

WHITE HORSE TRIBUNE

VOL. 2.

WHITE HORSE, Y. T., SATURDAY, OCT. 26, 1901.

NO. 23.

A Throbbled Journal or A Banker's Revenge

A Thrilling Story of Modern Adventure.

The storm is over. Where are the wrecks?

Calm and unruffled, with its colors still flying, the Tribune has come through a typhoon that would have wrecked many a great family journal.

On Wednesday morning last it became advertised about town that at three o'clock in the afternoon there would be a grand balloon ascension with a parachute drop.

"Who is going up?" was asked.

"The White Horse Tribune," was the answer.

"Who is coming down?" was another earnest query, to which the answer was "That remains to be seen."

After the appointed hour had passed and no unusual scenes above had been witnessed there was some disappointment for a matter of fact nothing went up except it was H. M. Lay who might have gone "up in the air" when he learned the outcome of the attempts of his minions to seize and hold the premises and property of this free and independent institution.

Behind a barred door that would yield to no milder force than a strong man armed with a sledge hammer could use; behind a network of fortifications that would bewilder a military strategist and within easy reach of a hot-air gun, mounted so that it could be turned in a second to cover any possible entrance to the establishment, this edition of the Tribune has been issued.

All these and other measures were taken to baffle the schemes of Harry M. Lay, manager of the White Horse branch of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, who for reasons which were personal, determined that an end should be put to the life of this young, enterprising and fearless Journal.

In last Saturday's issue of the Tribune there appeared what has been termed a "roast," and Mr. Lay felt that he was given the hottest place in the pan. The "roast" or whatever it was, was dishied up without the knowledge and during the absence from town of the editor and manager. Whether it was justified may be a subject for discussion in a future issue, but as far as this issue is concerned that is another story. Mr.

Lay wanted revenge; he also wanted protection for the future. He evolved a plan that was brilliant but not puncture proof.

On Tuesday morning a deputy-sheriff clothed in the impressive uniform of a non-commissioned officer of the North West Mounted Police called at the Tribune office and allowed the editor to read a document labelled "Writ of Execution" and which contained some information and instruction re a judgment in favor of one Smythe against one Burde for \$98 and costs amounting to \$77.69, making altogether \$175.69.

"You will have till three o'clock tomorrow afternoon to pay the amount" said the deputy "and if it is not settled by that time I will have to make a seizure of this property."

Deputy sheriffs sometimes make mistakes and as it then appeared that the threatened seizure might work an injury to three others as well as to the editor of the Tribune the man with the document was told of the other interested parties who were H. M. Lay, Robt. Lowe and J. P. Whitney. The information was received with indifference and the editor was left to carry on a one-sided discussion of the justice of the case.

When the Tribune editor went out on the kindly errand of alarming the other parties of the danger in which their interests stood he learned that it was at the instance of one of them, H. M. Lay, that the deputy sheriff had acted. The other two gentlemen were advised to protect themselves. One of them said he would be a fool if he didn't, and the other said he would not bother himself about it one way or the other because he did not like the newspaper business anyway.

To have the plant seized and a very interesting edition of the Tribune thereby choked off, was a calamity too sad for the editor's contemplation. One hundred and seventy-five dollars and sixty-nine cents is a lot of money sometimes; at that time it was just \$175.04 more than the editor of the Tribune had or saw any chance of having by three o'clock the next afternoon. Yet it did seem as if the only way to avoid disaster was to meet the demand. The old and familiar idea of borrowing the

amount bobbed up and took temporary possession of the editor's mind. There was Mr. Lay, a man who had a lot of ready cash at his disposal and as he had just recently, in his dealings with the Millhaven lumber company, established a star record for gullibility he looked like the easiest thing in town. The editor waited on the bank manager explained matters and requested a loan.

"On what security?" the manager asked.

"My prospects" the editor answered.

"I don't think they are very encouraging" said the manager.

"You might think differently after three o'clock this afternoon" said the editor, very warmly, but the icy heart of the Napoleon of finance did not melt.

"Would you discount a sight draft for me?" the editor asked.

"Drawn on whom?" the manager enquired.

"Andrew Carnegie"

"Why?"

"Because he being a noted philanthropist, looking for opportunities to do good, would not like to see a promising young Journal ripped in the bud by the frost of malice."

