

## HEADQUARTERS FOR Fresh Fruit and Vegetables

Every steamer brings us a fresh supply and it is our aim to carry everything in this line as soon as it is in the market. We have.

Green Onions Asparagus Lettuce  
Celery Cauliflower Cabbage  
Rhubarb Cucumbers Apples  
Artichokes Tomatoes Sweet Potatoes  
Oranges Lemons Bananas

## John Kalem, the Grocer

Sole Agent for Reliance Canned Goods

## MANY THERE

### Big Salmon Will Be Worked This Summer

"There will be 75 to 100 miners at work during the entire summer in the Big Salmon district. There might be more." So spoke one who is heavily interested in that country.

J. R. Black, at the head of the Livingston syndicate, is already in the Big Salmon country. This syndicate, composed of men connected with the old Alaska Commercial Company, owns 10 claims below discovery on Livingston, and it has worked out but two claims and a half of the 10. Last year it took out from \$60,000 to \$100,000 and it will work more extensively this summer than it did last.

The Big Salmon Hydraulic Company at the head of which is a man by the name of Peters will work this year on a larger scale than previously.

Other companies are preparing to work on Livingston, Lake and other creeks. Many individual miners will work on several creeks in the district.

Those who have interests in the Big Salmon country say it is one of the best districts in the north. That it possesses gold in abundance has been proven beyond question. The only drawbacks have been the presence of boulders in the ground and the cost of transportation into the country. The use of derricks and other machinery has minimized the difficulty with the boulders and the transportation facilities are improving.

### City of Seattle Must Pay

The Dominion government has upheld Collector Newbury, of Victoria, in fining the steamer City of Seattle \$400 for violating the Canadian regulations in taking passengers from the steamer Jefferson when that vessel was disabled in Swanson bay, Canadian waters, some months ago.

### Things Are Getting Rip

The time for guessing on the going out of the ice is now ripe. There are a few dead dogs on the ice in front of town that are also ripe. Our water supply, however, comes from just above town.—Whitehorse Star.

### Land Script For Sale

Soldiers Additional Homestead Script, all sizes, any quantity, fully guaranteed, can be used on unsurveyed timber land in Alaska or any government land which is subject to homestead entry. Price upon application. L. W. Hubbell, Springfield, Missouri.

### Cure Coughs and Colds

Mrs. C. Peterson, 625 Lake St., Topeka, Kansas, says: "Of all cough remedies Ballard's Horehound Syrup is my favorite; it has done and will do all that is claimed for it—so speedily cure all coughs and colds—and it is so sweet and pleasant to the taste." 25c, 50c, \$1.00 bottle. Sold by Kelly Drug Co.

## PERSONAL MENTION

F. M. Davis, representing a Seattle wholesale house, and F. Wellns, representing Portland wholesalers, arrived from Fairbanks last night. They are at the Golden North hotel and will leave for the south tomorrow.

H. C. Boardman left for Atlin this morning. Mr. Boardman will be employed by the British-American Dredging Company this year as he was last.

L. P. Muirhead, the photographer, left for the Alek country on the train this morning.

Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Stoddard, of Dawson and Fairbanks, left on the train for the interior this morning.

## INLAND WEATHER

At 8 o'clock this morning, the weather conditions on the Yukon river and along the line of the W. P. & Y. R., were as follows:

Skagway—Cloudy, brisk north wind, 30 above.  
Glacier—Snowing, north wind, 30 above.  
White Pass—Clear, north wind, 28 above.  
Fraser—Cloudy, north wind, 16 above.  
Log Cabin—Cloudy, north wind, 18 above.  
Bennett—Cloudy, north wind, 22 above.  
Pennington—Cloudy, north wind, 20 above.  
Caribon—Cloudy, northeast wind, 20 above.  
Cowley—Cloudy, south wind 28 above.  
Whitehorse—Clear, south wind, 24 above.  
Lower Labarge—Clear, calm, 24 above.  
Hootalliqua—Clear, calm, 38 above.  
Big Salmon—Clear, calm, 27 above.  
Selkirk—Clear, calm, 20 above.  
Selwyn—Clear, calm, 32 above.  
Stewart—Clear, calm, 20 above.  
Ogilvie—Clear, calm, 22 above.  
Dawson—Clear, calm, 26 above.  
Fortymile—Clear, calm, 16 above.  
Eagle—Clear, calm, 47 above.  
Atlin—Cloudy, south wind, 30 above.  
Tanalus—Clear, calm, 30 above.  
Tagish—Clear, south wind, 22 above.

