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THE ATLIN CLAIM.

VOL. 2. ATLIN, B. C. SATURDAY, DECEMBER, 9, 1899. NO. 33.

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PEN PICTURES

Of the British Fighters in the Transvaal.

"Lord, But Those German Gunners Did Good Work."

London, Nov. 20.—Today, for the first time, the truest story of the war is being told. It is more than three weeks old, and comes by mail, but loses none of its thrilling interest thereby. The Times correspondent thus describes the affair: As soon as the Boer guns were silenced by our artillery, Gen. Symons gave the order for an assault on Talana Hill. The hill rises 800 feet and the distance to the top is more than a mile. The first portion of the ascent is gentle and over open ground to a homestead surrounded by broken woods. Above the woods the ground is rough and rocky with the ascent steep, and half way up, a thick stone wall runs around the hill, as the fringe of a wide terrace of open ground. Above the terrace the ascent is almost perpendicular and the end of this was the Boer position, at a top so characteristic of African hills. Altogether, the position seemed impregnable, even if held by a small body, against large forces, and Gen. Symons must have had extraordinary confidence in his men when he ordered 2,000 of them to take it in the teeth of the terrible and well sustained fire from superior numbers of skilled riflemen. His confidence was fully justified. To find a parallel for the endurance, tenacity, and heroic determination to press forward over all objects and at all hazards, one has got to go back to Wellington's infantry of the Peninsula. The men had to go through eight hours of fighting without breakfast. The wood was the first cover available and in the rush for this position the Dublin Fusiliers led the way, though afterwards the three regiments went side by side. The advance of the infantry was covered by a vigorous cannonade, but the appearance of our men in the open was the signal for a storm of rifle fire from the Boers. Though our losses at this stage were extraordinarily small, in the wood, which for some time marked the limit of the advance they were considerable, and here, about 9.30 o'clock, Gen. Symons, who had galloped up to tell the men that the hill must be taken, fell mortally wounded. Throughout the morning he had exposed himself, perhaps unnecessarily, his position was always marked by a red bag, carried by his orderly. By 10 o'clock, our men, creeping up inch by inch, and taking advantage of every available cover, had gained the shelter of the stone wall, but for a long time further advance seemed impossible. As often as a man became visible the Boers poured a deadly fire in that direction, while, whatever their losses from artillery fire, they rarely afforded a mark for the rifle. About 12 o'clock, however, a lull in the fire afforded our men an opportunity for scaling the wall and dashing across the open ground beyond. Then the almost sheer ascent of the hill began. Here our losses were greatest. As our men neared the top of the hill, our guns were compelled to stop their fire, and the Boers, of course, were enabled to strengthen their fire accordingly. The last portion of the ascent was rushed with the bayonet, but the Boers did not wait the charge, and could be seen flying precipitately across the top of the hill when our men reached the crest.

STEEVEN'S ACCOUNT.

