

By Edward B. Clark.

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horse  
9, 1 p.m.

ory of the confirmed old bachelor who got married to a sour-visaged maid because she had a china cup that would complete his set, unquestionably is true. The stamp collector gives the tenth of his fortune to get a canceled 2-cent stamp that happens to be of a color peculiar to itself. The true bird collector is far more of an enthusiast than any of the others.

Bill Withers managed to get word that there are the Peel river Indians who may be relied upon as steady producers as long as there is any game in the country, so the indications are that in a comparatively short time the stringency in the wild game market will be relieved. Let a hundred carcasses arrive here within a day or two of each other and prices will go tumbling. This is particularly true if a large amount should be held by the Indians and they should be the

## Market Unusually Quiet This Week

## High Price of Meat Still the Bone of People in Moderate Circumstances.

Another quiet week has been characteristic of the condition of the market since the last report of the Nugget. There have been all kind of rumors afloat the past few days, some of which have been given publicity through the press, relative to the shortage of this and that article, but a careful investigation has failed to reveal any real cause for alarm except in the case of fresh meats and it seems difficult to say when the top notch of the latter will be reached. Several commodities are beginning to run low, and they will undoubtedly be exhausted by the opening of navigation and the arrival of fresh stock, but there is no reason to apprehend any material advance in price, particularly as long as the large companies have a supply. A corner on any of the staples of life is an impossibility as long as the C. N. A. T. & T., Ladue and James Co. have any of the article on hand and for the simple reason that agreed advances in prices is contrary to the practice of the large institutions. About the only things in the way of necessities that it would appear would be likely to reach almost prohibitory prices are meat and fuel.

It has been known for a month that practically all the fresh meat on the market, with the exception of that held by the Standard Meat Company, is in the possession of the Pacific Cold Storage Company, and they have put the screws on to such extent that people in moderate circumstances are now feeling the pinch. Wild game is now coming in and hunters will not dispute of their moose and caribou for but a shade less than beef commands and there has not been enough offered to warrant any cutting. There are some 50 or 60 hunters up the Klondike. Chief Isaac has a number of his tribe out in the same region and also in the Twelvemile district, and there are the Peel river Indians who may be relied upon as steady procurers as long as there is any game in the country, so the indications are that in a comparatively short time stringency in the wild game market will be relieved. Let a hundred reasses arrive here within a day or so of each other and prices will go plummeting. This is particularly true in a large amount should be held, by

Salmon	25	40
CANNED GOODS.		
Roast beef	6.00	2 for 1 00
Mutton	6.00	2 for 1 00
" Tongue	12.00	1 for 1.25
Lunch meat	4.50	2 for 1 00
Corn	9.00@11.00	1 for 1.50
Sliced bacon	5.00	2 for 1 00
Roast turkey	10.00	1 for 1.50
Corned beef	2.50	3 for 1 00
Sliced ham	5.00	2 for 1 00
Salmon, case	11.00	3 for 1 00
Clams, case	9.00	3 for 1 00
Tomatoes	5.00	4 for 1 00
Corn	4.00	4 for 1 00
String beans	4.50	4 for 1 00
Green peas	4.50	4 for 1 00
" Sage	7.00	3 for 1 00
S. & W. fruits	1.00	2 for 1.50
Simcoe fruit	6.00	4 for 1 00
Choice California Mission		

Fruits .....	7.50	@10.00	1 for .50
Silver Seal .....	11.50		2 for 1.25
Succotash .....	7.00		3 for 1.00
Lubeck's potatoes per tin..	9.00		
Beets .....	5.50		4 for 1.00
Asparagus .....	9.50		1 for .50
Asparagus tips.	7.50		3 for 1.00

MISCELLANEOUS.			
Potatoes	9	10	
Onions	10	12	
Turnips	6	7	
Lemons, case	12.00	15.00	
Oranges, case	12.00	15.00	
Apples	7.00	9.00	
Bats	5 1/2	5 1/2	
Lay	4 1/2	5	
Tobacco, Star	1.10		

In those old monastic cloisters  
where the learned meet to dine,  
e's the theme of envious tutors  
while they sit beside their wine;  
they neglect their ancient studies,  
and the books upon their shelves  
are the latest works on cricket —  
which they do not play them-  
selves.

