

THOMAS MIDDLETON

Cashier at Gold Commissioner's Office Goes to Lunch on Tuesday

AND HAS NOT THUS FAR RETURNED

Diligent Search by His Friends and Police Reveals Nothing

HIS ACCOUNTS ARE STRAIGHT

Various Reports as to When and Where He Was Last Seen—Theory of the Police.

The question that is uppermost today in the minds of the police and many others is:

Where is Thomas Middleton, late cashier in the gold commissioner's office?

Tuesday morning of this week Middleton went to work in the gold commissioner's office as usual. He worked throughout the forenoon and then went to his lunch, since which time he has not returned to his work nor have his friends been able to find any trace of him.

As soon as it became known that Middleton had disappeared Gold Commissioner Senkler caused his books to be carefully gone over with the result that not a single shortage or discrepancy was discovered. With two other young men, fellow-employees, Middleton occupied a cabin near the Chute & Willis' residence on First avenue, but inquiry revealed the fact that he had not returned there after leaving to go to his work Tuesday morning.

Various reports are circulated as to when Middleton was last seen, one being that he was on First avenue at three o'clock Tuesday afternoon, another that he was seen around town Tuesday night and still another that he was met 10 miles up the Klondike river. The two latter reports cannot be verified, but the first one is known to be true. When seen Middleton was perfectly sober; in fact, he has not been known to drink to excess for a long time, although it is said that some years ago he frequently took to the bottle.

As he failed to show up for work Monday morning and as his cabin was by birth. He has been employed

The Ladue Assay Office

is prepared to Assay all kinds of Rock. We have the finest equipped assaying plant in the Yukon Territory and guarantee all work. Our Quartz Mill will soon be in operation and we will make it possible to develop the values of any free milling ledge. Call and talk it over with

The Ladue Co.

FAIRVIEW HOTEL

is the largest, has the best accommodations, lowest rates than any other hotel in Dawson.

DINNER SETS

100 Pieces \$30.00. Half Set \$15.00. EVERY PIECE NICELY DECORATED AND GILDED. McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

mates could give no account of him, the police were notified and a still hunt for his whereabouts has since been in progress, but at noon today a report was made that he is not in Dawson, a thorough search of all places where he could possibly be having been made.

Thomas Middleton is an Englishman in the gold commissioner's office for two years and has proven himself a thoroughly competent man. He is from 33 to 35 years of age and unmarried.

The police do not believe that anything serious has befallen him, but rather incline to the belief that he may be off on a "lonesome" and will come to the surface in a day or two. In the meantime no efforts are being spared by the police to obtain some clue which will throw light on what is now shrouded in mystery.

The Siege at Itala. London, Dec. 23.—In his mailed despatch reporting the Boer attack on Forts Itala and Prospect in the Boers' attempt to invade Natal, Col. Chapman, who commanded the forts, reports the Boer forces at 1,800 to 2,000 men. The report says that during the nineteen hours for which the attack lasted "the men were practically without food or water, and it became evident that it was a question of ammunition which would decide the day. Officers and men had been ordered to regulate their fire by the Boers, and not to waste. When the action ceased there only remained about 100 rounds per man; all reserve was expended. The night was very bright, there being nearly a full moon, and the guns came into action during the first phase, making excellent practice on the kopjes 1,100 yards north and a ridge 3,400 yards north. At dawn, when the attack recommenced, they continued to fire for half an hour, when they became the target for every rifle, so I ordered them to cease and the men to take cover."

The nature of the fighting can be gauged when it is known that the British, who were barely 400 strong, fired away 70,940 rounds of small-arm ammunition.

APPETITES FOR HOOTCH

Not Confined Alone to Moosehide Indians.

Saloon keeper Labbe is not the only white man who supplies Indians with whisky, as the following from the Victoria Times of December 24th will testify: The provincial police have warrants out for the arrest of two men, Charlie and Peter, charged with supplying intoxicating liquor to Indians at Ahousett on the west coast of Vancouver Island on December 1st.

The former is supposed to be "Ole" Olsson or "Carle" Olsen, a large man of stout build, with yellowish white hair and moustache, very light colored eyes, supposed to be a Swede. The other man, Peter, is of smaller stature and well built, and is also supposed to be a Swede.

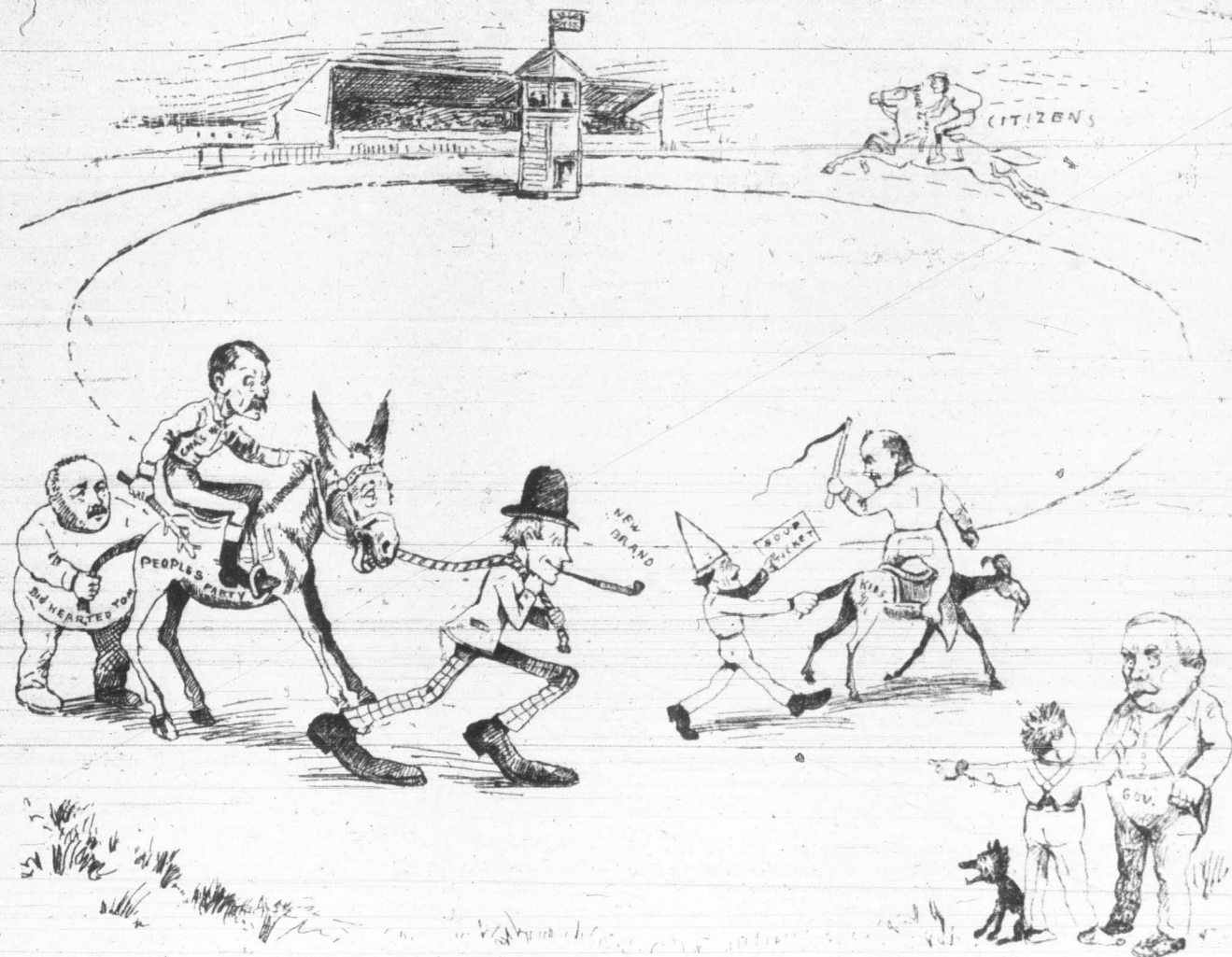
They are travelling in a white painted sloop about 30 feet long with large sail and two jibs, and small house on deck well forward. The sloop is said to be furnished with either naphtha or electric motor power.

