

## Night Scenes in Dawson.

Dawson is not like the average Canadian camp. In Rossland, for instance, the poor workingman must stand for hours in front of an inanimate slot machine in order to get rid of his day's wages. Neither is Dawson like the old, wild, wide-open camp of the Pacific coast, or the modern camp of Colorado. There are no deep-lunged loafers with long hair, though it costs a dollar in Dawson to amputate one's tresses.

There is gambling, to be sure, wide-open and free, if you have the dust, but it is all business, quiet earnest business. There is no loud talking over the tables. Only the soft clink of glasses, and the softer click of the chips that pass in the night, the burr of the roulette wheel and the swish of a silken skirt, disturb the stillness that hangs over the groups of silent men who are crowding about the gaming tables, pushing their dust toward the till. They seem ever to be saying: 'Oh Mr. Gambler, please take my money and let me go to bed. I am so tired.' And he takes it, slowly, it seems at times, but very surely.

All about in the wide hall where the men are speculating groups of miners are showing nuggets and discussing the probable richness of the various creeks. Others are buying drinks for the women who sweep down the wide stairway that leads to the boxes overlooking the show. A card hangs on the swinging doors at the rear of the main room advertising a 'Theatre—Admission 50 cents.'

At one place we pushed the door open, peeped in, coughed and backed out again. The foul air, bad tobacco, and the smell of spilled gin were too much even for my hardened friend, Thompson. To a woman who blew cigarette smoke and smiles in his face he said: 'You are no lady.' I think he must have been wrong, for I am sure no gentleman would dress as that did. Its hair was the hue of a house on fire. After looking it over carefully for a moment Jim said it was what Klondikers call a 'dream.'

'Wash yer neck' asked a miner, jerking his head toward the bar.

'Oui,' said the dream, and then she put an elbow on the board and called in a clear, confident voice, 'High ball!'

It was eleven o'clock, but not yet dark, when we passed out and stood for a moment on the embankment and watched the mighty Yukon gliding by. There is something grand, imposing, almost awful, about this river. Perhaps it is because we have heard so much about it, and of the far-off country through which it flows, the gold on its tributaries and the army of lives that have been lost in its dreadful rapids. At all events, there is a weird grandeur about it to-night. It is so wide and swift and deep. Along the wharf, made securely fast, are the many steamers that run the rapids between here and White Horse; and the still larger lower river boats, some with two funnels, that have come up from St. Michael, and will carry you out by the way of Behring Sea and so around to the towns of the Pacific coast, 4,000 miles away. It is a long ride as long as the sail from New York to Egypt.

But we must not stand here by the river and dream, for we have no burning desire to be borne away on its bosom to the ocean wild and wide. We are slumming.

Leaving the strand we take a cross street that begins at the river and runs back to the hill, at whose feet they have built the city of Dawson.

In all the shops people are still shopping just as they were when we arrived at six o'clock this morning. Like the birds of the Klondike, they do not know when to go to bed. In front of an outfitter's some prospectors are packing a train of burros. An English-Canadian calls us into a hotel to have a liquor with him. He has just finished his dinner. He has learned of a claim that is not yet staked, and at this moment, 11.30 p. m., starting out to stake it. At the door are his two guides, and at their feet a couple of stout dogs, and in canvas paniers on their backs are food and drink for the men and their master, and feed for the dogs. It is fourteen miles over to the claim and twenty-four back, making eighty-eight miles in all that this white-haired Briton must tramp by noon tomorrow, for he has just assured me that he will be back before the Victorian sails at 2 p. m.

These figures may seem a little confusing to people 'outside,' but I can assure the reader that they are correct and as near to the truth as the average statement of the average trailer over lands. These men are the mastodontic liars of the earth. I have already crossed swords with the trail liar and the raisin liar. The former was on the Edmonton trail 600 days, during which time he ate nothing but ice cream made from the milk of the moose. The other fellow lived nine days on seven

# What Men in High Places Say.

## DOCTORS, LAWYERS, MINISTERS, EDUCATIONALISTS AND POLITICIANS JOIN FORCES AS ONE MAN,

### And Put the Great Seal of Their Approval on Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder as the Greatest of Healers.

