

The Klondike Nugget

ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily, Weekly, Monthly, Quarterly, Semi-Weekly

NOTICE: When a newspaper offers its advertising space as a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation"

LETTERS: And Small Packages can be sent to the Clerk by our carriers on the following days

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1911.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for the information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

INCORPORATION.

Dawson presents today an anomaly the equal of which might not be discovered if the entire world were searched.

A body of office holders which we know as the Yukon council is preparing to relinquish voluntarily, and without demand or petition, the authority now vested in it of governing a town of some 7,000 or 8,000 inhabitants.

In any country under the sun, the official who admits that he possesses a plethora of power is decidedly a rara avis.

But here in Dawson, where we are somewhat accustomed to various peculiar phenomena, we accept this action of the council as a matter of course.

Dawson has been well governed by the Yukon council. The health of the community has been carefully considered, streets and sidewalks have been constructed and extended as rapidly as the limited funds at the disposal of the council would admit.

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will be broken. Meanwhile it has scarcely been apparent as yet that there has been any cold weather. This traditionally un hospitable climate is certainly taking on new ways.

A Woman of Pocketbooks. Two young women went to a matinee and after coming out after the performance one of them missed her pocketbook. She had been holding it in her lap and had become so excited over the play that she had forgot all about her money.

"Oh, I know it's gone," she said despairingly to her companion as she walked up the aisle.

"Somebody found it and stole it," said her friend sympathetically.

Standing in the rear of the theater was a nicely dressed woman of about 30, who had been watching the two girls in their useless search.

"Did you lose anything?" the woman asked as the girls came up.

"Yes, my pocketbook," said the victim of her own excitement.

"Is this it," inquired the woman, holding out a handsome pocketbook with a silver monogram.

"Well, I have two others," said the woman. "Describe the one you lost. Perhaps I have it."

The girl described her missing property, whereupon the woman drew from a muff the lost pocketbook and handed it to the girl.

"So surprised was the young woman at the unexpected return that she hurriedly took it and with a "Thank you," left the theater with her friend.

After the two were on the street again they began to wonder how that woman came to have three lost pocketbooks in her possession.

The young woman who had lost her purse replied in despairing tones that it was not.

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Stroller's Column.

It was at the press banquet at the Regina Sunday night that the spirit of 20th century "catch on" was apparent in a young man connected with one of the papers.

Two hours had been devoted to reaching the part of the menu where the rum omelette was brought in and, while the others were striking matches and watching the delicate blue blaze flit like a phantom over their respective plates,

the one young man in question was vigorously eating his, nor did he notice the burning process being conducted by the others until he was in the act of taking his last bite.

"What is the matter with you and Liza now?" asked Stroller.

"De mattah is," replied Zion, "dat I is tired sleepin' in de wood shed."

"You see hit am dis way: When I done went home las' night dar was a achin' void in me innards an' Liza was outen de house. I went to de kitchen an' de fus' thing I see was a big cake wid frostin' all over it.

I done tot to an' eat half de cake an' fus' she cried, den she stomped, and say 'dat cake was fo' mah good shepherd' wid guided mah footsteps from de paths ob sin an' perversity."

Den I done told her if she pay less 'tenion to mah good shepherd an' no ter de huban ob huh bosom de Lawd would smile mo' benignly upon huh. Den she wid de rollin' pin an' swat me sich a biff dat fo' an hour I not know 'nuff. When I come too, I was in de wood shed, de house was lock up an' Liza was ober to Amazin' Grace church ter a festibal.

The Stroller gave Zion cents and told him to go out and get some breakfast. He did so and that night he slept in the office on top of the

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That was too much for Zion and as they sat on the press table eating the watermelon the Stroller heard Zion say:

"Honey, de nex time I eat up 'o' cake, doan yo' come at me wid no rollin' pin. Yo' heah? 'Jis take de ax an' beat mah fool head off."

It is a well known fact that for the past two years D. A. Shindler has been the heaviest importer of firearms in the Yukon, his store being headquarters for all kinds of sporting goods.

Lately when the news that a couple of fakirs had put some sort of movement on foot at Skagway to spit on their hands, take an under hold and upset the government of the Yukon, the local police took the matter seriously and called on Shindler to see what had become of all the firearms he had imported.

