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A Black Sheep

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Service the Rule

Carry Both

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MAIL

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We have still a good supply

of beautiful Silk Blouses, which

we shall continue to sell at re-

duced prices.

SUMMERS & ORRELL,

102 SECOND AVENUE

Good Dry Wood!

A. J. PRUDHOMME

211 Harper St., No. Free Library

The Nugget Circulates From Skagway to Nome

Vol. 4 - No. 37

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

DAWSON, Y. T., THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1903.

Nugget Advertisements Give Immediate Returns

PRICE 25 CENTS

FEARFULLY DESTRUCTIVE

Terrible Storm Sweeps Over South Sea

Death and Destruction Carried in Its Wake—One Thousand Lives Lost.

Special to the Daily Nugget. San Francisco, Feb. 12.—A fearfully destructive storm has swept over the South Sea islands. The loss of life is estimated at 1,000. On January 13 a huge tidal wave accompanied by a terrific hurricane attacked the Society islands and Tuamotu group, with fearful force, causing death and devastation never before equalled in the land of dreaded storms. It was a verification of man's inability to contend with wind and sea.

WOMEN ARE ARRESTED

Charged With Rolling a Drunk

Edward Cairns is Relieved at the Forks of \$110 in Dust and \$75 in Currency.

Maggie Richardson and Maude Westwood, the latter known among the daisy set as "Australian Maude," were brought in under guard from the Forks this morning and lodged in jail to answer to a serious charge at the next criminal assizes. According to the information laid against them: they did on or about February 7 fraudulently and without color or right relieve one Edward Cairns in the Gold Hill hotel of \$110 in gold dust and \$75 in currency, the alleged rolling happening as a sequel to a drunken orgy.

The day following the touch Cairns appeared at the Forks police detachment and complained to Sergeant Holmes that he had been handed a bunch. An investigation was made which resulted in the placing of the two women under arrest. Their preliminary hearing was had yesterday before Inspector Routledge who after hearing the evidence bound them over for trial before the territorial court. They will probably come up for arraignment tomorrow and be tried at the criminal assizes convening the first week in March.

Another prisoner arrived yesterday from Barlow creek, in the Stewart river district, and a second is expected in from the same locality to-day. He who arrived yesterday is Thomas Verrier who is charged with housebreaking on Barlow on the night of February 4. Details of the crime will not be known until the arrival of the commitment papers from Inspector Jarvis, which are expected today with the arrival of the second prisoner. The latter is named Turk and is charged with theft. Verrier came in by the stage, being passed along under escort from one detachment to another, which will account for his beating in the papers committing him to the higher court.

There are now several criminal cases on the docket which will be up for trial next month, not including the Dick case which has been set for Wednesday of next week.

See Mr. Geo. Craig as the "Sergeant of Police" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

MISSING—If there is any one who knows the whereabouts of P. Chris Peterson please notify Mrs. S. Peterson, 13 Schuyler avenue, Kankakee, Illinois, U.S.A.

We have still a good supply of beautiful Silk Blouses, which we shall continue to sell at reduced prices.

SUMMERS & ORRELL,

102 SECOND AVENUE

Good Dry Wood!

A. J. PRUDHOMME

211 Harper St., No. Free Library

Phone 214-A

TRAIN ROBBERY.

Burlington Express Held Up Near Butte.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Butte, Mont., Feb. 12.—The Burlington express was held up on the Northern Pacific near Butte, by five mounted men. Reports say the robbers got about \$5000. A posse is in pursuit, and a battle is imminent.

WILL NOT BE APPLIED

To Shipping on the Pacific Coast

Order is Altered in Such Manner That Yukon Trade Will Not Be Affected.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Ottawa, Feb. 12.—The Canadian coasting law is not to be made applicable to Pacific coast shipping at least temporarily, so that American shipping interests will not be affected as regards the Yukon traffic.

RAILROAD CONSTRUCTION

Valdez-Copper Route Not Be Pushed

Said that Promoters Have Not Been Able to Secure a Sufficient Amount of Money.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, Feb. 12.—The Valdez and Copper River Railway will not be built this year. This word was received yesterday from the east. Where there is nothing in the way of a reason assigned it is understood that the promoters have been unable to get the capital necessary. Capt. Healy has left Seattle for the purpose of interesting other capital in the project. The captain is now said to be interested in the railroad not as a promoter but as a contractor to furnish supplies and on account of other Copper River interests, and in his part of the work he has already, it is said, expended a large amount of money. The matter of taking up the project has been presented to James J. Hill, president of the Great Northern. However, at the present time Hill is preparing to make a trip to Europe and therefore nothing can be done regarding it until his return.

SPECIAL INTEREST

Exhibited by Italy's King Toward America.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Rome, Feb. 12.—The King of Italy has intervened to stop proceedings instituted by the military authorities against Signor Marconi in regard to military service.

BIG COMPANY.

Incorporated to Work Kamloop Mines.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Vancouver, Feb. 12.—Montreal capitalists have incorporated a company at Vancouver capitalized at \$750,000 to operate the Kamloops mines.

LAND PURCHASE

Of 40,000 Acres From the C. P. R. Railway.

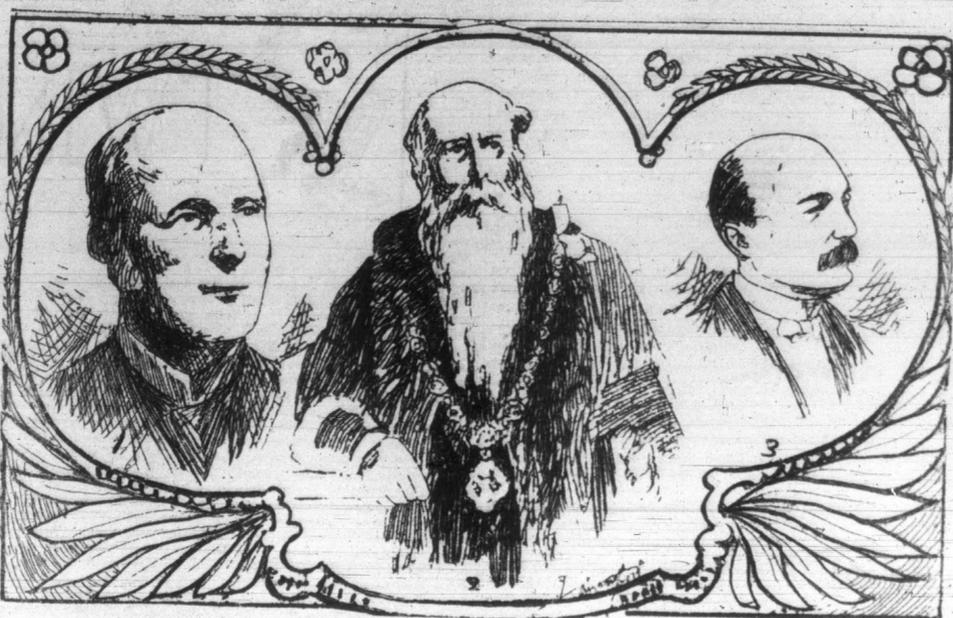
Special to the Daily Nugget. Moosejaw, Feb. 12.—A company controlled by G. M. Annabel, M.P.P., of Moosejaw, has secured 40,000 acres from the C.P.R. for \$200,000.

Steamers Collide.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Liverpool, Feb. 12.—The steamer Watchful of Liverpool today sank the steamer Arthur of Cardiff in a collision. Most of the crew of the Arthur were asleep. Five were lost.

Hear the magnificent chorus of fifty voices in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

"A Black Sheep"—Auditorium.



Hon. Sir Frederick Borden, K. C. M. C.

Sir John Aird.

Mr. E. L. Newcombe, K. C.

The Hon. Sir Frederick Borden, K. C. M. C., Minister of Militia and Defence, has taken an encouraging interest in the organization and training of Canada's citizen soldiers since his appointment to office, and it was most fitting that Dr. Borden's zeal in his work, and particularly in connection with the despatch to South Africa of the Canadian contingents, should be rewarded with an imperial title at the time of the coronation. While developing Canada's means of defence the minister has shown no spirit of hostility to our neighbors, as was unmistakably shown by his warm welcome at the recent banquet in New York. Sir Frederick Borden has held a seat in the Dominion house of commons longer than most of the present members. He was elected to represent King's, N.S., in

1874, and held the seat until 1882, when he was defeated at the general elections. He was, however, returned again in 1887, 1891, at the memorable defeat of the Conservative government in 1896, and again in 1900. While a member of the Dominion parliament Dr. Borden was in 1893 appointed on the Nova Scotia Provincial Board of Health, and was in 1895 elected a vice-president of the Maritime Provinces Liberal Association. In October, 1893, having occupied the position of surgeon-major of the 68th King's County Battalion, Dr. Borden became Honorary Surgeon Lieutenant-Colonel of the regiment.