It is a much more vivid account which Geo. W. Steevens gives of the strange battle at Elandslaagte, which did not begin until nearly 5 o'clock in the afternoon. He says: "Our guns moved to a position toward the right and the Boer guns opened fire. Lord but those German gunners knew their business. The third or fourth shell was pitched into a wagon full of shells, with a team of eight horses hitched to it. We held our breath for the explosion, but when the smoke cleared away only the near wheeler lay on his side, and the wagon had its wheels in the air. Our batteries banged again and the Boer guns were silent. The attack was to be made on the front and left flank. The Devonshires formed at the front attack and Manchesters on the right. Then the Gordon Highlanders edged to the extreme right with a long bowlder-flecked hill above them. The guns threw shrapnel across the valley; the cavalry was in leash straining towards the enemies' flanks. It was about a quarter to five, and it seemed curiously dark; no wonder, for as the men moved forward the heavens opened and from the eastern skies swept a sheet of rain. With the first stabbing drops the horses turned their heads and no whip or spur could bring them up to it. It drove through mackintoshes as if they were blotting paper. The air was filled with a hissing sound and under foot you could see the solid earth melting into mud and the mud flowing away in the water. The rain blotted out hill dale and enemy in one great curtain of swooping water. Through it the guns still thundered and the khaki columns pushed doggedly on. The infantry came among the bowlders and began to open out; the supports and reserves followed. Then in a twinkling the stone-pitted hill's face burst loose with another storm—a storm of lead, blood and death. In the first line, down behind the rocks, the men were firing fast and the bullets came flirting among them. The men stopped and started, staggered and dropped limply, as if a string that held them upright, had been cut. The line pushed on and a colonel fell, shot through the arm. The regiment pushed on and they came to a rocky ridge 20 feet high. They clung to the cover, firing, then rose and among the bullets again. A major was left at the bottom of the ridge with a pipe in his mouth and a Mauser bullet through his leg. His company pushed on. Down again, fire again, up again and on. Another ridge won and passed and only a more hellish lot of bullets. Beyond more men down, more men put into the firing line, more death-piping bullets than ever—the air was a sieve of them. They beat on the bowlders like a million hammers, they tore the turf like harrows. Another ridge crowned, another welcoming, whistling dust of perdition—more men down, more pushed into the firing line. Half the officers were down. The men puffed and stumbled on. Another ridge taken. God, would this cursed hill never end! It was sown with bleeding and dead behind, it was edged with stinging fire before. On again, and now it was surely the end. The bugles rang like the cockcrow on a fine morning. "Fix bayonets!" Staff officers rushed shouting from the rear, imploring, cajoling, cursing, slamming every man who could move into line, but it was no longer order. It was a surging of men. The Devonshires, the Gordons, Manchesters and Eight Horse were all mixed. Subalterns were commanding regiments; soldiers were yielding advice, officers were firing carbines, stumbling, leaping, killing, falling, all drunk with battle, and there beneath our feet was the Boer camp, and the last of the Boers were galloping out of it. There also, thank heaven, were squadrons of the Lancers and Dragoon Guards, storming in among them, shouting, stamping them into the ground. "Cease Fire!" It was over.

BILLIARD TOUNAMENT.

The many handsome prizes (of which we give a list below) hung up by mine host Byron of the Kootenay, has had the effect of inducing every man in town who can handle a cue, and a good many who only think they can, to have a try. The entries number about 70, and pin pool is the game. Matches have been played every night this week and quite a number are hors de combat. On Thursday evening the drawing for the second shoot-off took place in the parlors before a large number of enthusiasts. In our next we will give a list of the winners. Mr. Byron shows commendable enterprise in getting the tournament up and will probably follow it with others for the various styles of billiard games.

Mr. Gregory is running a totalisator on the game, Australian fashion.

The following is the prize list:

Lirst—Lady's watch, 1 bottle champagne, 1 turkey; value, $21.50.

Second—Four-nugget scarf pin and can of eastern oysters; value, $11.

Third—Silk shirt, necktie and pair of gloves; value, $9.

Fourth—Silver-plated soap dish, mirror, scissors, comb, perfume, etc.; volue, $8.

Fifth—Pair military hair brushes in case; value, $7.50.

Sixth—Pair felt boots; value, $6.

Seventh—Elegant briar pipe and one pound navy cut; value, $5.

Eighth—Razor and case, one pocket knife; value, $4.

Ninth—Photographic views; value $3.

Total value of prizes, $75.

The Manitoba elections took place on Thursday.

THE ATLIN CLAIM.

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The Atlin Lake Milling and Lumber Co. are busy completing their preparations in anticipation of a busy season. The planer and all the rest of the machinery is in excellent order and a start is expected to be made on permanent work about the 15th of January.

The mill is rated at 20,000 feet per diem with timber such as is handled down the coast, but with the size and quality obtainable here 7,000 feet is reckoned a fair day's production. Under Capt. Westcott's able management all classes of lumber will be turned out next season with the exception of doors and sashes. The concern will give employment to eleven men in the mill itself, whilst those employed in cutting, hauling and rafting logs will number many more. Many logs are being hauled in at present and of a very superior quality to the ordinary run of last year. There is about 230,000 feet of logs already on hand, and Capt. Westcott estimates he will receive 220 000 more feet before the middle of February.

