

The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Fairbanks, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

SUNDAY, MAY 12, 1901.

DRESS UP FOR THE CELEBRATION

In honor of the approaching celebration of Victoria day, a general clean up of back yards and front yards also, for that matter, will be quite in order. Now is the time of all the year when Dawson should feel like putting on holiday garb, and preparing for a celebration. The season is at hand when the Klondike country generally enjoys its most prosperous time, and there is every reason for belief that the present season will see more widespread prosperity than ever before.

Victoria day comes at the most opportune time for a holiday. It is just at the season when winter's hold is released and the warmth and brightness of spring are beginning to be actually realized. Without much doubt the ice will have left the Yukon before the 24th and the situation is quite likely to be enlivened by the familiar sound of steamboat whistles.

It will be a fitting occasion, therefore, for Dawson to assume holiday garb, and dress up in Sunday best.

Commissioner Ross has promised that the condition of the streets will be looked after and such efforts as are made by the authorities to give the town a holiday appearance should be seconded by all householders and property owners.

An organized effort to secure the removal of all tin cans and other unsightly piles of rubbish before the day of the celebration would be a most praiseworthy move. The winter of Dawson's discontent has passed away and in a short time it is to be expected that the ice—the last reminder of cold weather—will be torn from its moorings and float away down the river. When that event occurs every vestige of the winter's accumulation of rubbish should disappear around the bluff below town.

Victoria day will be here before we are aware of it. The day will mark the celebration of a holiday which will be observed for all time to come. Let Dawson awaken to a realization of the importance of the event and dress up in the very best manner possible.

From the appearance of Dawson's streets at the present time no one would imagine that dogs had ever played much of a part in local history. In fact Dawson has very much the appearance of a dogless town. From our way of viewing the matter the change is very acceptable. It is now being clearly demonstrated that it is possible for Dawson to move along the even tenor of her way without the public thoroughfares being overrun with half starved mangy dogs. An epidemic of rabies has been required to establish this fact thoroughly, but, nevertheless, the change is none the less refreshing on that account. If the present day scare results in permanently removing all the useless canine flesh from our streets, another example of good coming forth from evil may be recorded.

The entertainment given by the Arctic Brotherhood last evening was a social, artistic and financial success. No small amount of effort was involved in arranging the elaborate program which was given, and the various committees in whose charge the affair was placed are entitled to much credit.

A discussion is now in progress among prominent newspapers as to the sanity of Rumpier William. William may be more or less insane on some matters but he has demonstrated pretty plainly that when it comes to estab-

lishing and maintaining a huge standing army, there are very few potentates who can give him any pointers. More evidence will need to be brought forward before general credence will be given to the opinion that the emperor's mental powers are failing.

A movement has been set on foot with the object of securing a site for purposes of public recreation. The idea is a timely one and may well be given support both by the authorities and the public generally. A place where outdoor sports may be conducted will certainly fill a long felt want in Dawson.

Commissioner Ogilvie's prediction that the new bridge will stand the wear and tear of ice jams seems likely to prove true in every particular. The bridge is a staunch structure and unless jams of unprecedented size occur it is not likely to suffer any damage.

What Mr. Gates Saw. "I see in the paper this morning," began Mr. Gates at the breakfast table, "that"

"There's too much milk in my oatmeal," cried the youngest member of the Gates family.

"I see in this morning's paper," began the head of the house again, "that the"

"King's house is up for sale again, ma," remarked the eldest daughter.

"I noticed the bill on the fence when I looked out of my window this morning. They have the greatest time selling that place I ever saw. I don't believe Mr. King can afford to go to Europe this year if that house isn't sold. What did you start to say, pa?"

"I see in this morning's paper that the British"

"Must be in an awful hurry this morning, Willie," said the second daughter, Bessie, to her small brother.

"You're stuffing like a big pig. Stop making such a noise with your lips."

"Children, I'm ashamed of you," said Mrs. Gates reprovingly. "What is it you see in the paper this morning, Henry?"

"Type," said Mr. Gates savagely. "Pass the salt."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Nipped in the Bud. "I have called," began Mr. Forchen Hunt, "to speak to you about your daughter. You must have noticed that there is something between us."

"No," replied Mr. Gotrox, "but I'm sure there will be pretty soon."

"Ah!"

"It will be the Atlantic ocean. I'm going to send her abroad till she learns a little sense."—Philadelphia Press.

