seldom washed here, for adjoining the big nursery is a tiny bathroom, which divides with an equally tiny nursery kitchen near by the honor of being the most altogether satisfactory thing about the new house. Both little rooms are in blue and white.

The nursery kitchen bears striking testimony to the new ideas about baby care, the new mania for sanitation and hygiene. Its floor is of blue and white tiles, its walls of white, glaze tiling. Its refrigerator is of porcelain and porcelain lined. Its small sink is of porcelain.

A broad marble slab holds the three-burner gas stove. The working utensils are of white agate ware. The table has a glass top and glass shelves upon white iron supports, and holds glass measuring cups, thermometers, all the paraphernalia of up-to-date baby feeding.

Even the blue-and-white dish towels and clothes hanging along the wall are attractive. A big window set with small panes lets in air and sunshine.

"It's an adorable baby kitchen," says the manager, with a sigh of profound content.

The bath room, too, has its blue and white tiled floor, its tiled walls, its porcelain and nickel fittings. There is a jolly little porcelain tub which, says the manager, confides to the reporter, was made for a housemaid's sink, but was found to be much more satisfactory for a baby's tub than anything else in the market.

Beside the tub is the nurse's seat, built of just the right height and size for perfect convenience. Each baby, when he arrives in the morning, gets a bath and is dressed throughout in fresh, clean clothes belonging to the nursery. When he is taken away at night his own clothes are put on him again.

Outside the bath room window is an apparatus to which the manager points with pride. It is a covered box swung on a crane and pulley. All soiled clothes go into it through the window the moment they are removed and are lowered to the laundry, so that not a dirty, unsanitary garment is carried through the nursery and halls.

The babies' own clothes, during the day, are put into bags of knotted cord made by the industrial classes, and are hung out in the air. The open, hammock-like bags allow the wind and sun to air and sweeten the clothes, and most of them need it sadly.

In the big nursery are low white tables—a "garden" which looks like a pen-railed in with oak lattice. It can be moved about on the floor, but confines a baby to a limited and safe floor area.

Next to the nursery and on the floor above are smaller rooms fitted with larger cribs, in which the older children can have their naps, or in which babies may be tucked away when the fourteen nursery beds are full.

There is a big sunny room on the nursery floor, given over as play room for the little children when kindergarten hours are over and the school children coming in cooking, sewing, crocheting, darning and basket weaving classes, take possession of the kindergarten floor. Here, as all through the house, the walls are in a particularly soft, warm shade of buff, which gives an effect of sunshine even on a gloomy day.

The walls are hung with bright pictures. Gayly dressed dolls line the mantles and window ledges. There are blocks and books and toy soldiers and toys of all sorts.

Near by is the linen room, which does credit to the woman architect and would make the average housewife sigh covetously. It is larger than the ordinary hall bedroom, has a hardwood floor, and its walls are lined with shelves and drawers—beautiful deep shelves and drawers, and such quantities of both! Yet all are full.

Not only are there huge piles of bed linen, towels, table linen, but here are the clean-checked pinafores, myriads of them, and the baby clothes, hundreds of little cotton and wash flannel slips, crocheted and flannel saques, bands, petticoats, waists, flannel wrappers, stockings, diapers, bibs—everything that is worn by a comfortably clad baby.

"Where do you get such stacks of them?" asked the reporter, bewildered by the extent of the exhibit.

"Friends make them for us. We give the pattern, so we know we will get just what we want the babies to wear."

Mrs. Pratt has a way of raising up friends for anything she undertakes. Down on the second floor is the immense kindergarten room, taking in the whole depth of the house and half the width. It is full of small girls and boys in clean-checked pinafores. They don't have a bath each morning and they don't have their

clothes changed for fresh ones throughout, but their faces and hands are scrubbed and the crisp pinafores are put on over their clothes, so they look spotless and immaculate.

They are mostly Irish and Germans with a few Italians, and a healthier, jollier lot of youngsters one could not ask to see. Every one is the child of an honest, hard-working mother.