When nearly every imaginable proposition except that of putting up a number that did not exist, for a loan had been made and turned down, Mr. Lay was asked if he would call off his deputy sheriff till after the next issue of the Tribune, just to give the manager a chance to fulfil his contracts with subscribers and advertisers. Mr. Lay's answer was a decided "No". He said he did not like the last issue of the Tribune and he feared that the next would be more distasteful to him. Such articles as the one printed last week might cause him considerable discomfort if they should happen to be seen by the general manager of the bank. He wanted the publication of the paper stopped and was satisfied that he possessed the means of stopping it. "On two conditions" said he, "I will allow you to go on with the issue of your paper. First you must retract what you said about me last week and apologize satisfactorily. Then you must guarantee to say no more about me."

Wow! Wow!

As the editor withdrew, a man who wanted to raise a loan on the approaching winter's snow crop was admitted to the manager's office.

When the editor came away from the bank it was close to the critical hour on Wednesday, and while he was figuring out his next move a telegraphic message came from Dawson. It was a reply to a request to the sheriff for a short stay of proceedings in the judgment, Smythe vs Burde, and it read "No such case in this office." Now isn't

that funny?

The editor returned to his office, locked, barred, and propped the door behind him. This work was no sooner finished than along came the deputy sheriff. He asked for admittance, but was answered, nay. He pleaded and advised, but misjudged the wisdom of an editor in his own sanetum. He then promised that if the editor would step outside and talk to him he would not try to force himself in. The editor agreed to meet the deputy in controversy if the latter would go down the stairway and out on to the sidewalk. The deputy went. The editor by means of a rope and a six foot drop from a second storey window went also.

The deputy explained that he had dropped the Smythe vs Burde mystery and that he had become possessed of something else. Mr. Lay wanted to foreclose a chattel mortgage which he held on the plant of the Tribune. The plant he said was his and he wanted it. He was not seeking overdue payments; he simply wanted to get possession, that was all. As Mr. Lay had not owned that mortgage for more than about two hours, it looked as if he desired to victimize the editor of the Tribune according to the usual act.

The editor expressed sympathy for Mr. Lay and regretted that under the circumstances he could not see his way clear to rendering the exacting mortgagor any immediate assistance.

Then a seige of the premises commenced.

By a rapid flank movement the editor regained his position behind the bulwarks, holding on to a line of communication with the outside. A scouting contingent and a commissary staff were organized. While the enemy were attacking the main fortifications, a revolving hot-air gun with an electrical attachment, was mounted on the imposing stone. The siege was hot while it lasted, but the "bores" retired after failing to gain an inch of ground. Before the attack was renewed additional defences had been constructed by the staff and the position was one to be regarded as impregnable. At seven o'clock on Wednesday night the editor was warned that unless there was an unconditional surrender by ten o'clock the following morning his position would be bombarded and that it would be well for all who desired to be considered as non-combatants to take to the tall timbers. The only other person behind the defences was the editor's wife and she refused to be counted out of the fight. Just before mid-night a runner succeeded in getting a message from the outside into the editorial stronghold. It read: "Lay attending dance at

(Continued on last page.)

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WHITE HORSE TRIBUNE.

BY R. J. BURDE.

Published Every Wednesday and Saturday.

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PER MONTH - - .75
SINGLE COPIES - - 10 CENTS

WHITE HORSE, Y. T., Oct. 28, 1901.

To such good citizens as are ever ready to defy coercion, and call cheap bluffs this edition of the Tribune is dedicated.

WIPE IT OUT.

It is reported that the staff of whisky-detectives employed by the Dominion Government to protect the Yukon liquor ring is to be decreased, and that the name of one officious young man in the service at White Horse is on the list of those who will spend the winter outside.

The report is a welcome one for its sad reflection either on the people or the government of the country when it is deemed necessary to keep such an army of spies and spotters as have been in the employ of the Government from one end of the Yukon to the other all summer.

The cause of the existence of this objectionable army lies in the objectionable working of a law that is highly tempered with a contempt for the will of the people and is also a stinging insult to their intelligence—the law respecting the importation and sale of liquors in this territory. It is a law directed against common liberty, with about the same consideration for enlightened British subjects as was shown for the wild Indians of the Northwest territories in by-gone days; but with baser motives at its back.

