

Acknowledges the Lie

The following telegram was received at the Nugget office at 1:30 p. m. today from our Special Correspondent stationed at Skagway:

Skagway, Alaska, March 14, 1901

Daily Nugget,
Dawson.

The Daily Alaskan says that the Dawson Daily News' Correspondent has been ordered to find out how the Nugget secured the report of McKinley's inauguration on March 7th.

If the Daily News correspondent isn't ahead of the Daily News editorial staff, he is quite likely to make a mess of the matter. The Nugget wouldn't mind telling the News all about it, only we are running a newspaper and not a kindergarten for the instruction of amateur journalists.

We wish the public to notice, however, that in wiring its correspondent as noted above THE NEWS ACKNOWLEDGES THE LIE CHARGED AGAINST IT LAST NIGHT BY THIS PAPER.

BOARD OF TRADE MEETING.

Question of Taxation Freely Discussed

And "Turnover" System Generally Condemned—After the Scow Man—Many New Members.

From Thursday and Friday's Daily. The board of trade held a general meeting last night in their rooms in the A. C. building. The meeting was called to order by President Mizner at 8:30, and after the minutes of the meeting held February 27 for the purpose of reconstruction of the board were read and approved the committee on by-laws made their report which was unanimously adopted.

A communication from Washington stating that maps and codes of Alaska had been forwarded was read by the secretary.

The question of the taxation of the city was informally discussed by those present. Mr. Thos. McGowan, in introducing the subject, stated that he had been informed by Gov. Ogilvie that the subject of taxation would be brought before the council at its meeting tonight and had been requested to get from the board of trade suggestions as to what the board thought would be the best system.

It was the general opinion that the present "turnover" system of taxation is unjust and that some more equitable system should be substituted. Falcon Joslin said: "The present system of taxation is exceedingly hard and unjust. The man whose enterprise builds up a business has to endure the largest taxation. I would like to see the revenues raised from a land tax. The license system, wherever used and especially in Alaska, is very unpopular and causes a great amount of friction. I think a revision of the present ordinance modifying or eliminating the "turnover" tax would be as good as we could do."

Mr. Poldo: "I am not opposed to paying taxes nor to bearing my full burden of the taxation, but I think the present system throws the entire taxation on the several large companies and that is not just."

Chas. Bossuyth says he would like to see a heavy tax imposed on the scow men who come in here and sell their cattle or merchandise at a profit of one to two hundred per cent and go right out again without spending a dollar in the country.

A letter from Peter Steil was read by the secretary requesting the board to adopt some kind of recommendation to be presented to the Yukon council whereby legitimate brokers and traders would have some protection against curbstone brokers and peddlers. A license fee of at least \$100 should be imposed on all traders and brokers.

President Mizner thought that a graduated system of license taxation, proportionate to the amount of business done by the various business houses would be the most equitable.

This view was taken also by Mr. Germer who thought that the business houses should be divided into three classes. The large companies paying \$500, the middle classes \$1250 and the small traders \$400 or \$500.

Other members present expressed their opinions along the same line and a motion was finally made that it was the sense of the meeting that the present system of "turnover" taxation is

unjust and detrimental to the best interests of the city and that the council of the board be instructed to meet and formulate plans for a new system of taxation to present to the Yukon council at its meeting tonight. The motion was unanimously carried and a meeting of the council was called for 4 o'clock this afternoon. The names of John L. Timmins, M. H. Jones, H. E. Stumer, B. F. Germain and H. T. Wills were proposed for and elected to membership. On motion the council of the board was authorized to receive applications for membership and collect fees and present same at the next general meeting.

A letter of thanks to the board for their expression of sympathy on the death of the queen was read by the secretary from Commissioner Ogilvie. The meeting then adjourned.

Robbers Escaped.

Mansfield, Ohio, Feb. 20.—One of the most dastardly robberies ever perpetrated in this part of the country was committed near McKay, a hamlet in Ashland county, about midnight Saturday night.