Mr. E. L. Newcombe, K. C., is possessed of a calm, judicial temperament which is admirably suited to the office of Deputy Minister of Justice. He was born in 1859, at Cornwallis, King's county, Nova Scotia, and educated at the High School, Truro, N.S., and at Dalhousie College, receiving from the latter institution the degrees of B.A. and M.A. He is also a graduate of the University of Halifax, which conferred upon him the degree of LL.B. in 1881. In January, 1883, he was called to the bar, and for three years practised law at Kentville, N.S., but subsequently carried on his profession at Halifax until his appointment in March, 1893, to the office of Deputy Minister of Justice. In December of the same year he was called to the Bar of Ontario. Mr. Newcombe was entrusted by the government with a mission to England on the copyright question in 1895, and has frequently argued before the Privy-Council on questions of great importance. He was created a Queen's Counsel in 1893.

Best hot drinks in town—The Slide-board.

MAY RE-MARRY

Special to the Daily Nugget. Dresden, Feb. 12.—The decree of divorce granted to the Crown Prince Frederick of Saxony permits both parties to marry again. The Crown Prince applied merely for a separation of bed and board, but the former Crown Princess asked for an absolute divorce, which the judges decided they could not refuse under the new civil code. The Princess, however, cannot marry Giron and get recognition of her marriage under German law.

St. Patrick's Day

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, Feb. 12.—A dispatch states that Sir Thomas Lypton has fixed the date of the launching of Shamrock III. for March 17th. He said he considered the placing of a third leaf to the shamrock as a fitting ceremony for St. Patrick's day.

BUSY TIME OF IT.

The Fire Department Has Two or Three Calls in Few Hours.

The fire department rustled out to a fire yesterday evening in a cabin belonging to E. C. Crawford, at the rear of the Yukon warehouses on Princess street. They were called early and put out the fire there with only a nominal loss. Then they were called up to attend to a fire in Mrs. Cooley's cabin, on Edward street. The fire chief estimates the loss on this cabin at about \$200. The fire took out the whole of the lining of the building, and the roof was considerably damaged, but the blaze was under control before the walls were touched. The next alarm was at nine this morning, the residence of F. M. Shepard, a more extended notice of which will be found in another column.

See Mr. C. W. MacPherson as "Major General Stanley" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

LOST—Gordon setter, very slim, long tail, white with brown spots, answers to name of Gordon. Return to Pioneer Saloon, reward. p13

See Mrs. P. Mullen as "Ruth" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

"A Black Sheep"—Auditorium.

MAKES SWEEPING CHARGES

Rear Admiral Cochrane Severely Scores the Methods Employed in the Guards Regiments for Punishment—His Own Nephew Was a Victim.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, Feb. 12.—Rear Admiral Basil Cochrane, retired, in a letter to the London Times, today, makes astounding revelations regarding the "barbarous system" prevailing among the guards regiments for the punishment of subalterns found guilty of military offences. According to Admiral Cochrane, the colonels of battalions have been in the habit of handing over offending officers to a court martial at which the attendance of subalterns is exacted and the sentence is almost invariably flogging. This is administered on the bare back and from six to forty blows with a cane given with such severity that the lower number is sufficient to draw blood. All the officers are usually present, even the most intimate friends of the victim being compelled to administer their share of the blows. The admiral cites the instance of a young officer who fainted after receiving forty strokes, and refers also to the case of his own nephew, who is not named, but who clearly is Captain Leveson-Gower, enquire into whose case led to the resignation of Colonel Kinloch.

KINGS AID.

Is Extended to Marconi in His Plans.

Special to the Daily Nugget. New York, Feb. 12.—A despatch from Rome says that King Victor Emmanuel and Queen Helena have begun to show special interest in Americans through American Ambassador Meyer.

Outbreak.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Constantinople, Feb. 12.—The coming spring can hardly go by without an outbreak in Macedonia. Indeed, it is improbable that the leaders of the revolutionary movement will wait for fine weather. There are good reasons for believing that a general rising will occur before the middle of March.

War is on

Special to the Daily Nugget. Guatemala, Feb. 12.—War has been declared between Guatemala and Salvador and Honduras.

See Mr. H. L. Cowan as "Frederic" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

FOR SALE—Four strong dogs, year and a half old. Apply to Dr. Richardson, York street, between 3 and 4 p.m.

FOR SALE—One ton of coal. Flannery Hotel.

FALSE PRETENSES

Manager of Glass Bottle Co. is Under Arrest.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, Feb. 12.—E. A. Mackay, president and manager of the Northern Pacific Glass Bottle Co., of Van Assett, is charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. Bail has been fixed at \$1500.

ORDER IS ISSUED

Valdez is Now a Port of Entry

Foreign Vessels Are Now Allowed To Enter There As Also at St. Michael.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, Feb. 12.—The secretary of the treasury issued an order today declaring Valdez, Alaska, a sub-port of entry. This order will have the effect, as in the case of Nome, of opening Valdez to foreign vessels.

BRANSON AND RAY

Concessionaries Have Now Clear Title

Apply For Water Rights That May Be Used Twenty Years Hence.

There was stuck up in the rotunda of the gold commissioners' office this morning a lengthy notice that the Branson & Ray concessionaries were applying for a great grant of water. This document states that the concessionaries apply for 1000 inches from Cripple gulch, 200 inches from Lovett, Pure Gold and so on. This application follows the decision of the gold commissioner's court yesterday, in which the contention of Amos Godfrey and about fifty-five other contestants who had sought to obtain grants on the concession were set at naught and the Branson & Ray concessionaries have now a clear title. The men who are interested in this concession, so far as known, are nearly all Ottawa men. Their names are E. E. Branson, lumberman; F. C. Ray, coal dealer; Levi Cransell, lumberman; Thomas A. Hearne and Lyman Ray, all of Ottawa.

BIG FIRE

Lady Brookes' Residence Burned to the Ground.

Special to the Daily Nugget. London, Feb. 12.—The residence of Lady Brookes, at Ascot, was destroyed by fire. Lady Brookes and her daughter escaped in their night dresses.

ANOTHER VIEW

As to the Ultimate Destiny of Canada.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Boston, Feb. 12.—Rev. Albert Walker, of Boston, speaking in Ottawa, said that Canada's natural destiny is independence, not annexation.

HANNA'S BILL.

Will Give Pensions to Ex-Negro Slaves.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Washington, Feb. 12.—Senator Hanna has introduced a bill granting pensions and bounties to all ex-slaves freed by Lincoln's proclamation.

Government to Buy

Special to the Daily Nugget. Montreal, Feb. 12.—Major Figeon of Longueuil wants the government to purchase the South Shore Railway to operate it in connection with the Intercolonial.

See Mr. A. M. Thornburgh as "Samuel" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

"A Black Sheep"—Auditorium.

RETURNED TRUE BILLS

Seattle Grand Jury Gets In Deadly Work

Indictments Found Against Saloon Keepers and Gambling House Proprietors.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Seattle, Feb. 12.—In all sixteen true bills have been returned by the Seattle grand jury, including Thomas Clancy and Mike Scully, each of whom is charged with employing or participating in the employ of females in a saloon bar room and theatre and place of amusement where liquor is sold. The place where the offense was committed is the Comique theatre. Bail for each was fixed at \$500.

ORGANIZING EXPEDITION

Garibaldi's Son Will Go To the War

Is Preparing to Join With Macedonians Against the Greeks—Militia, Ordered Out.

Special to the Daily Nugget. Constantinople, Feb. 12.—Garibaldi's son Ricciotti is organizing a volunteer expedition to assist the Macedonians to rise against the Turks. Fourteen battalions of Turkish emergency militia have been ordered to join their colors. The great powers' scheme of reforms in Macedonia includes a demand for the assembly of an international congress to adjust details. European warships will make a demonstration off Salonica. Austria is ready to send a large army to Palmita.

Sulphur Looks Good

G. W. Coffin, the mining recorder of Sulphur, was at the administrative building this morning to make his report. He says there is more work being done on the creek than ever before and that he believes Sulphur will be one of the banner creeks at the next cleanup.

A Baby Boy

A letter from Mr. W. Meed, the popular manager of the steamed "Prospector," announces that he has become the father of a bright-bouncing boy. Mr. and Mrs. Meed are spending the winter in California and will return to Dawson at the opening of navigation.

A sallow-faced, fevered-looking man of thirty-five called at the office of a Brooklyn hospital and asked to be accepted as a patient.

"What is your occupation?" asked the doctor, after examining the patient.

"I am an immune."

"Immune from what?"

"From yellow fever. I am employed by a firm doing business in Porto Rico. My employer prefers people who are in no danger of catching the disease. He is afraid of getting it himself, so he took me on because I am safe."

"But you are suffering from yellow fever, my friend?"

"I know," answered the fevered immune. "Can't you call the disease by some Latin name? My boss is the biggest crank you ever saw. If he could out the nature of my illness, he'll discharge me."—New York Commercial.

Albany, Jan. 7.—Both branches of the state legislature convened today at noon. The senate was called to order by Lieutenant-Governor Higgins, and the assembly by Clark Baxter. As soon as organization was completed the governor's annual message was received and read, in which Governor Odell devotes considerable space to the question of canal improvements, and reaffirms his belief in the thousand-ton barge plan.