A small ring of men—principally foreigners—have, under the law in question, been given the control of the liquor traffic of the Yukon. They have each been granted a so-called wholesale license at the nominal cost of \$2,000 for a year. They alone are permitted to land liquor in the Yukon and from them only can one who has a \$1,300 license to retail liquor get his stock in a legitimate way. The monopoly is one out of which outrageous profits are made. The monopolists are also permitted to enter into practical competition with the retailer to whom they sell. There are 181 retailers in the territory; there are eight wholesalers. The retailers pay to the government \$235,300 a year; the wholesalers pay \$16,000 per year, and yet under the system the combined profits of the eight wholesalers are more in a year than the combined profits of nearly two hundred retailers. A wholesaler can land in White Horse a barrel of bottled beer, for instance, at a total cost of \$28.50. For this he charges the retailer \$65. and the best average profit the retailer can make out of it is \$26.00 or \$10.50 less

than the wholesaler makes. In addition to this the retailer has about four times as much expense as the wholesaler to eat in on his profits. Take any sort of liquor that the wholesaler deals in and the comparison will be as unjust as it is in the case of beer.

When this liquor law was enacted the ostensible purpose was an improvement on the law of last year. There was also an inward purpose which can be seen at a glance by anyone possessed of clear sight. The money made by these wholesalers is not all their own. Part of it goes to the ring organizer, and he in turn is accumulating a boodle fund which can be drawn upon for election campaign and other purposes.

Why should any one man or any combination of men conducting the government of the Dominion dictate to the enlightened people of this territory how much liquor they shall consume, how they shall consume it and what the consumption shall cost them? They would not dare do it in any other part of the Dominion and they will not continue their daring here much longer. If they do not wipe out the abominable law it will go anyway and they and their impudence will go with it.

GOOD TIME TO KICK.

Some individual who was allowed the use of editorial space in the Star of yesterday, and who was laboring under the hallucination that we were down, thought he would take a cheap kick at us. The attempt under the heading "The Mill Haven Case," to misrepresent and abuse the editor of the Tribune does not bear the ear marks of the regular editor of the Star. There are traces of a smaller mind and a hand that has been out of practice in newspaper work for some time.

To say nothing of the merits of the "roast" on that "prominent and most upright citizen," Mr. H. M. Lay (discussion of which is reserved for a future issue) anyone who knows anything about it knows that it was published during the absence from town and without the knowledge of the editor of this paper who may be held legally responsible but is in no sense morally responsible for it.

The editor of this paper is complimented on going after big game and it is not denied that he fights in the open, fair and square. It is asserted that he openly "holds the editorial opinions of his paper subservient to his personal enmities" which is a lie so rotten that it cannot hold itself together, and on a test of this we are ready to stand or fall.

The readers of the Star are told that the Tribune editor's warmest friends have, on account of his professional conduct, become his foes. We are aware that a few milkops who are as harmless as winged grasshoppers, and a few puppets whom we cannot dignify by the application of the term "hypocrites" would be pleased to see this paper out of existence, and that is all we can concede to the person who laments the editor's wholesale loss of friends.

Let us point out one thing that the editor of the Tribune has never been guilty of: permitting such cowardly slanders, as appeared in yesterday's Star, over the name "Observer," to appear in his paper. We have "roasts" for such as "Observer," and only a concealment of his identity holds our pen in check. When our quill gets action on Vipers of this class, we promise that it will be loaded with unsweetened ink.

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Our Complete Stock

Commencing October 1st, 1901.

We are going out of the Retail Business and everything in our Store, including Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes, Clothing, Hats, Caps, Hardware and Groceries must be

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Send in Your work or leave us your address and a messenger will call for it. Full equipment of all the latest machinery. Nothing but first-class work. Satisfaction guaranteed.

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Fred MacLennan.

FRONT STREET

SIGHT DRAFTS.

"In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as 'Fail.'"

Eyebrows trimmed at the Tribune office. Free treatment in some cases.

The circulation of this edition of the Tribune is for the editor's benefit. The free list is suspended.

Look out for the raising of a white flag somewhere in the vicinity of the Canadian Bank of Commerce.

After all it is bucking the current that makes the struggle in the Journalistic stream of life worth enduring.

The price of second-hand printing material is much cheaper in White Horse to-day than it was last Wednesday.

It is written that you cannot enter into a strong man's house and take away his goods unless you first bind the strong man.

"For the cause that needs assistance, 'gainst the wrongs that need resistance.

For the good that we can do."

The members of the scouting contingent and the commissary train who did such excellent service during the siege may have the first bouquets that grow in our garden.

A few more experiences such as the editor of the Tribune has had in this glorious Yukon and the ordinary tale of thrilling adventure will be rendered flat and uninteresting to him.