The fathers don't cut much figure in the nursery calculations. The nursery was founded to relieve poor, respectable, hard-working women by giving a safe and sanitary home to their children while they were out of work. It fulfills its purpose, and the women appreciate its help.

The appreciation was emphasized last summer when the building was closed for repairs, and the mothers realized what a problem the nursery had for years, been solving for them. Luckily, most of the children could be sent to country homes for almost all of the repair time, but now that the nursery is open again the enthusiasm of the beneficiaries is more pronounced than before the interregnum.

The children are brought to the nursery when the mother goes out to her day's work. They stay there until she returns home, which is usually about 7 o'clock. They have a luncheon of cereals, milk, and soup, according to the age of the child, and their suppers, too.

They have every care and are in sanitary, wholesome surroundings. In their own homes they would be infinitely worse off, even if the mothers could stay at home to take care of them.

Back of the nursery there is a fine, big playground now, a yard 60x10 feet. It is paved with cement, because the children could not be turned out on damp ground. At the rear is a big covered shed or arbor reaching clear across the yard.

Under it will be big sand piles and benches. Between the pillars will hang swings. Around the pillars and over the roof and over the side fences of the yard vines are already growing.

Down the two sides of the yard are wide flower gardens, in which seeds and bulbs will soon be feeling the spring. There will be see-saws for the children, and altogether that back yard promises well. On the bright days last week the eyes of the kindergarten children already turned toward it longingly and saw swinging pictures of flowers and swings and see-saws and out-door play.

There are about seventy-five children at the nursery each day, inclusive of the industrial classes, and the number grows steadily, but now there is room for the increase.

There is no endowment fund. The nursery has no church affiliations. It depends upon voluntary contributions, but the contributions have grown with the work and Mrs. Pratt's friends are sturdy backers.—New York Sun.

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San Francisco Office, 30 California Street

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Stroller's Column.

William W. Bittner, Esq. : For some time past the seething brain of the Stroller calls his mind to be affre with the unconquerable desire to write a play, and he writes for information and advice, asking you to be experienced in only handling plays but playwrights. The Stroller thinks you will agree with him that somebody ought to write a play.

What is needed and what an effort will be put forth to accomplish is a play that will cause the people to come down from the creeks and stay a week to see and hear it played every night. Would you write a play and then dramatize it or would you write a drama and then play on it? The Stroller has many crude ideas but you will readily see, Mr. Bittner, that he is not practical. For in-

Telegraphic advices are to the effect that an Indiana woman put salt on her drunken husband and allowed the cows to lick him until he was raw. There is an idea in this somewhat novel method of reforming a husband that might be turned to advantage in that cow licking would be a first class quality of massage, and massage is acknowledged to be a great thing for the skin.

The Stroller offers the suggestion free that it would be a grand idea for some enterprising Dawson bath-house man to procure a few head of cattle for massage purposes. After a bath the customer could take a walk in salt and then would be the time for introducing the sandpaper-tongued cattle.

As a bath house and dairy could very well be run jointly, the above

Why should any man who can decorate Slavin with a bum lamp and a gory nose bother with the "crime of '73" (borrowed from a Populist platform), with the illegal granting of hydraulic concessions (borrowed from C. M. Woodworth), or with such social problems as to whether or not it is recherche to blow your nose on a black silk handkerchief.

Today the prize fighter is the pooh-bah of social life, while the man who for years delved among Green verbs such as rooti, piggerie, hogo, gruntum, is probably in bed while his wife is patching his only pair of pants.

If either Slavin or Burley would drop in on the Stroller today, sit down and put their feet on his desk he would not interfere. He might not like it, but he would not say a word. The Stroller respects men of brawn more than he does men who run entirely to brain.

The Stroller's reasons for respecting men of muscle more than those of the other class are shown in the accompanying illustration.

The Stroller is pleased to note in standard publications that the unsanitary and somewhat ridiculous custom of kissing the Bible on taking an oath is becoming obsolete in many sections of His Majesty's domain.

The Stroller is a firm believer in the Bible but he prefers it in the heart instead of on the lips, especially when the same copy has been handled and osculated by all nationalities and creeds without regard to race, color or previous conditions of servitude for, lo these many years.

