

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, Dominton, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1901.

From Wednesday's Daily.

GOLD COMMISSIONER'S POWERS.

New regulations for the hearing and decision of disputes in relation to mining property in this territory have been received, and confer great powers upon the gold commissioner and extends the jurisdiction of his court.

One of the important features which will be greatly appreciated by those who feel themselves aggrieved is that the gold commissioner has power to issue mandamus or injunction. The latter is particularly important because heretofore the modus operandi in his court has been by protest, when under the new order of things a quick injunction may be obtained without the delay inseparable from appeal to the territorial court.

The effect of judgments in the commissioner's court will be more salutary, because execution may issue as in similar cases in the higher court.

A distinguished honor is conferred upon the gold commissioner, inasmuch as he may sit on the territorial bench as an appellate judge, until such time as a third territorial judge is appointed to reside here.

In case of appeal from any decision of the gold commissioner, he may, pending the hearing of same, place a receiver in charge of the property or exact a substantial bond from the appellant.

The new law expressly forbids that any jury shall be empanelled to try any cause pending before the gold commissioner.

A further provision is made that with respect to any appeals now pending before the minister of the interior, he may in his discretion order such appeals to be transferred to the local appellate court. All future appeals shall be heard here.

This ordinance comes into force on May 1, 1901.

AQUINALDO'S SPIRIT.

There is something about the spirit of America's latest acquisition to her citizenship list, Aguinaldo, that Americanism cannot refrain from admiring. Aguinaldo had naught to do with the bringing on of the war that lead to the subjugation of the Philippines and his refusing to acknowledge a sovereignty thrust upon him by force was but the act of a proud man imbued with the instinct and principles of independence—the watchword of the American government that has hounded Aguinaldo to his lair and will compel him to disavow, in his actions at least, allegiance which was born in him and which made him a dangerous element before the trouble between American and Spain culminated in the almost utter annihilation of the latter.

That Aguinaldo was a general of more than ordinary ability and that his heart was with the land of his birth regardless of national ownership is evidenced by his last proclamation made only a few days before his capture by the daring Funston. In that proclamation the daring outlaw gave no sign of fear for his personal safety or thought of any danger of his capture. His proclamation opened with a reference to the "unheard cruelties and scornful vexa-

tions of the most elementary laws of war committed by the imperialists, who under the pretext of some American having been killed, hang their prisoners of war by means which are both repugnant and inhuman, the agony lasting about 15 minutes, according to the press of Manila, which is censored, or otherwise submitting them to unheard of tortures. And if this were not sufficient the military governor of the invading army has proclaimed martial law, placing beyond the protection of law not only the Filipinos under arms, but also all peaceful residents whom they arrest and deport without giving them a hearing, almost always for no other purpose but to loot their houses and treasures, or to await a ransom or bribe for their liberty."

Further on the proclamation says: "All guerilla chiefs, as soon as they capture any armed American citizen shall take him into the interior at once and shall communicate with the chief of the nearest American detachment, urgently requesting the exchange of prisoners at the rate of one American for every three Filipinos of the many who are condemned to death by them, and who expect to be led to execution at any moment, and informing him that he would be responsible for the reprisals which we would see ourselves obliged to take in our just defense. If said American chief should refuse to make the exchange requested, the American prisoners shall be shot, whatever be their number, which punishment is fixed in the Spanish penal code, which we have adopted for those who attack our national integrity, if after four days after the exchange requested, the execution of some Filipino sentenced by the Americans should be announced."

From the tone of the above it is clearly evident that so far as the welfare of the American army in the Philippines is concerned, Funston did not effect his daring exploit any too soon, and while imprisonment and other environments may hold in check the independent spirit of the intrepid Aguinaldo, the fire of his nature will not be quenched. In the guerilla chief there is much to admire. He loves his country and his people. He has drunk deeply at the fountain from whence flows the principles of independence and the spirit of patriotism and while in his actions there may have been much to condemn, yet who is there that can not truthfully say "There is much in Aguinaldo to admire."

The question which will demand the attention at the meeting of the Board of Trade tonight, that of the cost of transportation, is by all odds the leading one of the day. It is one in which every person in the Yukon is directly interested as every consumer is taxed to defray transportation charges. That freight charges have been and are yet exorbitant is apparent to all, and it is for the purpose of devising ways and means for bringing about the desired reduction that the question will be introduced at tonight's meeting. There is no danger of insolvency resulting even if transportation schedules are reduced from twenty to forty per cent. Let there be a full attendance and free expression at tonight's meeting.

From late dispatches published it is evident that if a man wants to win his way to the heart of Mrs. Carrie Nation and enlist her prayers in his behalf he must first throw away his cigar and get some pug to blacken his eyes. At St. Louis Carrie snatched a cigar from the mouth of one man and presented another whose face had been battered in a fight, with an American Beauty rose. Please pass the cigars.

Attention is called to the late order received at the office of the gold commissioner and published on the fourth page of today's paper. Its provisions for a local court of appeals will greatly facilitate matters in litigation, avoiding long delays formerly necessary in cases where appeals were all made to Ottawa. One by one the obstacles are being removed from the miners' trail.

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 fine shirt
- Collars
- Cuffs and necktie

Anyone can guess, It will cost you nothing.

1 and 1/2 Ozs. + a Plate

ONLY \$25.00 to attend the banquet. But think of the merry quips and flights of fancy which our post-prandial orators will indulge in. That is to be taken into consideration. Of course this is an exclusive affair and we poor devils can only gaze longingly through a scratch in the frosted window pane and echo the applause from the outside. However, it may be as well to remember that \$25.00 will buy a splendid suit of tailor-made clothes in which you can luxuriously array yourself, and be a king pin for many moons.