Yes! the Don no more dilates  
On the facts and on the dates  
Which will benefit his pupils when he  
Sends them in for Greats;  
For the columns of *The Sportsman*  
Are the only thing he knows,  
And he sets them to his scholars as  
A piece for Latin prose.  
These magnificent young athletes whom  
We contemplate with awe,

whose behavior is our model and  
whose wishes are our law—  
no to honor your successes burn  
our chairs and tables, while  
on the owner acquiesces with a  
simulated smile.

Simply asking now and then  
If you're ordinary men,  
phenomena celestial who are  
granted to our ken ;  
Take this humble little lay  
From a reverent M.A.—  
the only act of homage he is com-  
petent to pay—  
the truth's as old as Pindar,  
that the only thing to do  
to court the approbation and in-  
dulgence of a Blue !"

Written by Frank Little Dolloch and Sent to His Intimate Friend,  
Dr. Browne, the Territorial Secretary.

Oh, gaily went the galley out of Sidon in the morning;  
All the crowded jetties cheered her as she passed them one by one;  
Manned by dark Sidonian seamen, rowing slaves and fighting freemen,  
Through the thunder of the oar-roll thrilled the harping of the gleemen,  
As bravely went the galley in the shimmer of the sun.

Sinking swiftly into distance faded faint the shining city  
Granite column, brazen temple of the gods that guard the quay,  
Hearts adventurous aboard her, dreams the merchandise that stored her  
Oh, the gallant freight she carried when the galley went to sea!

They left the seas of sapphire where the Syrian summer slumbers,  
They passed the purple islands where the Greek romances grew;  
Far to southward Egypt lured them, crimson mystery innured them,  
Gold and death and sun and spirit, but the keen wind reassured them,  
And they steered unswerving southward for the sources of the New.

Day by day the splendid sunrise flared from home across the ocean ;  
Day by day the blood-red sunset beacons with enchantment vast ;  
Triremes passed and traders hailed them, still the east wind never failed  
them,

Grim they grappled bow and bulwark when the buccaneers assailed them,  
And they left the rover blazing, sinking, when the galley passed:

They passed the promontories of Sicilia giant-built ;  
They saw the red volcano flaming into deadly bloom ;  
With the oar-strokes' measured beating, pulsing, straining and repeating,  
And the hiss of waters parted and the crash of waters meeting,  
Still they drove the galley westward into mystery and gloom.

Far ahead a giant shadow lowered and loomed across the water,  
Menacing the sail aspiring to the tameless outer seas,  
Demon-haunted, dim, romantic, where in wastes of fog gigantic  
Roared in bitter exultation the immeasurable Atlantic,  
Beating at the gates of sunset, pillars twain of Hercules.

By the bows the crested chieftains clustered brown undaunted faces,  
Peering forward into distance with unflinching youthful sight,  
While the plunging prow thereunder smote the shivering seas asunder,  
And the minstrels sang of action, of the western worlds of wonder,  
Of the seas beyond the sea-line, and the Islands of Delight.

Every warrior at the deck-head, every rower on the benches  
Shouted at the nearing vision of the dreamlands to be won;  
Crimson canvas thundered o'er them, thrilling through the keel that bore

As they burst the guarded gateway into seas none dared before them,  
And they swept the galley westward on the seawake of the sun.

So they sailed her into silence. Do they sleep beneath the surges,  
Finding in the green abyss solace from the burning quest,  
On the slow deep currents shifted, on the kind sea's bosom lifted,  
Ah, no word came back or token, swimmer spent or wreckage drifted,  
Since the galley vanished cheering through the curtain of the west.

Did they sight the gold Atlantis, summer worlds of western wonder ?  
Are there dreams of far Phoenix in the Caribbean main ?  
Or, in undisimayd endeavor, though the fog-bank never,  
Youth undying, glorious galley, beat they the weird seas for ever,  
Eyes and hearts strained ever onward through the spindrift and the  
rain ?

Never word came back or token, but the sailing of the galley  
Beacons the adventure-spirit quenchless with heroic glow  
Hope forever flying, strength of spirit doom-defying,  
Still it flares across the ages, daring dream of youth undying,  
When the unreturning galley sailed from Sidon long ago.

**To Blow Up President.** Budapest, Hungary, Nov. 1. — A workman having informed the police that a plot is on foot to blow up the president of the lower-house of the Hungarian parliament by placing a bomb beneath his chair, the detective force on duty at the house has been increased.

**Best hot drinks in town.—The Sideboard.**

# THE KLONDIKE NUGGET

PRINTING DEPARTMENT.