

COOKING RANGES

The Patent Prize Range
ZEALANDIA.
Requires no setting, and will burn any Coal.
VERANDAH CASTINGS OF all kinds.
Catalogues on Application.

BARNINGHAM & CO.,
VICTORIA FOUNDRY, GEORGE ST., DUNEDIN
Opposite Knox Church).

FASHIONABLE TAILORING!

At Moderate Prices.

THOS. JENKINS & CO.,

62A PRINCES STREET, DUNEDIN

(Near Dowling Street),

Have just opened up a Splendid Variety of

TWEEDS, VICUNAS, WORSTEDS, &C.,

Suitable for season's requirements.

Fit and Style Guaranteed.

J. WILSON

Arcade Painting and Paper-hanging
Establishment, Ashburton.

A Splendid Stock of the latest designs in
Wall Papers, also Mixed Paints, Window
Glass, Scrim, Linseed Oils, Turpentine, Var-
nish, etc., etc.

Tradesmen sent to the country at shortest
notice.

Artists' Materials a Speciality.

CORNER OF ARCADE, ASHBURTON

J. and W. GRANT,

Blacksmiths, Wheelwrights, and
Coachbuilders, Temuka.

J. and W. G., in thanking the public for
their support in the past, beg to solicit a
continuance of the same. As we have now
a very complete stock for carrying on our
several branches, and having secured the
services of one of the best painters in the
Colony, we have now a very strong staff of
men in their different lines.

Shoeing, as usual, a specialty.

HUGH GOURLEY

desires to inform the public he still
continues the Undertaking Business as for-
merly at the Establishment, corner Clarke
and MacLaggan streets, Dunedin.

Funerals attended in Town or Country
with promptness and economy.

**THE BEST CEMENT
EXHIBITED—MAORI BRAND.**

Vide Jurors' Report N.Z. Exhibition.
The above was given, with TWO FIRST-
CLASS AWARDS, after most thorough tests
by experts, proving our Cement to be equal
to the best the world can produce.

Having recently erected extensive works,
supplied with the most modern plant obtain-
able, which is supervised by a Skilled Cement
Maker from England, with confidence we re-
quest Engineers, Architects, and others to
test our Cement side by side with the best
English obtainable.

Milburn Lime at Lowest Rates.

MILBURN LIME AND CEMENT COM-
PANY (LIMITED), DUNEDIN.

FRANK OAKDEN, Manager.

H. B. KIRK

MANUFACTURER OF

Bricks for the Mansion, Cottage, Stable,
Warehouse and Factory; Drain and Sanitary
Pipes, Traps, Syphons, Chimney Pots, Chim-
ney Lining, Air Bricks, Tiles Vases, Open
Channelling, etc.

Sole Agent for the celebrated Grey Valley
Fireclay Goods, Tiles of all sizes,
Bricks of every shape, Blocks,
Lumps, Boiler Seats, etc.

Sole Manufacturer of Cuthbert's Patent
Disconnecting Gully Trap.

Also a Stock for Sale.—Colonial and
English Cement, Hydraulic and Stone Lime,
Plaster of Paris, Cowhair, Laths, Nails, Sand,
Shingle, Rubble, Clay, Grotto, etc.

Manufactory at Farnley, St Martins.

TELEPHONE: No. 432.

Telephone, 911 P.O. Box, 157.

W. GREGG AND CO

DUNEDIN.

Established 1861.

Proprietors of the Celebrated
CLUB BRAND COFFEE.

also

ARABIAN, EXHIBITION, ELEPHANT,
and other Brands, Unsurpassed for Value.

MANUFACTURERS OF EAGLE BRAND
STARCH (equal to, and rapidly displacing,
the best imported), also ECRU PINK,
HELIOTROPE, and other COLOURED
STARCHES; SODA CRYSTALS, FLA-
VOURING ESSENCES, GENUINE MA-
DRAS CURRY POWDER, PURE PEPPERS
AND SPICES GUARANTEED.

Ask your Grocer for above Brands, and you
will get Good Value for your money.

W. GREGG & CO., DUNEDIN.

DOUGLAS HOTEL

Corner Octagon and George streets,
Dunedin.

A. GRAY, well known in musical circles and
for a number of years Piper to the Dunedin
Burns Club, Proprietor.

Mr. Gray wishes to inform his friends
and the public that he has taken the above
hotel. The building has undergone a
thorough renovating from floor to ceiling,
and now offers unrivalled accommodation to
visitors and travellers. The bedrooms are
well and comfortably furnished, and the fit-
tings are all that could be desired.

Travellers called in time for early
trains. The wines and spirits are of the
Best Procurable Brands.

