

The Klondike Nugget
(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
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MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1900

THE SHIPPING SEASON.

The arrival of steamboat officers and crews, and the fact that the various craft along the river are being generally overhauled and repaired, serve as a reminder that the season of open navigation is not far distant.

There will, in all probability, be a larger tonnage of freight brought into Dawson this summer than in any other year. This will result not only from an increased consumption of general commodities, but more particularly from the amount of heavy machinery which will be brought in for mining purposes. Two things have been amply demonstrated during the present winter: 1st. Future mining operations will be conducted almost exclusively by means of machinery. 2nd. The larger the plant operated, the more economical it will be in the end.

For these reasons, orders which go out for machinery will call for heavy boilers and engines in place of the comparatively light affairs such as were used on many claims during the past winter.

There is every reason for belief that Dawson will require as great a supply of provisions for the coming year as was needed last fall. No matter what influence the Nome stampede may have on the town during the early summer months, the close of navigation will see a population in Dawson and on the creeks as great, if not greater, than was here six months ago. This will mean full cargoes for the boats all summer long. Last season thousands upon thousands of dollars were lost through negligence of shippers in waiting until the last moment to get their freight in. In consequence of this negligence hundreds of tons were left scattered in scows at various points along the river, much of the freight being a dead loss to the owners.

It behooves intending shippers to consider the fact that the season is short and the amount of goods to be handled is large. Such risks as were taken by many of our business houses last year are not justified.

The recent freeze-up, succeeding the spell of warm weather, has been most fortunate for miners who were anxious to get goods freighted to the creeks. Most of them now have everything out that they want before the breakup, and are ready for sluicing whenever the water begins to run. The sluicing season will probably not last so long this season as usual, owing to the fact that many claim operators will thaw their dumps by steam, instead of waiting for the slower operation of the sun's rays. There is every prospect also that water will be a somewhat scarce article, and consequently there will be a general effort made on the creeks to get over the work of sluicing as rapidly as possible.

The Indian Chief Silas, whose complaints were published in the Nugget some time ago, announces his intention of going to Ottawa

and presenting his grievances before the highest authorities to which he can gain access. Silas, apparently, has some knowledge of what is meant by official red tape. He probably is aware that complaints have been going down to Ottawa from Dawson by every mail since the riches of Bonanza creek became first known, and that these complaints have been systematically and carefully filed away for future reference—so carefully, in fact, that nine out of ten of them never see the light of day after reaching their destination. Silas thinks that by taking the bull by the horns he will get what he wants.

The opposition leaders consider that Sifton's absence will afford a splendid opportunity for looking into Yukon matters. They have never yet been able to pin the shrewd minister down on his Yukon policy, for Sifton probably never had his equal as an "explainer." No nut which his opponents in parliament have thrown at him has been too hard for him to crack. He is never without documents to show how everything happened, and many a time he has confounded the opposition by the very audacity of his lies. How successful the Conservative leaders will prove in carrying out their designs remains yet to be seen.

In one of the late magazines there is published an account of an Antarctic exploring expedition. The narrator, in describing the terrors and hardships undergone by the explorers, states that at one time the entire expedition nearly perished, owing to the terribly cold weather—the thermometer reaching as low as 18 degrees below zero. It must have been a peculiar species of cold to which they were subjected. If the thermometer never went lower than 18 below in Dawson, we would not think we had any winter at all.

Kruger is still in the ring, and apparently will remain inside until he is counted entirely out. This last little episode will simply serve as a reminder to the British commanders that they must proceed with caution and not consider the Boers whipped until they are whipped. While Roberts is preparing for the invasion of the Transvaal proper, the Boers are getting ready to give him as warm a reception as possible, and there will probably be some interesting developments before the British generals dine in Pretoria.

The ghost of the departed newspaper ordinance has again been revived in the Council. That ordinance should have been allowed to slumber on in the pigeon-holes of the commissioner's office and never again brought out to face the cold, cruel world. A postponement of action for the next year is the proper thing to do at the present time.

Juvenile Sayings.

A small boy in the juvenile grammar class, being told to compare the adjective "little," answered: "Little, small, nothing at all."