These men are but two of a number of smugglers who give the police a great deal of trouble, owing to the freedom of their movements, and the sparse settlement in and defective communication with the parts they visit. They are supposed to hightail from Vancouver.

REOPENED HOLBORN CAFE

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



The Boys: "You see how it is Gov'nor. Why don't you save Charley from his friends?"

THE CITIZENS' PARTY TICKET

Is Receiving Enthusiastic Endorsement From all Classes of Voters—Chas. Macdonald's Support is Dropping to Pieces—A Trick of the "Kid" Committee Exposed.

As the political situation develops from day to day it becomes more and more apparent that the fight lies between the Citizens' ticket, headed by Henry C. Macaulay, and the Kid's committee, led by Dr. Thompson. Mr. Macdonald's warmest supporters no longer admit the possibility of his election and his withdrawal from the field is a momentary possibility.

A scheme within a scheme has now appeared which will result in large accessions to Mr. Macaulay's strength. A large portion of the Citizens' support comes from bootleggers who have deserted the Kid Committee and who temporarily have championed the cause of Mr. Macdonald.

The scheme which the Kid's had in mind is to keep Mr. Macdonald in the field for the purpose of splitting Mr. Macaulay's strength and on election day they propose to desert Macdonald and vote for Thompson.

- 1. An honest administration, economy consistent with progress. 2. The general improvement of the city streets, lighting, sidewalks, etc., consistent with a reasonable expenditure. 3. No salaries for aldermen. 4. Civic control of saloon licenses. 5. Civic control of franchises of the Telephone Co., Electric Light Co., Water Co., and all similar franchises. 6. The proper carrying out of the health ordinance.

TRAGEDY IN OKLAHOMA

Quarrel Over Division of Hay Results Fatally.

Lawton, O. T., Dec. 21.—Twenty-two miles northwest of Lawton late yesterday John Roberts, a farmer, shot and killed George and John Higginbottom, brothers, and probably fatally wounded their father, G. N. Higginbottom, as the result of a quarrel over the division of a quantity of hay. Roberts shot George and his father from behind, killing the boy instantly. He shot John while the latter was attempting to raise his wounded father. John fell to the ground, but managed to empty his revolver at Roberts, but without effect.

SANDERS HAS A GRIEVANCE

Says He Has Been Shamefully Treated by U. S. Officials of Circle Where He Is Engaged in Merchandising—After Being in Dawson Jail 14 Days No Charge Is Preferred.

C. B. Sanders, the man who was arrested at Selwyn several weeks ago on the receipt of a wire from Eagle City saying he was wanted in Circle, was released day before yesterday, and thereby hangs a tale which bids fair to prove most interesting before the finale is reached.

Sanders claims that he has been most maliciously persecuted by certain United States officials resident in Circle, and he has taken the preliminary steps toward making things exceedingly arduous for those responsible for his arrest and detention. If his story is true, there is no reason for doubting it, there is a state of affairs existing at Circle alongside of which the Noyes regime at Nome would stand as an angel of purity.

The facts as given by Sanders relating to the cause of his arrest and what led up to it are as follows: He is a storekeeper and buyer of furs with headquarters in Circle. Some weeks ago he and a man named G. P. Marshall were made defendants in a lawsuit and were made plaintiffs in the action was James Todd Cowles, a brother-in-law of United States District Attorney Claypool. Before the case came to judgment it was settled out of court by Sanders agreeing to pay Cowles \$375. Sanders had in his possession over 300 marten skins, some beaver, and bear skins, which he wished to take to Seattle and sell, investing the proceeds in stock for his store, a portion of which he intended returning with over the ice. An arrangement was made and agreed to in writing by which the attachment on the furs was released and Sanders was allowed to leave with them for the States, accompanying him being Joseph Mosler, who Cowles appointed to act as his agent, collect the \$375 due when the skins were sold and remit the money to Cowles at Circle by post-office order.

Upon these arrangements being completed Sanders and Mosler left Circle for the outside. When coal creek was reached Mosler was taken suddenly and seriously ill and could proceed no further. Sanders offered to go back with him to Circle, but Mosler told him that there was any way by which he could secure the Cowles debt, he was representing he would allow him to proceed instead of turning back. Sanders replied that he did not have enough money to pay the entire amount but would give him \$100 in cash and have with him 50 marten skins, which were worth \$7 each, more than enough to cover the bill. That was agreed to and Mosler signed a relinquishment of all his interest in the remaining skins as agent and acknowledged the receipt of the

bill due Cowles. Sanders came on alone. At Eagle he stopped a day or two, presenting letters he bore both from Cowles and Claypool to the United States marshal at that place. He arrived in Dawson and talked freely with the representatives of the local press during the short time he remained here.

Several days after Sanders' departure from Dawson Captain Starnes received a wire from George S. Perry, United States marshal at Eagle, containing the bare information that Sanders was wanted at Circle for grand larceny and asking that he be arrested and held till called for. There being an arrangement between the officials of the Yukon and Alaska by which assistance is given each other in the arrest of criminals who endeavor to escape across the line, Captain Starnes did not hesitate to do as he was requested. Sanders was located at Selwyn on January 7, taken into custody, brought back to Dawson and confined in jail. The marshal at Eagle was immediately notified of the arrest and asked to begin extradition proceedings at once through the United States consulate. Since that time there has been no word whatever received from the authorities at Eagle either by the police or the consul here, Sanders being confined in jail for fourteen days with no charge against him and no steps taken to substantiate that contained in the wire sent by Marshal Perry. On Tuesday, the 21st, acting under the advice of Acting Consul, T. Koller and Crown Prosecutor Congdon, Sanders was released and will leave again tomorrow morning for the outside.