One of Alcock's prize medal Billiard
Tables

Hot, Cold, and Shower Baths.

THE FIRST MAN HANGED IN THE KLONDIKE.

(By H. L. M. in the *New York Journal*.)

JUNEAU, September 3, *via* Seattle, September 8.—Among the pines on the shores of Lake Bennet, on the Klondike trail, the dead body of a man is swinging at a rope's end, and next to his cold breast is a faded photograph and a lock of baby hair.

The body is that of William G. Martin of Missouri, the first victim of lynch law in the new Eldorado.

A hundred miles away his former companions are toiling along with stern eyes and mirthless hearts towards the goldfields. They banded poor "Billy" Martin, left him and forgot him.

The body swings and twists in the mountain winds. It gazes with stark eyes upon the long, stony trail its companions have taken. It turns again and looks far across the pine hills toward Missouri, where a wife and little boy are awaiting a happy return.

Yesterday a steamer captain brought the news of the lynching of Martin, and an explanatory note from John Hogan and Bernard Giers.

Nobody who knew "Billy" Martin when he was here ever dreamed that he would gain the dubious distinction of being the first man lynched in the Klondike.

He arrived in Juneau late in August with an outfit weighing about 1,000 pounds. He was anxious to start at once for the goldfields, but was obliged to wait for the arrival of a belated party. He seemed a quiet, thoughtful sort of a man, with nothing radically wrong about him.

There were about thirty in the party. All but one of them were stern, broad-shouldered, bearded men, with stout hearts and iron muscles. The exception was a pale-faced, studious-looking boy named Ferry. He had a cough, and whenever he became overtired one of the big, whiskered giants would swing the boy's pack a-top his own with a good-natured laugh and carry it for a mile or two.

It took the party five days to get across the pass. In the meantime Martin had evidently discovered that he had made a miscalculation in the matter of provisions. His stock was running low, and it was only a matter of a few days before he would either have to return or starve.

His light outfit had already attracted some attention in the camp, and his solitary and preoccupied manner was commented upon. "He's a little daffy," said one. "He's in love with his wife," said another, who had seen Martin kissing a small and dinky photograph.

Camp followed camp in monotonous succession. There were the long daily tramps over the difficult trail, the hours of dogged, desperate silence, the stolid dreams of gold, the twilight of awful

mountains, the glimmering campfires, the troubled slumbers, and again the sunrise and the long march.

So it went, until the little party, plunging deeper and deeper into the wilderness, came upon the shores of Lake Bennett.

On the margin of the lake the camp was made, and the evening fires were lighted. Then, when the miners were preparing to cook their frugal repast, Abner Davis discovered that somebody had stolen a side of bacon from his outfit.

Davis strode over to the camp of John Hogan, who was regarded as the leader of the party, and made known his loss.

"Don't say anything about it till after supper, Abner," advised Hogan. "Then we'll hold a meeting. If we've got a thief in the outfit we must clear him out d—quick."

After the supper of bacon and bread and black coffee the men gathered around Hogan's camp fire looking very serious. "Where's Martin?" somebody asked. "He's out on the lake fishing," replied Ferry, the sick-looking boy.

Then Hogan got up and made a sort of a speech. "Men," said he, "there's a thief among us. Abner Davis has missed a side of bacon he had when we camped here this evening. There ain't no wolves about so early in the night. Now, what I propose is that every man of us have his outfit searched."

"And, men, I ain't sayin' this to any particular persons, but to all of us, myself included; the one that stole Abner Davis' bacon is in a mighty unhealthy locality. That's all I've got to say."

Hogan's plan was agreed to. A committee was appointed, and the search was prosecuted with vigour. Outfit after outfit was inspected, but nothing suspicious was found.

"What's Martin's camp?" suddenly asked one of the committee.

"That's so," exclaimed another. "He's camped up thar in the brush. I saw him fixin' around his fire this evening."

The committee clambered up the hillside to the solitary camp. It was built in the lee of a dense clump of chaparral and mountain gorse. Martin was still absent. The fire was burning low.

Everything was thoroughly searched. In a small flat knapsack the committee found a faded photograph, mottled with much handling, and a long tress of yellow hair that had been clipped from a baby's head. The two were tied together with an old leather shoestring.

Martin's provision bag was opened. Two pieces of bacon were found. One was small and thin and scrawny. It was Martin's. The other was large and streaky and good to look upon. It was Davis'. It had been marked "A. B.," but the letters had been clipped away with a knife.

Another meeting was called at Hogan's tent. The men gathered around it one by one, silent and determined. Wood was piled on the fire until the surroundings were as bright as day.