

The Klondike Nugget

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From Monday and Tuesday's Daily.

THE QUEEN IS DEAD.

Queen Victoria is dead. Thus briefly reads the message of sorrow which announces the departure from this world of Britain's noblest sovereign. Queen Victoria is dead. She who through more than three score years has worn the crown of a great empire and wielded a scepter mightier than that of Caesar is no more, and the civilized world is in mourning.

Universal grief is not necessarily caused by the fact that a great monarch has died. Other rulers have gone to their last account and few but those directly interested have paused to give the matter more than passing thought. Monarchs have died and men have harled the event with joy and gladness.

How different the effect of the death of Britain's sovereign. From every corner of the globe there will arise the sound of genuine spontaneous sorrow—sorrow for the death of one whose every action throughout a life extended far beyond the ordinary term of human existence, has been above reproach.

Victoria was more than queen. The actual authority over her people, conferred upon her by law was small but, by the force of a life well and worthily lived her influence over them was well nigh unlimited. As maid, wife, mother and queen, the simplicity and beauty of her life has so impressed itself upon the hearts of her loving subjects as to be beyond obliteration.

Scarcely a throne in Europe could be mentioned but whose occupant has been the object at one time or another of the assassin's plot. Kings and emperors have been born, have ruled and died, while Victoria reigned. Wars upon wars have taken place and the map of the world has undergone many a radical change, but through it all Victoria with steadfast faith in God and her people, has remained until the natural course of her life has been run.

Dawson and the Yukon territory joins with the rest of the civilized world in paying deserved tribute to the memory of the dead queen. Victoria is dead, but through ages yet to come and with generations yet unborn the influence of the queen will remain to point the lesson of a life faithfully spent in conscientious and steadfast performance of duty.

DOES NOT AFFECT PARLIAMENT.

Several inquiries have come to this paper asking if parliament is supposed to dissolve upon the demise of the sovereign. This question may be answered definitely in the negative. In the earlier days of English history death of the ruling monarch was followed immediately by the dissolution of parliament. The prerogatives of the sovereign were then much broader than at the present time and parliament was called for the purpose of acting to a great extent in an advisory capacity.

When James II fled before the victorious army of William III in 1688, an interregnum of about six weeks occurred during which time the city of London was in the hands of a mob. James had taken the great seal with him and in crossing the Thames flung the same into the river, thus placing a stop to the regular course of government, even had parliament continued in session, which, however, was not the case. From the day of James' flight, until William ascended the throne and on his own responsibility summoned a new parliament, England was practically without government. As the ruling power was gradually withdrawn from the monarch and greater authority became vested in parliament, measures were passed by which the effect of death or disqualification of the sovereign has been completely neutralized so far as the machinery of government is concerned.

During the reign of George III, an act of parliament was passed whereby dis-

solution should occur within six months after demise of the sovereign. This statute remained in effect until 1867, when the law known as the "People's representative act" was passed. By this act it was definitely laid down that the death of the sovereign should have no effect upon parliament. This includes not only the parliament of England but the colonial legislative bodies also.

The particular section of the act dealing with Canada reads as follows: "No parliament of Canada, summoned or called by her majesty or her heirs and successors, shall determine or be dissolved by the demise of the crown, but such parliament shall continue, and may meet, convene and sit, proceed and act, notwithstanding such demise of the crown in the same manner as if such demise had not happened."

The telegraph service given the Nugget yesterday by Manager Clegg and his able corps of assistants was thoroughly appreciated not only by this paper but by the public generally. The wire went down at 11:15 in the morning when the telegraph matter had just begun to arrive. By 2:15 the break had been repaired and from that time the line was kept busy until the entire matter amounting to about 1750 words had been received. Within fifteen minutes after the last message was delivered at this office the Nugget was on the streets.

For 60 years and more Englishmen the world over have sung "God Save the Queen." Public functions of all classes have been brought to a close with the national hymns and British soldiers in every corner of the globe where the British flag has been carried have rushed to victory or death with the same refrain upon their lips. Henceforth the hymn will read "God Save the King," but it will be long before the ear will become accustomed to the change.

Dawson business men have given fitting tribute to the queen's memory in generally closing their establishments for the day.

The populations of the British empire in round numbers reaches 400,000,000 and the area almost 12,000,000 square miles.

The Queen As a Woman.

Flags at half mast and the minute guns dropping into the clear morning air tell us that a country, a nation, an empire, the whole world, indeed, stands in reverent and tender awe about the still lifeless form of just a little worn old woman.

The queen is dead! We say it over and over, looking at each other with a strange sense of insecurity. Something staple has dropped out of our lives—a ruler, who to most of us—to nearly all, at least of the younger generation—has been the personification of a beneficent wisdom; a humane statesman, who viewed international relations in a broad and politic light; a diplomat of the highest and finest type; a Providence almost—we use the word advisedly—for the great many raged peoples under her government.

The queen's on the throne
All's well with the empire.

This feeling of her people was the natural outcome of over sixty years of a sway, sublimely filled with simple righteousness.

