

The Klondike Nugget

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NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 5, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS THIS WEEK.

Auditorium Theatre—"On the Rappahannock." New Savoy—Burlesque and Vaudeville.

THE FACTS SHOULD BE KNOWN.

The White Pass and Yukon railroad company has demonstrated in a most unmistakable manner that it will make no concessions to the patrons of the road unless under stress of compulsion.

At the present time the company is resorting to most questionable measures which have in view the hope of securing from the United States government some sort of aid in holding up the present system of freight charges.

As has been set forth in the Nugget from time to time and as was fully explained in our issue of yesterday, the government has stood between the Yukon Territory and the White Pass railroad in a manner that must command the undivided admiration of everyone.

As a last resort, however, they have sought to enlist American sympathy by making it appear that the Canadian government is endeavoring to establish freight rates in American territory.

The Nugget has dwelt at length upon this matter and will make further references thereto in the future for the reason that we feel confident that no assistance will be given the road by the United States government

when all the facts in the case are made known.

FACTS STRONG ENOUGH.

The public has now an opportunity of judging in what manner public abuses may best be attacked. The News made the Treadgold grant the occasion of an attempt to create a local business panic.

The News understood perfectly well that it was publishing falsehoods and has practically admitted that such was the case.

The Treadgold concession is a vicious measure and must in the end be cancelled. No benefit will accrue to the country, however, by distorting the truths or seeking to convey the impression that a panic exists.

A Great Canadian Advertisement. One of the greatest advertisements the Canadian Northwest ever got is contained in a paragraph from "The Indian Head Vidette," which is now going the rounds of the press.

Last year Mr. Glenn bought a quarter section of land, or 160 acres, for \$200 (scrip). This year the entire section was under crop. He allows expenses in connection with the crop, as follows: Breaking, at \$5 per acre, \$800; seed grain, \$144; labor of seeding, \$50; binder twine, \$84; harvesting, \$350; delivery to elevator, \$210; incidentals, \$180, a total of \$1,968, including the cost of the farm.

The year that is just closing has been an exceptional one, of course, and there is no guarantee that next year will prove as favorable, but the fact that thousands of farmers on the plains have made fortunes while nearly all have extricated themselves from debt at one stroke will give a great boom to that country.

May Throw in Office. An objection has been raised to Senator Snowball's appointment as governor of New Brunswick. The state functions might prove a frost-Watford Guide-Advocate.

Spring Goods. Mr. J. P. McLennan is daily expecting the arrival of a large consignment of spring and Easter goods. Watch for the announcement.

Job-Printing at Nugget office.

Swell Shirts. See our new line, sizes 14 to 18. New Ties and Collars.

J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT STREET.

YOUNG MAN IS MISSING

And Anxiously Inquired for by Father

Anyone Locating Walter F. Bolger Will Be Paid the Reward of \$500.

It must have become quite a matter of course now that whenever anybody disappears from civilization the ore place to look for him is the Klondike, but among the many enquiries that come to the Nugget for missing friends scarcely any equal in pathetic pleading that of Paul S. Bolger, of New York, who is enquiring for his missing son, Mr. Bolger has offices on Park avenue, New York city, and he also has a handsome home at the suburban town of Yonkers overlooking the Hudson.

From his beautiful home at Yonkers he writes to the Nugget as follows: "At the suggestion of friends here and in Seattle, I write to ask your aid in endeavoring to locate my boy. The papers here have each published several articles regarding his disappearance, clippings from a few of



WALTER F. BOLGER. Portrait of the missing boy as he looked four years ago.

which I enclose. Knowing the distress I am in, I am sure you will do what you can to help me. Thanking you in advance for your kindness and courtesy, etc."

Enclosed with this is the following addressed to the chief of police and which has been sent all over the country over the signature of the chief of police of New York.

"Walter F. Bolger disappeared from his home, Yonkers, N.Y., on Tuesday, Nov. 19th, 1901, taking the 11:30 train to New York city, and has not since been seen or heard from."

"He is 18 years old, but may be taken for older. Height, about 5 feet 11 inches, medium built, broad shoulders, stands erect. Weight about 175 lbs. Wears No. 8 shoes. Blue eyes, heavy light brown hair, parted near center, fair clear complexion, of a retiring disposition; is very intelligent and quite fond of reading, particularly magazines. In conversation would be likely to discuss matters not usually interesting to boys. Does not smoke or drink. Might frequent theatres."