Personal Experience is the best evidence, and a man's Own Signature Seals His Faith. Hundreds of Canada's Most Illustrious Sons Are Its Heartiest Endorsers.

Perhaps no ailment to which flesh is heir brings men down to a more common level than catarrh and catarrhal affections.

When it is rated that ninety in every hundred are subject in a lesser or greater degree to the ravages of this universal disease, the high, the low, the rich, the poor, must naturally come within its grasp. And it is not to be wondered at that such a galaxy of Canada's best men as have done so are willing, having themselves been sufferers, to "let their light shine" that others may be warned of the malady, and herald the world the efficacy, the quick relief, the absolute cure they have proven to be in so

splendid a compound as Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder.

Thus it is considered no breach of etiquette on the part of the professional men, no indignity on the "bench" nothing unparliamentary on the part of the lawmaker, and no discredit on the pulpit, to say the good thing that many of these men in high places have attested to over their own signatures.

Here are a few names of prominent Canadians who have used and are believers in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder: The Right Reverend Dr. Sweatman, Lord Bishop of Toronto; Rev. Dr. Lantry, of the Anglican Church; Rev. Dr. Withrow, editor of The Canadian Methodist Magazine; Rev. A. R. Chambers, Toronto; Rev. William Galbraith, Toronto; Hon. George Taylor, George H. McDonnell, M. P., Dr. Godbout, M. P., Robert Beith, M. P., Hon. David Mills, M. P., H. Car-

gill, M. P., James H. Metcalfe, M. P., and a hundred more as prominent public-spirited men.

Too many people have dallied with this dreaded disease, experimenting with worthless, untried and irritating so called cures, only to find disappointment and a deep seating of the malady which means years of misery if not checked. Why not trust the man's testimony whom you think worthy to represent you in the House of Parliament—the man you would trust as your spiritual adviser—the man you would trust the education of your son—to be your adviser in the matter of your health. Take warning, and if there is hint of the catarrh taint apply Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder without delay. It will save you suffering, heal you surely, absolutely and permanently, whether you have been a slave one month or fifty years. It relieves cold in the head in ten minutes.

DR. AGNEW'S CURE FOR THE HEART gives relief inside of 30 minutes, and no heart trouble so hopeless it will not cure.

DR. AGNEW'S OINTMENT heals "pimples" faces and other skin affections. Cures piles in from 3 to 5 nights.

DR. AGNEW'S LIVER PILLS, smallest and cheapest pill made—20 cents for 40 doses.—Sold by E. C. Brown.

raisins. It is too bad. The mosquito liar is gone. He just pined away and died when he had seen and heard the trail liar and the raisin liar.

Here comes a man crying Seattle papers only eight days old. Behind him, in the gloaming, a man is carrying a basket of sliced watermelon; little crescents cut thinly from a six inch shell, and he wants 25 cents a bite. Watermelons are cheap now. You can buy a whole one as big as a boy's head for \$2.50. They were \$10 earlier and they were \$25 last year. In a little market a man is cutting a round steak for 75 cents a pound. Porterhouse is \$1.

Across the street, three blocks away, a white banner is stretched, bearing this notice, in screaming red and black letters. 'Nigger Jim's Pavilion.' I am surprised to learn that this Nigger Jim is a white man.

The noise that comes from this place resembles music. A man in his shirt sleeves is calling the figures of the dance. Sometimes he sings them, and this is his song. It must have originated in a cow camp:

S'ute your ladies, all together!  
Ladies opposite the same!  
Hit the timber with your leather!  
Balance all and swing your dame!  
Bunch the heifers in the middle!  
Circle stags and do-se-do!  
Pay attention to the fiddle!  
Swing her round and off you go!  
First foot forward! Back to place!  
Second fellow—shuffle back!  
Now you've got it down to cases—  
Swing em till their trotters crack!  
Gents all right a heel and toeing!  
Swing 'em; kiss 'em if you kin!  
On to next and keep a goin!  
Till yer hit yer pard's ag'in!  
Gents to centre; ladies round 'em!  
Form a basket; balance all!  
Whirl yer gals to where you found 'em!  
Promenade around the hall!  
Balance to yer pards and trot 'em!  
Round the circle double quick!  
Grab and kiss 'em while you've got 'em—  
Hold 'em to it if they kick!