And now—the queen is dead! All the wide world over—on sea and shore, on the hot equatorial plains, and in the icy northlands, in the thick, savage jungles, and in peaceful meadows, under the village spire and in the city's dusty roadways, among cultured coteries, and amid dusky barbarians, the words strike a strange sense of personal bereavement, a loss of that which has been as a pillar of strength; a very rock of defense in the land.

And yet, we think not of the queen that lies in state, august beneath her crown; we see not the vision of trappings and ceremonials that encompass a dead sovereign. No! Our eyes pierce beyond these outer things, beyond even our instinctive awe of "the divine right of kings," straight to the vision of a wearied, worn out little old woman; with all the weariness and loneliness laid down, all the mighty responsibilities yielded up—lying at last at rest.

There is no need for us to tell of the glories of the queen's reign, of what

she has accomplished, how her sons and daughters sit upon the thrones of nations, and her empire has developed in arts, trade, commerce and territory until it stands first in the world. These things are written in the archives to be read of all men. They have been said and sung over and over again by eloquent tongue and pen. Now, with the news of her death, beating its slow realization into our consciousness, we think of her only in purely womanly aspect, and as of later years she most appealed to her people—a gentle, tender hearted old lady, taking her people's troubles as her own, giving the glad recognition, the smile of approval, the tender word of sympathy, in a purely womanly way; a queen who never shirked a duty, or neglected any act, however trifling, that would bring brightness into the life of any within her reach.

"God bless you, my people; God bless you, my people," over and over again, through miles of acclaiming throngs the words were constantly on her lips, as she bent in acknowledgment to the cheers.

"My people!" It was the watchword of her life; and never so surely hers as when they were suffering, in poverty, or dying at the state's command. In the very earliest days of her reign the condition of the manufacturing poor was deplorable, and during the stormy days of chartist agitation and Anti Corn Law League, the young queen stepped down into a sympathy with the hungry poor, which she maintained throughout her long reign. And beside them in her sympathies were ranged the men who fought and suffered for her in far places of the empire.

During these later years when burdened with the physical frailties of advanced age, the strain of exceeding sympathy seemed too much for her to bear. Grieving for her starving dusky children in India, for her fallen sons on African veldt, for the wives and mothers whose tears she shared, the brave lonely woman's heart beat fainter and more faint until it dropped into eternal quiet.

So mourning today in this most northern city of her wide domain, the children of her empire and their friendly allies both feeling alike the reverence and the loss, we lay our tribute of regret at her feet.

The crown has slipped from her brow at last, the furrows are smoothed, the hands are folded, the woman heart is at rest.

Queen, ruler, statesman; there lies today at Windsor in the person of one still little woman form that before which the entire world bows in reverence.

Victoria—well named! Victor of a good fight, a finished course, a kept faith.

Victoria, Victoria! Englands' glorious queen,
For sixty long, bright glorious years
Our ruler she has been.
And queens may come, and queens may go
As time goes rolling by
Victoria, Victoria—name that will never die.

FAITH FENTON-BROWN.

That Prize Story.

Dawson, Jan. 25, 1901

Dear Sir—Will you kindly publish in your daily edition your Christmas prize story, as I and several of my friends have been unable to procure copies of your special number. If too long for one edition, will you kindly publish it in continued form, so as not to crowd news items. Hoping you will comply to my request, I remain yours truly
A LADY READER.

Dawson, Jan. 22, 1901.

Dear Sir—I noticed in your edition of the 18th a reply to "Constant Reader." Is it not possible to publish the prize story referred to in different issues to be continued; then it will not take up too much space in a separate issue and will also create a desire to have the next. Hoping you will try and meet our request in this way, I remain yours faithfully,
G. W. ELDERKIN.

(To the above requests we can only make the reply made regarding the same thing a short time ago, namely, that the length of the prize story forbids its being reproduced on account of the limited space in the Daily Nugget. However, if our correspondents will call we will be pleased to present them with a copy of the special Christmas edition of the paper containing the prize story.—ED.)

Small Mail Coming.

A notice at the telegraph office today says a small mail passed Selwyn at 6:30 last night. From the time the mail left Whitehorse last week there should be a consignment nearer to Dawson than that reported.

NEW GOLD SAVING DEVICE

A Machine Which Makes Sand Washing Profitable.

Where Sand Formerly Went 14 Cents to the Ton, 85 Cents can now be Saved.

A machine that bids fair to double the gold output of the world, revolutionizing methods of separating gold from crushed quartz, and particularly from river, beach and placer sands, has recently been constructed in Washington, D. C., and such confidence is entertained in its practical value that hundreds of thousands of dollars have already been invested in it. The right to use it in Colorado alone is expected to bring unusually large profits to the inventor and his financial backers.

For instance, in one single mine, where the output has hitherto not quite paid expenses, the profits will be several million dollars annually. Mine owners out in that part of the country are wild about it and a belief is entertained that it will convert at least five hundred non-paying Western properties of the kind into richly profitable deposits. Placer sands and beach sands by this apparatus will be made to yield from two to five times as much gold per ton as has been obtained from them hitherto.