Instead of finding an arsenal, about all Shindler had left to show for wholesale importations, aside from coins of the realm, were his invoices and a few guns and pistols, the remainder having been sold to honest hunters who are now mostly up the Klondike in quest of game.

Tom McMullen and Attorney McRae were pitted against each other in the Zero Club billiard tournament, but for one reason or another they were never able to play off the game.

Just what he wanted is not known, but probably, it was to take seven cards to McRae's five.

The Dawson Driving Club held the second of its drives on Saturday afternoon. The start was made from the residence of Mr. H. C. Macaulay, and as the weather was moderate everything looked propitious for a merry time.

The route chosen was up the Klondike as far as the Cliff House and return. The road was in very bad condition, but as long as daylight remained accidents were avoided by skillful manouevring and the Cliff House was reached with the entire party right side up with care.

A tea was served at the Cliff road house and the party started on their return in jubilant spirits.

By this time the darkness had begun to spread its mantle over the horizon making navigation very difficult owing to the roughness of the road.

Before the Ogilvie bridge had been reached Capt. Starnes had the misfortune to break the tongue of his cutter and was compelled to transfer his guests to Capt. McDonnell's sleigh and lead his horses home.

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For the Festive Season!

Clothing Fit to Adorn the Most Fastidious. Another Choice Line of Handsomely Made Garments Added to Our Immense Stock.

HERSHBERG, CLOTHIER

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and D. in police court yesterday morning. Had the police been able to supply a few cases of disorderly the newspaper men could have furnished sufficient dark brown taste to warrant fines aggregating \$1,000.



imposing stone, being afraid to sleep on the floor lest Old Soaman, the office pet, might take a notion to eat during the night.

One morning Zion came down to the office with his head in a sling; he was walking pigeon-toed and in every respect had a more dejected air than the Stroller had ever before seen him assume.

Love's Roses By the Way. Life may be a thorny way. Briers in our path. But the fragrance of the rose. A sweet soothing bath. Vicious thorns may tear and sting; Symbols they of wrath; Love's sweet roses ever bloom fragrant in our path.

FOUND. FOUND—On Fifth Avenue, one Bunch of Keys. Apply Nugget office. FOUND—Small, malted colored pup. Owner may secure same by applying at this office.

FOUND. FOUND—ONE black pup, short hair, gray feet, white breast, about four months old. Apply Pioneer saloon.

ANGLO-AMERICAN COMMERCIAL CO. Wholesale and Retail. King Street, Bank Building, Opposite N. C. Co.

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THE LARGEST STOCK OF Groceries, Provisions, Hay, Oats and Feed IN DAWSON. Our prices are based on the basis of quality and are such as not to call for later explanation.

W. D. BRUCE. ORPHEUM BLDG. Fire and Life Insurance. Money to Loan. IN SUMS FROM \$500 UPWARD.

B. A. DODGE. STAGE LINE. Last Chance, Hunter and Dominion. DAILY SERVICE. LEAVE DAWSON 9:00 A. M. LEAVE CARBOU 8:30 A. M.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co. Affords a Complete Coastwise service, Covering Alaska, Washington California, Oregon and Mexico.

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THERE WAS A SOCIAL

Named Homer Spilvins a Damp Crack

The Town Boys Regard that Patsy While the Fun of Him.

Once there was a social Homer Spilvins. He was not fire-cracker that ever in a public place.

His parents spent \$3000 that might know how full room. At the age of eight enter without walking.

Among the town boys, named as a hot Patsy, he looked upon him as a fellow who was too simple to be real interesting.

Early he was a James D. who he found himself in a scuffle and surrounded by a stammered down and became warmer and coffee-colored was what the hot color in the early.

When he could do a quick strike a foolish side into the fence.

When he was among the crowd-up like a morning, out clothes and said some people he knew.

The young men were bright observations and tell them how witty being old Spilvins was.

Homer showed up the little kittens would force in front of him and the Spilvins, do tell us we make one of your little Homer would flush up, swallow his palate.

He would not like a J. or W. He would not like a J. or W. He would not like a J. or W.

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