Ladies, left hand to your sonnies!  
Alman? Grand right and left!  
Balance all, an' swing yer honneys—  
Pick 'em up and feel their heft!  
Promenade like skerry cattle—  
Balance all and swing yer sweets!  
Shake yer spurs an' make 'em rattle!  
Kenol Promenade to seats.

Here, as at other resorts, roughly dressed men are reaching over the tables to place their money. A young woman in a neat tailor-made gown strolls about, nodding and calling men by their first names. She plays roulette for a little while and then strolls out. She appears not quite a fit here. In spite of the cold, mechanical smile that plays about her once pretty mouth, her eyes are still beautiful; deep, dark and almost bewitching. But that light must fail soon. She is burning her candle rapidly.

If the prompter could be suppressed, and a blue-eyed, brainless woman who screams occasionally would go to sleep, this camp, away up here in the shadow of the North Pole, would be as quiet as Jerusalem and almost as safe for a man or a woman to walk about in.

A young man is dancing with a young woman in a long skirt. They appear to be perfectly happy. They are to be married after the ball, and they are going 'outside.'

A spare man, with wide blue eyes and pale hair, is leaning on the end of the bar reading a poem to some friends.

When the poet had gone out I cultivated the barkeeper, who had a woman's diary in his vest pocket and her story by heart.

This is the story of the woman.

They were married in Montreal under the rose. It rained flowers that day. The streets were crowded with carriages. It had been a case of love on sight with both of them, but they quarrelled, as the best of lovers will, and he went away to the Klondike. She tried heroically to live without him, but she was a woman who could not live without love. So she followed him. He took the Edmonton trail. She went in over White Pass and passed him on the way. When she had been ten days in Dawson she wrote: 'Had one meal today, \$2.50; got ten cents left.'

Three days later she wrote: 'I'm hungry. Saw a man pay \$17 today for a head of lettuce that grew in a tomato can.'

The next day: 'I feel now that you have forsaken me. Six months—there is no trail as long as that. Well, I'm going to work tonight. The manager of the theatre has just left me. I am to take dinner with him, and then I am going to work in his theatre—to "rustle the boxes," he told me. I presume I am to take the coupons and show the people to the proper seats. But first we are to dine at 8 o'clock, I think he said. Mon Dieu! three hours more, and I have fasted three days. Two hours of the long, long night have passed. The candles are burning in the tents and cabins. Outside the snow is falling softly, silently. I saw them lay a young woman to sleep in the snow today, and I envied her. It was a weird sight to see the people all muffled up like Esquimaux, and the mute uncomplaining huskies hauling the black coffin across the white field.'

'Far up the mouth of the Troand uick I

## ABSOLUTE SECURITY.

Genuine  
**Carter's**  
Little Liver Pills.

Must Bear Signature of

*Wm. H. Wood*

See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below.

Very small and as easy to take as sugar.

**CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.**

FOR HEADACHE.  
FOR DIZZINESS.  
FOR BILIOUSNESS.  
FOR TORPID LIVER.  
FOR CONSTIPATION.  
FOR SALLOW SKIN.  
FOR THE COMPLEXION.

Price 25 Cents.

GENUINE MUST BEAR SIGNATURE.

Purely Vegetable.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.

heard a malimute mourning his master's absence, I wonder why dogs always howl after a funeral. Gad! was ever a land so lonely, so utterly lost in darkness? Even the winds go by on tiptoe! If they whisper, they say 'Hush!' Not a sound comes to me save the harsh imperative 'Hush!' 'Hush!' of the drivers and the mournful cry of the hungry dogs. Ah! my poor little candle is going out. I must dress for dinner now without a light. It is still snowing. It snowed on our wedding day, you remember, mon cher. And you spent \$1,500 for flowers. Good night.'

That was all she ever wrote in her diary. But the barman, who had been her friend, who had loved her without knowing her past—almost without knowing her—told us that she had been very unhappy in Dawson. One night they missed her at the theatre. The next night she failed to show up, and on the day following the manager called at her room. That afternoon he sent a doctor up and two days later an undertaker.