The invention has been newly patented by Prof. Elmer Gates, and its whole secret lies in removing from the gold bearing sand the magnetic iron (known as "magnetite") which stuff always contains as a preliminary to separating the gold. Under ordinary circumstances the sand, poured, with water, through a long trough called a "sluice box," is separated by gravity from the gold, the latter sinking to the bottom of the trough by reason of its greater weight, and then being caught in cross-wise slots, from which it is afterwards removed. The chief difficulty in the process is due to the magnetite, which, being nearly as heavy as the gold, collects in slots, or riffles, and chokes them up.

Perhaps the most striking point about the machine at first glance are its extreme simplicity and its small size relative to the work it accomplishes. It may be stood conveniently on a small table and easily operated by hand with a crank. Ordinarily, however, an electric motor furnishes the trifling power required. The apparatus consists of a copper drum, about as big as a good sized toy drum, inside of which is a powerful electro-magnet. The core of the magnet consists of a bunch of iron plates with fluted edges on the pole face of one end, likewise within the drum, but which approach their fluted edges close to the inside of the copper periphery of the latter.

What is seen from the outside is simply the drum, which conceals the magnet and corrugated pole face plates, and a sort of hopper above, into which the sand is poured. Small as the machine is it is capable of handling in this way 100 tons of sand in a day, sifting out every particle of magnetite from that quantity of the raw material.

As the sand is poured into the hopper it falls through it and against the side of the revolving drum. The drum, thanks to the magnet inside of it, draws every particle of the magnetic iron out of the sand and holds it tightly against the outside of the revolving copper drum, while the sand—that is to say, the silicious particles and dirt—drops straight down into a receptacle beneath the table. The particles of iron while magnetically held against the drum are moved downward by it over the way lines of force of the fluted magnet face and vigorously shaken to and fro so as to detach all foreign matter.

It picks the attracted sand into thousands of pieces and shakes out the non-magnetic sand. This is one of the prime features of the machine.

It will be understood that the silicious sand is not attracted by the magnet, and on that account falls vertically, whereas the particles of iron, which

look like iron filings, sticks fast to the drum in rapidly oscillating bunches until they drop off by their own weight into another receptacle. As a result, all the iron (magnetite) is in one box, and the sand and other non-magnetic stuff in another box.

In practical mining work the gold (which is non-magnetic) would be left in with the silicious sand, which subsequently would be put through the ordinary washing or amalgamating processes for the purpose of separating out from it the yellow metal. The magnetite once removed, the separation of the gold from the sand from many mines becomes comparatively easy—so much so, indeed, that, as above stated, two to five times as much of the precious metal is derived from a given quantity of the raw material. To remove the magnetite by means of the apparatus described costs only three cents for each ton of sand treated.

There are hundreds of mines in the West which have been worked hopefully for years because they have yielded nearly enough gold to pay. With the help of this machine it is confidently predicted, and, indeed, it has been demonstrated, they will become at once more profitable properties. Other mines, which yield a small profit already, will be rendered much more productive and proportionately more valuable. In the latter category might be mentioned one mine which has hitherto yielded only \$1.16 a ton, and which recently, with the aid of the magnetic separator, has been shown to yield \$3.10 a ton. Another mine yielded by ordinary washing processes 14 cents per ton, and, after the magnetite has been removed, yields 86 cents per ton.

The iron removed from the sand in the manner described is an exceedingly valuable by-product, being so pure that it may take the place of hematite iron ores, which, at present, we are obliged to import from Spain for making the best quality of steel. Our own iron ores make brittle pig iron, whereas magnetite affords a malleable iron.

At an expense of 85 cents a ton, by means of electricity, Prof. Gates reduces it to lumps, in which form it may be reduced to iron by any smelting furnace. Nevertheless, there are many furnaces that can work it un-lumped. Companies in Colorado have already agreed to take several thousand tons of magnetite as furnished by the separator, annually, and it is expected that Pittsburg and Chicago will buy several millions of tons more, especially when lumped without cement.

While these gold separators promise to greatly extend the possibilities of gold separation it does not seem necessary to wait for their commercial perfection before announcing a new era in gold mining, because the hydro-magnetic gold separator has already demonstrated practical results in that direction. Very likely it will make at least 500 useless Western mines pay a big profit and will open hundreds of others. It has been conservatively estimated that this invention—or, rather, series of inventions, for there are 30 of them—will double the output of gold in Colorado, and what it can do for that state it will do for others.—Washington Star.

Trees and Land.

Do not buy land on which the trees are small and of not very thick growth. You will see that men who are experienced in buying farming land always go on this principle. Land thickly covered with timber indicates good land, where the trees are scattered and not very tall indicates poor land.

A stray chimpanzee from Central Africa sometimes goes as far north as Morocco, where it is looked on as "a hairy man with four hands."

Tails of the Yukon.

The Rev. Mr. Sinclair, returned missionary from the Yukon, has been addressing meetings in the city of Kingston, and he has aroused no little interest in the work in which he has been engaged. His audiences have been large, and not large only, but delighted. Arrangements will probably be made to have him give a series of addresses in churches in the neighborhood of Kingston.—Toronto Presbyterian Review.

Do not forget the dancing school and social hop at McDonald hall, Wednesday and Saturday nights. Admission, lady with gent, \$2.

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