

The Klondike Nugget

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NOTICE.
When a newspaper offers the advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space as a justification thereof.

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

THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1901.

From Wednesday's Daily.
COMING TO DAWSON.

Our telegraphic advices today substantiate reports previously received to the effect that Sir Wilfrid Laurier and Minister of the Interior Sifton will visit Dawson during the coming summer. Much significance should attach to this visit.

The destiny of this territory during the coming five years will rest largely in the hands of Mr. Sifton, whose department of the federal government exercises jurisdiction over all Yukon affairs except where certain powers have been delegated to the local authorities. All mining regulations emanate direct from the interior department although passed as orders in council. In fact it may be said that the minister himself has the making of laws for this territory practically at his own discretion.

Minister Sifton, it may be said, is by far a more popular personage in this territory at the present time than he was twelve months ago. During the intervening time he has given evidence through the liberal regulations which from time to time have come down from Ottawa, that he is desirous of contributing in a substantial manner toward assisting the growth of the Yukon. His expressed intention of visiting the territory and the further fact that the premier himself will accompany him, must be taken to mean that not only Mr. Sifton but the government behind him as well, takes a deep interest in the prospects before this Northern country.

Evidently the premier and his minister are desirous of securing information respecting the situation in the Canadian Yukon at first hand. From the standpoint of the people of the territory, it is greatly to be hoped that the proposed visit will be made. Undoubtedly much good resulted from the governor general's trip last summer, and greater benefit even should accrue from a tour of inspection through the territory on the part of the premier and his minister, who figures so prominently in all matters affecting our welfare as a community.

WORTH HIS HIRE.

What is wanted from the proposed lien law is definite assurance that the man who is employed in the mines of this territory will receive the pay to which his labor entitles him.

There are not a great many men who will be affected by the law. The number of employers who undertake to defraud their men is very few. Most men prefer to pay their debts, and it is for the protection of the community against an exceedingly small minority that such laws become necessary.

No little hardships and difficulty would have been obviated last year, had a lien law been in force, and much litigation might have been prevented. The moral effect alone of such a law would be most salutary. More care would be taken in offering employment. Claim owners would not ask men to work unless they felt certain of being able to meet the obligations thus undertaken.

The lien law is nothing more nor less than an application of the principle that the laborer is worthy of his hire. That principle was laid down when civilization was comparatively young and is one of those truths which will endure the test of all time.

A comprehensive review of existing conditions on Clear creek will be found published on another page of this

paper.—It is apparent from the report that Clear creek while as yet giving no signs of Eldorado richness, has bright prospects and may be expected to yield satisfactory results when prospecting has progressed to a greater extent. The belief held by many people that the Stewart river country will yet give a good account of itself seems quite likely to be verified. It is worthy of note in this connection that Dawson will be the natural source of supplies for that portion of the Yukon territory, just as it is for the creeks in the immediate neighborhood.

Fire alarms have been rather numerous for the last day or two. After escaping a hard winter without serious damage from fire it would certainly be more than too bad should anything of the kind occur now. Along with the preparation for cleaning up streets and back yards, it would be quite the proper thing to have a general inspection of stove pipe and flues. A little carelessness in such matters is quite likely to result in disaster of a most serious nature.

It is estimated by the officers of the United States assay office at Seattle that gold dust to the value of \$45,000,000 will be produced in the Northern gold belt during the present season. This includes the Yukon territory, Alaska and the North Pacific states. It is anticipated that a large proportion of this dust will pass through the Seattle office and extensive preparations for handling the same are now well under way.

Only an Old Song.

It was only a song, and an old one at that, but it came near causing a block on the Broadway surface line the other day. The singer was as black as the coal in the cart he was driving, but that fact cast no shadow on his exuberant spirits. As he swung his chariot from Broadway into Cortlandt street he raised his voice. Then the trouble began.

When the notes of "Old Black Joe" rang out high and clear above the din of traffic, expressions of blank amazement overspread the faces of the hurrying pedestrians who thronged the sidewalks. Necks were craned in a vain search for the location of some newly patented phonograph. Crowds coiled and gazed vacantly upon the air, as if they expected to locate the sound in some office window; teams were drawn up until a long line of trucks extended up Cortlandt street to Broadway, barring access to the street, that their drivers might ascertain the cause of the crowd's curiosity. Suddenly a newsboy cried:

"Ah, rubber! Don'tcher see it's only de nigger a-singin?"
The crowd laughed. The darkey, now lustily holding forth on "The Suwanee River," turned sharply into Church street, totally oblivious to the excitement he had caused. The crowd then dispersed, and the long line of wagons began to move once more.

"Well," explained a Jerseyman on his way to the ferry, "New Yorkers call country people curious, but"—He shrugged his shoulders and passed on.

He Knew His Luck.