See Mrs. A. T. Matteson as "Kate" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

See the beautiful dances in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

"A Black Sheep"—Auditorium.

\$50 To Whitehorse \$50

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE
RELAY STAGES

No Night Travelling - Time 4 1/2 Days to Whitehorse

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

Secure Seats Now

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

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NO. 12.
(Dawson's Pioneer Paper)
Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly.

GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:
Daily:
Yearly, in advance \$24.00
Per month, by carrier in city, in advance \$2.00
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

knows when the Sun passed to its present owners, of who can establish the identity of the unfortunate gentleman? Echo alone answers. Evidently from the Sun's own language there was a time when Mr. Roediger did perform the various acts enumerated—otherwise the Sun would not have made use of that fatal saving clause.

For all we know the Sun may have passed to its present owners yesterday or the day before—or perhaps to-day—or possibly they don't own it at all. However, that is all immaterial. The Sun itself has established the desired point; just as we knew would be the case.

The Sun this morning offers itself to the Nugget as a gift. Thanks, neighbor, thanks; but somewhere back in our old dog-eared copy of the Aeneid, we remember the warning to the Trojans to have a care for the Greeks when the latter brought gifts in their hands. We have also in mind the sorrowful fate of the man who accepted the beautiful white elephant. We simply couldn't think of accepting the Sun under the circumstances, and we hope our refusal will be accepted in the same spirit in which it was tendered. You are certainly a cute one, Richard, but you must find some other scheme for unloading.

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

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

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1903.

UNION LABEL

AMUSEMENTS.
Auditorium—"A Black Sheep."

WOULD BE OF ADVANTAGE TO BOTH.

As will be noted in our dispatches today, the recent order relative to coast shipping has been amended, in such a manner that it does not apply to traffic along the Pacific. This conclusion on the part of the government is based upon good hard common sense. Yukon interests would certainly suffer from the enforcement of such an order and there certainly could be no object to the government in bringing about such a result.

In this connection attention should be called to the recent action of the treasury department of the United States in creating Valdez and St. Michael sub-ports of entry for the accommodation of British bottoms. The same thing should have been done several years ago, but it serves, at any rate, to indicate that the day of petty bickering between Washington and Ottawa is approaching an end.

What this territory and Alaska should strive to attain is the adoption of a reciprocal agreement between the two countries whereby all customs duties should be remitted, for a term of years if not permanently.

The northern possessions of both countries need all the encouragement that can be given them and the tariff walls now reared around both are a distinct hardship and detriment.

The Yukon territory and Alaska both pay immense sums annually in duties, for which they receive no compensatory advantages. Neither this territory nor Alaska has any products which are protected by the existing tariff schedules, and consequently both suffer unjustly.

An arrangement such as has often been advocated by the Nugget would work immeasurably to the advantage of both districts.

THE POINT ESTABLISHED.
"If Mr. Roediger ever guaranteed a salary to a Sun employee, put up a single check to cover a Sun deficit or has spent any share of his time—good share or bad share—examining the accounts of the Sun SINCE IT PASSED TO THE PRESENT OWNERS, or if he has ever had the Sun's books in his hands for one minute DURING THAT TIME, the Nugget has only to show such to be the case and the owners of the Sun will make the Nugget a present of the Sun and its business."—Sun.

The only feature of interest in the foregoing is the saving clause, "since it passed to its present owners." Who

To read the Sun's constant and glowing eulogies of the proprietor of the News-one would scarcely imagine that the latter gentleman was responsible for the determined, though unsuccessful, effort to defeat the Hon. James Hamilton Ross as member of parliament. However, when a man puts up he is certainly entitled to something.

Nugget Nero.

Everybody knows old Nero. Our dear old faithful friend, Twice a week he brings the Nugget. And on him we can depend. So we call him Nugget Nero. (How appropriate the name). And perchance we miss our paper. We're sure old Nero's not to blame.

Four long years Nugget Nero's Packed the Nugget up the creeks. And no matter about the weather, Faithful fellow never kicks. On Eldorado and Bonanza Nero's friends are not a few. And they always greet him kindly On the day the Nugget's due.

Remember, dear old Nero, "Every doggie has his day, And for your faithful services You surely must have pay. The days of musing will be over, Into your kennel you can creep, And to those who come to call you Sing, "Go 'way and let me sleep."

Could we find an artist, Nero, Who might sketch you as you are, And do justice to our hero. We would sound his praises far. For we love our Nugget Nero, And a picture we would like Of the dog who brought our paper In the far away Klondike.

—Bonanza Subscriber.

WHITEHORSE NEWS.

During the month of January public school was open for 20 days. In Miss Middlemiss' room the enrollment was 28 and the average attendance 24.10. In Principal Fisher's room 24 pupils were on the roll. The average attendance being 21.70.

Messrs. Otto Partridge and Ludwig Swanson of the Mill Haven Lumber Company, who have a saw mill on the west arm of Lake Bennett, arrived in town on Thursday evening.

Mr. Sam Kirk, the well known Dawson druggist, was in town Sunday, having come north on the Amur. He wore his customary genial smile. While outside Mr. Kirk visited New York, San Francisco, Vancouver and other points.

A curling rink has been built by the N.W.M.P. curling club to the west of the skating rink. On Saturday last the season was formally opened. Major Snyder, who, by the way, is an enthusiastic curler, expects to have the game in full swing in a few days.

The White Pass & Yukon Railway has issued a very pretty calendar for the ensuing year. It consists of 12 tablets, one for each month, at the top of which are Yukon views which were supplied by our Whitehorse photographers, Messrs. Hamacher & Doody. The calendar, as a whole, is very artistic.

On Jan. 21st a gentleman from Caribou Crossing, named Edwin Erway arrived in Whitehorse, having been sent here by Sergt. Hilling who is in charge of the police station in that town. Mr. Erway was troubled with mental hallucination. The unfortunate gentleman was brought before Magistrate Taylor and was sent to the police guard room to await instructions from the acting commissioner. The great decrease in the population and the attempt to find the reason of the migration must have been the cause of the unbalanced mind.—Whitehorse Star, Jan. 31.

See the opera "The Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.



The announcement that an opposing paper was to be started in Westley naturally disturbed Jonas Bristow, the editor and proprietor of the Westley "Morning Republican." He freely admitted that he did not fully represent the entire population of the town, but he could not see how there was room for another daily publication. In politics he was precisely what the name of his paper indicated—a Republican "from the ground up," as he expressed it. He always had been a Republican and he always would be one. But it wasn't necessary for his Democratic subscribers to read the political news and comments; they could confine their attention to the other local and telegraphic news, and the literary features. So long as he had a clear field, he was independent; and independence breeds arrogance. He became so uncompromisingly aggressive that a few prominent Democrats quite naturally decided to start another paper.

"That means," said Editor Bristow to himself, when he heard the news, "that neither paper will pay, and in time one of them must fail."

"It is worth something to us to be represented in this locality," said Marshall Perkins, one of the leading spirits in the new enterprise. "It is also worth something to the Democratic party, in view of the fact that an important campaign is approaching, and we have the promise of financial assistance from the Democratic county and state central committees. I may truthfully say that we shall fill a long-let want."

"You will fill it with money," retorted Editor Bristow, with the wisdom born of experience. "Now, I stand ready to print all letters to the editor in my correspondence column. Thus you can present your views to the voters at any time and on any proposition. Won't that answer your purpose?"

"It will not," asserted Mr. Perkins. "We must have editorial representation in this community. But I'll tell you what we will do. We are not interested in having a Republican paper here, so instead of starting another sheet and driving you out of business, we will buy your paper and change its policy."

"Never!" cried Editor Bristow. "Why, I'd die of ennuui if I got out of the business."

"Well, it won't be ennuui that will kill you if you stay in," said Mr. Perkins.

The more Editor Bristow thought of the matter, the darker the future seemed to him.

"If you will abandon this project," he said, "you may have one signed editorial in my paper every day, and I will give it a prominent place on the editorial page."

"But we don't want a signed editorial," protested Mr. Perkins. "That would be little better than a letter to the editor; it would show on its face that it did not express the views of the paper, but only those of some individual. We want an editorial page of our own."

For several minutes Editor Bristow struggled with the situation in silence.

"I will sell you an editorial page of your own," he said at last. "I will sell you one entire page, on which you may say what you like."

"No," returned Mr. Perkins, "that would be merely a purchase of advertising space, and would help to make a Republican paper more profitable. Now, if we could only divide up the paper in some way—"

"By George! I'll do it," broke in Editor Bristow. "I'll sell you half of the paper, and you can run your half and I'll run mine. We'll share the expenses and divide the profits, and each can say what he likes in his half."

This astonishing proposal staggered Mr. Perkins, but he finally took the matter under advisement. At first it seemed impracticable, but further conferences in which other interested parties took part gradually disposed of all the difficulties. Each was to have one page under his absolute control, and aside from that the paper was to be run jointly, and for the editorial was not reserved for a have, impartial statement of fact. The name, of course, was to be changed.