And this man with the wide blue eyes and pale hair had been her husband. She had been dead a year when he came to camp. Now I understood the meaning of that melancholy chorus to his sad song:

'She had fifteen hundred dollars!  
Worth of flowers at her wedding;  
The poor girl at her funeral,  
She didn't have a flower.'

The night winds that came down the Klondike were fresh and cool as we stepped from the smoke dimmed 'Pavilion' to the board walk.

'Hello!' said a cheery voice, and it named my name.

'Now,' thought I, 'what woman knows me here?' and then I caught the glimpse of a bright face laughing out of a storm of hair and recognized a little lady who had come over on the Victorian. All day a man had been leading her by the hand. It is long past midnight now. They have finished their shopping and are going home.

'Come on dear,' calls the man.

'Yes, papa,' says the maid, as she kisses her hand to me and romps away. Like the breeze that blows down from the gardens on the hill, her smile is pure and sweet.

She is 8 years old.

The 'La Fayette Dollar.'

A little more than a year ago the school children of America were appealed to by the Lafayette monument committee to give their pennies toward the erection at Paris of a monument to General Lafayette; and later in furtherance of the movement, Congress ordered the coining of 50,000 silver souvenir dollars. The dollars, stamped with the likeness of Washington and Lafayette, have been coined; and on the 3d of March President Loubet of France received Mr. Thompson, secretary of the monument committee, who presented to him the first of the dollars coined.

Death of Ex-Minister Phelps.

The Hon. Edward J. Phelps, Kent professor of law at Yale University and minister to Great Britain from 1885 to 1889, died at New Haven March 9th. Mr. Phelps was a native of Vermont, and a recognized leader of the bar of that State. He was a Democrat, which debarred him from public office in the strongly Republican state of Vermont, although he was the choice of his party at different times for

governor and senator. As minister to Great Britain, he maintained the brilliant traditions of that office, and later he served as a member of the Bering Sea Commission.

Before Pickett Charged.

One of the most terribly dramatic scenes of the Civil War was Pickett's charge on the third day of Gettysburg. The moments of anticipation were awful in their intensity. They are thus recorded in the recent volume, 'Pickett and His Men.'

Pickett had received a note from headquarters. He handed it to Longstreet.

'General Longstreet, shall I go forward?' he asked.

Longstreet looked at him with an expression which seldom comes to any face. He held out his hand and bowed his head in assent. Not a word did he speak.

'Then I shall lead my division forward, sir,' said Pickett, and galloped off.

He had gone only a few yards when he came back and took a letter from his pocket. On it he wrote in pencil:

'If old Peter's nod means death, goodbye and God bless you, little one!'

He gave the letter to Longstreet and rode back.

That letter, with it faintly pencilled words, reached its destination, far down in Virginia.

Pickett gave orders to his brigade commanders, and rode along the line, his men springing to their feet with a shout of delight as he told them what was expected of them.

He was sitting on his horse when Wilcox rode up. Taking a flask from his pocket, Wilcox said:

'Pickett, take a drink with me. In an hour you'll be in hell or glory.'

Pickett declined to drink, saying, 'I promised the little girl who is waiting and praying for me down in Virginia that I would keep afresh upon the violets she gave me when we parted. Whatever my fate, Wilcox, I shall try to do my duty like a man, and I hope that, by that little girl's prayers, I shall reach either glory or Glory.'

What followed is famous history.

Positively the Last Chace.

Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., will after the insertion of this notice withdraw the very liberal offers they have been making to send a 25 cent trial size, FREE, of their marvellous guaranteed Catarrh and Bronchitis remedy, 'Catarrhazone.' If you are a sufferer from any form of Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma, Throat Irritation, write at once; it is positively the last time this offer will be made. Enclose 10 cents to pay postage, boxing, &c.

The Shad Season.

'It's like eating a boiled paper of needles,' growled the gourmet, picking from his tongue an invisible shadbone.

'We're going to have all that remedied before next year,' blandly responded the restaurateur.

'How?'

'By crossing the breed with jelly-fish sir.'

PAIN KILLER cures all sorts of cuts, bruises, burns and strains. Taken internally it cures diarrhoea and dysentery. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis'. 25c. and 50c.