Kissing a public Bible is like drinking from a public dipper that is fastened to the town pump—kiss or drink close up to the handle or else turn the lips in beyond the "red" and let the kiss be something like a touch instead of a slobbering smack that sounds like a horse extracting a pedal extremity from Hunker creek mud.

In the state of Florida the oath is taken by placing the right hand on the Bible, and, after trying a "cloud" in daylight jurors have been known to lynch him and be home in bed before 11 o'clock that night.

In these scientific times, these times when germs, animalcule and bacteria stalk fearlessly up and down the face of the earth seeking whom they may stake a concession on and do assessment work, the Stroller, in his unassuming, mild-mannered but feeble way, would suggest that "kissing the book" be eliminated from the oath. Either that or the cover of the book be removed and disinfected semi-occasionally.

The Stroller has received a lengthy account of a "mill" on Dominion that is reported to have been worth more money than is usually paid for

man had an equal force that threw the wood off the sled as fast as the woman's crew put it on.

After sparring with words for some time the principals "spat" on their hands, sailed in and for one short round the air was full of arms as pivot swings and solar-plexus jabs were delivered. The man was finally vanquished and the woman was left well, hen of the walk. However, the report that she sent word to the Stroller to challenge, in her behalf, the winner of the Slavin-Burley contest is not exactly true.

The Stroller's poet laureate has again taken a fall out of Old Pegasus, this time in the shape of a military sugar kiss which is respectfully dedicated to the Dawson Rifles.

'Tis wondrous how the telegraph has changed the whole world's ways, News travels in a second now, the space it once took days, And things which unimportant seem to those who give them birth To magnitudinal proportions grow in travelling 'round the earth.

To show exactly what we mean and trace a cause to trace, We will take the Dawson Rifles to exemplify the case; When the founder of the company began his muster roll He little thought that every name would blazon Glory's scroll.

When the news was heralded upon the ticking wire The little dots and dashes seemed to set the world on fire; Great Britain's foes recoiled in fear blanching with terror at the shock As helpless as a vessel is when tempest-driven on the rock.

Throughout the mighty empire rang the joyful peals of every bell, While every true Canadian felt the pride within his bosom swell; Then quickly came the answering cry from Montreal to sunny Greece, All nations stood with bated breath—"The Boers have humbly sued for peace."

We do not wish to be unjust nor slander Britain's soldiers true, Nor do we think that they would wish to take a glory not their due; They've fought as brave men always will, throughout the long and savage war, But the Dawson Rifles surely were the sudden downfall of the Boer.

Why is it that for these long years the Boer would never bend his head, Until some "Tommy Atkins" dèttly bored his system through with lead? 'Tis plain to see no fear of man would cause the savage Boer to quail Until he thought the Dawson boys would soon be camping on his trail.

Let not the Dawson Rifles be at all averse to make their claim, To them is all the honor due, the burghers trembled at their name, For life is sweet to any man—the Boers desired another lease, And that is why the message came,

"The Boers have humbly sued for peace."

"The thing that interests me most these days," said a married man to the Stroller one day this week, "is the price of onions, and until it is materially reduced you must excuse me for not joining you at the bar."

"What has the price of onions got to do with your taking an appetizer before going home?" curiously inquired the Stroller.

"It is this way," replied the man. "Up to a month or six weeks ago when I took a drink on my way home I would stop at the corner grocery and eat an onion so that my wife would not accuse me of 'coming thro' the rye' on my way home. It always worked like a charm until the price of onions forced me to sobriety. You may not be aware of it, but onions are now selling at 75 cents per pound in Dawson and with my limited income I can not afford to eat a four-bit onion to overcome the aroma of a two-bit drink."

P. B. Butter at Barrett & Hull's.

Signs and Wall Paper

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Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering

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Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators. Exceptional Service the Rule

All Steamers Carry Both Freight and Passengers



THE PLAYWRIGHT AT WORK.

ance, he supposes he should have a dialogue to his play but he doesn't know what a prologue is. Is it anything like an appendix or appendix?