Since his confinement Sanders has been at an expense of over \$500, has suffered the loss of so much time that he will be unable to get outside, transact his business, and return to Circle over the ice as he originally intended, and has been compelled to undergo the ignominy of imprisonment for no cause whatever. The only reason he can give for such extraordinary treatment is that early in the winter he had some trouble with a brother of Judge Wickersham, who lives at Circle, and who vowed that he would get even—and took this method of doing so. The police are not censured for the part they have taken, as it is considered they have simply been imposed upon. Sanders has placed his case in the hands of his lawyers, who at the next session of the United States court at Eagle will institute a suit for \$10,000 damages for false arrest and imprisonment against those who were responsible for his detention. He promises also while outside to prefer charges against several of the officials at Circle which may result in a big shaking up of some dry bones.

A STORY OF QUARTZ

Or How Captain Banks Kept Drunk Three Years on a Piece of Ore

FROM A LEADVILLE, COL., MINE

Meteor. Career of a Man With Check and a Graft.

MARRIED A DAWSON LADY.

Convicted at Nome of Falsely Obtaining Money and Sent to San Quentin for Two Years.

Nome papers printed late in September managed by means of the excellent mail service of this far north-land to reach Dawson in a late mail, fully four months after their dates of publication. But old as the papers are, they contain one item that, while it may interest, will not surprise people who know the party concerned here or at Skagway.

Among the names of a list of four prisoners deported from Nome to San Quentin, Cal., penitentiary for various offences, appeared that of Captain Banks, who was sentenced to two years for obtaining money under false pretences.

Captain Banks was at one time master of a sailing vessel, but for many years has existed by grafting consecutive months in Skagway in 1898 by means of a small piece of Leadville, Colorado, quartz, from which he extracted probably 50 cents' worth of gold. The crafty old fraud would fix himself up his prospector's just returned from an extended trip into the mountains. Then he would drop into a saloon and manage to drop a few remarks that would naturally arouse curiosity. After a while he would become confidential and when no one else was present he would carefully draw a small package from his pants pocket, remove several layers of paper and at last exhibit the Leadville quartz, saying: "I have found a mountain of that stuff back a few miles from town and I am going to take a few of my friends in with me on it."

Of course, the saloon man became the captain's friend at once and until some one who knew him tipped him off he would lay around that saloon and revel in free whisky and cigars in addition to occasionally touching his new friend for a few dollars.

After a number of saloon men had contributed whisky, money and cigars to various amounts, the quartz graft wore out and when Captain Banks in returned prospector's garb would blow into a saloon and start a story of a long hard trip into the hills he was usually told to move on. Another of his grafts was to attempt to sell "scopes" concerning wonderful discoveries to newspapers, stating that at various times he received large sums from the San Francisco Examiner, which paper had long been striving to bargain with him for the exclusive use of his stores. After wearing out all his grafts in Skagway the old Captain managed to make a living by selling papers on the street, and the result was that a self-appointed committee waited on him and gave him three days in which to get out of town, and he stayed not upon the order of his going.

The next time the writer saw Captain Banks was in Dawson in the fall of 1899 and sure enough he was very confidentially engaged in showing a saloon man something from which he swamped several papers and which turned out to be a piece of very rich quartz, found, the captain said, within a few miles of Dawson. He had evidently shown the quartz and made a friend at some other saloon, as he was very drunk at the time. That evening a short squib in a local paper silenced the captain's quartz graft in Dawson.

A few days later he called on one

of the papers and represented that he owned a group of claims on one of the creeks, was employing 80 men and would clean up fully half a million dollars the following spring. He gave a graphic description of his various mining plants and exacted a promise from a reporter who had never before met him to give him a big write-up. However, the reporter at the next table did know him and the account of his big mining industry was never seen in print. He probably wished to use the article as a means by which to establish credit at banks and stores.

Sometime last year, in April or May, Captain Banks, who was then upwards of 60 years old, met an old lady here who was of fully the same age or older. She had a few hundred dollars and two days after meeting her the gallant old skipper led her to the altar and the poor, childish old woman probably thought she was marrying a millionaire.

Captain Banks and his bride took passage en route to Nome on one of the first steamers leaving Dawson for St. Michael last summer. Since that time nothing was heard in Dawson of the Banks family until the Nome News of September 23rd was received yesterday containing the name of Captain Banks in a list of deported prisoners.

The supposition is that, having a wife to support, the crafty old captain worked his various grafts stronger in Nome than he had done either in Dawson or Skagway.

And thus ends the meteoric career of the old sea dog in Alaska and the Yukon. However, as he got only two years, the piece of Leadville quartz will not deteriorate in richness and will be good for enough booze to celebrate the captain's release from San Quentin in the fall of 1903.

Labbe Must Pay \$200 and Costs of the Court.

John L. Labbe, who, as stated in the Nugget of yesterday, was found guilty of having sold whisky to Indian Angus on January 10th, was at the afternoon session of the same court convicted of having sold whisky to Indian Billie on January 1st. Another charge of a similar nature alleged to have been committed on December 17th was not sustained.

In court this morning Judge Macaulay imposed on Labbe a fine of \$100 and the costs of the court in each case. Ten days were given Labbe in which to pay the fines. He asked for thirty days but only ten were given.

HOCKEY PLAYERS

Polars Defeat Bank of Commerce, Score 8 to 1.

An enthusiastic crowd witnessed the hockey match last night between the Polars and the Bank of Commerce on the N. C. rink. The game was exceedingly lively and there were an abundance of clever plays on both sides, though in team work the bank boys did not show up so good as usual, largely to the lack of practice. The score was 8 to 1 in favor of the Polars. The line-up was as follows:

Polars—Goal, Boyer; point, Merritt; cover point, Waite; forwards, Kennedy, Nash, Smith and Miller. Bank—Goal, Timmins; point, Gibson; cover point, Holme; forwards, Tolls, Brazier, Hanwell and Stevenson.

HOTEL ARRIVALS.

Regina Hotel—S. T. Kinsaid and wife, Bonanza; Mrs. Johnson, Gold Bottom; Walter Wright, French Hill.

The Weather.

The weather, turned suddenly cold yesterday and during the night the temperature went as low as 35 degrees below zero. During the forenoon of yesterday it was but 5 below.

Chipped diamonds, yellow diamonds or faved diamonds can not be bought at J. I. Sale & Co.'s. They carry only the best.

AMES MERCANTILE CO. 500 Pairs Rubber Shoe Packs. Special For This Week \$2.00 Pair

Advertisement for 'Everybody' featuring 'Law Furs', 'Tailoring', 'J. O'NEIL...', 'Hardware Co.', 'The Ladue Assay Office', 'The Ladue Co.', 'FAIRVIEW HOTEL', 'DINNER SETS', and 'McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.' with various prices and services.

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 14 (DAWSON'S FIRST STORE) PUBLISHED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY BY GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily, Yearly in advance \$30.00, For months by carrier in city \$20.00, Single copies 25c

NOTICE: When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of no circulation.

LETTERS: And Small Packages can be sent to the Editor by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

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

KLONDIKE NUGGET.

CITIZENS' TICKET.