Six masked robbers broke into the residence of John Duncan, a wealthy farmer, bound and gagged Mr. Duncan and the four other members of the family, and after ransacking the house demanded of the farmer that he disclose to them where his money and other valuables were secreted, and on his refusing to do so they applied matches to his feet, torturing him, as well as the others until the location of the money was disclosed.

The thieves evidently knew that Mr. Duncan had considerable money at home, as he was suspicious of banks. They secured \$450, four watches and other valuables, after which four of the robbers, leaving their victim still helpless, stole a team of horses and a bob sled and made their escape. The other robbers went towards Louisville.

The Mansfield police have been notified, and every effort is being put forth to find the guilty parties.

The Queen and Masonry.

The recent death of her most gracious Majesty Queen Victoria calls to remembrance the progress and development of Freemasonry during the 64 years of her majesty's reign. That our readers may be in a position to contrast the present strength of the craft in the British empire with what it was on the 20th of June, 1837, when the lamented Victoria succeeded her uncle, William IV, we give the following figures: On that day there were 646 lodges on the roll of the Grand Lodge of England. Since that time there have been issued warrants for nearly 3000 lodges. In 1837 there were only 340 lodges in Scotland, and now there are 900. Under the Grand Lodge of Ireland there were about 180, whereas the present number is over 400. In 1837 there was not a single colonial grand lodge in existence, the then grand lodges of the United Kingdom holding concurrent jurisdiction over the whole Masonic body throughout the British empire. There are now 15 grand lodges with about 4500 private lodges on their respective rolls. Such an increase in the 64 years of Victoria's reign is almost incredible, but the figures are approximately correct. In the United Kingdom and the colonies Freemasonry is largely indebted to the accession to the grandmastership of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales in 1874—now his most gracious majesty Edward VII—for the amazing prosperity which has fortunately been the lot of the craft during the past 25 years. Under the British flag the Victorian era has been the golden era of Freemasonry.—Toronto Freeman.

LODGE NIGHTS IN THE TOWN

They are the Great Events of the Winter.

And When It Comes to "Good of the Order" Everybody is Happy, and Glad He Came.

Contemporary with the fall opening at the city theaters commences the reign of the recitations, the solo and the dialogue in the village temperance lodge. While the youth of the city have been bronzing at the lake shore or on the farm of the casual friend the man behind the plough has been working 14 hours a day and in odd moments planning for a carnival of fun during the coming winter. One of the sources of his pleasure will be the old time "Lodge," where is held up to the righteous indignation of its members the liquid that "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." But that is incidental. The majority who attend are prohibitionists from principle. By far the greater object is the fun that is to be had.

As soon as threshing is over interest revives in the "Lodge" for the winter. The beginning of a new quarter is heralded by fresh zeal on the part of the presiding officer. At the Sunday church service he makes it a point to get out early and personally shake hands with as many of his fellow members as possible. He also reminds them that the society meets on Friday night. "Election of officers, you know," he adds. He fondly hopes that the handshake and the kindly reminder will have the same vote-getting effect as the patronage of a politician. "I am in favor of a second term when the first one is during the dull season," he reasons to himself. The intervening days before the night meeting are used for a good deal of "drumming up" on the part of the enthusiastic ones and of those who would consent to take office "if it were pressed upon them." When the meeting night arrives there are many rigs heading for the village, and their singing, laughing occupants lead the stay-at-homes to rouse from an after supper indolence and say:

"Guess they're going to have a big meeting tonight; I hear lots of rigs going toward Springville."

The dogs, accustomed only to the chanting of night birds, rush about the yard, and their barking is taken up and carried on by their brothers across the concessions. Stray gleams of light from carried lanterns gradually concentrate, until the church yard looks like a collection of will o'-the-wisps. With a familiarity which in city back yards provokes battle between watchman and burglar, neighbors throw their lantern gleams in others' faces and thus acquaintances are recognized.

Respect is first paid to the corner store, for the union of business and pleasure is not the least capacity of a farmer. Long delayed letters are taken from the postoffice, but the genial though not over-swift storekeeper will not lose a sale of five pounds of sugar for the sake of serving out his majesty's mail at \$35 a year. While they wait on the postmaster-storekeeper the visitors gaze on the soap prize pictures, the auction sale bills, the notice to postmasters, the mustard tins, castor oil bottles and the fancy biscuits, throwing in an occasional remark to a neighbor. Outside, the veranda of the store is lined with figures, standing and sitting in the darkness, where the merchant's tobacco is tested impartially, and the merits of respective crops are discussed.

