

The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
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NOTICE.

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

RELIGIOUS INTOLERANCE.

Our A. P. A. contemporary, the News, has suddenly shut up like a clam on the Canadian school question. With the fearless abandon of a 5-year-old, the News babbled it knew not what of. With the modesty of a retreating Filipino, it has nothing to say after firing its anti-Catholic broadside. Like the fizz of an expiring Fourth of July fire cracker, it had its little speak, was sorry it had spoken, and then all is darkness and quiet. With a spasm of religious intolerance it spit one venomous spit and then withdrew into its slimy nest. Coward like, and with no information at its disposal, it made an attempt at arousing a religious antagonism for its own profit, and finding no responsive thrill in a community noted for its broad-minded toleration of all religions and all beliefs, it hides its diminished head in confusion at its own temerity. Goaded by fanaticism it gives one hiss and then sneaks out of range of human vision.

There is no form of oppression which more than all others The Nugget believes to be both inexcusable and intolerable, and that is the form begotten of religious bigotry, which refuses to others the right which it exercises itself—to worship when, how and what they please. In the Yukon territory all religions, all denominations, from all parts of the earth, are welcome to reverence God according to the dictates of their own conscience; and that man or that journal which would disturb this amity of conflicting religious belief should be suppressed on the instant as contrary to the spirit of the country and the good of the community.

A MUTUAL BENEFIT SCHEME.

The government organ publishes this week an interview with Joseph McGilliveray, given to the Vancouver World a year ago. No dates are given, the evident intention being to give the few readers of the Sun the impression that the old man is now outside vigorously defending the Canadian government and just as vigorously denouncing all dissenters. He is quoted as saying in one place: "Let me say that I consider Mr. Ogilvie the ideal man for the position he occupies. * * * He is able, careful, desirous of getting at the truth of things, thoroughly independent, and the friend of the miner."

There is something in the foregoing to tickle one's risibles, for the interview was given at a time when Mr. Ogilvie was so "desirous of getting at the truth of things" that he was making such a farce of the "royal investigation," a whole world smiled in derision. As for his being "careful and a friend of the miner," we will point

out that just at that moment when this was said by Mr. McGilliveray, Mr. Ogilvie was giving out a toll-trail concession to Mr. O'Brien, which was not only decidedly inimical to the interests of the miners, but was so carelessly done that The Nugget easily knocked it out of existence.

Now, as for Mr. McGilliveray's endorsement of Mr. Ogilvie as such an "able" man, we will simply point out that in the same interview the old gentleman vouches for Tom Fawcett in similar language.

Mr. McGilliveray's extreme age entitles him to our respect, but even if he were a young man his extensive experiences and wide knowledge should cause every courtesy to be shown him. We will simply point out for the guidance of our readers the motive for Mr. McGilliveray's interview at that particular time. He had left Dawson and was on his way to Ottawa to see the very people he was patting on the back by endorsing their Yukon agents and policy. He had secured the indorsement of Mr. Ogilvie to his application for certain grants, and was but reciprocating the favor when he patted Mr. Ogilvie on the back.

It reminds us very much of a certain pair of political stump speakers both were out for an office. Mr. "A" would tell the people what an honest, truthful, sincere and clever fellow was Mr. "B." Mr. "B" would assure the dear public, with tears in his eyes, that every word spoken by Mr. "A" could be taken as gospel truth. It was simply a case of "you rub my back and I'll rub yours."

THE DIFFERENCE.

There are some remarkable points of similarity between the Yukon territory and the Transvaal. In both countries the gold was discovered and exploited by "uitlanders" or aliens. President Kruger and Minister Sifton both conceived it to be a very popular move to oppress and harass the gold workers by all manner of legislative persecution. In both lands the argument is advanced, "This is our country, and if you don't like it you can leave it." In both countries are the gold-digging strangers refused a voice in their own affairs, unless they renounce their nationality. In both countries the miner finds his supplies taxed out of sight at the boundary. The government of both lands is wedded to the principle of denying privileges to the individual, and selling them to concessionaires. Both are hard lands to inhabit, and would be deserted but for the gold they contain. Both are rich in the precious metal and neither is a "poor man's country," in the usual sense of the word. Both governments are "out with the big mitt," to use a vulgar but very expressive idiom in the vernacular. The motive of both is evidently to extort by every known method the last dollar in taxes that the country can possibly stand. In fact there is only five cents of difference between the two governments, and the five cents is in favor of the Transvaal.

But there is also a most striking difference as well as similarity, in the two lands. In the Yukon the aliens are the most easily governed and most law-abiding people on earth, and the most turbulent of the strangers are so mild that a handful of policemen maintain perfect order in a territory embracing thousands of square miles. In the Transvaal the aliens are turbulent, ag-

gressive, plotting, and require the presence of an army to protect them from confiscating to themselves the land in which they are sojourners and strangers—and the chances are that with the help of their powerful home government they will shortly get the country for their own.

If there is any lesson in the relative situation of the two lands it is that only in resistance to oppression is there hope. No one has mercy upon an unresisting worm. There should be some powerful organized body here whose sympathies are right and which is not at all backward or slow in making itself heard. There are civilized methods of resistance which can make jobbery so uncomfortable for the Siftonian government it will be only too glad to let go with some of its octopus tentacles and leave to the inhabitants of this land a few of the privileges which alone make it worth inhabiting.

SHORT CORDS.