At one time it was thought the problem might be solved by the use of a bracket, like this:

The "Morning Republican," Democrat.

But neither would consent to have his name beneath the other, each claiming that his party ought always to be on top. Then it was that some one humorously suggested that the paper should be called the "Daily

Twins," and this was finally accepted as a compromise.

The dual publication began life auspiciously. The very novelty of the plan commended it, and the paper took high rank as a curiosity. Both its circulation and its advertising patronage increased. True, Editor Bristow, who was a large man, became known as "the big twin," and Editor Perkins, who was a small man, was referred to as "the little twin," but they treated this attempt at humor with the scorn it deserved.

But on the day of the great Republican mass meeting speakers were to be present, and Editor Bristow naturally remarked that "as straight news-matter the meeting ought to be worth from two to three columns."

"Two or three columns for a couple of professional spellbinders!" exclaimed Editor Perkins. "Absurd! The whole thing isn't worth over two to three hundred words."

"You're blinded by political prejudice," retorted Editor Bristow. "It's a great occasion and any one but a harebrained lunatic would appreciate the business importance of giving plenty of space to it."

"If you want to give a political farce more than three hundred words," said Editor Perkins, "you'll have to do it on your own page."

Thus it happened that there were two accounts of the rally. One was a glowing description, and the other was a sarcastic paragraph; one estimated the crowd at two thousand five hundred and the other at twenty-five people; one gave a laudatory synopsis of the speeches made, and the other ended with this statement: "A local would-be orator of the name of Bristow also spoke as the few people present were departing." Somehow this seemed to make the existing relations even more strained, and the daily occurrences became very brief and formal.

Editor Bristow waited for Editor Perkins to ask for space for the Democratic meeting that followed a week later, but the latter was too wise to make any such request. So Editor Bristow had to be content with making this announcement in bold-faced type on his editorial page the day after.

"There was an attempt to have a Democratic rally at McDougall's hall last night. Ten or fifteen people were present and enjoyed themselves, giving the speakers." A local character known as Perkins would have spoken if he could have induced any one to wait to hear him."

He put this in the column of his page that was nearest the Perkins page, and it contrasted with the four-column account that Editor Perkins gave the meeting in a really startling way. It also put an end to the daily conferences. After that the young man who acted as local editor and general hustler conferred with each separately, and then did the best he could.

"As it to make matters still more complicated, the local administration was Democratic and the state administration was Republican. If Editor Perkins lauded the one, it was attacked in the same issue by Editor Bristow; while the reverse happened when any state Republican measure came up for discussion. Each nullified the work of the other, and neither accomplished anything, although the paper prospered. It was such a unique publication that it commanded attention. Still, it was evident that they could not go on in this way forever, and Editor Bristow was the first to make overtures of peace.

"Perkins," he said, addressing the other directly one day, "we might at least have a little harmony in minor matters."

"We might," admitted Editor Perkins.

"The street in front of my house needs repairing badly," went on Editor Bristow, "and if you will keep quiet about it, I am sure I can get the city to do it. All I want is a column on the first page. I don't care so much about it myself, but my wife has set her heart on it, and you know how it is when a woman wants anything. There's no peace at home."

"Yes, I know how it is," returned Editor Perkins coldly. "My wife's heart was set on having a half-column account of her reception on the first page, but she didn't get it."

"There'll be the devil to pay if I fail in this," urged Editor Bristow. "This was the devil to pay when I failed in the other," answered Perkins.

So the street was not repaired, and the editors of the "Daily Twins" continued to ignore each other personally

and thwart each other in every other way.

Meanwhile, Editor Bristow was having his own troubles with the state administration. He had decided that a good berth at the capitol would give him a much-needed rest and relief, but his application was returned with a few editorial extracts from the Perkins page pinned to it. They didn't understand the situation at the capitol, and everything that appeared was duly credited to him.

"You're the editor, aren't you?" said the governor, when Bristow went to see him, having "made up" his page for a day or so ahead.

"Yes," admitted Editor Bristow, for he found himself in a tight place. If he was not the editor, he had no claim on the state administration.

"Well, you ought to be ashamed to ask any favors from me after your paper has called me a lump of arrogance and a narrow minded egotist and has condemned every one of our party measures!" asserted the governor. "You don't know your own mind, you say diametrically opposite things in a single issue. I've heard of men who tried to face two ways at once, but you beat them. I have seen only two copies of your paper recently, but it's the most amazing sheet that ever came under my eye."

Editor Bristow tried to explain but the governor only smiled at the absurdity of his tale and intimated that he was not an overcredulous mortal. Then Editor Bristow returned home, but out his editorial page and sent it to the governor to show that he was a faithful and aggressive party man.

The governor's private secretary sent it back with extracts from the Perkins page pinned to it, and added the statement that "the governor desires me to say that he thinks more highly of an aggressive opponent than he does of a political trimmer."

Editor Bristow thereupon appealed to some of the Republican legislators to straighten the matter out, but they told him they could do nothing. In desperation Editor Bristow produced his contract with Editor Perkins, and succeeded finally in convincing the legislator that he was an unfortunate and a much-understood man. Do you suppose," he asked, "it would do any good to show the governor this contract?"

"Not a bit," answered the legislator. "I happen to know that the governor was prepared to do the right thing by you as a Republican editor, but as an editor who doesn't control his own paper you are worse than nobody. Even the contract looks fishy."

Editor Bristow was discouraged, and Editor Perkins was discouraged. The one was at odds with the governor, and the other with the mayor, and the only satisfaction in life for either was in making the other's position more unbearable. Each had offered to buy the other out, but both wanted the paper, for both realized that a new publication would have a hard time getting started, even if it did finally succeed in forcing the other from the field. But Editor Bristow was weakening. Perkins had the backing of men with money and Bristow had not.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Editor Bristow at last. "If you will give me absolute control for one week I'll sell to you, at the expiration of that time."

"Well, I guess not," replied Editor Perkins. "You'd ruin the paper in a week and I'd have to buy the wreck."

"Then let me have it for three days," urged Editor Bristow.

"It would take me three months to repair the damage you'd do," retorted Editor Perkins. "Now, if you'd give me one day, I might think of it, I could even up on the following day for anything you might say, and no serious harm would be done."

"I'll think it over," said Editor Bristow, and as a result of his thoughts he wrote to his legislative friend. In reply he received word that the governor had been disposed to give him the appointment. "When you can produce a paper that shows you have regained your senses," the letter concluded, "I have the governor's assurance that your commission will be signed. He must have this evidence that your heart is right."

"Perkins," said Editor Bristow, after he had read the letter, "I've now got the paper one day, and then I'll sell to you."

"Agreed," cried Editor Perkins, "but just remember that, for whatever you say in that issue, I shall come back at you the next day and the next and the next, for all time."

That one issue is still talked of in Westley. It was warm-in fact, sultry. Editor Bristow extemporized the

mayor and the council, and paid respects to Editor Perkins. It was practically all politics, and no Democrat escaped. The only break in the vitriolic review of the administration of Democracy was where a few of the unms were given to praise of the state administration and the efficacy of the governor's pet measures before the legislature. But this was a mere side-issue when compared with the assaults upon everything Democratic in the city, county, state and nation. Editor Perkins glanced at his paper and then turned his breakfast in his hurry to get to the office. At that, he found himself before him. They wanted to see Editor Bristow, and they wanted to see him the worst kind of way. Editor Bristow was not there. In fact, he was not in the city; he had put the first paper from the press in his pocket and started for the capitol.

The "Daily Twins" ceased to exist with that issue, for the paper that appeared the next morning was the Westley "Morning Democrat." It had various uncomplimentary things to say about the former editor, but all that had been written did not appear. After a certain American Press despatch had been received Editor Perkins had signed and then he wearily inquired, "What's the use?" and the audience had replied emphatically, "No use." The despatch in question related to gubernatorial appointments and the first one was "Jonas Bristow, Railroad Commissioner."

—ELLIOTT FLOWERS

CALGARY IRRIGATION

Two million five hundred acres of land, lying between Calgary and Medicine Hat, will be made water by the extensive irrigation works to be constructed by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company has just decided to carry out. The land will be all in one block and the water for irrigating will be supplied by the Bow river, the canal tapping that stream at a point near Calgary. This canal will be of considerable dimensions in order to convey sufficient water to supply such an extensive tract. Besides irrigating the arable land, large areas of hay and grazing land that can only be utilized by the application of the former will be added to the economic resources of the territory. The estimated cost of the irrigation works, projected in the neighborhood of three dollars per acre, or a total of \$7,500,000. It is thought that the minimum price for the reclaimed land when placed on the market will be ten dollars per acre. Considering the extra production of irrigated land, especially in a region possessing such a great natural advantage as Southern Alberta does, this is regarded as a low figure.

The company has secured the services of Mr. J. S. Deans, who some years has held the position of deputy superintendent of irrigation works in the territorial government and he will have complete charge of this very important work. Mr. Deans has made an exhaustive study of the irrigation question, and is more competent to take the supervision of the project than he. A preliminary survey of the main canals and laterals, has already been made and the detailed surveys will be commenced early in the spring and completed as quickly as possible. Construction work will begin at the river and the land will be put on the market as fast as water can be supplied.