"A long shot won at the track yesterday, and we weren't there."
"Oh, well, I wouldn't have had a bet on him if I had been there."
"How do you know?"
"Because he won."—Chicago Post.

Mum's, Pomeroy or Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor. P. O. near Drug Store.

Photo supplies reduced at Goetzman's.

King Quality Footwear
All kinds and sizes for men, women and children.
Also the Celebrated "K" Waterproof and Slater Slipless Shoes.
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Up-to-date Work
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STROLLER'S COLUMN.

The Stroller has been jobbed—premeditatedly, coolly and neatly jobbed—played for a sucker and landed as easily as was ever any Reuben from Timothyville or Squash Hollow. It was this way:

A free miner's license here costs \$10 in currency of the realm and up to this week the Stroller's miner's license had not been issued and the \$10 was in the interior of his raiment. By some means it became noised about that he had \$10 but no miner's license and then is when plans for his undoing were laid. A man whom there is every reason to believe is in the employ of the government, a man who dresses in miner's attire and has mud on his pants, approached the Stroller with a proposition which he said would clear him \$1000 before Saturday night if only he had a miner's license so he could pick up a snap in the way of a claim that the owner had to sell to get money to buy a spring bonnet for his wife. The Stroller took the bait and made all haste to the gold commissioner's office and to the license window where he stated his desire and was waited on by a debonaire young man who smiled complacently as he passed out a license and dropped the Stroller's \$10 William into the capacious maw of the governmental till. Just as the Stroller turned from the window and before he had even secreted his newly acquired license the satan who had beguiled him stepped up and said: "The deal is off as the fellow don't want to sell his claim, his wife having decided to wear her old bonnet another season."

And this is why the Stroller inclines to the belief that he was jobbed.

This is the season of the year when the minds of all men who were reared on farms revert to scenes of agricultural and grazing, and in the breast of nine out of every ten there is a longing to return to childhood's happy home and to live again the days that are past and gone never to be recalled, except in memory—a memory too sacred for jest. The boy whose misfortune it is to grow up far away from agricultural centers is destined to miss many of the pleasures for which man was created—pleasures of which they will know naught save what they read.

Think of farm life in the gloomy springtime when you were aroused from balmy sleep by the joyful cackling of chicken sante. You arose, walked out and was greeted by fricassee of duck with a merry "quack" which farmers, not pretending medical knowledge, always take in good part. You walk down to the barnyard and there you meet pork tenderloin a la toulouse; in a pen farther on you see pork and apple sauce. In the pasture across the road your eyes feast on leg of mutton with caper sauce and epigram of lamb petit pois. How many of us are there who have not sat by the hour on the pasture fence and watched epigram of lamb gambol to and fro over the patti gras? In the adjoining field we gaze with delight on beef a la mode, and with a touch almost caressing in its nature we tinkle a Hoyt's Texas steer on the prime ribs au jus. Although years have passed, yet we can shut our eyes and distinctly see in a small corral apart from the grown cattle veal cutlets breaded. In the orchard we would gaze rapturously on peach fritters, cherry cobbler and apple jack. In the garden we would find long cucumber vines to which were attached by small stems all sizes of bottles containing Cross & Blackwell's pickles; tomato cans and Snyder's ketchup were also to be seen growing upon the same vine. The dairy also is not without its points of interest, some cows producing St.

Charles and others the Eagle brand of milk. The horses too are not without their interest, the hardest kind to control and manage being nightmares. The above, my dear children, are only a few of the many pleasures and sights to be enjoyed and witnessed away back on the old farm where dogfennel does not require muzzling nor does it bark at night, and where you can see a cowslip any time of the year.

AMUSEMENTS

Savoy Theatre
WEEK OF
Mond'y, April 22
Flynn & Guichard
Big Burlesque Co. in Living Pictures
JIM POST'S LAUGHABLE COMEDY
HOT NIGHTS
Come and See the Big Show

The Standard Theatre Week of APRIL 22
First production in Dawson of M. B. Curtis' comedy drama in four acts, entitled
Thursday Eight. **SAMUEL OF POSEN** Monday, April 29
Ladies Night. -Shore Acres
22-23-24-25
FULL STRENGTH OF COMPANY IN THE CAST.
RESERVED SEATS NOW ON SALE

ORPHEUM THEATRE TO-NIGHT!
Hearde's Huckleberry Picnic.
Lucy Lovell and Larry Bryant in "The Lunatics."
Eddie Dolan, "Automatons"
Three Shows in One. Don't Miss It.

When the ICE Goes Out!
Guess nearest to the going out of the ice and we will give you
A tailor-made suit of clothes
A pair of shoes
A hat
A \$10 shirt
Collars
Cuffs and necktie
Anyone can guess.
It will cost you nothing.