Necessary Consequence. Whyte—I understand that you are going to move?

Browne—Yes.

Whyte—What's that for?

Browne—Well, my wife took a course of lessons in a cooking school last winter, and we have got to move now to some place where we shall be nearer to the doctor.—Somerville Journal.

Doc. Was at Home. A tramp rang a doctor's door bell and asked the pretty woman who opened the door if she would be so good as to ask the doctor if he had a pair of old trousers he would kindly give away. "I'm the doctor," said the smiling lady. And the tramp fainted.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

The recent disastrous fire in Jacksonville, Florida, brings to the mind of the Stroller recollections of another fire in that same city that failed to materialize as per arrangement. The Waycross Short Line division of the Savannah, Florida & Western railway system owned one of the largest and finest brick blocks in Jacksonville, its main offices being on the first floor. The Jacksonville agent of the company was a high flyer. In fact, Jacksonville in those days owned more high flyers per block than any city south of New York. This particular railroad agent had a weakness for "draw," likewise, for betting on horse racing at the Mayport track; also for Mumm's Extra Dry. His many expensive habits put him in the hole and he drew heavily on the safe containing the company's money. The traveling auditor was daily expected and the agent resorted to a stringent measure. Procuring a short candle he placed it on his open desk, saturated a lot of papers and his books with kerosene, laid them conveniently near the base of the candle, lighted it and went to a poker party. The scheme would have worked but for a policeman who chanced to be out on his beat instead of in a saloon and who saw through the big plate-glass window the first flash from the kerosene soaked paper. Smashing out the window the copper entered and discovered the whole plan. The general auditor arrived in a day or two; the agent was several thousand dollars short and for that and his attempted incendiarism he dipped turpentine in a convict camp for the next five years.

In a yellow fever country the expression "black vomit" is frequently heard for when a patient reaches that stage it is off with him, but that stage invariably precedes death. A black and a yellow nigger met one day in Tampa when the yellow fever was raging, but niggers, like alligators, being immune from the contagion, they could afford to joke about it.

"Good mahnin' yaller fevah, how is yo?" said the black man to the yellow one.

"Jes totable, thanks; how is yo, Mistah Black Vomit?" was the apt reply.

Communications, expressions, opinions and stories are solicited by the Stroller for his column but no communication signed "Fond Mother," "Constant Reader" or "Veritas" will go. Old "Veritas" has been striving to reform the world for a century or more and has not made a success of it; therefore, as far as the Stroller is concerned his articles have ceased to be recognized. Smart sayings of "Dot leetle boy o' mine" are also barred. Communications from married women whose husbands are out on the creeks are especially solicited. Do not write on more than two sides of the paper and do not number the pages as it is "jolly good fun, doncherknow" to straighten out unpagged manuscripts written on both sides of the paper. The Stroller keeps a pair of crutches for old jokes, so do not apprehend that they will not be provided for.

Probably the last meeting of the Boosters' Union to be held on the ice this year was pulled off between the hours of 11 and 1 o'clock last night. The meeting was called to order by the Air Dried Kid and the minutes were kept on a shingle by the Seam Squirrel Kid. In calling the meeting to order the chairman said:

"It is dis way: We is 'bout ter be confronted wid a reality instead of a theory, see? De reality is dis, der is an order out wot says de jinta must close June first, see? Den, wot is ter become ov de gang? Gentlemen, de meeting is open ter talk."

The Crummy Kid got up to speak, but was overcome with emotion and sank back on his block of ice.

Hypo Jimmie arose and, after biffing the Shirlless Kid a swat in the mug for sitting on his hat, spoke at length on the question before the meeting and closed by introducing the following resolutions which were written on a piece of wall paper that had been copped from the Aurora while it was undergoing repairs the fore part of the week:

Whereas, De dark clouds of obversity is hanging over us like a bad odor over a nigger camp meetin' (cries of "hear, hear") and

Whereas, We alls is apt ter be jumpin' sideways ter keep offen de woodpile arter de order goes into effect, and

Whereas, We can't eat less dan we do and live, nider can we wear less clothes and not be pinched fer indecent exposure, derefore be it

Resolved, Dat it is de sense of dis meetin' dat we will mutiny before we will saw wood if de wust comes to de wust, an' be it furder

Resolved, Dat we stand pat, an' furder

Resolved, Dat we make overtures to der Amalgamated Association of Drunk Rollers and enlist dere 'sistance, an' co-operation wid us, an' be it furder

Resolved, Dat copies of dese resolutions be engrossed on clean shingles an' presented to Commissioner Ross an' Major Wood an' dat a committee of tree composed of de Corned Beef Kid, Granulated Kid and Evaporated Kid be 'pinted ter present der resolutions.