FOR MAYOR: Henry C. Macaulay. FOR ALDERMEN: F. M. Shepard, J. U. Nicol, Charles Bossuyt, Peter Vachon, H. E. A. Robertson, Russel Palmer.

AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre - "Sherlock Holmes".

DON'T WASTE A VOTE.

There is absolutely no reason why the responsible citizens of Dawson should be divided in the approaching municipal election.

Mr. Chas. Macdonald, an unsuccessful aspirant for the mayoralty nomination at the hands of the "Kid" committee, is now before the people on a so-called "People's" party ticket.

The latter element of Mr. Macdonald's strength is growing beautifully less every day by reason of the fact that a realization has been forced home to everyone who has given the situation a calm and dispassionate review.

When this fact is thoroughly understood, as it will be before the end of the campaign is in sight, there must of necessity be a tremendous defection of votes from Mr. Macdonald to Mr. Macaulay.

There has been too much "pooh-bah" administration in this territory in the past. Mr. Macdonald could not serve both the city and federal government and give satisfaction to both.

There will be many questions arise for settlement in which the local and federal interests are certain to conflict. The apportionment of revenues between the two will be a most important matter and from the standpoint of the town it would be the height of folly to select a man who already draws a salary from the fed-

eral government.

We make these observations for the purpose of showing the hopelessness of Mr. Macdonald's candidacy and the futility of throwing away votes in his behalf.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Macdonald is the victim of over-enthusiastic friends, some of whom have already deserted him, having seen the folly of their course of action.

It remains only for the sober-minded, responsible voters of the community to join forces around the Citizens' ticket, composed of representative business men, and defeat the purposes of the "Kid" committee.

Since the Sun's announcement on Saturday that it is supporting Chas. Macdonald for mayor, it has not had a single word to say in the matter.

The News did not consult any of the candidates on the "Mongrel" ticket before bringing them out.

The Citizens' Party is on record as opposed to giving salaries to aldermen. The "Kids" are after every dollar in sight.

If the Citizens' ticket is elected the saloon question will be dealt with in a straightforward, businesslike manner.

Dawson cannot afford to place its interests in charge of the "Kid" committee. With the "Kids" in control look out for the tax levy.

HIS HANDS AND KNEES

Position in Which People Frozen to Death Are Found.

Passengers who arrived on the last stage from the outside confirm the report of the finding of the body of a man frozen to death on Lake Lagler as was published in the Nugget several days ago.

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SILKS At less than half price. 12 Pieces Fancy Silks. \$1.00 Per Yd. J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT STREET

FIRE LADDIE'S DAUGHTER

A Chapter of the Early Days of San Francisco.

Young Girl Who Attended All Fires and Idolized Company's Engine No. 5.

Boom! Boom! Clang-clang-clang! then a vivid glare in the fog-hung sky and the blood-quicken cry of "Fire, Fire!"

Then the rush of many feet, shouts and the light of lanterns; the sound of clanking brass and wheels, and the good city folk of that time would tumble out of bed to see Knickerbocker Engine Company No. 5 dash by on a run.

Many would say as they gazed, "Well, Lillie with 'em tonight," "Look, there goes Lillie Hitchcock, the daughter of the fire laddie!"

She was the daughter of Dr. Hitchcock, an old resident of San Francisco, a gentleman of the old regime from South Carolina.

Engine No. 5 was not her first love in the shape of a fire engine. Across the street from the Oriental hotel at Battery and Bush streets, where the Hitchcocks made their home when she was a tiny girl, was the engine house of No. 1.

This engine had a great fascination for Lillie and another girl friend, also of the irrepressible sort, and who is still living in San Francisco.

By the best of friends must part, and great was the wailing when the second small girl was big enough and mischievous enough to be sent to a San Jose convent.

There she used to stop and look with longing eyes at the brass of the machine; once she stopped and asked a question and the knowledge and bright interest she displayed won the hearts of the firemen of No. 5.

After this confidential basis was established the fire bell would never ring at any hour but the men of No. 5 knew that Lillie Hitchcock would be on the streets somewhere, watching for them.

For years after her husband's death, which took place many years ago, Mrs. Colt lived with her mother at the Palace Hotel, where the boys of No. 5 always found a warm welcome.

Always on the occasion of anniversary or other parades, "the daughter of the fire laddie" would appear at her window, clad in her fireman's coat and hat, and give the salute to the tramping boys below.

At the yearly banquets of "No. 5" Lillie Hitchcock would always honor the boys with at least a brief presence, and it that were impossible, no matter where in the world she might be, she sent a floral token of her thought and a letter beginning "Dear Number Five."

But this girl, who hunted and rode like a boy on her father's ranch at St. Helena, and handled a gun with the best of them, was not the young person to endure such seclusion without a protest.

As she grew nearer to the estate of a full-fledged young lady, her interest in her "fireboys," as she called them, grew to be more and more a part of her life.

It was a hobby carried to extremes with her, perhaps, but in those days it was considered the thing for ladies to be honorary members of fire companies.

IRISH LAND GRABBERS

And How They Are Intimidated by Agitators.

English papers just received contain reports of the trial of Mr. Connelley and other county Mayo officials for intimidation, for which they were subsequently sentenced to imprisonment.

The Knickerbocker Engine Company No. 5 was organized on October 17, 1850, by New Yorkers, whence it received its name.

They must have been great lady-lilies, those firemen of the early days, for one day read on their records of 1853 of their sending an immense bouquet together with their favorite concert singer of the time.

"No. 5" is a side-stroke engine built by James Smith of New York and sent to the waiting "Knickerbockers" by way of Cape Horn.

Knickerbocker Engine Company No. 5 was disbanded on May 11, 1858, by the Board of Supervisors for disobeying the orders of the Chief Engineer of the Fire Department.

Every person acting within the law had a perfect right to dispose of his own capital and labor according to his own will.

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AMUSEMENTS

THE AUDITORIUM W. W. BITTNER, MANAGER

Ralph E. Cummings Auditorium Stock Company. Curtain Rises Promptly at 8:30 O'Clock.

WINTER TIME-TABLE-STAGE THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd.

THE GREAT NORTHERN "FLYER" LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 6:00 P. M.

A Solid Vestibule Train with All Modern Equipments.

For further particulars and folders address the GENERAL OFFICE SEATTLE, WASH.

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For All Points in Southeastern Alaska Connecting with the White Pass & Yukon Railway for Dawson and interior Yukon points.

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ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL CO. COL. CHAS. REICHERT, Prop. Bank Building, Opposite N. C. Co.

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WHOLESALE AND RETAIL The most complete assortment of IMPORTED AND DOMESTIC CIGARS, TOBACCO, PIPES and SMOKERS' ARTICLES ever brought to the Yukon Territory.

AT RIGHT PRICES. ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL CO. COL. CHAS. REICHERT, Prop. Bank Building, Opposite N. C. Co.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50

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# Coronation of the King

In these days, when the employment of symbols in ceremonial that is not purely ecclesiastical is almost extinct, the coronation of the Sovereign has a special interest, writes Maude S. Rawson in an English journal. They issue from in their royal dungeon in the city only in their full glory at the coronation, and they constitute the dearest piece of pomp that Great Stewards and Chamberlains can desire. They are the silent expression of the King's estate and "style," they immediately precede him in the coronation procession; and they are borne by the great officials of the Household.