The Stroller can write that part where the natty young man comes in with a spring overcoat on his arm, a bersucker cane in one hand and holds the governor up for a check for \$500 to square up debts contracted the previous night while out on a lark. The young man has a scene with his father and is threatened with disinheritance, but he finally gets the check and after he goes out the father slaps his knee and says, "Bless the young dog, he gets more like his father every day." Although the old man can write checks for thousands at the stage, he and the son are both been casting supplicating glances at a doughnut factory about 11 o'clock next morning.

The Stroller can also describe the part where the leading lady wrings her hands and says, "Oh, love! Oh, fate! Oh, death!" and some fellow from Dago Hill says "Oh, h—l."

Do you think an idea should be introduced in the play?—If so, the Stroller may be obliged to give up his work.

How would it do to introduce a real case of measles in, say, the third act? The people like something catchy. Besides, measles are easily introduced.

The Stroller has in his mind's eye a villain for his play that will say "Aha! At last you are in my power!" with such force and effect that a bullet fender may be necessary just over the footlights.

As it is necessary for a man who writes a play to have a clear brain, should he soak his head or his neck?

If you think that the local actor market is overstocked, a few characters can be worked into the cast who will have to be killed and their parts can be made so raw that the audience will see that they are killed.

Should a playwright diet himself should he eat everything that his wife, by her untiring efforts at taking in washing, is able to provide? In case, Mr. Bittner, you should see to encourage the Stroller to write a play he prefers that you should put it on until the boats start coming on the lower river and then present it for the first time some night a boat is billed to sail at 11:30 on time.

P.S.—In case you think the man from Dago Hill should not say "Oh, h—l," we will arrange to have him say "la me!"

suggestion is worthy of serious consideration.

A short time ago the Stroller drew a comparison between pugilism and education. Today he is arranging for lessons in the former.

Where can such glory be had in educational pursuits as was heaped upon Burley last night?

What did Slavin care as he groped his way to the ropes in the ninth round about who discovered the is-

Education vs. Pugilism

land of Madagascar, or who captured the first orang-otang on the island of Borneo, or what twice the square of the hypotenuse plus 24 per cent., export tax equals?

Not a bloody thing.

He was too busy telling how it happened and receiving the plaudits of admiring hundreds to worry about matters that belong to \$7 per week men.

What did Burley care as he rushed upstairs to kiss his wife whether "All Gall is divided into three parts" or into one hundred and three parts?

What did he care about quedam mulier habebat galinum (a certain woman had a hen) or whether or not it was a hen or a rooster?

Burley's achievement placed him far above and beyond such commonplace knowledge as how to parse the decimal fraction "has did."



EDUCATION VS. PUGILISM.

Let not the Dawson Rifles be at all averse to make their claim, To them is all the honor due, the burghers trembled at their name, For life is sweet to any man—the Boers desired another lease, And that is why the message came,

Traveling Made Easy

Nothing wears a person out like a bad fitting pair of shoes, especially if he has much walking to do.

We keep only the Up-to-date Lines. Our Lasts and Styles are the Latest.

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SAVE YOUR GOLD!

By Using Good Rifles. We Carry Iron, 1, 1 1/2 and 1 1/2 x 1-8, Punched and Countersunk for covering Rifles.

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VERY DAY

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SWALLOWED HIS GUM

Frank Slavin Defeated by Nick Burley.

Old-Time Yukon Champion Bested by Younger and More Skilled Knight of the "Mit."

How are the mighty fallen! Frank P. Slavin, ex-champion heavy-weight of Australia, as square a fighter as ever entered a ring, the man who for four years or since his advent in the country has defended the title of champion of the Yukon against all comers, the number of whose vanquished are equal almost to the hairs of his head, is today a

with him, but Burley soon circumvented such tactics, and while Slavin's mit was on his throat or under his nose would duck and thump Slavin at will on the wind or face. Only once or twice during the go did Frank land with telling effect on Nick, the latter's ducking, diving and dodging causing Frank to wind himself by punching holes with sledge-hammer force in the surrounding atmosphere.