This irrigation scheme is not a recent development, but has been under the consideration of the company for several years. The present project is a result of the company's decision to go ahead with it. The importance of the undertaking to Calgary and the surrounding territory is self-evident. Mr. Deans and Mr. Deans have returned to the city from a trip to Calgary in connection with the project above mentioned.

Still Living

The trial of Colonel Lynd, I remember that there is another Lynd still living, who was once arrested and sentenced for treason thirty years ago, says the London Globe. He is Dr. Kevin Lynd O'Donnell, government medical officer of Brisbane, Queensland. Irish born, he is not half joking; even in treason and one of the three who dealt the fate of the doctor is said to have been retained. "Holy Moses! How could a man with a name like that be a rebel?" He was a nationalist in Dublin during the year of revolutions, 1848, and started an reactionary journal called "The Tribune." It had reached its fifth number when it was suppressed by Lord Alington. What Lynd is best told in Dr. O'Donnell's words as an Australian Press correspondent. "I have written only one article in my life, and I got years for it." He was taken to war by the British, and he was a member of the staff of St. Mary's hospital, and remained there until he was released. "I have written only one article in my life, and I got years for it." He was taken to war by the British, and he was a member of the staff of St. Mary's hospital, and remained there until he was released.

WANTED—Clean rags at 5¢ per lb. for wiping machinery.

Another Rudy Kipling

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Another Rudyard Kipling

FUZZY-WUZZY WILSON HAS TO TAKE A BACK SEAT TO CONSTABLE R. D. KEAPER.

IN THE YUKON

You've sung of Tommy Atkins and of Fuzzy Wuzzy too. You've sung of Gunga Din and Bob-Na-Ghee. You've sung of Bhils and Bhistles, Pathans, Zulus and Burmese. And all sorts of bloomin' odes about the sea. You've sung about the Hatin' pili'n' teak at Mandalay. You've sung about the east until we know Every tribe and every caste-mark and the ways of mountain-guns. But why don't you give us westerners a show?

We ain't the Tommy Atkins you gave immortal fame. And we ain't no Rajputs, Sikhs or Bengalees. We're just what's called in Canada, "The Riders of the Plains." And we helps the bloomin' redskins keep the peace.

We've Ernest Seton Thompson, e's a "skookum" writing man. I believe you call it "pukka" over there. We can write about old Mooswa or of Krag, the Kootenay ram. But 'e don't treat 'uman beings very fair.

But if you only come across and give us a half a chance. We will go along the trail from post to post. We will show you the whole country from Regina down to Nome, from the Behring straits to the Pacific Coast.

We will take you through the canyons of a Rocky mountain pass. (That's the way you need the tallow in your socks.) With a Nitch looking longingly upon the whisky flask. And a pack horse climbing slowly o'er the rocks.

We will shoot the wild Saskatchewan inside a bark canoe. (It beats the sacred Gunga in a flood.) We will take you through a village of the Cree or Blackfeet tribe. And mortalize on fleas, grease, stinks and mud.

We will float you down the Yukon to the fields of untold gold. We will "mush" on snow shoes o'er untrodden snow. With a team of dogs behind, and a club I think you'll find Is a 'andy thing to make the 'uskies go.

We've 'ave't no Moughl' anglin' round the country yet. But surely one's enough for such as you. Still we've got lots of other things to write about, you bet. And we 'opes you'll pote for us a little too.

Now I've no poetic license, for it isn't in my line. I can only do fatigues and draw my pay. But if you only come to us and take us at our word Why, we'll give you subject matter for a lay.

READING CHARACTER BY WRINKLES.

Now comes a specialist who declares he can tell all about people simply by studying the wrinkles, which after all, may not be an unreasonable theory. For instance, he says life in crowded cities stamps its mark on the plastic faces of the people, and the struggle for pleasures and for wealth marks the victim with unmistakable lines.

For the benefit of the readers who doubt the assertions made by this man a plan is set forth whereby one may determine for one's self.

With the aid of a mirror one can prove or disprove the statements made by the wrinkle expert who lays down these general laws:

"The horizontal furrows upon the forehead are produced by mental anxiety, the worry and fret of life, and they indicate a tendency to nervous anxiety and are wholly opposed to the serenity of unruffled brows. Short, horizontal lines, just above the roof of the nose, indicate benevolence; when found just below the roof of the nose they show one that is accustomed to exercise authority, especially when it takes the form of forbidding.

"A single vertical wrinkle between the eyebrows strict honesty in money matters. A disposition to require justice in others is indicated by two wrinkles each side of the first, while wrinkles outward from these show conscientiousness. These lines are often marked in those who are deeply absorbed in business, in thinkers, writers and inventors, while straight, lowered brows indicate strong concentration of purpose, long and hard thinking and absorption in affairs.

"The lines raying outward from the eyes show capacity for enjoyment, as well as the two deep furrows from the mouth by the upper lip. They are the penalty we pay for mirth and form the future channel of the tear. Either perpendicular or curved channels below the angle of the mouth indicate a love of truth and hatred of cant and hypocrisy. When these lines are very marked it begets grumbling at men and things in general. Hate and envy draw the lower lip still farther downward, exposing the under-teeth, while lines extending from the angle of the mouth toward the chin show a tendency of sadness and melancholy.

"All who are afflicted with wrinkles of this nature usually take a serious view of life and do not look upon it as a holiday, but as a season of work and struggle involving much responsibility. We notice these lines in a mother's face when she is mourning the loss of a child, and in the faces of those afflicted with some great trouble. Trouble, poor health and worry will also leave their imprint and blur the mind's outlook upon life.

"Hospitality marks the face with irregular curved lines, not far from the outer angles of the mouth. When they are pronounced a warm welcome is given to a stranger within the gates.

"Low, projecting eyebrows indicate discernment; when accompanied by eyelids which more nearly close the eye they denote less faculty of expression, but a clearer insight, more definite ideas, and greater permanence and steadiness of action. Narrow-eyed persons see less, but think more and feel more intensely."

Bible School Lesson for Feb. 15

Christian Self Control—I. Corinthians, 4: 4-13.

Golden Text—Let us therefore follow after the things which make for peace. Romans, 14: 19.

TEXT

4.—As concerning therefore the eating of those things that are offered in sacrifice unto idols, we know that as that is nothing in the world, and that there is none other God but one.

5.—For though there be that are called gods, whether in heaven or in earth, (as there be gods many, and lords many).

6.—But to us there is but one God, the Father, of whom are all things, and we in him, and one Lord Jesus Christ, by whom are all things and we by him.

7.—Howbeit there is not in every man that knowledge; not some with conscience of the idol unto this hour eat it as a thing offered unto an idol, and their conscience being weak is defiled.

8.—But meat commendeth us not to God; for neither if we eat, are we the better; neither if we eat not are we the worse.

9.—But take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak.

10.—For if any man see thee which hast knowledge sit at meat in the idol's temple, shall not the conscience of him that is weak be emboldened to eat those things which are offered to idols?

11.—And through thy knowledge shall the weak brother perish for whom Christ died?

12.—But when ye sin against the brethren, and wound their weak conscience, ye sin against Christ.

13.—Wherefore, if meat make my brother to offend, I will eat no flesh while the world standeth, lest I make my brother to offend.

NOTES

4.—It was customary after the blood and life of an animal had been offered in sacrifice to the idol, to sell the flesh in the market, when the purchaser, if an heathen, ate it as in communion with the idol. The rigid Jew carefully avoided such contamination. Some of the Gentile Christians were conscientiously opposed to using this meat. Others put the proper estimate upon the idol, "nothing at all," and purchased and ate it without a thought of its idolatrous associations. The One, only true God had taken the place of these deities in the hearts and minds of these latter.

5.—The Fatherhood of God is here taught. God is our Father and Creator, and through Christ we are brought to know God and to love. This truth lies at the foundation of all true religion. The purpose of all Christian endeavor should be to proclaim it.

6.—God looks at the heart. He regards the motives, the thoughts, the actions of men.

7.—It becomes Christians to exercise continual care, lest their conduct, even in things which are themselves lawful, should be the occasion of leading others into sin.

8.—Some went so far as to join their heathen friends in the least

held in the heathen temple precincts.

11.—Seeing that Christ suffered and died to save men, we should do nothing by which the purpose of his mission would be frustrated.

12.—Christ has a special interest in the weak; injure them and you grieve him.

13.—High principles these of Paul! Willing to deny himself any gratification if there was the remotest danger of anyone being tempted or led astray by his example. Christians today dally with wine, and cards and questionable amusements, and by such example may tempt those who are weak to become drunkards, gamblers and vicious worldlings.

LAMB TO THE END

Colonel T. Lamb, who shot himself on the Cunard liner Etruria, left behind him some singular letters, which were read at the inquest at Liverpool yesterday.