The Consort also has his or her hauberk, and though these are fewer in number, they likewise precede this royal personage in the great procession, while the Princesses of the blood royal, in like manner, have their coronets carried before them.

**THE KING'S SWORD.**  
To detail the number of the baubles: The Consort has four—her crown, ring, and two sceptres, one a regular sceptre of sovereignty, surmounted by a cross, the other a rod of ivory, bearing a dove. The King has besides his crown (St. Edward's crown) two similar sceptres, the rod of sovereignty and the rod of equity, but he has many other things besides. No less than four swords are a part of the coronation—the first, or sword of State, the second, or pointed sword of spiritual justice, the third, or pointed sword of temporal justice (spiritual justice thus ranks first), and the fourth sword, or curiana, the sword of mercy. There remain, moreover, St. Edward's staff, the orb, and the golden spurs, with which the Lord High Chamberlain touches the King on the heels while his Majesty kneels, and then returns to the Dean of Westminster, who replaces them on the altar. The coronation ring, which is described as "set with a large jewel encased," is handed to the Archbishop by the Master of the Jewel House, who is close at hand to receive custody of the baubles directed by the ceremony is over.

It is the Lord High Chamberlain who provides the Archbishop with the symbolic sword (typifying all the four weapons named), which forms one of the investitures of the ceremony. The sword of State for some good reason is not here employed, the procedure being thus: The Lord High Chamberlain presents to the Archbishop this representative sword in a sheath of purple velvet; it is laid on the altar, and after a prayer presented by his Grace with the other Bishops to the King, with the words, "Receive this kingly sword." And with this sword do justice." The King rises, offers the sword to the altar, and returns it to the Primate. It is then "redeemed" by the nobleman of the Household, who has hitherto carried the sword of State—that is to say, he offers the Archbishop the equivalent of its value, and he is then suffered to retain it, carrying it unwashed during the rest of the ceremony.

**ECCELESIASTICAL SYMBOLS.**  
By comparison, the ecclesiastical symbols and "properties" are very simple. There are, firstly, the ampulla, or vase with sweet oil, and the rich spoon. These, as the rubric directs, are not borne, but are laid ready on the great altar for the anointing. The remaining symbols are the Bible, the patina and the chalice. These are carried in the procession on entry by three Bishops. At William IV's coronation those of Exeter, Rochester and Oxford respectively were the bearers, and they walked directly after the King's regalia and immediately before the King himself.

The coronation garments are naturally of importance. No fewer than four robes were used by William IV. on the great day. There were, the crimson robes of State, "furred with ermine," in which he entered the Abbey. These were laid aside before the anointing. Then came the robe of gold cloth, the superintina (put of gold) (anointing) the great Dalmatic robe, or Imperial mantle, and there was lastly the purple robe donned at the very close of the ceremony in place of the crimson robes of state, the detail of the procedure the Sovereign retired into St. Edward's Chapel. Cloth of gold was, of course, largely used. It draped the altar steps where their Majesties knelt; it covered St. Edward's chair, in which the King must sit for his anointing, it constituted the two paths led over King and Queen at the altar, and also the paths offered by both at the altar at the beginning of the service. The King's oblation in 1831 included, in addition, "an ingot of gold of one pound weight," when the Primate received in a special basin.

Yet one further item of royal haberdashery must be included, the "pair of silk gloves" which the Lord of the Household of Workstep has the privilege to present as a pledge of his claim to hold a certain estate. He presents these gloves just after the investiture in the animum et baculum. The King wears the right-hand glove, and the other whose arms are embroidered on the glove is entitled to either support the King's arm as he holds his sceptre or to bear the sceptre itself at his Majesty's side.

The Princesses of the blood royal in William IV. was crowned, "of estate" of purple velvet, and the coronets—their own—were the dual enthronement.

zation, the Peers and Peereses following suit—they wore only circlets of gold on their heads. In the procession they walked between the two groups, bearing the King's regalia, coming after the Queen and before the King.

**INCIDENTS OF THE CORONATION.**  
The section of the coronation on this same occasion were practically seventeen in number, if one includes the proclamation of the King's "style" at the great west door at the close. The most important from the national point of view is the first episode, the "recognition." The King and Queen are throughout the first part of the service seated on velvet chairs below their thrones, with fluted stools for their prayers. The Archbishop in 1831 opened the ceremony by proceeding in succession to the east, southwest and north of the "theatre," presumably the portion directly under the "lantern" of the Abbey, accompanied by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Great Chamberlain, Lord High Constable, and the Earl of Arms, and preceded by Garter King of Arms. According to tradition, his Grace turns "to every side of the four sides and presents the King to the people, the King standing and turning likewise, while the Archbishop says: "Sirs, I here present unto you the King, the undoubted King of this realm; wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage are you willing to do the same?" Then, to quote the rubric, "the people signify their willingness and joy by loud and repeated acclamation, all with one voice crying out 'God Save the King.' Then the trumpets sound."

**SOME INCONGRUOUS FEATURES.**  
There is a peculiarity about this shouting in the Abbey which scarcely harmonizes with the solemnity of a service that closes with the Eucharist and one cannot but think that this point will be somewhat differently arranged, or that some formal answer on the part of the congregation will be incorporated as part of the regular ritual. A still less likely device to be observed, though it was included in William IV's programme, is the scattering of medals of gold and silver in the Abbey by the treasurer of the household as sign of "the King's princely largesse and Donative."

The order of the sections of the coronation in 1831 was thus: the recognition, the royal oblation, the anointing, investiture with the superintina, the spurs, the sword, the investiture with Dalmatic robe and orb, the ring, the two sceptres, the coronation (when the Bible is finally placed on the altar), the enthronization, the homage of spiritual and temporal peers. Then, after an anthem, came the anointing, crowning the enthronization of the Queen, who after receiving all her "ornaments" aforesaid, went to her throne, making en route a deep obeisance to her King. There followed the Hallelujah Chorus, after which the royal pair received the Eucharist, previously laying aside crowns and sceptres. The Archbishop administered the bread and the Dean of Westminster the cup. The proclamation at the west door was then made by the Earl Marshal, who throughout plays a great part in the ceremony.