At 10 o'clock the Orpheum theatre, aside from a few boxes and reserved seats near the front, was well filled and 5 minutes past ten Slavin appeared in the ring, and was loudly cheered. One minute later Burley appeared and was as loudly welcomed.

Stage Manager Mulligan announced that Leroy Tozier had been selected as referee and also that the contest would be for a decision on points, even if both men were in good condition at the end of the ten rounds.

Mulligan also announced that Billy Bates wished to challenge the winner. Considerable amusement was created when Mulligan introduced a "bloomin' chappie" fresh from London who is hungering and thirsting

back with tattoo on Frank's wind-face and jaw. Frank swings right with terrific force but fails to land; clinch.

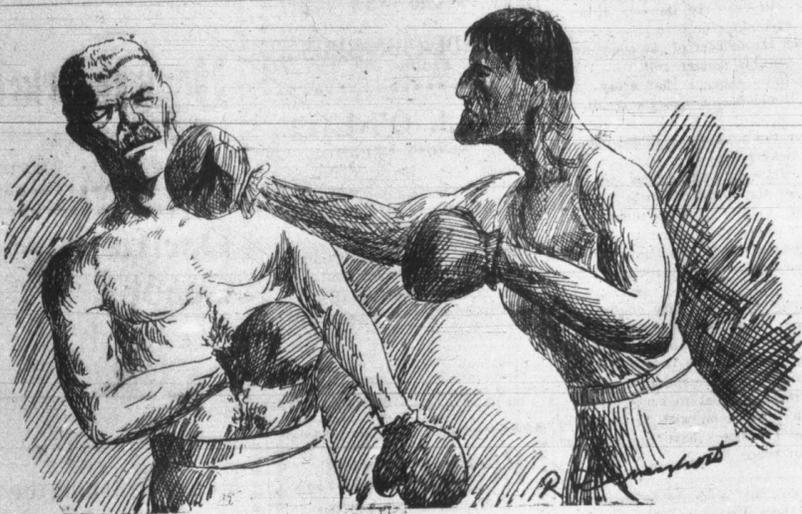
Fourth round—Frank rushed and Nick caught him hard on wind and face, following with straight jab on mouth which caused Frank to give up first blood. Both men ready to hear time called.

Fifth round—Both men cautious. Frank staggers Nick with right on head. Nick comes back hard, landing powerful blows on Slavin's head and wind staggering him. Nick follows with another hard head blow. Clinch and spar for time and wind.

Sixth round—Nick pounded Frank hard on wind and ducked heavy right and left swings. Frank fanned air wildly. Burley pours in blows at will and when time is called the old war horse is groggy.

Seventh round—Slavin landed hard on Burley's jaw. Burley comes back on wind and face. Much clinching and bucking around. Both tired.

Eighth round—Frank rushed and Nick ducked heavy right. Nick comes back and lands heavy right and left on wind and upper cut on chin. Slavin swings terrific right



THE BLOW THAT MADE SLAVIN EX-CHAMPION OF THE YUKON.

second-rater in Dawson, he having last night swallowed his gum and threw up his hands to Nick Burley, a more clever man than himself.

From start to finish the contest was by long odds the best ever seen in Dawson. It was a scientific exhibition of the manly art from which all coarse, brutal, bulldog features were eliminated. No intentional fouling was done and no dirty work practiced by either contestant.

From start to finish both men worked like trojans, but it was Burley's victory after the first round and until the middle of the ninth when the hero of many closely contested battles threw up the sponge, figuratively speaking, and acknowledged that he had met a man who could out-point him.

Not once during the go did Burley for a second lose his head. He kept his wits about him and used his eyes, his legs and mits, the latter with telling effect on the wind, face, ears and nose of his powerful antagonist, and to his head, arms and feet work, skill, sinew and durability, were due his well-earned victory.

Slavin had his proverbial reach

for a scrap and who was promised entertainment by "Kid" Arnold.