One of them fastened to the wall of the cabin by a penknife, was as follows:—

I consider that the Palma trophy team was perfectly fairly drawn, and Freeman a model captain, but I had no idea that the team was going to be chosen by the scores made in practice. There is no doubt that I went to Canada under false pretences and had to live on other people's money. I could not dream of using the return half of the Beaver line ticket. I see no object in life. I care for no one since no one cares for me.

I swear before God now in the hour of death that I commit suicide purely and simply because I see no object in living any longer. If I were a married man with children I would not have done this. Kisscock and Elmer (these were fellow passengers) say that the pain in my head is from the ship rolling. I hope soon to stop all pain. I have had the bottle of whisky today.

In a letter to the captain, Lamb wrote:—

Sir,—I am extremely sorry for what I am going to do on board your ship and for the mess I have made in the cabin. I would have dropped over the side instead, only I was afraid you would pick me up before I drowned.

Yours, THOMAS LAMB.

P. S.—I most earnestly request you to bury my remains at sea. Your friend, Gill, can identify me, and that is all you require. My belongings will be forwarded to 145, Warwick street, London, S. W. There is money in my bag to pay for the damage done to the cabin.

Verdict of "Suicide while temporarily insane."

Colonel Lamb, who recently retired from the army, was in South Africa with the 1st South Lancashire Regiment, holding the rank of major and second in command. He was wounded in action and lost the sight of one eye.

As a rifle shot, Colonel Lamb had few equals, and on several occasions was champion shot of the army. At Bisley he carried off many valuable prizes, and was frequently a member of the English eight which competed for the Elcho shield. He commanded the British team in the Palma matches at Ottawa in October.

Eat Molasses

New York, Jan. 29.—Between 4,000 and 5,000 horses in Brooklyn are being fed on molasses because it is cheaper and better than oats.

This statement is made by a veterinary surgeon, who adds that horses in harness from twelve to fourteen hours a day do not have time to masticate and properly prepare dry oats and other fodder.

The result is that the animals receive little nutritive value from their food.

Molasses, if properly mixed with hay, bran and meal in proportion, is in a digestible condition and ready for assimilation the moment it enters the stomach.

Its nutritive value is therefore quite apparent.

It is not only better and more nutritious food than oats, but it is much cheaper in the end.

Five in One Year

Jackson, Miss., Jan. 17.—In his morning mail State Treasurer Lampton received a letter from a friend in the southern part of the state telling him of a most remarkable woman who lives near Tangipahoa, La., which is near the Mississippi line. The woman is Mrs. Stevens, daughter of Mr. Gideon Bond, a well known lumberman of that neighborhood. She was married twelve years ago, and since that time has become the mother of fifteen children, all except one of whom are living and doing well. Five of these children have been born during the last twelve months, triplets at one time and twins at the next. Mrs. Stevens is a remarkably well preserved woman, looks young and vigorous.

A schoolmaster was giving a class a lesson in grammar, when he asked the boys to tell him the longest sentence they had ever read. There was silence for a minute or two, but at last a small boy stood up and said he could remember the longest sentence he had ever read.

"Well, Tommy," said the teacher, "what is it?"

"Imprisonment for life," said the boy.—Chums.

"They tell me, professor, you have mastered all the modern tongues."

"Well, yes; all but my wife's and her mother's."

Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes
BY A. C. POST.

Thank you for all the pleasant words about the Judge. To think of it—my little boy a judge, and able to send me to jail if I don't behave myself!" So wrote Doctor Holmes to Mrs. Kellogg when, in 1889, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., was made Chief Justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts. Doubtless the elevation to the bench of the supreme court of the United States would have seemed to the senior Holmes worthy to be ranked with the various distinctions which his fancy toyed with on March 9, 1841, when he wrote to his sister: "My Dear Ann,—Last evening, between eight and nine, there appeared at No. 8 Montgomery Place a little individual who may be hereafter addressed as

—Holmes, Esq.; or, The Hon. — Holmes, M. C.; or, His Excellency — Holmes, President, etc., etc.

but who for the present is content, with scratching his face and sucking his right forefinger."

This literary parentage of Mr. Justice Holmes it is right to insist upon in any estimate of the man, because it has left its mark upon his character. Lucidity, powerful logic, flashing insight piercing to the heart of complicated questions, the capacity to marshal arguments in orderly and formidable array—these have been the great qualities of the great judges. In Holmes's case there is added the touch of literary felicity. As editor of the twelfth edition of Kent's "Commentaries," and also of the "American Law Review," as lecturer on the common law before the Lowell Institute, and professor in the Harvard Law School, the son of his father showed how a judge can be both learned and witty.

But Judge Holmes knows men as well as letters. It will never be necessary to urge him, as an English chancellor was once besought, to go out among his fellow-men and discover what they are thinking about. Young Holmes was among those sons of the best families in Boston and Cambridge who volunteered in the earliest weeks of the civil war. The dissatisfied affair at Ball's Bluffs, which laid so many of them low, brought him his first wound, a shot through the chest. He was again at the front, however, the following year, and at Antietam got a ball in the neck. This wound it was which drove his father off upon the historic "My Hunt After the Captain," with laconic greeting at the end, "How are you, Boy?" "How are you, Dad?" Capt. Holmes completed his list of honorable scars by getting shot in the foot at Fredericksburg. In Judge Holmes's equipment

supreme court eleven years older—sixty-one—than the first chief justice, John Jay, was when he resigned from it. Younger appointees might be sought for the sake of aspiring mind and body, and the promise of the longest useful service. But age is, at best, a relative affair, and for the judicial office, it may fairly be maintained, "old experience" is almost essential, and is cumulatively valuable. It is true that Plato, in his "Republic," fixed seventy as the limit of judicial service; and that age is named in the statute as the one at which supreme court justices may voluntarily retire. But, as Hamilton declared in his state language, "the re-sensuration of the faculties of the mind has no place in the catalogue of the known arts," and congress wisely strengthened the independence of the federal judiciary by making the tenure for life. And if Lord Lyndhurst could remain an acceptable chancellor of England at eighty-five, we are entitled to hope, with the examples of Marshall and Taney before us, and especially bearing in mind the vigorous Holmes ancestry, that Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes may usefully sit in our highest tribunal of justice for at least fifteen years.

Russia's P. r. s. story.

Pekin, Jan. 7.—The Russian customs negotiations are to continue. The British and Japanese representatives have advised the Chinese to reject the proposals, and the Chinese say they will do so. The Russian representative suggested modifications of the original scheme with the object of securing control of the Manchurian customs. Chinese ability to resist Russian pressure in this connection is doubtful.

"How do you like Hauptmann?" asked Mrs. Oldcastle, with a scornful look at the finely decorated wall as they were slipping lace in the magnificent library.

"Oh, I hardly know," her hostess replied. "Joshua seems to think he's great, but I think the next time we have any papering done I'll try to have somebody else."

Alaska is ready for territorial government, and if the people stand shoulder to shoulder in making their demands there is no reason why they should not be granted.—Dawson Nugget.

"This is an illustration of going away from home to learn the news. The people of Northwestern Alaska have not discovered that they are ready for territorial government.—Nome News.

See Mrs. J. Langlois Bell as "Hazel" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

Some objection has been raised to Judge Holmes's promotion on the age. He will take his place in the

supreme court eleven years older—sixty-one—than the first chief justice, John Jay, was when he resigned from it. Younger appointees might be sought for the sake of aspiring mind and body, and the promise of the longest useful service. But age is, at best, a relative affair, and for the judicial office, it may fairly be maintained, "old experience" is almost essential, and is cumulatively valuable. It is true that Plato, in his "Republic," fixed seventy as the limit of judicial service; and that age is named in the statute as the one at which supreme court justices may voluntarily retire. But, as Hamilton declared in his state language, "the re-sensuration of the faculties of the mind has no place in the catalogue of the known arts," and congress wisely strengthened the independence of the federal judiciary by making the tenure for life. And if Lord Lyndhurst could remain an acceptable chancellor of England at eighty-five, we are entitled to hope, with the examples of Marshall and Taney before us, and especially bearing in mind the vigorous Holmes ancestry, that Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes may usefully sit in our highest tribunal of justice for at least fifteen years.

Kills His Own Son

South Norwalk, Conn., Jan. 17.—While riding on a gravel train of which his father, Elliott Beach, of New Haven, was engine driver, Clarence Beach, twelve years old, was instantly killed on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad here today. He fell from the caboose as the train was being backed up and six cars passed over his body. The father was unnerved by the accident and has been relieved from further duty for a few days.

Nate Salsbury and Bill Nye were great friends. When the humorist first engaged in newspaper work in this city and took a house on Staten island, the showman went to dinner with him. Nye exploded some new stories, and Salsbury, turning to his host's little girl, said: "Very clever papa you've got, my dear."

"Yes," responded the demure little miss, "when there's company."—New York Times.



"COMS, KITTY, WHERE IS THE CAT?"

In yesterday's puzzle the answer may be found by using the upper part of the picture as base. He is then in the upper part, looking towards the left.

Monogram Hotel AND STORE

No. 6 Below Chicken Creek, Alaska.