**The "When" Poems.**  
When searching press or magazine To catch a moment's bliss, You're sure to find some poem there Which reads about like this:  
"When Mable Trips Across the Street,"  
"When Mollie Mounts her Wheel,"  
"When Susie Seats Herself to Play,"  
"When Stella Starts to Squeal,"  
"When Celia Comes Upon the Stage,"  
"When Helen Has a Bean,"  
"When Sophie Skates Upon the Ice,"  
"When Sallie Starts to Sew,"  
"When Mother Makes a Johnnycake,"  
"When Polly Pours the Tea,"  
"When Father Shaves His Stubby Face,"  
"When Susie Smiles at Me,"  
"When Grandma Winds Her Ball of Yarn,"  
"When Patience Packs Her Trunk,"  
"When Sammy Spins His Brand New Top,"  
"When Ezra Eats Pie With a Fork,"  
"When Charlotte Chews Her Gum,"  
"When Gertrude Strikes Her Golling Ball,"  
"When Baby Sucks His Thumb,"  
"When Rachel Rakes the Meadow Hay,"  
"When Betsy Bumps Her Crown,"  
"When Willie Wears His Trowsers First,"  
"When Reuben Comes to Town,"  
And so it goes from day to day. No matter which you read, The daily press or magazine, "When" poems take the lead.

In a certain hairdresser's establishment in Paris it is now possible to obtain a genuine "lightening haircut." The shearing is done with a comb which has a wire stretched along the upper portion of the teeth. This wire is connected with a storage battery, which renders it red-hot as soon as the current is switched on. It is then passed through the hair, and is, of course, regulated in such a manner that the hair can be singed off at any length.

**THE END OF BOKKO.**  
During this time a species of bear known as the "Red Bear" was common throughout the unsettled portions of Quebec. From the top of its head to the middle this bear had short, curly hair, and over the rest of its body the fur was smooth. It had longer legs than the ordinary black bear, and was not so big in the haunches as the latter. The red bear "mind hee's own business," in Mr. Tremblay's words, so long as he was left alone, but when cornered was an ugly customer to deal with. When caught in a trap his outcries were so loud and weird as to be positively alarming to any but experienced hunters. The Indian Bokko was killed by one of these beasts. Bokko had set a trap about a mile from the camp and during the afternoon heard a bear yelling. Taking his musket, a flintlock, he started alone toward the trap. In the morning Bokko's body was found, almost torn to shreds,

# OLD ALEXANDER TREMBLAY

## Is Ontario's Greatest Hunter and Trapper.

### He Makes a Specialty of Bears and Has No Use for Civilization or Commercial Life.

To hunters and sportsmen throughout the province; to the guides, hunters and trappers, whether white men or Indians, of the Parry Sound district and in the whole stretch of country bordering on the northern boundaries of Ontario and Quebec, the name of Alexander Tremblay is familiar. Those who are counted among his personal acquaintances speak of the fact with pride; those who have never met him know that he has the reputation of being the greatest bear hunter in Ontario. For fifty years he has hunted and trapped and he still follows the "trail." City or town life has no charm or attraction for him; the hum of traffic, the hurrying crowds repel him, and the "cruel war of commerce" is beyond his ken. From childhood incidents have crowded his life which had fallen to the lot of the amateur sportsman or the average city man would have been considered as epochs in their careers. He has accepted them, and still does so, as mere everyday matters hardly worthy of mention. For many years past he has hunted and trapped almost exclusively in the Parry Sound district, and it is said that in the region to which he devotes most of his time he has almost completely wiped the bears out of existence. Mr. Tremblay is now about fifty-nine years of age, of average height, well built and tanned by exposure to all conditions of weather.

A native of Quebec, he speaks but little English, and much of the charm of the incidents he describes—when he can be persuaded to talk of himself in his expressive gestures and the vivacity of his native French language. Recently and for the first time he visited Toronto as the guest of Mr. Frank Galbraith, 615 Church street, and in the evenings met there a few Toronto friends who at various times have accompanied him on hunting expeditions. Naturally the talk turned on his life and some of his experiences. A Globe reporter had the privilege of being present at some of these gatherings, and the following brief sketch of Mr. Tremblay's life and some of his striking experiences were thus gained, partly from himself and partly from friends who knew of him.

**WITH THE INDIANS.**  
Mr. Tremblay was born in Quebec, his father being a native of the province and his mother a Scotchwoman. His father was a factor in the employ of the Hudson Bay Company. Near his home was an Indian camping place occupied at certain periods by a tribe which he calls Mountain Indians. There were no white people within miles of his home, and in his early childhood he formed an acquaintance with the children of the Indian reserve. When nine years of age he ran away from home, because of harsh treatment by his step-mother, and was adopted by an Indian, and was adopted, a family on the Indian reserve. The head of the family was called (in English) Bokko. The change did not benefit him greatly for while he was not beaten he had to depend chiefly on his own exertions for food. But with the passing years, increasing stature and strength and knowledge of trapping and hunting stood him in good stead. At last he was considered experienced enough to be trusted with a gun, and to accompany the hunting men of the tribe on their expeditions. For seven years he wandered up and down the wilder and, except to the Indians and a few white men, unknown portions of Quebec; and during that time never saw a white face and never ate a piece of bread. Meat, fish, and wild small fruits formed the staple articles of diet. The Indians were very lazy and Mr. Tremblay tells in an interesting way several stories illustrative of this. When the hunters killed caribou or other big game the whole party would move their camp to the carcasses, and there feast until only the bones remained. This method they followed until every head of game within a radius of a mile had been slaughtered and eaten. Then they would make a long tramp, select a new scene of operations and repeat the performance.

**THE END OF BOKKO.**  
During this time a species of bear known as the "Red Bear" was common throughout the unsettled portions of Quebec. From the top of its head to the middle this bear had short, curly hair, and over the rest of its body the fur was smooth. It had longer legs than the ordinary black bear, and was not so big in the haunches as the latter. The red bear "mind hee's own business," in Mr. Tremblay's words, so long as he was left alone, but when cornered was an ugly customer to deal with. When caught in a trap his outcries were so loud and weird as to be positively alarming to any but experienced hunters. The Indian Bokko was killed by one of these beasts. Bokko had set a trap about a mile from the camp and during the afternoon heard a bear yelling. Taking his musket, a flintlock, he started alone toward the trap. In the morning Bokko's body was found, almost torn to shreds,

with the bear lying dead beside him. An examination conducted by the Indians in their own fashion convinced them that as Bokko neared the trap bear, by a sudden exertion of strength, had snapped the trap chain and rushed toward the man. Bokko had fired and wounded the animal, but not sufficiently severe to produce instant death. Before he could run the bear felled him, and then deliberately clawed his body until it bled to death from its own wound. Mr. Tremblay has not seen a red bear for twenty-five years, and thinks they are almost extinct. When he was about nineteen years of age Mr. Tremblay went to Montmorency, Que. and for some sixteen years was engaged with a lumbering firm there. His work was largely in the woods, and afforded considerable opportunity for hunting, but he longed always for the absolute freedom, and, as he expressed it, "tranquility," of his former life and finally left the situation and commenced hunting and trapping in the Parry Sound district.