The referee announced H. Brand as timekeeper for Burley, Chas. Boyle for Slavin and W. H. B. Lyons to hold the official ticker. Everything being ready the "big event" was declared on and until the close there was no foolishness and no one went home for lack of entertainment. The contest by rounds was as follows:

First round—The men shook hands, squared and went at it, Slavin being the most aggressive. He led, landing lightly on Burley's jaw and side. Burley warmed up and reached for Slavin's neck, landing lightly. Slavin rushed and Burley ducked; clinch; Slavin landed hard right on Burley's ear and Nick went to his knees. Light sparring till call of time. Slavin's round, the last he had.

Second round—Slavin rushed and Burley handed him a few on face and wind; clinched; Burley lands hard on Frank's left ear—Slavin puffing and blowing. Burley's round and Burley stock rising.

Third round—Slavin rushed, Burley ducking a sledgehammer right; comes

but finds only air.

Ninth round—Burley rushes and lands three heavy blows on Frank's wind and two in his face. Slavin gropes around as if blind and Burley lands on him at will. Powerful right and left on head settled the contest. Slavin out-classed, out-boxed and defeated gave up for the simple reason that to have continued one minute longer would have been to have been put on the floor. Burley was there to deliver the knock-out but Referee Tozier stayed his hand. Slavin admitted that Burley had won fairly but said he would be pleased to meet him in a twenty-round go when he, Slavin, is in better condition.

Sporting men generally agree that Slavin has no business before Burley, but had the latter's prowess in the ring been as well known yesterday as it is today Slavin's backers would have lost heavily as the odds then offered were 6 to 4 on Slavin and a few bets of 2 to 1 were made at the ringside last night.

Fresh eggs just arrived at Barrett & Hull's.

The Ice Will

Soon Go Out!

Come and deposit your guess with us - you may be the lucky one to win the complete outfit to be selected by the winner from the choicest goods in our store.

This Contest Is Free!

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Ask Any Man

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Whether he would ever again wear any other make, especially if he be a man who has heretofore had his clothes made to measure. If you do not know any such, kindly call at our store and we will give you a list of a score of the best dressed men in our city to whom we will refer you by permission. Clothes that are so universally appreciated by the most intelligent and well-to-do class of men in the country must have merit.

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HERSHBERG,

NOTICE.

Respecting all Gold in Circulation in the Yukon Territory.

Persons desiring to export gold are hereby notified to apply to the comptroller of the Yukon Territory on or before 30th April instant for free certificates for export of same, which will be granted on satisfactory proof that the royalty has been paid and upon the gold being boxed up and sealed. This notice is given as it is in contemplation to change the method of collecting royalty, and neglect to obtain certificate may render gold liable to pay a second tax.

J. T. LITHGOW,
Comptroller.
Dawson, 21st April, 1902. c29

Residence Completed.

The handsome residence recently built on Ninth avenue near Princess for a number of the attaches of the Administration building is almost finished and will be ready for occupancy within a day or two. The bachelors who will occupy quarters in the new residence are planning an elaborate housewarming party to celebrate the event.

New Flag Pole.

Yesterday the foundation for the new flag pole to be erected in the police square was sunk in the trench dug for its reception and probably tomorrow the raising of the pole will take place. The flag staff will stand 104 feet above the surface of the ground and will be the tallest of any in the territory.

Quiet in Court.

Both departments of the territorial court are in session today, the cases being heard, however, not being ones of particular importance. Before Mr. Justice Dugas the action of Bartholomew vs. Anglo-Klondike Company is up for trial. The case being heard by Mr. Justice Craig is that of Gustavison vs. Orcutt.

Returns to the City.

Mr. J. M. Carson, a young nephew of Clerk of the Court Macdonald, who has been out with the Macpherson party of surveyors on Montana creek, is back again in the city.

WANTED. - Tailor or tailoress. - Geo. Brewitt, Merchant Tailor, Second avenue. c24

WANTED-\$10,000 Worth of Raw Furs THE LADUE CO.

Wall paper, latest patterns. Ames Mercantile Co.

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DINNER LA CARTE Open Day and Night. THOS. AUREN, Proprietor.

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GREAT REDUCTION

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