The company have already many orders for hydraulic lumber and several very heavy contracts are in abeyance. Should these be secured the mill will be taxed to the utmost limit of its capacity. At all events there is already enough work in sight to ensure a busy and profitable season even should the larger contracts fail to materialize.

Outside the benefits received by the city from the mill through the employment of many men and the regular disbursement of cash, there is no surer index to the prosperity or otherwise of the district than the amount of work it turns out. A busy mill means a busy spring and summer for all, with general good times.

The manager at Dawson of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, who is visiting the coast, when asked as to the amount of the season's output of gold from the Yukon, stated that his bank had shipped out, including a million now at Skagway, $4,400,000, and that, he calculated, was about one-fourth of the output, which he estimates at $18,000,000. "Of course," he added, "the royalty returns do not indicate such an amount. Many dollars' worth of native gold comes out of the Klondyke on which no royalty is paid. Much is stolen by the men working in the mines, by laymen and day laborers, and none of this gold pays a royalty. It is smuggled out of the country." The Bank of Commerce is said to be considering the advisabilirv of establishing a branch at Cape Nome.

A moral wave has struck Rossland. The scarlet women have been notified that they must move on; and another sweeping innovation has been commenced by the police licensing what are known as the tin-horn gamblers of the town. Twelve of them were brought into the police court recently and fined $20 each. The city treasury was enriched by that amount, as each one came prepared to pay the fine.

It is reported the vacancy on the bench for the Yukon Territory will likely be filled in the course of a week or two. Hon. D. C. Fraser, of Guysboro, N. S., will have the first offer of the position. Provision for an additional judge was made by statute at the last session of Parliament.

INGERSOLL ON CLOVER.

The late Colonel Ingersoll once sent the following letter of regret in answer to an invitation to dinner by the Clover Club:

"I regret that it is impossible for me to be in "clover" with you tomorrow, first anniversary dinner, 1883. A wonderful thing is "clover." It means honey and cream—that is to say, industry and contentment, that is to say, the happy bees in perfumed fields—and at the cottage gate "Old Boss," the bountiful, serenely chewing satisfaction's cud in that blessed twilight pause that, like a benediction, falls between all toil and sleep. This clover makes me dream of happy hours, of childhood's rosy cheeks, of dimpled babes, of wholesome, loving wives, of honest men, of springs and brooks and violets, and all there is of stainless joy in peaceful human life.

A wonderful word is 'clover! Drop the 'c' and you have the happiest of mankind. Take away the 'c' and 'l' and you have left the only thing that makes a heaven of this dull and barren earth. Cut off the 'l' alone, and there remains a very deceitful bud that sweetens the breath and keeps peace in countless homes whose masters frequent clubs. After all, Bottom was right, 'Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.'

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL.

—Philadelphia Times.

RACE FOR A CLAIM.

The details of a race for a rich Dominion claim came to light in evidence before the Gold Commissioner, Mr. Senkler, in a contest for possession of a hillside claim opposite the lower half of No. 36 below lower left limit, on Dominion creek. The facts were that the claim, because of non-representation, became subject to relocation in June last. One man staked it at 12:1 o'clock, and was followed one minute later by another; three minutes afterwards a third man joined in and added his stakes to the others; within another ten minutes he was followed by a fourth and at 12:30 the final staking was done by a fifth man. A peculiar feature of the affair was the fact that only two of the men saw one another at the claim.

After staking came the race ro the Recorder's office at Dawson, 45 miles away. The last man who staked arrived first in Dawson at 11 o'clock the same day. Of course each man considered he was entitled to the claim. Judgment had been reserved when the mail left.

FREIGHT RATES.

The Red Line Transportation Co. will inaugurate a sled or wagon overland stage and freighting service between Bennett and Lower LaBarge as soon as the ice freezes on the lakes.

The projected rates from Bennett are as follows:

Passenger Rates; Bennett to Caribou, $5; to Lower LaBarge, $40.