Good meals, good beds, good bar. Scott C. Holbrook, proprietor. Take cut-off at the mouth of Lost Chicken which brings you to the door and saves you three miles travel on the river.

DOWNING'S EXPRESS

For Fortymile and Eagle City.

Carrying mail, passengers and express, leaves every

TUESDAY MORNING AT 8 O'CLOCK

From Calderhead's dock, Dawson. Four-hour stages, plenty of fur robes, careful drivers, insuring a fast, comfortable service. All road house stations on this route are strictly first class.

For rates apply at office of Merchants Mail & Express Co., L. & C. Dock, Dawson.

FOUR CARLOADS OF JOB PRINTING MATERIAL

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RADICAL CHANGES

License Bylaw is Much Amended

Bill Has Had Its First Reading and Will Probably be Passed at Next Meeting.

In the amendment to the license by-law that was introduced at the council meeting Monday evening and which received its first reading, are a number of alterations that will meet with the hearty approbation of the majority of those who are engaged in a business for the conducting of which a license is required by the city. Chief among the changes is that which provides for the nature and period of existence of a license. Under the city charter the fiscal year ends on December 31 and all licenses are made to expire on that date. The old bylaw provides for the issuance of licenses at so much per annum according to the schedule agreed upon, but the full fee was charged no matter what month in the year the license was taken out. If a licensee took out his license in January he had the benefit of the full year, but if another did not begin in business until July he was compelled to pay the same fee though he received but six months' use of his privilege. In the same manner one who opened up business in November had but two months in which to receive the benefits of his license though he was compelled to pay the same fee as he who had been conducting operations since the first of the year. In the amendment to the bill a sliding scale is provided and the cost of a license will depend upon the season of the year in which it is applied for. Such may be issued covering the entire year if applied for during the first three months of the year. Later they will be issued for three-quarters of the year at the same pro rata; then for half a year and for one-quarter of a year, all expiring on December 31. In considering these changes, however, it should be borne in mind that the bill so far has received only its first reading and may be subject to still further alterations before it is put upon its final passage.

The cigar stores and billiard parlors which in some instances had in addition connected therewith a room in which poker and black jack was played, and in other cases were but blinds for houses of ill fame conducted mostly by French women, are gotten after by a wide sweeping amendment which is added to that which provides for the liability of agents. The amendment is as follows: "No person licensed under this by-law to keep a bowling alley, billiard, pool or bagatelle table, or a cigar, cigarette or tobacco store or shop shall permit any disreputable person or habitual drunkard or anyone who keeps or resides in any house of ill fame, or any prostitute or woman of ill fame to resort in or frequent his house or premises; and no person so licensed shall keep, or suffer or permit to be kept in his house or premises any faro bank, rouge et noir, roulette table or any device for gambling or gaming, or suffer or permit any tipping or gambling of any kind to be carried on therein or thereupon."

The license for water carts has been reduced to \$50 for each cart regardless of whether they are drawn by one or two horses. The fee was formerly \$100 for a two-horse cart and \$50 if such were drawn by one horse.

Scavengers will hereafter be taxed at so much for each cart employed. Formerly they paid \$200 for one or two carts and \$300 for three or more. Hereafter they will pay \$50 for each cart.

Theatre licenses of \$100 per annum have been amended so that exemptions are made only in case of those which are devoted to amateur performances exclusively.

Cab and carriage licenses were formerly \$50 for each two horse vehicle and \$25 for those drawn by one horse. This is amended by making the license \$25 for every such cab, carriage or other conveyance that is let out for hire.

Boothblack stands on the street were formerly taxed \$50, those indoors being exempt. This has been changed by taxing all stands no matter where they may be located. The fee will probably be reduced, though the figures have not yet been decided upon.

Newstands and tobacco stands on the street are to be abolished. They formerly paid a license of \$100. The sub-section that provided for such has been stricken out entirely and the following substituted: "For a license to carry on the business of a victualling house ordinary, or house where fruit, oysters or victuals are sold to be eaten therein, other than a licensed tavern or hotel, an annual fee of \$50."

The bill will probably come up for its second reading at the next meeting and should there be no further amendments offered it may be put upon its final passage.

POLICEMAN HAS THE LAST WORD

Do the Pirates hold the center of the stage— Are they the only pebbles on the beach? In matters operatical or amateur dramatical, Are they the only prophets who may preach?

No, she who stoops to conquer, still will stoop. The public yet will see a decent show. Spite of verses ungrammatical by pessimists piratical, Who stumble in where angels fear to go.

Has she who "Stooped to Conquer" climbed so high, That a poet (save the meak) bursts into song; In verses analytical, and somewhat supercritical, And dares to intimate that 'ought is wrong—

Let the pirates do their pirating on the stage, And take this little warning to their heart; In terms the most emphatical, we say in things theatrical, There's room for vast improvement on their part.

POLICEMAN.

BOXING LESSONS

For the Boys Too Old For Hockey

Specially Dedicated to Younger Members of the Athletic Association.

Now that the Athletic Association is slowly growing to be an athletic club, and not a mere public skating rink, and now that the leading citizens of the town who are members are beginning to put on the gloves with each other and show the youngsters what they learnt when they were at school, there will possibly be more interest taken in the gym generally, and a few will be generous enough to aid in having it fitted up with proper appliances. But in regard to boxing, there is certain, after the enjoyable performances of Saturday evening, to be a revival of interest in this, and those still in their salad days may enjoy reading the following on the "noble art," by Tommy Sullivan, of Brooklyn, N. Y., who is said to know all the tricks of the ring and also to be particularly clever as a teacher of the science. Speaking of his methods as a teacher, Tommy says: "The first few lessons in boxing are always the hardest and also the most dangerous from an instructor's point of view. The first thing I show a man to do is how to stand. Of course, the natural position of most people is with their right hand and right leg out, mainly because those limbs are the strongest. But they must learn to stand with their left hand and leg slightly extended. I explain that if they had their right hand out they would have nothing with which to follow up an advantage, as there is not generally nearly as much strength in your left arm as in your right, so that your right hand is always in reserve and your left hand is used to jab with and your right to guard with. The right glove should be held on a level with your shoulder, so that it can either be brought up to protect the face or let fall to protect the stomach. In the first lesson I always do my best to try to teach the pupil to forget that he even has a right hand and make him try to use the left. He is sorely tempted to rush in just for the chance of swinging that right hand once. I know that, and when we are boxing he usually lets go all his might. I get inside the swing or side-step and do not hit him, but explain how I could, which is just as good and does not make the pupil lose confidence in you or himself.

"Then I have practice leading with his left. That is the hardest of all. He is most likely in the habit of swinging, and as soon as the bout is on for a few minutes he starts swinging his right again. I keep after the left lead, however, and finally get him so he can jab without having to make up his mind before doing so, but do it naturally. Then I teach him how to block and get inside the usual swings, or to step back when he knows the game a little better and hit his opponent when he goes by. This acquired, the boxer is nearly developed. The rest is easy. Any man can go in and exchange punch for punch, but they can not make a proper lead. I show my pupil how to protect himself in the break-away and teach him the tricks of the game which are hardly necessary except in the prize ring."

Speed, footwork and staying power depend upon the adaptability of the learner, although I show him how to obtain these and help them all I can, but that is all I can do along that line. Most necessary for the instructor is coolness and good nature. When my pupils land a hard one on my face or body, although I generally succeed in blocking them, I do not get angry and watch my chance to get even. If I did the boys would soon lose confidence in me. By that I do not mean that I stand up and merely act as a human punching bag, for after the boys learn how to box I may hit them, but not severely, and block their blows. A man who does not know how to block blows to perfection should not undertake to teach

boxing, as he will get hit, and not once, but a dozen times, and consequently can not stand it.

Some of my pupils are much cleverer than most of the fighters in the ring at the present day, and we have some hot bouts, yet none has ever been hurt. We use big gloves and box instead of slug. One of the boys when I first undertook to teach him, would back away and cover up every time I would lead at him or try to get him to lead at me. I found out the reason. He had taken lessons from a man some time before who was an instructor of the old school.

"The first lesson I took from him," he said, "he showed me how to lead all right and the next lesson I tried it on him. The blow landed on his nose, and he went after me like a mad bull. One of his swings caught me in the mouth and knocked out one of my teeth, split my lip and did other damage."

"Needless to say, he never went back for another lesson, and his chariness of me was explained. I let him regain his confidence, however, and he is now one of the most scientific boxers in the city. Boxing is a good exercise and a nice thing to know, yet few men are willing to go around with a black eye and their teeth loosened, just for the sake of learning it. If I open my school I will try to show that boxing can be taught without those unpleasant features.

"Boxing is also a very good thing to know when a street fight is an absolute necessity. I believe the last fight I had was when I was a boy, and I try as much as possible to avoid being mixed up in one, but there are times when you can not help yourself. Then I think boxing and a knowledge of the tricks of the ring give a big advantage. The first thing a street fighter does is to swing the usual right hand at your face. If you step back he will fall to the pavement, and generally has enough at that, but, sometimes, he tries that trick again. Then step inside and try some of the inside punching taught by the boxing instructor. Several good blows in the stomach are enough to take the nerve out of any street fighter, and he generally clinches you and tries to throw you down. He starts the dirty work; you should end it. Bring up your shoulder with a jerk to his chin and he will almost surely bite his tongue or lip in half, and you will most likely put him out. Your elbows can also be used, and the fight usually ends with the unskilled scrapper neatly put away.

