

**The Klondike Nugget**

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

TUESDAY, JANUARY 29, 1901.

**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 As the ruling power was gradually withdrawn from the monarch and greater authority became vested in parliament, measures were passed by which the effect of death or disqualification of the sovereign has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 dissolution 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.

The present balmy weather does not in any respect prove that winter is a back number in the Klondike. Last

winter some of the lowest temperature records were in March and there is nothing in evidence as yet to indicate that the same thing will not prove true again this year.

Dawson has a real, genuine automobile. There is no escaping the fact that the country is becoming altogether too civilized. If we don't watch out we shall have the man with the hand organ and hokey pokey ice cream in our midst ere long.

By all means, suitable memorial exercises should be held in Dawson. We have no doubt that unanimous response will be given to any plans brought forward with the purpose of doing honor to the memory of the late queen.

There is every reason why American citizens should mourn for the death of the queen. The republic never had a better or truer friend than Britain's late sovereign.

The Nugget published yesterday the largest telegram ever received in Dawson.

Incorporation, incorporation. Well, well, where have we heard the word.

**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 out, wearied 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 raced 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, splendidly 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 ceremonial 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.

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—we'll name! Victor of a good fight, a finished course, a kept faith.

Victoria, Victoria! Engalnds' 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.**

**Brave in the Ranks.**

"Most good officers would make excellent soldiers," murmured the old staff officer, "but all brave soldiers would not make fine officers—no, not by a big sight!"

The time was just after supper, but the old soldier lay back with one leg thrown over the arm of his easy chair and his face almost hidden behind the cigar smoke. The light, turned down, threw the dim, uncertain shadows of a misty past about the room. Battalions of shadows chased each other over the walls, and through the cigar smoke charging squadrons rushed batteries placed high upon the ceiling. It was the time for a story. Both the colonel and his Boswell recognized that

"I was thinking of a child I knew in Longstreet's corps," said the colonel simply. "He was just 15 and a chap to be proud of. Longstreet saw him about the second fight. The general had ridden to the front, and there far ahead of the line was the boy. He was about the size of a woodtick, but he made enough noise for a brass band. The men were crouching and hiding behind cover, but to see that lad you would not have thought there was a tree or a rock in a hundred miles. Every time his gun went off it would almost knock him over. Then he would rub his shoulder, all the while jumping up and down and shouting: 'Give 'em lead, boys! Give 'em lead!'

"Well, that time 'we give 'em lead,' and in the charge the boy was the first over the breastworks. His commander was overjoyed to see it. After the fight the general sent for the youngster. The lad came and stood at attention before his officer as straight as you please. General Longstreet complimented him on his bravery. Then he said, 'And why are you fighting, my son?'

"Why to be an officer, of course, sir," replied the little hero.

"All right. I'll make you a lieutenant."

"In a week not an officer in the army could strut like the new lieutenant."

"Then we had another fight. The bullets began to whistle and to sing, and the new lieutenant showed signs of nervousness. He did not shout 'Give 'em lead' this time, but looked all white and scared. Of a sudden he dropped his sword. Right before General Longstreet's eyes the boy soldier ran away.

"The general summoned him after the battle. The lieutenant came, fearful and penitent.

"Do you know I should have shot you, sir," thundered the officer.

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "I don't know why I did it, but I just ran. I couldn't help it sir. Shoot me if you want to, or give my gun and I'll win my straps again."

"For a minute the general stared at his impudence, then said, 'I'll do it.'

"In the next fight I was at the front with Longstreet. There was that boy, not a boy, but a fiend of battle, shouting, cheering, whooping at the very front in every charge. Two men had to drag him away when we were forced back.

"After the fight Longstreet promptly had his straps returned to him. Again the youngster went in as an officer, and

again he ran. For the second time Longstreet put the boy back in the ranks in disgrace, only to reappoint him after a fight. As usual, the boy lieutenant ran.

"Then, before he could be summoned, he sought out the general's tent. Longstreet looked at him sourly.

"What do you want?"

"The flic-lad flung his sword on the ground and tore the straps from his shoulders. 'Take your old sword,' he said. 'I wouldn't have it. I'm going back in the ranks.' And he stalked proudly from the presence of the astounded general and his staff.

"Three days later a boy hero fell yards in advance of a charging gray line."—Ex.

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MACKINNON & NOEL, Advocates, Second st., near Bank of B. N. A.

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BLECKER & DE JOURNEL  
Attorneys at Law,  
Offices—Second street, in the Joslin Building  
Residence—Third avenue, opp. Metropole hotel Dawson.  
WADE & AIKMAN—Advocates, Notaries, etc. Offices, A. C. Office Building.  
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**MINING ENGINEERS.**  
J. B. TYRRELL—Mining Engineer—Mines laid out or managed. Properties valued. Mission St., next door to public school, and 44 below discovery, Hunker Creek.

**SOCIETIES.**  
THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D. A. F. & A. M.) will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday on or before full moon at 8:00 p. m. C. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y.

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**CARIBOO SINCLAIR vs. ED. COLLIER**  
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