Baggage and Express—Bennett to Caribou, 2 1-2 cents per pound; to Closeleigh, 7 1-2 cents per pound; to Lower LaBarge, 12 1-2 cents per pound.

Freight—Bennett to Caribou, 1 1-2 cent per pound; to Closeleigh, 5 cents per pound; to Lower La Barge, 10 cents per pound.

OATS $400 A TON.

Two weeks ago oats were selling for $400 a ton in Dawson. Meat was worth 70 cents a pound by the carcass, meaning wholesale, so the juicy porterhouse in the Klondike capital must be far up the scale. At Bennett meat is worth only 15 cents a pound, but the long intervening distance and the impassible condition of the trail make it impossible to send beef to the interior capital now.

It is ventured by local men, says a Dawson exchange, that oats will go to 40 cents in Dawson.

ON THE MAIN LINE.

It is stated that the Canadian Pacific Railway contemplates making a change in their entrance to Vancouver, the road's Pacific terminus. Instead of proceeding direct to Vancouver from Westminster Junction, as at present, it is understood that the road will be diverted to New Westminster, and thence to Vancouver, making New Westminster a station on the main line.

HONI SOIT QUI MAL Y PENSE.

In the early days of the present century, Admiral Walker was one of the best known and best liked of all the officers of the United States navy. He was a typical old-time sailor, bluff and hearty, would fight for the fun of it and give his last dollar to an antagonist after he had licked him, and withal had a contempt for Webster's Unabridged and such like shore rubbish.

It happened once that the Admiral's duty called him to that Pacific paradise, Honolulu, and the anchor had hardly dropped before his ship was boarded by a delegation of American Methodist missionaries who came to complain of the harsh and arbitrary methods adopted by the king, Kamehameha. The old Admiral had no particular liking for missionaries, in fact, was rather opposed to them as a class, and listened to their tale of woe very unsympathetically. The spokesman narrated how they had been hooted and jeered at. No response from the Admiral. He went on to describe how the Honolulu mob had proceeded to demolish the mission church they had been at so much pains to erect. Still no sign of sympathy from the Admiral. He dilated on the indignities they had suffered at the hands of the king and his minions. The Admiral listened calmy and carelessly. He made a grand peroration in which he declared the missionaries had been "ostracised" by the king, and moreover that he had caused their sacerdotal functions to be cut off. "What!" roared the Admiral, "he has cut off your, your, what do you call ems, has he?" "Yes, sir, he has cut off our sacerdotal functions entirely." "First lieutenant," bellowed the Admiral, "beat to quarters and clear the ship for action immediately!" Turning to the now astounded missionaries, he exclaimed, "I never did like your black breed of cattle, but all the same you are American citizens, and I'll be damned if Admiral Walker's the man to stand bye and see American citizens mutilated.

Count Von Moltke has been granted a divorce. The decree places the guilt on the wife.

The Jacques Cartier Bank, Montreal, which suspended payment in July last, has resumed business.

Direct to Vancouver in Three Days

SS. CUTCH

5TH, 16TH AND 26TH OF EACH MONTH.

A. H. BAKER, Agent,
C. R. R. Office, Skagway.

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THE NORTHERN HOTEL.
FIRST STREET.
The biggest house in Atlin.
Everything first-class.
Thagard & Turney, Proprietors.

Shot-Guns, Rifles, Revolvers and every description of Sporting Goods at

TISDALL'S GUN STORE
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Catalogue mailed on application.

LIST YOUR LOTS AT

Rant & Jones,

OLDEST ESTABLISHED BROKERS OF ATLIN.

Agents for the John Irving Nagation Company.

PEARL ST., ATLIN, B. C.

GREAT WASTE OF GOLD.

"I don't believe the men who were rocking on the beach saved more then one-third of the gold the gravel they handled actually carried. In other words, I mean to say that I belive there is twice as much gold in Cape Nome beach tailings as was taken out."

T. B. Straven, a mechanical engineer, resident of Portland, made these observations recently. He came on the Aloha from Cape Nome, where he was highly successful. His holdings are valued by some of Cape Nome pioneers at $250,000. They include twenty-three claims, fourteen of which are tundra claims.