**EXCEPTIONS TO ALL RULES.**  
Bears are his particular game, and he thinks that during the past twenty-five years in which he has devoted most of his time to the pursuit of Bruin, he has disposed of 200 or a little more of the ordinary black variety. Some years he has trapped or shot as many as twenty-six, in others only five or six, and last year he only got two. His best record was made six or seven years ago, when he killed twenty-four in four weeks. Long observation has convinced him, he says, that, contrary to general opinion, bears are not thin when they emerge from their winter's sleep. They are just as fat as when they commenced their "nap." Awakening brings with it, however, a ravenous appetite, and the running around in search of food to satisfy that craving makes them thin. Their fur is in poor condition from June 20 to about September 10, and professional trappers and hunters will not molest them during that time unless compelled to do so. The black bear rarely shows fight even when in desperate straits. On one occasion, however, a bear of this species proved that there are exceptions to all rules. One of Bruin's feet was caught severely in a forty-pound trap, attached to a firmly-set twelve-foot pole of considerable thickness. Mr. Tremblay found the animal there, and stood watching it for a few minutes. Between himself and the trap was a heavy log, lying flat on the ground. Finally, Mr. Tremblay took careful aim and fired one barrel of his musket at the bear, the shot breaking the bear's shoulder. The bear rolled in pain, and then, starting up, pulled the trap pole right out of the ground and tumbled at the hunter. A shot from the second barrel of the musket struck the animal in the neck, but it still rushed blindly on. Mr. Tremblay was thinking of beating a retreat until he had a chance to reload, when the trap pole caught under the log, bringing the bear to the ground. At this time the hunter found that he had left his bullet pouch at his shanty. He charged his musket, using a stone instead of a bullet, and fired it at Bruin's skull. This apparently had no effect, and he found the stone afterwards close to the skull, but no impression on the latter. In the meantime the bear was biting the log in savage rage, slashing a green sapling near by with its teeth, and uttering cries so weird and piercing that they rang in the ears of the hunter for many a day. The animal's strength was waning, and gradually it quieted down, dying from the wound in the neck half an hour after receiving it.

**CHASED BY A MOTHER BEAR.**  
On another occasion he took a number of traps out to set them at various points on the shores of a small lake in the Parry Sound district. Leaving his musket and everything but traps and a tomahawk in the canoe, he went ashore, and was returning after setting the last trap, when he saw a bear cub running around in an open patch of ground. He went towards it, and the little animal seeing him climbed up a tree, and squatting on a branch about 20 feet above the ground gravely regarded its pursuer. Mr. Tremblay cut a pole some eighteen or twenty feet in length, attached a slip cord to it and dangled it in front of the cub. The latter at first sniffed suspiciously at the contrivance, but unable to resist the temptation attempted to hit the dangling loop with one of its little paws. The next moment the paw was caught, and the cub was gently lowered to the ground, protesting against the indignity with faint squeaking. The loop was quickly unfastened. Mr. Tremblay took the cub in his arms and started to walk leisurely toward his canoe. Then the squeak of the little captive was suddenly answered by a deeper cry. The hunter turned, saw the mother bear coming toward him at full speed. "Then hee's (I) run," says Mr. Tremblay when telling the story, "never so fast in hee's life." Straight to the canoe he ran, threw the cub into the craft, seized his musket, turned and shot the mother bear, which was within ten paces of him. The cub threw in captivity, and was afterwards sold to a Hudson Bay factor. When asked why he did not throw the cub away as soon as the chase commenced he answered, smiling, "Hee's not think about dat until eets all done." — Toronto Globe.

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**PATNETIC HOLIDAY STORY**

Such Scenes May Be Seen in Any Large City.

Children Prematurely Aged Caused by Poverty - What the Proud, Cold Woman Done.

The woman hesitated as she neared the entrance of the great department store. Santa Claus was holding his court within and the busy throng jostled each other good-naturedly as they struggled through the crowded doorway. Richly gowned and of refined appearance, the woman's natural beauty was marred by a bored, unhappy look.

"Please, ma'am, will you take us in to see Santa Claus?" The wistful question, in a pleading, childish voice, and a timid touch on the arm, drew the woman's attention to a ragged feminine creature at her side. With a flush of annoyance she was turning away without a word when some impulse, possibly stirred by the gentle Christmas spirit that once a year steals into every heart worthy of a Master's sacrifice, prompted her to turn and look again into the pinched and haggard little face.

Silently she gazed at the little, old child—aged with poverty and grinding cares beyond her years and strength. A small, square shawl was pinned across her shoulders and a shapeless arrangement of straw and faded ribbon did duty for a hat. Her mouth dropped at the corners. Clinging to her hand was a tiny tot as ragged and as pitiful looking as herself. The hard lines of the woman's face relaxed and she asked:

"Can't you go in alone?" "No, ma'am," the answer came with breathless haste, "they won't let children go in unless they are taken in."

"Why doesn't your mother take you in?" The childish lips quivered and the hungry eyes dropped disappointedly.

"Cause," With newly awakened sympathy and tact the woman changed the conversation. "How old are you?" she asked in a softened voice.

"I'm 10 years old." The child, small, aged and thin, answered proudly. The woman caught her breath. "The little boy?" she went on, "is he your grandson?"

There was a whimsical light in her beautiful eyes as she asked the question. "No, ma'am," gravely answered the child. "He's my little brother. He's 3 years old. His name is Bobby."

"And your name?" "Martha." The woman gazed a moment longer at the two pitiful little figures. With the divining sense of children, they already knew that their victory was won.

At last they stood facing his Majesty, Santa Claus—the usual tawdry, familiar-mannered, patronizing creation of the department stores. Martha's whole cramped little soul shone forth refulgent in her wide, wondering, reverent eyes. "Bobby, do you see him?" she asked in a strange whisper.

"Yep," answered Bobby. "It's Santa Claus, Bobby," she whispered again. "Yep," responded Bobby, clinging closer to his sister's protecting hand and trying hard not to feel afraid of the fantastic old fellow in the fur-trimmed jacket and high-topped boots.

His Majesty bent a fierce look upon Martha, and evidently placed her age somewhere about 50. "Why," he blustered, "you are too old to have a box of candy."

"I—I know it, Santa Claus," she breathlessly stammered, in painful confusion. "But Bobby—he's little, you know, and—and he just loves candy."

Santa Claus handed Bobby the sweets, and as he did so his glance accidentally encountered that of the woman. Embarrassment brought the hot blood surging to his face, and he hurriedly reached for a box for Martha.

A shake of the lady's head arrested him. "Please ask them," she sweetly said, "what they wish you to bring them for Christmas."

He understood, and put the question first to Bobby. Bobby's mind worked slowly, while Martha watched him anxiously, fearfully.

"I want a top what winds wiv a string," he laboriously jerked out, at last. Martha breathed easily. Again the woman nodded to Santa Claus, and he said: "All right, what else?"

Martha slipped her arm about Bobby's neck, stooped, kissed his fat, red, dirty cheek, and whispered: "Tell him nothing else, Bobby. That's a whole heap, you know." Santa Claus glanced at the woman. "A wagon that you can ride in," he urged. Some Santa Clauses have an eye to business. "Oh, no," panted Martha in terror, simultaneously with Bobby's enthusiastic "Yep!"

"And you, little girl," he said genially, "what do you want me to bring you?" "Now, let me see," he tantalizingly insisted. "A pretty doll that goes to sleep, a nice little trunk to put her clothes in, a tricycle, a—"

"Please, Santa Claus, I don't want nothing," Martha interrupted, in reckless despair, "but—but—" "But who does? Your sister?"