A hush followed the reading of the resolution when, as one man the three committeemen arose pale and trembling. The Evaporated Kid, in a Por-

ARCTIC BROTHERS. WE UNDERSTAND that your noble organization has for its aim the amelioration of the hard conditions which confront a chechaco in his journey over the trail of life; also that an A. B. is a synonym for all that is manly, vigorous and venturesome. Never to lead a brother on any false stampede should be, and probably is, one of the tenets of your order. We do not want to start a stampede but if we did it would not at least be a false one for it would lead to our store. We notice many of you are swell dressers—you're the boys we're after. Call around and see what we have in the way of fine tailor-made clothing for spring and summer wear.

cupine husky voice, first broke the stillness. "My friends," said he, and his voice sounded like a corn stalk fiddle and his knees wobbled like those of a very young calf. "haint I allus been true blue—"

Tro de toughest of de tough Did I ever take a bluff? Can yo' show me ar y place Where I've weakened in de race?

"I would not kick if yo'd axed me ter go up de creeks an' rob a sluice box ter git money fer our insect powder fund, but ter ax me ter carry a copy of dese resolutions—ter Major Wood, why, my fellow citizens!—and here a look of determination wiggled transversely o'er his face—"I'd die first, damned if I wouldn't." (Corned Beef Kid and Granulated Kid in one voice "hear, hear.")

All efforts to select a committee to present the resolutions were futile and the meeting adjourned without the formality of singing the closing ode.

Insurance for Druggists. One of the latest things in the fidelity and casualty line is to insure druggists against what is called the wrong prescription man. For \$15 or \$25 a year several companies down town guarantee druggists against damages arising from mistakes in compounding drugs. One of the most successful of these companies has 950 chemists of New York, Jersey City, Newark and New Haven on its list of subscribers.

The idea of insuring druggists against loss from their own mistakes originated in the belief of a number of leading pharmacists that they were the victims of a gang of rogues who made a practice of pretending that wrong medicines had been given to some member of their families, sometimes with serious results. The gang was partly broken up by the fidelity company which first assumed the responsibility of protecting druggists at \$5 a year each. An officer of this company says that there are fully 1000 mistakes a year in the compounding of drugs.

"While there are so many genuine mistakes," he continued, "there are many alleged errors in mixing medicines, and some of the complaints are invented for the sole purpose of extorting money from the retail druggists. Our company guarantees to protect druggists against themselves, but our main desire is to prevent fraud on the part of those who want to blackmail one of our clients for something he has not done.

"It is a serious matter to make a mistake in mixing drugs, but it is frequently even more serious to the druggist to have it noised about that such a mistake was made. I have known chemists to be forced out of business by the publicity given to the fact that they make a blunder. Dishonest persons have recognized the fear that druggists have of an exposure of this kind and have taken advantage of the knowledge.

"Since we undertook to protect them a number of druggists have confessed to paying big sums to persons who said mistakes were made. I have the names of half a dozen so called doctors who have aided an east side gang that was engaged in the business of bleeding chemists.

"Still, there is nothing really remarkable in this protection of druggists. For instance, we have a special insurance for saloon keepers, guaranteeing them against financial loss through being locked up for violation of the excise law."—New York Sun.

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We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

VICTORIA DAY... 1901... Those who intend decorating their buildings will get their BUNTING from J. P. McLENNAN...

Chagrined. The heiress' tears were so bitter that quinine wasn't an old deuce in a new deck in comparison. They gathered about her and sought the reason of her woe. "The papers have announced my engagement to the earl," said she, "and one called him Doughless instead of Douglass!"—Indianapolis Press.

Rubber gloves for sluicing. Cribbs & Rogers. In 1904. Head of Household (in the year 1904)—Alfred, dear, your biscuits are very good this morning. Young Husband (coloring with pleasure)—I am glad to hear you say so, love. Head of Household—Still, they are not quite as good as papa used to make—Exchange.

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