"When he left here, he wore the following garments: Light soft hat, light band, Oxford gray overcoat (coming to the knees); dark mixed gray suit; pants, vest and sack coat (of a herring bone stitch pattern); black lace shoes, gray stockings; high turned down collar, necktie (usually in rather a small knot); overcoat rarely buttoned."

"Please detain and all expenses will be refunded." The Nugget has assisted in tracing many lost persons and in returning them to their friends. It hopes to meet some measure of success in the present instance, and as it may also help at the same time one of its readers to the reward of \$500, it reproduces the accompanying portrait of the boy. But this, it should be remarked, was taken four years ago, and is only intended to show the general character of the face.

The sorrowing father under date of February 2, adds the following particulars: "The enclosed, which was sent by

the police department to the various cities throughout the country, refers to my son.

"As he was a most dutiful and loving boy, we are absolutely at a loss to account for his disappearance. I have made several flying trips across the country, to Chicago, through Texas and Ohio, and elsewhere on what seemed to be clues furnished by detectives, but all to no purpose. His mother is seriously ill from worrying and we are all heart-broken over his absence."

"The boy had been growing rapidly and though sturdy in appearance had been complaining of not feeling well, being especially troubled with headaches."

"On the day of his disappearance he left his home in Yonkers about eleven a.m., to keep an appointment with a dentist in that city. Instead of doing so, he took the train to New York and was last seen aboard the cars at 125th street station about a half hour later."

"I have employed private detectives and made every endeavor to locate my boy, but without success, and now appeal to the press, requesting their aid, feeling that publicity is my only hope."

"If you can see your way clear to publish a readable article in your valued paper, outlining the above facts in your own way, and offering for me a reward of five hundred dollars to anyone who will furnish me with information which will place me in communication with my boy, your kindness and courtesy will be greatly appreciated by Mrs. Bolger and myself. Very sincerely yours, PAUL S. BOLGER."

Winter Wishes.

I wish I had a horse and sleigh, The sleighing is so fine today.

I wish I had a little girl, to ride With me, close snuggled by my side.

I wish, as the night air grew chill, That she might snuggle closer still.

I wish, that when the full moon rose, I might have courage to propose.

I wish that a soft whispered "Yes" Might then complete my happiness.

That's what I wish, but as you see, Just wishing brings no luck to me.

So, sitting here, my thumbs I twirl; I have no horse—no sleigh—no girl! —Ex.

To Chicken Creek.

"There is quite a stampede on from Forty-mile," said mail carrier Eli Verreau yesterday. "When I came past there on Sunday there must have been forty or fifty either starting or already on the way." It is claimed that good pay has been found in the benches and this stampede was for the purpose, as I understand it, of staking on the benches. They told me that one man had taken \$90 out of four little pockets. The whole town seemed to be struck with the stampede fever, and it was all in the direction of Chicken creek."

Meeting Tonight.

The city council holds a special meeting in the gold commissioner's court room this evening, which will be principally devoted to the reports of committees and a completion of the work of organization. There is a possibility, however, that the question of the appointment of city clerk may come up, and as there are nine applicants, several of whom have the personal backing of one or more of the aldermen, a lively voting contest may ensue.

It Was Tough on Jim.

Jim Kennedy is a passenger engineer on the Frisco, and Dennis Malone is a section foreman on the same line. The men live as neighbors in Shelby and are good friends.

Not long ago Malone approached Kennedy in all seriousness and said, "Jim, ye know me b'y Tim, don't ye?"

"Yes, sure!" replied Kennedy, quickly taking in mind the freckled, redheaded and overgrown boy in question. "Sure I know Tim. What's he doin'?" Anything?"

"No. That's what I want to talk to ye about. Ye see, Jim," said Malone, jamming both fists deep into his trousers pockets and squaring his broad shoulders. "Tim's a bit over sixteen now, an' I want the b'y to git to wurruk an' git started well. He's big enough an' old enough to go to wurruk. Don't ye t'ink so, Jim?"

"Sure! He is—big—enough—an'—old—enough," replied Kennedy, slowly and deliberately, the doubt meanwhile growing in his mind whether Tim had brains enough to pound sand or to even come in out of the wet. "He looks big—enough an' husky enough to eat hay."