"No, sir, my—" "Your mother here?" broke in Santa Claus, glancing mischievously at the woman, whose face was illumined with a sunny smile.

All at once a knowledge of the fraud to which she had been a party came to Martha with overwhelming force and she shrank with a sudden proud reserve from her new friend—the richly appareled woman who needed nothing that Santa Claus could bring, while the real mother—

A lump came into Martha's throat and hurt. "Tell Santa Claus what you would like him to bring your mother," the woman gently said.

"I don't know," she said, hesitatingly. "If you were rich and your mother were poor, what would you give her?" the woman's soft voice tempted.

"Oh," exclaimed Martha, thrown off her guard by this adroit move, "I would give her new shoes and stockings and a hat and a pretty dress and a cloak and—"

Suddenly she checked herself with a droll little gesture of dismay; "I was only fooling," she stammered, "I—"

"Come," the woman said, smiling contentedly, and taking Martha tenderly by the hand she conducted them back to the entrance, where she bade them good-by. In each eager hand a gaudy trinket was tightly clasped and the weight of yours seemed to have dropped from Martha's small shoulders as she turned for a last affectionate glimpse of her benefactor.

Her little crushed soul was already expanding with hope of Christmas joy to come, for the woman—her beautiful friend—had written her name and address in a dainty jeweled book that she might tell Santa Claus where her mother lived.

As the woman stood gazing after her erstwhile protegee, a man gave her an idle, careless glance in passing. Something in her face seemed to arrest his attention. He hesitated, stopped, then hastened back with cordially outstretched hand.

"Why," he exclaimed, "how well you are looking! I hardly knew you. More beautiful even than when I went away."

A delicate blush overspread her refined features as she mutely protested, but he replied: "It is true. How glad I am to see you again! I thought I had forgotten you—where have you been?"

She glanced down at the jeweled memorandum book in her hand as she quietly answered: "I have just arrived from the north pole. Don't you see my reindeer and sleigh outside?"

**LOST HIM HIS WIFE**

**Nebraska Man's Humor Causes Family Disaster.**

Omaha, Neb., Dec. 21.—A practical joke has cost John S. Weledge his wife. Mrs. Bertha Weledge has been granted a divorce in Judge Estelle's court on the ground of cruelty.

The young wife has been caused much anguish and distress of mind, the petition pointed out, through a practical joke perpetrated by the plaintiff, who pretended that he had committed suicide.

The Weledges were married in Rood house, Ill., in 1898, changing their residence to Omaha one year ago. Mrs. Weledge says that they quarreled frequently but that no occurrence of any importance transpired until one month ago. The disagreement had been more violent than usual and when it was at its height Weledge exclaimed that he would put an end to his troubles "for once and for all."

He seized his revolver and rushed into an adjoining room, slamming the door and locking it. Mrs. Weledge heard the report of a pistol and the falling of a heavy body to the floor.

The frenzied wife hastened for an ax and broke the lock of the door. She found her husband lying on the bed in an abandonment of mirth over the success of the jest. An overturned sofa testified as to the identity of the falling body. Weledge explained between bursts of laughter that he had taken this surprising means of teaching his wife to appreciate him.

Mrs. Weledge responded by going into hysterics from which she was with difficulty relieved. She failed to see any humor in the incident and sought a divorce.

Judge Estelle said he thought the husband's conduct such as to unfit him for the possession of a wife. He gave the plaintiff a decree and alimony.

**TO WORK OLD GROUND AGAIN**

Eldorado Claim Owners Purchase Latest Improved Machinery.

Immense Values to Be Recovered by Use of Modern Methods Others Will Follow.

Eldorado creek, the scene of so much activity in the past four years and the cream of which it is generally conceded to have been worked out, will again soon be a regular beehive of industry if plans of a number of the kings of the creek are carried out. It is a well known fact that in the early history of the camp the methods employed in working the gravel were extremely crude and much of the value contained in the gravel was lost on account of not possessing the proper appliances for sifting the fine gold and also the hurry in crowding the dumps through the boxes lest the supply of water should become exhausted before the clean-up was completed. Then, too, there was a great deal of ground which with wages at \$15 a day would not pay to handle, but which now at reduced prices of supplies, labor and everything else would yield a handsome profit.

The trip outside this winter of many of the Eldorado claim owners has resulted in the determination of a number of them to work their ground over again. They have visited the placer camps of California and seen ground profitably worked that goes but five cents per cubic yard when in the Klondike computations are never made upon a larger basis than so much to the pan, it requiring about 150 pans to make a cubic yard.

Among the passengers expected inside in a few days from Whitehorse are William Leake and wife and Clarence and Frank Berry. While in Seattle a short time ago Mr. Leake bought a large quantity of the latest improved placer mining machinery and immediately upon its arrival he proposed to work over again all his Eldorado claims from one end to the other. If the results are equal to his anticipations, and there is no reason why they should not be, his example will doubtless be followed at once by other mine owners on the creek.

**WAS LIKELY DRUNK**

Regiments Have Hard Fight Without a Commander.

New York, Jan. 16, via Skagway, Jan. 23.—A report just received from Colombia states that two government regiments fought for several hours with each other and that 20 men had been killed before the officers found out the mistake.

**Claims for Lynching.** Rome, Dec. 20.—In the Senate today Baron Fava, formerly Italian ambassador at Washington, raised the question of lynchings in the United States, in which there had been a repetition of grave events, he said, and where the guilty persons had not been discovered.

Baron Fava referred to the suggestion of the late President McKinley after the lynching at Erwin, Miss., to legislate for the proper protection of foreigners, and he alluded feelingly to the high esteem in which the late Mr. McKinley and the late King Humbert, both victims of the assassin, were held by their respective countrymen.

Replying to Baron Fava, Signor Prinetti, the foreign minister, said the Italian government would protest in the hope of obtaining satisfaction against a state of affairs which constituted an offense against international treaties. The government had represented that a serious thing it was, said Signor Prinetti, that the government of the United States should declare itself unable to fulfil its engagements in conformity with

the international treaties. To this representation the United States government had not replied in writing, but it had admitted that the Italian claims were well founded and had proposed to carefully consider the question. Signor Prinetti said he agreed with Baron Fava in his expressed opinion that an indemnity for the lives of Italians lynched should not be refused, but that he considered indemnities ought not to be regarded as a set-off to crimes committed.

**Eaten by Wolves.** Basswood, Man., Dec. 27.—A report has been brought to this section by Indians from the northwestern reserve, lying between Newdale and Strathclair, of the finding of the body of a man in that district. According to the story the body was torn and eaten by wolves, which roam in large numbers in this country. The remains could not be recognized, but it is presumed to be the body of a Galician, who became lost and subsequently frozen during the recent severe weather. Another theory is that the man while traveling alone may have been attacked by the large timber wolves, which are numerous and very ferocious in the north. It is understood the authorities are investigating the truth of the report.

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