One morning little Nellie discovered a spider's web in the window. "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "come and see this bug in a little hammock!"

Amazed by the brevity of little 4-year-old Gracie's nap, her mother asked her why she had awakened so soon. "Why," replied Gracie, looking up in childish astonishment, "I slept all the sleep I had."

"Please give me some more of the pudding, mamma," said small Johnny the other evening at dinner. "Don't you think you have eaten enough, Johnny?" asked his mother. "No, I guess not," replied the little fellow. "My stomach only aches a little bit." —Chicago Daily News.

ROMANCE OF A YUKON MOOSE

Far From Its Native Heath It Is a Beast of Burden.

While Hauling a Wagon on Skagway's Streets It Excites Curiosity and Scars Horses.

All idle eyes in the business center of the city yesterday afternoon were amused by the sight of a fine specimen of the monarch of the woods, a moose, parading the streets in harness and subservient to man.

The moose is the property of Ben Moore, of Skagway. It is and has for some time been kept in bondage but yet allowed to gambol in Mr. Moore's yard, but not until the last few days has been put in harness. Mr. Moore decided to train the animal to drive, and although the work requires patience, there is hope of success.

The moose is 11 months old, as large as a pony and with a head as big and ungainly as a barrel and ears to make the largest and most unshapely government mule green with envy.

As his mooship strode in his ungainly gait down Sixth avenue yesterday afternoon, a horse that was tied to a post became badly frightened at the appearance of the stranger, and it was with difficulty the equine could be persuaded to remain at the post, even then the affrighted creature pawed restlessly and sniffed the air as though in mortal fear of its life.

Mr. Moose moved on unperturbed and not the least troubled as to the fear that he gave the horse. The child of the forest offered no violence to anyone, but several times it threw low its ungainly head and rushed like a football player around the street, and uncomfortably near to onlookers.

The picture fiends were not absent. While the moose passed from Broadway to Main street, only a block, at least four cameras were leveled at him, and the takers congratulated themselves on getting shots at "game" that does not fall to the lot of many of the kodak army.

Horns have not yet appeared on the animal, but it has all the other striking characteristics of its kind, and Mr. Moore is picturing to himself what an elegant carriage animal he will have when it displays its great broad antlers.

This moose is a male calf. It was captured on Flat creek, about 30 miles up the Klondike river from Dawson. A female mate was taken at the same time, but died from a broken leg. This moose was brought from the interior by Mr. Hyde, and taken to Seattle, but brought back here in December.

A Priest's Views.

Father, Patrick O'Brien of Toledo, Ohio, recently wrote Cardinal Vaughan as follows:

"As an Englishman you, no doubt, think you are bound to uphold your government, right or wrong, but this is not Catholic doctrine. You are not bound to obey the queen if she commanded you to do a wrong, nor are your priests and people bound to obey you when you command them to support a government waging an unjust war.

"You say that justice is on the side of England. The civilized world denies this, both Protestants and Catholics, Christian nations look upon your war with the Boers as the most unjust ever waged by a civilized government.

"Catholic theology teaches us that soldiers engaged in an unjust war cannot lawfully kill an enemy even in self defense, because they are the unjust aggressors. It follows from this teaching that all who engage in an unjust war, knowing it to be such, are in a state of mortal sin, and if they die in impenitence suffer the loss of their souls.

"Those are the teachings of the Catholic Church on the subject of war."

Private dining rooms at the Holborn.

Timothy Hay and Oats.

For sale by Frank J. Kinghorn. Leave orders at Murray & Powell's Bonanza cell.

Ladies' belt purses. Pioneer drug store.

Same old price, 25 cents, for drinks at the Regina.

Do you want something good to eat? Try the Savoy, 2d st., bet. 1st and 2d ave.

Sliced Lubeck potatoes and Crown flour. Royal Grocery, Second ave.

"Mainland" and "British Lion" cigars 25 cents. Rochester-Bar, cor. Second ave. and Third sts.

For Sale.

Steam launch, with boiler and engine complete. Apply Nugget office at 4 p. m. When in town, stop at the Regina.

S.-Y.T. Co. Nome

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