Presently the air of a well known hymn is heard from a lighted hall. It is not the outward evidence of a prayer meeting, but the opening ode of the lodge, the music of which has been appropriated from a hymn book by the founders of the ritual. It is the signal for a general move forward, and for some minutes the outside sentinel is fully occupied collecting the password. He has himself probably forgotten the current phrase since May, and has to be reminded by his worthy chief. But his fate is but the common fate of many.

Inside they are proceeding with an elaborately phrased ritual, whose deep-sounding words put the members into an attitude of reverence. But they are interrupted: "Brother Smith is without the password. Shall I admit him?" Thus shouts the guard on the inside. "I'll vouch for him," says Brother Jones, whose good natured and prompt response is often heeded without reference to the treasurer's books. Brother Johnston comes along the

vestibule with a proud step, for he has the pass word. Brother Alexander follows stealthily, but he hasn't the password. Brother Johnston repeats it to the guard in a hoarse whisper, and his neighbor, hearing what was intended for his ears, repeats it in the guard's ear, and follows in without challenge.

The election of officers is held and speeches from the bashful men and maidens are exacted.

"Has any member anything to offer for the good of the order?" queries the presiding chief. It is a hackneyed question, but it indicates the arrival of the moment to which all other moments have but paved the way. Some of the older members in settling some trifling business matter have been too talkative, and in the anxiety of the audience for pleasure they have silently poured out their contempt on the heads of the unfortunates. When this mysterious something "for the good of the order" becomes due there is a rustling of suppressed wonderment. The capable ones who can be counted on to entertain can be numbered on one's fingers. But there has been a summer in which to get new material, and here is an eager field to be exploited.

Talent in church and talent in the lodge are often synonymous, and those who entertain in the one stand forth as heroic figures in the other. It is proposed that the first number of the program now to be unravelled should be a vocal solo.

"We will open our program with a song from Brother Patterson," is the crisp announcement from the chair.

Brother Patterson steps forward with an air of assurance born of frequent practice as soloist and leader in the village choir. While his accompanist on the organ plays the prelude wondering faces look up. It is something new, and a change from "The Suawnee River," "The Poachers of Lincolnshire," and other well known favorites. Not until the singer reaches the repetitions of the chorus does it dawn upon the audience that he is singing something concerning "Just One Girl." The surprise of all is at once evident. The listeners turn from one to another with moving lips, and cast glances at the organist to see if she is blushing.

The conclusion is reached that the singer is "stricken," for did he not accompany the same lady on the Farmers' Institute excursion last summer?

The second number on the program is announced as a recitation by Brother Sanders. This worthy teetotaler has passed his half century mark, but besides being still one of the boys he possesses the greatest receptacle for poetry of anyone in the township. But his memory was cultivated at an early age, and the three recitations which make up his repertoire have not changed in two score years. On coming forward Brother Sanders is received with tumultuous applause, for everyone admits that his selections are "alone worth the price of admission."

"By request I will give you tonight that old favorite, 'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight,'" says the declaimer, as the enthusiasm subsides.

Then, with a voice trembling with emotion, he commences the rendering of that ballad in a manner for which he has long been famous, giving him the reputation in the local paper of being able to "alternately sway his audience from tears to laughter."

Meantime, one member after another has been disappearing into the curtained off recesses at either end of the stage. Old hands know that this portends something; it is, in fact, the intimation of a dialogue to come. As soon as the recitation has been concluded the curtain is dragged along its wire support from either side, and the stage is hidden for some time. When revealed again there are two silent figures seated on chairs. Then begins the dialogue between these two stars. They have been primed from the dialogue book right up to the last second. Now, they reel off their language in turn for several minutes, in the manner prescribed. Others enter, including a couple of "colored brethren." The ideas gleaned by a member once by a presentation of "Uncle Tom's Cabin" at a neighboring town have come in useful, and the character parts of the colored gentlemen are made harmonious by irregular facial daubs of burnt cork. The pink flesh is revealed low on the neck, but the liberal sprinkling of ready-made jokes causes frequent laughter, and the curtain is trailed across the stage at the conclusion amid a great outburst of enthusiasm.