"Open earth and eat him quick," commanded a shrieking woman whose name has now a place in history. How nice it would be for one shrill voiced, straight backed female of White Horse if she could have that order executed against the Tribune editor to-day. It might stop her malicious prattling about the private affairs of this institution.

but would it guarantee a respite for the rest of the community?"

The N. W. M. P. uniform loses much of its dignity when worn by one who is out on active duty as a bailiff.

The least our enemies can concede is that the Tribune has been as much a literary success as it has been a financial failure.

Now, if Mr. Lay could only have secured a chattel mortgage on our mental works he might have had things all his own way.

There is one Sunday school class in White Horse that need not expect a sincere lesson in the virtue of returning good for evil.

We have been informed that we are operating someone else's property for part of the profits. This is what miners would call working on a Lay.

"The world will bow in servile zest To he who sways it with a frown; Throw up your head and flash your eye: Don't let the world know when you're down."

The Tribune editor and his wife will be at home to friends from 2 to 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon during which time what is left of our unique fortifications may be inspected.

A short time ago we promised that when the Tribune was going out of business it would go out with a brass band. The musicians have not yet been requested to line up.

Under the inspiration of the situation our office boy composed a song entitled "When the roasting days are over Harry dear." This masterpiece may be rendered at a future public entertainment. No rights reserved.

Any man who has heard of what happened to the jay who tried to drive off a bull by shaking a red rag in front of his eyes, and will not be guided by the moral of the story ought to have his bump of egotism hammered down a little.

It is not true that bank managers have no conscience. They are human like the rest of us and were given a conscience when they were given life. We know of one who has so cherished this gift of Providence that he hasn't used any of it since he got it.

In other days when the Tribune was published by a joint stock company the financial worries of the editor were few. Mr. H. M. Lay who was treasurer of the company could always approach Mr. H. M. Lay who was manager of the Canadian Bank of Commerce and arrange the delicate matter of an overdraft.

A writer in the current Munsey's asks "What shall we do when the World's supply of coal is consumed?" If he knew anything about the resources of the Yukon he would see no necessity for asking such alarming questions.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

White has everything in the scow and building lines.

Type writing done at the Depot Newsstand. Miss Stella Norton.

For all kinds of finished fir and rough native lumber, ask White.

For Nice Summer Underwear call on J. C. Morton & Co.

For scows, sweeps, pumps, sails, rope and other scow paraphernalia, call on White.

Winter Underwear at Cummings & Richardson's, Main street.

See Our Stock of Hats before you buy. J. C. Morton & Co.

For windows, doors, mouldings, tar and building paper as well as other building hardware, look up White.

The best of everything, the lowest prices. Cummings & Richardson's, Main street.

Outside prices and, in some cases, better than outside prices, prevail at Cummings & Richardson's, gent's furnishers and clothiers, Main street.

Boots, shoes, hats, neckties, anything and everything in the gent's furnishing line at Cummings & Richardson's, Main street.

Go to J. C. Morton & Co for your Fancy Teas.

HOTEL PIONEER

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

SEALED GOODS ONLY.

MEALS 50c

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All kinds of Short Orders with special attention paid to each. Green Vegetables and all the choicest delicacies and appetising dishes that the best cooks can put up. Private Boxes for Ladies.

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ERNEST LEVIN, - Prop.

Ask Your Grocer to grind you Blue Ribbon Coffee while you wait.

Fred G. White,

DEALER IN

Lumber, Snows and Building Hardware.

OFFICE: ROOM 13, WINDSOR HOTEL.

(Continued from First page)

Athletic club. Attired in a cutaway coat of black cloth and a pair of ice-cream trousers of narrow width and generous length; feet encased in black socks and a pair of house slippers with pretty butterfly bows attached. Collided with a fat man in the two-step and was considerably jarred. Nothing deranged but his countenance."

At ten o'clock on Thursday morning, according to promise, the bombardment was commenced but the enemy's powder must have been wet. After a few weak shots the besiegers retired.

During the afternoon of the same day a scout reported that the enemy had retired to his quarters. The editor took advantage of the situation and ran the gauntlet successfully. Under a flag of truce he went within the enemy's lines and took a brief interview with the commander. The editor was warned that he was taking desperate chances and that a determined onslaught might be made at any time. "In the performance of my duty nothing has ever yet stopped me," said the commander of the forces of the enemy, and he mentioned the likely use of such weapons as axes.