The coolness coming from boxing and knowledge of the game counts for a great deal, and while I will do all I can to avoid a street fight I would not be afraid to fight any man, no matter how big he is, as long as he does not use some weapon. Then, if he does know boxing, you may know a trick or two more than he does. Say he makes a left lead at your face and rushes in. Drop low and bring your knee or shoulder into his stomach or solar plexus, and either your shoulder will break or he will go down and out, and I would rather be the man using the shoulder. Most of that is foul fighting and is barred in the prize ring, but in a street fight with a man bigger than yourself and doing everything possible to injure you, I think the boxer has the same privilege of doing anything he knows how.

"There is no size limit in boxing. Any man who is at all light on his feet and is willing to work off his superfluous flesh can undoubtedly become a clever boxer in time. The big-muscle fellows are about the hardest cases, though. They are generally too slow, and on account of their strength think they know it all. If they would get out and run they might be able to do something by loosening up the muscles, but instead keep on developing until they are so muscle-bound that the chances are they could not hit a clever man once in twenty rounds, while he could pound them at will. A man with light, wiry legs and well-developed above the waist is the ideal boxer, as is Fitzsimmons, allowing him to be fast as well as having plenty of punching power. Any one can learn to box, but of course I have more trouble in teaching big men than the little fellows. I will undertake to teach any man, no matter how big he is, just so I know he is willing and wants to learn, instead of paying for the pleasure of trying to slug me."

Sullivan is a Brooklyn boy and has been boxing since March, 1897. In the first fights he says if the records are looked up it will be found that nearly all were draws, as he says at

RESIDENCE DESTROYED

F. M. Shepard the Unfortunate Victim

His Home Was One of the First Frame Cottages To Be Built in Dawson.

A rather disastrous fire, small in its extent though large to the unfortunate loser, broke out this morning in the residence of Mr. F. M. Shepard, court reporter, living on Church street nearly opposite the Methodist church, and before it could be extinguished the interior had been gutted, ruining one of the most and most neatly furnished houses in the city.

Mr. Shepard's family being on the outside he has been living alone all winter. This morning he arose at his usual hour, about 8 o'clock, slipped a dressing gown on, turned on the fire in the heater in the front room adjoining his bedroom, then passed out to the kitchen to begin the preparation of his breakfast. He had been there less than ten minutes when he detected the odor of smoke coming from the front part of the house. Opening the door leading to the dining room, the drawing room, adjoining was seen to be all ablaze and so quickly and with such rapidity did the flames spread that Mr. Shepard had no opportunity to save even his clothes.

An alarm was turned in from box 32 on the corner of Church and Fifth avenue and the department made a quick run. The chemical was soon at work and a line of hose was also laid from No. 2 engine. In a short time the flames were subdued, but all that was left of the pretty little home was a mere shell with a blackened and charred interior. One or two articles of furniture were saved, but the most part are a total loss. What was not destroyed by fire was ruined by the heat and water, among the articles being a fine cabinet organ whose keys were burned off and the case charred to an ember.

What makes the loss so particularly distressing is that there were so many little articles of inestimable value to the owner that never can be replaced. Mr. Shepard also lost a sum of money he had drawn from the bank only the day before and he has been able to discover no trace of a valuable gold watch. His money was in bills, a portion being in the pockets of his trousers and some in his waistcoat. The latter was burned, but it so happened that the trousers became water soaked before the fire reached them and only the legs were consumed. After the flames had been extinguished, Mr. Shepard recovered \$232 from the pockets of what were left. The money lost in the waistcoat was about the same amount.

The house was one of the first frame cottages to be built in the city, having been erected four years ago. It was put up with the special idea in view of warmth, all the partitions being double with sawdust between the same, as were also the sidewalls. Such made the work of the firemen more unusually difficult, the fire getting in the sawdust and making it necessary to tear off the boards of the partition.

A second alarm was turned in at 11 o'clock, caused by some smoldering embers in the roof again breaking out. A peculiar feature of the fire is that the damage is confined wholly to the interior, there being but few traces of the disaster on the outside.

The splendid new residence of Sheriff Ellibeck had a narrow escape, there being not over a dozen feet intervening between the two residences. Mr. Shepard expects his family to arrive from New York shortly after the opening of navigation and will at once begin the repairing of his cozy home. How the fire originated is somewhat of a mystery, but it is assumed it caught from the pipe of the heater where it passes through the ceiling. The loss will amount to about \$1500.

It is foolish to try to win a man's good will by convincing him that he doesn't know what he is talking about. If people could always stop talking at the right time every one might be a victor in the strife. The difference between a fanatic and a crank is that the latter may listen to reason if properly clouted. A woman need not fear that her husband is drifting away as long as she can get him to button her waist down the back. A poor excuse is worse than none, if it isn't believed. Jewelry has charms to soothe the womanly breast. Nothing makes a woman so happy as to see that her dearest friend is getting wrinkled.

See Mrs. W. S. Herbert as "Edith" in the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium on Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 18-21.

Strange things in the human catalog. With little trouble may be found. Many a man ties up his dog. And lets his children run around. Auditorium—"A Black Sheep".

"A Black Sheep"—Auditorium.

WIRED EXHIBITS

Uncanny Moments of Famous Criminal Trials.

In the possession of the police department and located in a handsome cabinet in Major Cuthbert's private office is what timid persons might designate as a diminutive chamber of horrors. Certain it is that the cabinet contains articles sufficiently gruesome to satisfy the most blood-thirsty. The contents consist entirely of "exhibits" used in criminal cases of consequence during the past two or three years, and there is a bit of history attached to everything exhibited from a bullet or a rusty nail to a rifle or a section of the famous '3744' boat used by Fournier and La Belle.

Many of the articles, including the double-bit-ed axe, pertain to the O'Brien case. There are the guns and mask used by Brophy and Tomelin, the gun used by the Hunker highwayman and many other momentous equally as famous. The latest addition to the museum are the nooses which strangled the lives of Fournier and La Belle. There is also Jimmy Slorah's pistol with which he was convicted of slaying his mistress and in no serving a life sentence, and a choice and varied assortment of razors, knives and revolvers, the weapons of suicides-and would-be self-destroyers.

Major Cuthbert is having Detective Welsh arrange a catalogue with corresponding numbers so that the identity of each object can be quickly told. The articles of such uncanny interest number about 50. If the collection could only be exhibited to would-be holdups and general bad men the lesson could not be otherwise than salutary in its effect, showing as it does the thoroughness and effectiveness of the N.W.M.P. and the utter futility of any attempt at escape after a crime has once been committed.

ASKS FOR TIME.

Wanted Two Months to Earn His Time and Costs.

One lonely drunk "was" in police court this morning and he was contrite in the extreme. His name was Win. Davidson and he said the present was his debut before the police court though he had been inside continuously since '98.

Constable Mapley stated the particulars. At 7:45 this morning he had found the accused stretched out on the floor at the Aurora, utterly helpless and, incapable of making a move. The constable secured a sled and hauled him to the barracks.

Davidson pleaded guilty to the charge and was let off with a fine of \$1 and costs. He had no money and begged that his honor give him a couple of months in which to earn the amount. He appeared perfectly sincere and with a smile of compassion from the bench he was told to go out and if he could not riggle it up among his friends, if he couldn't he was to come back and then he would be given time.

Big Toe Frozen Jim Nelson, of 48 below on "Hunkley," is liable to be the first to donate something of himself to the proposed Carnegie Museum of Klondike freaks. He was at the St. Mary's hospital this afternoon with a frozen big toe that he had no use for, so the doctors cut it off.

Reilly's Condition It was reported this afternoon that Mr. Joseph Reilly, who has been for some time in the St. Mary's hospital, was still alive but that there were small hopes of his recovery.

"I have a book here," said the caller, "that I would like to have examined by you with a view to its publication. "Um!" replied the head of the publishing firm. "What's it about?" "It is a work on 'How to Raise Boys.' " "Have you ever raised any?" "Well, no—that is—you see, I am a bachelor, and—"

OVERCOATS. Fur Trimmed, at HALF PRICE. SARGENT & PINSKA. SECOND AVENUE.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM. Communications for publication in this column are invited upon all questions of public interest. Correspondents are requested to be as brief as possible and to sign their names, which will be withheld if desired. Error Corrected. Editor Klondike Nugget: Dear Sir,—A general impression appears to have become circulated that the production of the opera "Pirates of Penzance" at the Auditorium commencing on Wednesday of next week has fallen through on account of internal troubles of the society. Kindly allow me to contradict this impression and to state that the four performances of the opera will take place on the same dates and at the same place as advertised. Yours, &c. C. W. MacPHERSON, Secy.-Treas. Dawson Amateur Operatic Society.

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