Late in the fall of 1898 Straven sought to reach Dawson on Pat Galvin's river steamer Yukon, of which he was chief engineer. The Yukon reached Russian mission, where she was compelled on account of the ice to go into winter quarters. In February Straven heard of the Cape Nome strike. He abandoned his position, hired two Indian guides and started for Cape Nome, about 500 miles by the course taken, where he arrived in March. Since then he has aquired by location and purchase over a score of claims.

Straven left the district to purchase mining machinery with which to operate his tundra properties. During the winter he hopes to evolve from his mechanical brain a device that will save all the gold, no matter how fine, containd in the beach sands. He says he is confident such an appliance can be perfected, and that with it a man can make the mony he wants simply by working refuse dirt.

Straven reports that the little steam tug Nattie Farrington which he formerly owned, was driven ashore and wrecked near Cape Nome a few days before the Aloha sailed. It was only eight days prior to her loss that he sold the vessel.

TO ATLIN.

EDITOR CLAIM:

Sir,—Will you kindly allow the members of Harmony Club space to insert the following invitation:

Pine City, Dec. 5, 1899.

"Harmony Club extends to the citizens of Atlin an invitation to their social to be given on the evening of Dec. 12th, at 8:30, at McDonald's Hall.

Everything free.

METEOROLOGICAL.

The district has been favored with an exceptionally mild winter, so far as it has gone. The air keeps mild, and even occasionally balmy, and overcoats still hang on the peg. The coldest snap yet recorded was on the 25th October, when the thermometer registered 5 above. During the entire month of November it never fell below 10 and ranged very steadily from 20 to 30. Even in the present month it shows no signs of retrograding so far, and the lake presents no traces of freezing. Perhaps we are in for one of those mild winters which are traditional amongst the Indians, when the lake keeps open. Taku Jack thinks this is going to be the case this season, but Taku Jack can see no farther through a grindstone (unless it has a hole through it) than anyone else, but we hope his record as a Zadkiel will be kept up.

The steamer Alpha, Capt. Bucholz, arrived at Nome from Vancouver, on Oct. 26.

One hundred and twenty-five dollars were raised at Nome recently, in four minutes by the watch, for hospital purposes.

...THE KOOTENAY...
BAR
ELEGANTLY FURNISED
BACHELOR APARTMENTS.
Rooms with Brussels carpets, a stove in each, and all accessories.
Billiard and Pool Tables.
JACK BYRON, Prop.

PINE TREE HOTEL.
DISCOVERY, B. C.
When you come to Discovery take shelter under the tree.
Finest of liquors. Good stabling.

PRINCIPAL BATH HOUSE AND LAUNDRY.
Best Equipped Establishment in Atlin.
Lake Street, near Sawmill.

JULES EGGERT
SWISS WATCHMAKER.
Has charge of government instruments. First street, Atlin
In A. S. Gross' Store.

THE ALASKA FLYER
65 hours to Seattle.
"S. S. HUMBOLDT"
Due at Skagway
Tuesday, Dec. 26, 1899.
Leaves Skagway every TEN DAYS for Seattle and British Columbia ports. Buy your tickets at the office of Pacific Clipper Line, Skagway.
W. H. TRIGGS, Agent.

Comfortably furnished rooms and excellent board at reduced rates for the winter. Call and investigate.
BRITISH HOTEL,
Corner First and Discovery.

E. L. PILLMAN
FUNERAL DIRECTOR AND EMBALMER
Third and Discovery, Atlin, B. C.
Bodies Embalmed for Shipment a Specialty
Orders on short notice.
All kinds of Funeral Supplies at reasonable rates.

When in Atlin stop
at the
OLYMPIC HOTEL
First Street.
HEADQUARTERS FOR LEMP'S ST. LOUIS LAGER BEER.
First class Restaurant in connection.
A. BURKE, Manager.

Fine Job Printing at
The Claim

PICKED UP HERE AND THERE.