It is just as well for our readers to know that when they buy a cord of firewood in Dawson the chances are—an Eldorado claim to a frozen potato—that they will get but three-quarters of a cord or less. The imposition has grown from small beginnings until wood dealers will actually look aggrieved and sad if a sharp buyer happens to pull out a tape-line and go to measuring.

The peculiar form in which firewood is delivered in Dawson is a great aid to this species of fraud. A few logs of varying lengths and sizes are hauled to your lot by a pair of small mustangs, and you are expected to accept it as a cord, without reasoning upon the faith that is within you. The teamster looks sad if you assure him that to your certain knowledge the ponies could not have hauled a cord.

Several loads have been officially measured of late while in transit. A cord is 128 cubic feet of wood. One load contained just 80 cubic feet, and another 90 cubic feet. The first contained less than two-thirds of a cord and the latter less than three-quarters. Everybody in the land burns more or less wood, and with wood at \$20 per cord, is vitally interested in having full measure. A loss of \$8 on each cord is altogether unreasonable and unjust.

As a preventative of the imposition which by habit has been elevated to the dignity of a national custom, there are several suggestions. If delivered in four-foot lengths and piled 4x4x8 feet, one will get full measure. There isn't a wagon bed in town constructed to hold this amount of wood, and a casual observation will convince you of it.

Fifteen-inch standards on the bolsters will not hold a cord, even in uniform 12-foot lengths, and by bearing this in mind the purchasers will still further protect themselves. To have it piled up and measured, no matter what the length, if made a rule, will quickly abolish a system by which a 20-cord raft is retailed out and made to serve 30 customers at a cord-apiece.

It is a notorious fact that the Dawson market has at various times been flooded with spurious and inferior goods. Outside merchants have found it a very easy matter, in filling orders for the Klondike, to get rid of their surplus stocks of soft bacon, musty flour, and old canned goods. As a consequence, the Klondiker, who, above everyone else should have proper and nourishing

food, is made the victim of this humbuggery. Among the frauds of this kind that have been perpetrated during the present season is the selling of vile-smelling, streaky, tallowish mixture under the name of Cold Brook Creamery Butter.

The stuff comes in small cans said to contain one and one-half pounds of butter. An attractive label on the outside of the can calls attention in bold letters to the brand, "Cold Brook Preserved Butter," while the legend "C. E. Whitney & Co., agents, San Francisco, appears below. Each case contains 48 cans, a proportion of which will contain good butter, the balance being filled with this mixture which is simply nauseating.

It is the grossest kind of outrage that it is possible for such stuff to be placed upon the market. Steps should be taken by the authorities to inspect and condemn all such frauds, and the public is warned against being imposed upon, at least in so far as this particular brand of "butter" is concerned.

Seasons roll by and some of us refuse to learn the lesson that wood taken from the river now and piled up to freeze will not dry out a single ounce the entire winter through.

A Legitimate Theatre.

Charley Meadows' Grand opera house has been turned over to Geo. L. Hillier, who will have the entire management of the house in the future. Mr. Hillier wishes the announcement made that he will conduct a strictly legitimate house, and that ladies can be brought to witness the performances with perfect safety. He proposes to furnish lovers of legitimate entertainment with a family theater, in which there will be an entire absence of liquors and all the other accompaniments of the usual variety house. The theater will be entirely shut off from the bar, and the house will be conducted on lines similar to those of legitimate coast theaters. On next Monday the house will reopen with a grand spectacular production of Faust, for which special scenery is being painted and other preparations made. There will be an orchestra of 12 pieces selected from the band of the Yukon field force. The establishment of a legitimate theater in Dawson is a big undertaking, and one that is worthy of the most generous patronage.

Dr. Duncan, who has charge of Dr. Simpson's practice, has removed to Room 3, of the Hotel McDonald.

Three hundred fur caps, the right kind, \$3 each, at Parson's.

Have you Paid Your

Taxes

On the Property Which You Own In the States?

The Nugget Express

Makes

a Specialty

of Attending to Such Matters

You Pay the Money We'll do the Rest.

FATE OF
Became R

A True Story
Short B
Flowed I

On last Sunday sitting around saloons, telling reminiscences ended which neck Kid," had won out lozenger for a "Most of you volunteered 'I looked around tell you a true occurred in D the April fire, ing bank in t the custom, d cover the floo with three o The sawdust t two weeks. ing to this wo he received a dust, and it t floor. Of cou nothing excep packing it fro This was al when he put t he would re one square me the balance for the follow be distressed never took clothes, and, lousy as a Sivi bags were pi gambling roo every night. dred idle men sleeping on tables; but a derstood wa lodgers, whic spot that each The empty sa viable bed; b sional struggle to understand no one atten The sobriquet given to him— ing the sawdu undisputed r empty bags. gambling beca destitute roun eat on was a king wearied ing under suc ferred anythin existence. H ing water for for four dolla the end of th his pay, came and started to until 3 o'clock then quit wit in currency. of Commerce posited \$1000, sessor of a rounders and and friends chined to depa not realize ho him up. He of his former wine by hims About 7 o'clock went into the hall. There l the swellest v Together the bottle at the tute rounder y frequently sha ern, came up a dollar. The savagely at hi don't you se lady? Leave "Here, her kind of lang man. "What "Nothing's king. "I on "It don't whom you sai cer. "If you I'll run you home anyway The king was here conv that loafer i for a dollar. evening with "So he has The officer whom the kin nized an habi