"Yes, the b'y's strong as anny bull. But this is what I want ye to do, Jim. Take Jim on yer injun over to the shops at Gumbo. Git 'im a

job wipin' footst, then git 'im on to fire for ye later an' let the kid wurruk up to a job runnin' like yerself has got. Will ye do it, Jim?" Kennedy hesitated before accepting sponsorship of a doubtful bumpkin like Tim. Finally a bright thought struck him. "Say, Denny, why don't ye give Tim a job-in yer gang on the section? Let him tamp ties for a while an' work his way up to foreman of a gang later on—maybe up to roadmaster."

"I'll tell ye why I don't Jim," said Malone seriously and confidently. "To be candid wid ye, Jim, the b'y's not overly bright."—Railway and Locomotive Engineering.

Change of Base.

Mr. Geo. A. Hunter, formerly of the Ames Mercantile Co., is now with Sargeant & Pinsky, and will be glad to have his many friends call on him at the latter place.

LOST.

LOST—From Dominion stage, on October 29, 1901, one Canvas satchel, size 16 by 30 inches, containing "Knittle." Finder return to Tukey Co., Dawson.

Shoff's Cough Balsam.

once. Pioneer Drug Store.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL COMPANY. Standard Cigars and Tobacco, Wholesale and Retail At Right Prices. Fire Proof Sales Sold on Easy Terms. BANK BUILDING, King Street.

THE AUDITORIUM. ALL THIS WEEK. ON THE RAPPAHANNOCK. BITTNER STOCK COMPANY. Week Commencing Monday, March 10th. A Country School. Together with a large O.R.A. introducing all the old time Favorites. Dawson's only first-class vaudeville show.

NEW SAVOY. Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. Copper River and Cook's Inlet. YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. FOR ALL POINTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport. OFFICES SEATTLE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Alaska Steamship Co. Operating the Steamers. "Dolphin"—"Farallon"—"Dirigo". For All Points in Southeastern Alaska. Connecting with the White Pass & Yukon Railroad for Dawson and interior Yukon points. 201 Pioneer Building, Seattle, Wash.

Burlington Route. No matter to what extent point you may be destined, your ticket always read Via the Burlington. PUGET SOUND AGENT M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE.

By Using Long Distance Telephone. You are put in immediate communication with Eldorado, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run or Salpeter Creek. By Subscribing for a Telephone In Town. You can have at your ends over 200 speaking menus. Yukon Telephone System.

Among his ne... considered... He had s... in the southern... lived as an... Hampshire, and... sharpness... built fair and... business he pass... of the family be... was like, a net... taken to bring... of his own... New England b... He had be... at the coast v... had a great lo... job, like the... farmers, and a... did most o... day he said... that pair o... them to... "He was... charge of his... care of, ... their sleek... silk, and he... they were... named them J... In his wester... got the larri... one box of... had his being... When hi... story to break... that though he... treated the dec... could use ship... tion of his ox... provided of hi... This 18... billy were edu... totally... demands by... "Gee" h... whatever. It... "yep" and... "Stern... own grew and... each often... a team th... than those o... the ever thou... The nearest... was Ducon b... of the... saw that... workers, and... to possess th... them several... and that yester... the not for... he he wo... with such an... ingered, ... of some... want to J... Neighbor... work good... 100 for "e... duty for a b... apt to be... and make h... "Well, I... boy sets a... promise in... to him if he... so I'm... That's a... failures, but... every day fo... well me... pair to... as well t... The deacon... really weak... gate in... and... to have... the what... for usle... bright in... job pl...

How... Among his ne... considered... He had s... in the southern... lived as an... Hampshire, and... sharpness... built fair and... business he pass... of the family be... was like, a net... taken to bring... of his own... New England b... He had be... at the coast v... had a great lo... job, like the... farmers, and a... did most o... day he said... that pair o... them to... "He was... charge of his... care of, ... their sleek... silk, and he... they were... named them J... In his wester... got the larri... one box of... had his being... When hi... story to break... that though he... treated the dec... could use ship... tion of his ox... provided of hi... This 18... billy were edu... totally... demands by... "Gee" h... whatever. It... "yep" and... "Stern... own grew and... each often... a team th... than those o... the ever thou... The nearest... was Ducon b... of the... saw that... workers, and... to possess th... them several... and that yester... the not for... he he wo... with such an... ingered, ... of some... want to J... Neighbor... work good... 100 for "e... duty for a b... apt to be... and make h... "Well, I... boy sets a... promise in... to him if he... so I'm... That's a... failures, but... every day fo... well me... pair to... as well t... The deacon... really weak... gate in... and... to have... the what... for usle... bright in... job pl...