St. Andrew's Presbyterian church hold services in the Arctic Brotherhood Hall, Second street between Trainor and Pearl, on Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p.m. Sunday school at 2:30 p.m. Rev. John Pringle, B. A., minister.

Church of England services will be held at corner Trainor and Third streets on Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

The many friends of Mr. D. S. Norton, late of Spruce, will learn with regret that he received two telegrams on Monday last announcing the dangerous illness of his wife at Los Angeles, Cal. Mr. Norton started for home on Wednesday morning, and we trust he will have a safe and speedy trip and find upon his arrival that things are brighter than at present seeming.

Pilgrims from Atlin to the outer world are having a pretty hard time of it lately. The Japanese party got lost for three days on the north side of the lake, suffering great privations, in fact, a cold snap would have been the end of them. Now comes Mr. Young, who on his way out with Messrs. Vickers and Heal, tumbles overboard into the icy waters of Taku Lake, was rescued by his comrades and reaches Byron's hostelry more dead than alive. Then Mr. Baker, the well-known prospector, takes his turn and goes plump through the new ice up to his neck somewhere near Golden Gate, is also rescued, contracts rheumatism, and has to hirple into Log Cabin with the aid of a stick and a blessing from on high. It behooves all travellers to exercise the utmost caution until the cold weather sets in for good and the ice gets into a safe condition.

Fresh fish at Parsons Produce Co.

One of the best articles for good health is a wholesome loaf of bread at 12 cents, and a first class meal at 50 cents at the Pioneer Bakery.

Fresh fish at Parsons Produce Co.

By reference to another column it will be seen that the people of Pine have extended an invitation to the residents of Atlin to join them in their entertainment and dance to be held at Pine City Tuesday evening next. A large number have signified their intention of going.

Talk about hard times! Why, we could tell our readers of a certain, unpretentious little shack not "steen" blocks from Discovery street, where no less than five noble plum puddings are dangling in all their saccharine glory from the ridge pole. We think it would be unwise to designate the locality more clearly until we have had a chance at them ourselves.

J. D. Thagard and D. Hastie put in eight days on their recent trip from here to Log Cabin.

C. D. Newton, the popular merchant of Pine City, was in Atlin on Tuesday, showing around some fine nuggets that were taken from Willow creek last week. He left one at this office, a veritable beauty, as a reminder of mining in December in the district. We have had a score or two of nuggets presented to us during the summer months; but this early winter variety possesses untold charm, since it fills up the incomplete circle around our brightly-polished horseshoe that dangles before our cabin door.

E. F. McFeely, manager of the well-known house of McLennan & McFeely, intends to take a trip out to the coast next week. Well, Ed. deserves a holiday, and it is useless to say that he will overlook vantage ground when the current is turned on. Some say there will be two tickets punched on the return trip; others that he has heard of a new figure in the cake walk and will bring it back with him in time for the spring appearance of the mastodons. He will make Vancouver the objective point, and remain away about six weeks.

Fresh fish at Parsons Produce Co.

An exceedingly beautiful album was presented to Gold Commissioner Graham by the Government staff on the eve of his departure for the coast. The book, which contains 73 views and a panoramic of Atlin, is 8x10, and artistically mounted. Every local view of interest is herein represented, from Channel mountain across the lake to the Government staff in winter apparel in front of the Government office, Atlin. The work, the production of Mr. S. A. Smythe, photographer and manufacturer, is indeed something that has not been equaled in Atlin so far. It is understood the album will accompany a prominent personage to the Paris exposition next year.

Fresh fish at Parsons Produce Co.

SHOULD BE LOOKED INTO.

EDITOR CLAIM:

Sir,—Our fire inspectors would do well to make note of the stove-pipes which protrude from the roofs of certain residences in the town and nightly belch forth millions of sparks and lighted cinders, which are borne on the wind and deposited on their neighbors' buildings. This is particularly noticeable along the lake front of Block 17. Although complaints have been made repeatedly by the neighbors, the owners of those fire distributors have paid no attention to the matter. The remedy is so simple that they should be compelled to adopt it. Their pipes evidently run straight up from the stove and the back damper is either kept drawn out or has been burnt out of the stove, and so their neighbors' property lies at the mercy of their carelessness. CITIZEN.