"Add a few gatling guns and come on," said the editor. "An interesting time awaits you."

The editor was allowed safe passage outside range of the enemy's guns, and he hastened to take up his position once more.

Nothing of any more consequence than the interception of the editor's commissary staff occurred during the afternoon. The enemy's artillery was seen at the practice of rapid manœuvres in the distance and it was once reported that a suspicious looking craft was steaming down the river, but these were only alarms.

The next forward move of the enemy was made after darkness had come on. It was in the shape of a quiet and rapid rush, but it didn't even disturb the meditations of the guard within.

All day Friday the enemy rested on his arms.

As the paper goes to press to-day the siege is still on, but the enemy seems to be breaking ranks.

If no one had time to secure a photograph of the Tribune editor's sensational drop from the second storey of the Whitney & Pedlar block it was not our fault. However if anyone has painful regrets over this lost opportunity we might be induced to give another performance. Athletic accomplishments form a necessary part of our business.

Ask Your Grocer to grind you Blue Ribbon Coffee while you wait.

A PARROT STORY.

How Prof. Leigh Tamed the Talkative Bird.

Once upon a time—the exact date is immaterial—there lived an elderly maiden who was sorely stricken with modesty. She was a lonesome creature and inside a gilded cage she kept a bird of linguistic accomplishments. It was good company but like all good company it became naughty at times. But it was when the tall man, who wore a countenance that was quite the fashion in the Middle Ages, called that the bird was most annoying. As if for the benefit of the tall man, who was a teacher of children on Sundays the bird would take its talking exercises from a vocabulary, in which were words more jarring than "jollying," "bamboozing" or "con-talk."

One sunny afternoon, on the verandah, the elderly maiden and the tall man were leisurely discussing the weather, when the parrot said something very shocking and caused much embarrassment to its mistress. The tall man who was a wise guy and could always do the wrong thing with great ease, said "The bird must not be allowed to utter such beastly speech. It must be punished. I will prescribe a treatment that will improve its conduct."

According to instructions the elderly maiden hurried to the pump and returned with a large bucketful of cold water.

"The instant he swears again throw water on him and then shake his cage viciously" said the tall man. "The lesson will be a lasting one to him."

The parrot swore, and in the same moment he thought there was a cloudburst followed by a rapid land slide. The commotion was too much for him. He went into a state of suspended animation and remained there for about two minutes. When he came out of it he climbed awkwardly onto his perch and endeavored to regain his bearings. Things seemed very much upset around him. A bucket and two or three chairs were overturned; his mistress gasping for breath was doubled up in an undignified fashion among the disorder where she had flopped after the violent exercise, while the whole scene looked as if it had got in the way of a rain storm. On looking still further around the parrot caught sight of the tall man who was standing in the sunshine and seemingly very much pleased over something.

"How is Polly?" asked the tall man. "All right!" said the puzzled parrot. "But where were you, you d—d long-legged son of—!—!—! when the cyclone struck us?"

Just then the elderly maiden screamed and jumped to her feet. "What a hell of a time we're having," remarked the parrot, and as the curtain went down the log on which it was rolled hit the guy with the wise face on the head and hurt him.

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NO TROUBLE.

WILL INCREASE THE ATTRACTIVENESS OF YOUR PLACE OF BUSINESS 100 PER CENT.

RATES:

16 C. P. light, midnight circuit	\$1.10 per week
16 C. P. light, all night circuit	1.30 per week
32 C. P. light, midnight circuit	2.20 per week
32 C. P. light, all night circuit	2.60 per week
Enclosed Arc Lights, midnight circuit	8.00 per week
Enclosed Arc Lights, all night circuit	12.00 per week

Metre rate, 75 cents per Kilowatt hour.

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Bi-Weekly Service to Atlin.

Steamer/Gleaner leaves Caribou every Tuesday and Friday. Returning arrives at Caribou Tuesday and Friday making connections with trains for White Horse and Skagway.

All the company steamers are well appointed, steam heated and electric lighted throughout. For a pleasant holiday trip take "The Scenic Route."

Baggage bonded through. Through telegraph service between Skagway, Bennett, White Horse, Atlin, Dawson, Boundary, Fort Cudahy and Eagle City.

Express matter will be received at depot for shipment up to 30 minutes prior to scheduled leaving time of trains.

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White Horse!

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THE - HOTEL - GRAND

Re-modeled and Refurnished for the First-class trade.

Finest Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

CORNER MAIN AND FRONT STREET.

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