WHAT IS YOUR IDEA OF IT?
Now the guesses are pouring in. Everybody has evidently made up his mind when the ice will go out. We wish to announce that competent men have been engaged to count and tally up the guesses and that the fortunate one who catches it right will get the complete outfit which we advertise.
The contest closes at 8 p. m. on the 27th of this month—Saturday night. If you have not guessed as yet, do so at once, you may be the fortunate one.
OPPOSITE WHITE PASS DOCK **HERSHBERG**

"Some people say it took nerve to come to the Klondike three years ago, but it was through lack of nerve that I came."

The speaker, a quiet, unassuming sort of fellow, was in a cabin with his two partners on Hunker and they were talking on general subjects just as men will talk when resting and smoking after a hard day's work. As it was something unusual for him, the silent member of the trio, to speak more than a half dozen words on any one subject, his partners were all attention in an instant. After knocking the ashes from his pipe the first speaker continued:

"It may sound strange, but I repeat that it was lack of nerve that brought me to this country and as my story is not a long one I will tell it."

"It will doubtless surprise you, but I am a married man and this is the first time I have ever mentioned it in the country. I did not want to marry; in fact, had never thought of marrying and would not have been married had I not lacked in that very essential qualification to success, nerve. It was this way: A widow with six children lived in my old neighborhood and, while no one could say anything against her character, she was one of these naturally repulsive women whose every word sends a cold chill through a fellow. Her first husband had been drowned and while the weekly papers wrote it up as an accident, people who were dead next always quietly whispered among themselves that it was premeditated suicide.

"Well, one day the fall of '97 I was riding along the road near her house when I was taken with a violent cramp. I stopped, dismounted and entered the house. Without any explanation, for I was suffering intense pain, I said 'have you any—' here a most violent cramp caught me and I stopped. Again I began 'have you any—' again the pain almost doubled me up, causing my face to look flushed and otherwise causing me to look perturbed. Again I essayed to speak but with no better success than before.

"Have I any love for you?" howled the widow; 'of course I have and have worshipped you for the past year.' She flung herself into my arms in the presence of her whole flock of kids. The cramps fled precipitately but I was caught and hadn't the nerve to speak out. Within half a day the kids had

told all over the country that I was going to be their pa. I was up against the real thing and had to take my medicine. The wedding took place during the holidays and so help me if she didn't make it a church wedding. Four weeks later I left for this country. I sent out a little money occasionally, but intend to stay here until either the country or myself is worked out. Now, gentlemen, you have my story."

"And what were you trying to ask for?" asked both his hearers in one voice.
"Ask for!" replied the step-father, "I was doing my best to say 'Have you any Perry Davis' pain killer?'"

At one of the second-class hotels of the city trouble was brewing all of last week between two partners in a claim which they had shut down pending the adjustment of the differences. At a late hour Saturday night, both men being anxious to settle the matter and get back to work, but neither being willing to yield his position, they decided to go down the river a short distance Sunday morning and fight it out. For a referee they agreed on a mutual friend, a big Irish Catholic who was stopping at the same hotel. Being anxious to help his friends, the Irishman agreed to act in the capacity for which he was chosen and by 7 o'clock Sunday morning three men were passing the garbage heaps below the city on their way around the point where there would be no danger of police interference. Having reached a likely looking spot the partners stripped to their waists, the referee gave the word and they went at it. As the men were quite evenly matched there was little for the referee to do but stand by and watch as lively a go as he had ever seen. At length both men were worn

out but as neither was whipped the referee thought it wise to call time. "Now," said he, "you fellows have fought enough, so you had better talk over your differences and come to some sort of settlement."
The advice was taken and five minutes later the partners were hugging each other and making all kinds of protestations of love and fealty.

"Just think, John," said Bill, "if you and me fighting like dogs when we have always been such close friends. We ought to be ashamed of ourselves, besides, we belong to the same secret order."
"And phwat order is that," asked the late referee.
"The A. P. A.," replied the two men in chorus.
"Ye dirty, lousy bather!" yelled the Irishman. "Sure its sorry Oran that Oi did not let yer bate aich ither's brains out! An' its A. P. A.'s year are, is it, ye dommed heticals! The next toime yeze want to fight, sure I'll lick the two of ye!"

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Just In Over the Ice
Men's Spring Suits and Overcoats; Latest Shapes and Shades in Stetson Hats; High Top Slater Shoes and a Complete Line of Gent's Furnishings in all the Latest Styles.
Largest Stock in the Territory. Prices Most Reasonable.

San Francisco Clothing House
OPPOSITE YUKON DOCK, FRONT STREET.

"White Pass and Yukon Route."
A Daily Train Each Way Between Whitehorse and Skagway
...Comfortable Upholstered Coaches...
NORTH—Leave Skagway daily, except Sundays, 8:30 a. m. Bennett 12:15 a. m. Arrive at Whitehorse, 5:15 p. m.
SOUTH—Leave Whitehorse daily, except Sundays, 8:00 a. m. Bennett 1:25 p. m. Arrive at Skagway, 4:40 p. m.

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