Atlin, Dec. 7, 1899.

NO TIPS THERE.

The following, taken from the Cape Nome News' council report of a late date, shows that Nome is away behind the age in the matter of tipping its police. They pay their men $180 a month, and the latter complain that as they receive no rake-off they are unable to live on this figure:

"Then came the matter of reducing salaries of police officers. Lowe moved, seconded by Pennington that the salaries be fixed temporarily at $180 a month. Dam thought $180 a liberal salary at this time. Donavan said a man could not live on $180 a month when he had to pay $2 a meal. Policemen get $125 outside, besides a rake-off which they didn't get here.

Dam—"Don't they?"

Donavan—"No, I was a police officer once for two weeks and I didn't get any."

Dan—"You weren't on to your job."

Donavan—"Maybe not."

This "incident closed," the salaries were reduced and then the mayor stated that "Mr. Wirt of the hospital wanted the city council to give assurance that he should have the city patients at $5 per day," but the mayor had told Dr. Wirt that if the other hospital could take care of the patients for a less sum he would not get them. The council then adjourned.

Nome should be like Atlin and have no police.

"SANDY" ON THE TRAIL.

Archie W. Shiels, of the B. A. C., has had two telegrams from the pilgrims who intercepted St. Andrew's at the Gate, Thursday week. The first said grave fears were entertained as to "Sandy's" mind, for, on their departure from the Gate the following morning, while "Sandy" was pulling himself across the lake on his all-fours, he was heard mumbling:

So young, so sweet, so frail and so fair;
Handle, oh handle, with the greatest of care;
Let hunger or cold come not near his person,
For a superior being is "Sandy" McPherson.

The second telegram came from Rosselli, and reads:

"What remains of Sandy comes on later on the mail cart. Expect his funeral at sea. Easy three and a half day trip to Bennett."

THE SCHOOL CONCERT.

The concert in aid of the School Fund came off last evening in the A. B. Hall and was patronized with a liberality commensurate with the worthiness of the object. The hall was well filled, the concert quite up to the mark, and, best of all, the School Fund will be augmented about $115.

The programme commenced with a piano solo by Mr. Pilling, followed by Franz Abt's famous "Treue Liebe," sung as a quartette, and well sung too, by Messrs. Lumsden, Wollaston, Pringle and Stephenson. Dr. Lewis gave a recitation, "The picture on the floor," as only Dr. Lewis can. Mr. Stables' "Mary of Argyle," was encored and he gave "Roy's wife," in response. Mr. Stables' forte is humorous Scottish song. Let him "make a note on't." "Larboard Watch," by Messrs. Lumsden and Wollaston was finely rendered, as was also Miss Eva Brownlee's lullaby song with baby accompaniment. Rev. Pringle recited the deeds of that doughty old Elizabethan hero, Sir Richard Grenville, and how he fought his ship against a Spanish fleet in a way to make a Briton's blood tingle. Mrs. Stephenson ended the first part with the "Kentucky Baby" sweetly and naturally and had to respond to an encore.

The second part was opened by Mr. Lumsden in a grand rendering of "The Lost Chord," and Mr. Noyes' whistling solo brought forth an unanimous encore.

Mr. Wollaston sung "Pull Away" with "Will o' the Wisp" for an encore in his very best manner. "Matrimony," a recitation by Miss Violet Molyneux was really funny and that young lady did it full justice. "Scenes That are Brightest," the ever popular song from "Maritana," was Mrs. Gregory's contribution. She was followed by Mr. Wells, the "Dominie," in "A countryman's experience of Paderewski," which was the gem of the evening and brought forth unstinted applause and an encore. Rev. Pringle wound up the concert with the basso song, "The Queen's Highway," but declined an encore, remarking that it was a good plan to leave well enough alone.

A social dance followed.

Mr. J. S. Harvey, late of the W. P. & Y. R., and a former resident of Atlin, was married to Miss Mabel Gaudin, at Victoria last week.

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