OPPOSITE WHITE PASS DOCK

"HERSHBERG"

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Oh, vot a headache!

The above may not have been heard often yesterday, but it fitted the condition of several dozen men around town who participated in the festivities of the previous night. It is claimed by many that it is not the decoctions drunk but the after-dinner speeches that produce the headaches, and the Stroller inclines to the latter belief.

On his way to a big dinner Chauncey Depew once found a man nearly starved in the street. The fellow told a story of how one hardship had followed hard upon another in his case until he was on the verge of starvation, food not having passed his lips for nearly a week.

"Come, my good man," said the famous after dinner entertainer, "I am now on my way to a banquet hall where there is plenty and to spare, and anyone who appears with me will be made welcome; get up and come along."

The eyes of the starving man brightened as he, with considerable effort, staggered to his feet. But he hefted, a look of pride and self respect asserted, itself on the wan features as he looked Depew squarely in the face and said: "Tell me, and tell me the truth; will there be after-dinner speeches?"

"Certainly," said Depew, "there will be a number of after-dinner speeches and among them will be the famous Chauncey Depew of whom you have probably heard."

"Alas," groaned the man as he slowly sank to a recumbent position upon the cold ground, "I am poor, seedy and dying of starvation; dogs bark at me and children revile me, but," and again the look of pride was noticeable on his face, "I prefer to remain here and die in the ditch to being bored to death by after dinner speeches. Thanks for your well-meant kindness, but the grave to me is the more preferable of the two."

Three hours later and when flushed with wine Depew told in his after-dinner speech of his experience while on his way to the banquet, and told it with such effect that revelry ceased for the night and no more speeches were made.

No. 999 Between Discoveries, Moosehide Creek, April 13, 1901.

Dear Stroller:

I always read with much pleasure Your Column in the Nugget whenever I have a Chance, and I am much impressed by Your Solomon-like wisdom and I therefore would like to ask you a question. I have been hunting squirrels on the headwaters of Moosehide creek the whole winter (not wanting to hunt and kill Moose which I think should be protected for the benefit of the poor prospector) and I am coming to town very soon to sell my skins. Now there is a girl in town that I would like to ask to the Thursday night theater or out walking to look at the new bride, but I am not sure if she would accept my invitation, and I have no overcoat. You see the Squirrels have been pretty scarce this winter and an overcoat will cost a small grubstake. I would not mind if I was sure she would accept, but—

Dear Stroller, please advise me What to do. I must be off. I can hear a squirrel upp the hill.

HOPYEASTER.

P. S.—I forgot to tell you that I have been out walking with girls in Dawson before without owning an overcoat, but so many Chechakos have come in that a poor fellow has not show.

The Stroller is at a loss what to advise "Hopyeaster" unless it be to tell him to stay at Moosehide where the girls are not particular as to what style, quality or quantity of clothes he wears.

There is one man in Dawson who is very apt to figure as defendant in a

divorce suit unless he manages to square himself with his wife; and as peace negotiations are now pending, the man's name is withheld in the hope that the angel of domestic tranquility will again find a roosting place in his fig tree. The cause of the family breach is that a few nights ago the lord and master of the house carried home with him a can of wieners from which he proposed having for lunch before retiring. At about 10 o'clock he assumed that lordly way common to married men when they think they are showing their wives new tricks in the art of cooking. He placed the can of "wieners" on the hot stove and when his wife asked him what he was doing she was told to wait and see; also to watch him closely and learn something. She watched and—bom, crash, bang! The can on the hot stove had exploded and shot hot wieners all over the house. One section had struck the cat and knocked it half across the room, another had given the man a swat in the face almost blinding him; pulverized meat, wet and dripping clung to the woman's hair while mutilated sausage dripped from the ceiling and walls of the room, giving it the appearance of a slaughter house.

The man tried to apologize but his wife declared it was a premeditated scheme to blow her up and wreck their

home. She took the cat and went to a neighbor's for the night and the man came down town and patronized a lodging house. They both went home the next morning, but the man sleeps in the woodshed.

Will the party seen driving our St. wash dog "Mucklucks" return to owners and save trouble. Atwood & Cantwell, photographers, Third and First street.

Sunday dinners particularly excellent at McDonald Cafe.

New Belts
New Neckwear
All-over Lace
Black, White and Cream
Stamped Linen
Straw Hats

...J. P. McLENNAN...

Worth Remembering!

Strictly High-Grade Goods
at
S-Y. T. Comp'y
Second Avenue 'Phone 39

WHAT MORE CAN BE SAID?

Savoy Theatre
WEEK OF
Monday, April 15

Post & Maurettus'
LAUGHABLE COMEDY
A Crowded Hotel

Myrtle Drummond, Fred Breen, Post & Ashley, Walthers & Forrest, Winchell, Twins, Celia DeLacy, Cecil Marton, Rae Eldridge.

Performance to Conclude with
Saved from the Wreck

The Standard Theatre Week of APRIL 15

Bartley Campbell's Great Four Act Drama, Entitled
Thursday Night, Ladies Night **"MY PARTNER"** Monday, April 22
-Shore Acres- 23-People-23

FULL STRENGTH OF COMPANY IN THE CAST.

RESERVED SEATS NOW ON SALE

ORPHEUM THEATRE TO-NIGHT!

J. H. Hearde's Australian Minstrels	Flynn's Gaiety Girls — IN — Living Pictures	Eddie Dolan — IN — "O'Mally's Troubles"
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Three Shows in One. Don't Miss It.