### Canadian View of the Situation

It is characteristic of our neighbors that their newspapers should treat as a jest the idea that the people of Alaska should desire to cut loose and annex their territory to Canada. But the matter is worth more than a jest. The Americans in Alaska have learned some lessons, and have had experiences which have led to much serious thinking. They have been forced to see that Canadian rule in the Yukon is incomparably better than American rule in Alaska—better in every way.—Toronto Star.

### At Wholesale Prices

The Mascot saloon sells liquors, either bulk or case goods at wholesale prices. All the old brands always on hand. 10-14.

## The EX-HERO

"Gentlemen," said the general—he was chatting familiarly with his staff during a cessation of hostilities—"what we call bravery is purely physical. Real bravery consists not in fighting an enemy, but ourselves. Cowardice or bravery is purely a matter of temporary nerves."

"Nevertheless, general," said young Captain Fitz Hugh, "we honor the brave and despise the coward. When my nerves go back on me I trust enough vigor will be left to enable me to remove myself from the world of my disgrace."

A puff of smoke appeared at one of the embrasures of a bastion fort on the crest of a hill, followed by a boom, and a shell came plowing up the ground, burying itself in a tree not a dozen feet from the party. A fuse hissed and sputtered, burning rapidly to the vent. Most of the officers present either fell on their faces or ran as fast as their legs could carry them. Fitz Hugh coolly walked up to the shell, pulled out the fuse and threw it away.

"Well done, captain," said the general. "The battle has reopened."

There was a hard struggle. When the fighting was over, there was as much wonder that the young captain came out alive as at his conspicuous bravery. One of his exploits, the leading of a few men against an angle of breastworks wherein the guns were creating havoc, was so conspicuous and so far reaching in its results that he was decorated with a gold medal.

The war ended and Fitz Hugh was a hero to the world for all time. Occasionally he would overhear some one say: "That's he; the man over there. They say he doesn't know what fear is." At army reunions, when he arose to say a few words, he was so violently cheered that he often gave up the attempt. He was the pet of the petticoats and the admiration of men. The world of adulation in which he lived became the only world he knew, that which he had inhabited before his honors being forgotten. Yet his modesty never suffered. He would only wear his medal at social gatherings with the little band who had helped him earn it and to whom he always insisted it belonged.

Thirty years passed. Fitz Hugh met with reverses that brought on nervous prostration. He was obliged to break away and go on a trip. When he returned he was still weak, melancholy and inclined to study his symptoms minutely, consulting doctors, besides doctoring himself. He recovered, but was not the man he had been a few years before.

One day while he was at the seashore with a party of friends, among whom was a lady who had consented to be a comfort to the old hero for the rest of his days, he was walking with her through the town when a rough fellow passed them, purposely brushing against the lady. Fitz Hugh remonstrated, whereupon the man took him by the collar and shoved him up against a wall, where he held him for some time, then released him with the remark that next time he'd better mind his own business. Fitz Hugh, mortified beyond measure at such treatment, tried to muster up courage to strike the man, but his enemy looked so ugly, so strong, so brutal, so unmerciful, that the ex-hero did not dare touch him.

That night, when all were asleep, Fitz Hugh, clutching something tightly in his hand, emerged from his room and went to an open pier. There he stood for awhile, looking out on the black expanse of water, vainly endeavoring to muster strength of will to plunge. He could not. The waves filled him with terror. Then he threw what he held in his hand out into the water and, turning, went to his room.

The next day he did not appear. His fiancée sent for him to go down with her to the beach. He went down looking pale and languid. She guessed his trouble, but said nothing. They were sitting on the beach, lower than they were accustomed to do, for the tide was out, looking at the bathers, the gulls, the waves glittering in the sunshine, the ships far out at sea. The lady was thrusting her hand into the sand, grasping it and letting it slip through her fingers. Suddenly they closed on something round and flat and heavy.

It was the hero's medal. He confessed to her that he had thrown it into the water the night before, and she knew why.

"It is better to have been brave," she said, "and lost one's bravery than never to have been brave at all."

When the ex-hero returned to the city he married his fiancée and settled himself in a home, which he resolutely declined to leave, eschewing especially army reunions. One reunion night his comrades came and took him away bodily, his wife before he left pinning his medal to his coat without his knowing it. Arriving at the room where a dinner was in progress, he was placed amid cheers in the seat of the commander-in-chief.

"Comrades," he said when the tumult had ceased, "my general one told me that bravery is purely physical. I have learned he was right. I have been weak enough to think myself what you think me—a hero. I am no hero and never have been one."

The words, attributed to modesty, drew forth a burst of applause. The captain dropped his eyes and for the first time discovered the medal on his breast. Again he glanced at his comrades with a mortified expression that told the story of his having been placed there surreptitiously.

Then there was a tumult that rivaled the din of battle.

F. A. MITCHELL.

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