The chairman resumes his seat on the platform, and ere the audience have come down from the transports of ecstasy to which they have been carried he asks in a material manner:

"Worthy treasurer, I would thank you for the receipts of the evening." "One dollar and ten cents" is the reply, and then to the tune of "Auld

Lang Syne" the members sing their closing ode.

As they file out into the darkness the talk is enlivened by the dying embers of the amusement provoked by the dialogue, and a large attendance for the winter is abundantly assured.—M. O. H. in Toronto Globe.

MUST BE REPRESENTED

With the Establishment of an Imperial Exchequer.

Discussing Sir Wilfrid Laurier's speech at the bar dinner in Toronto, the Liverpool Daily Post says: "No alarm need be felt at the growth of these young nations in North America, Australia, and—if a third can be treated—in South Africa. On the contrary, they are the natural revolutionary product of the policy that has been pursued by this country ever since British statesmen learned wisdom by the loss of the American colonies. But the creation of these nation-colonies brings new political conditions into view. The imperial idea has taken hold of the British people, both in the United Kingdom and the colonies, and it is larger than the conception of a United Kingdom. Lord Rosebery warned the country long ago that the policy of expansion had reached the limits of safety. Lord Salisbury has pronounced against indiscriminate seizure of new territory. The whole world, except the dying nations—and they show no haste to die—has now been distributed amongst the great powers. The time for digestion of territory and consolidation of power has come. And when people within the United Kingdom take a survey of the empire, and of the defensive forces that are required to protect its interests in all parts of the world, when they consider the enormous cost of the Boer war, and remember that it is only a small war compared to what they may be called upon to undertake, they realize that the time has come when the great nation-colonies that have come into existence may fairly be asked to pass from the stage of giving voluntary military and naval assistance to a definite and clearly apportioned participation in the defense of the empire. Grant this, and you arrive at the point of imperial taxation, which must be with the consent of the people taxed, and then you are confronted with the great constitutional principle that taxation and representation go together. This also means that those who pay the taxes determine the policy to be pursued. So long as the whole international policy of the empire is determined by a ministry responsible only to the imperial parliament colonial contributions to the cost of defense can scarcely be more than voluntary. Certainly they cannot be enforced by the United Kingdom. If there is to come into existence the imperial exchequer for which Sir Michael Hicks Beach recently longed, there will have to come with it some form of imperial representation which will exercise control over imperial policy, whether military and naval, political or commercial. This, we imagine, is what Sir Wilfrid Laurier has in view, and in formulating the settlement, come when it may, he does not mean Canada to take a subsidiary part."

Mormons in Canada.

A party of 27 Mormons from Montpelier, Utah, consisting of 12 adults and 15 children, with their household goods, livestock, farming implements, etc., passed through the city en route to Alberta. They will settle along the Canadian Northwest Irrigation Co.'s canal, in the vicinity of Lethbridge and Cardston. Several hundred others are expected to pass through the city in the next few weeks, and there will also be a heavy movement to Alberta from the eastern states, but it is not yet known whether those from the east will come via Great Falls—Great Falls (Mont.) Tribune.

Captain Libby in Town.

Hon. John B. Libby, ex-member of the Washington state legislature and for the past 20 years manager of the Puget Sound Tug Boat Co., which operates a fleet of a dozen or more tugs, is a late arrival from the outside. Capt. Libby has long enjoyed the reputation of being among the most skillful navigators on the Pacific coast and his long continued election every year as manager of the big company over which he presides is indicative of his worth as manager of a fleet of steamers. He is heavily interested in the Yukon Iron Works of this city and it was business connected with that industry that brought him to Dawson.

Anyone willing on their own ac-ly for signaturey at the central Brunswick ave.

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Gun Club.

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Yours truly,
JAMES MILLER.

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