

The Klondike Nugget

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SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1900

WHICH WILL THEY DO?

We commend to those members of the Yukon council who were not present at the meeting called by the citizens' committee, last evening, a close perusal and study of its proceedings, as outlined elsewhere in this issue of the Nugget.

We would ask them to note the fact that resolution after resolution was passed by unanimous consent of that assembly—as representative a gathering as could be gotten together in Dawson—and those resolutions, with scarcely an exception, carry with them a distinct message to the Council that it does not hold the confidence of the people of this community.

With a remarkable absence of heat and excitement, and an apparent determination that its actions should not be laid to any sudden impulse, the meeting took up the resolutions, one after another, and disposed of them as ordinary business is usually disposed of.

The actions of the citizens' committee, in its endeavors to secure local representation in the Council, were fully indorsed. The private sessions of our local legislative body, and its custom of exercising a rigid censorship over the press reports of its proceedings, were condemned, as was also the purpose of the Council to institute a local revenue ordinance before representation is granted.

The meeting of last night can not be disposed of by terming it a meeting of hot-heads and agitators. The contrary is proven by the action taken upon Mr. Sugrue's resolution. That resolution was the only feature of the meeting that in any way approached undue haste or extravagance of action, and when the full purport and possible results of the resolution were fully understood it was promptly voted down.

For these reasons, therefore, we say to the Yukon Council that it will consult its own interests, the interests of the authorities from which its powers are derived, as well as the interests of the community over which it exercises legislative functions, by giving heed to the spirit which underlay the meeting of last night.

That spirit was not boisterous; it was not too assertive, nor was it the spirit that originates in the heart of the professional agitator. It was the spirit of determined men—men who, though they respect and obey the law, have a comprehensive idea of their rights as men, and propose that those rights shall be respected.

The Council, if they so desire, can take a lesson from this meeting which will result in incalculable good to our community. On the other hand, they can ignore the proceedings of last night and continue to act as though no expressions of popular opinion have been given. Which will they do?

THE SUGRUE RESOLUTION.

If any doubt has heretofore existed in the minds of the mem-

bers of the Yukon Council; or the heads of the government at Ottawa, as to the capacity of the citizens of this territory for successfully undertaking the government of their own affairs, that doubt should be removed entirely with the knowledge of the actions of the meeting held last night at the Palace Grand Theater. Few instances can be pointed out where so large an assemblage of men have cast aside all passion and have demonstrated their ability to decide exceedingly delicate questions, with such marked intelligence and discrimination as was shown last night.

The resolution which was introduced by Mr. Sugrue was inopportune. At this particular time, when there is good reason for believing that we are about to be granted some of the most important concessions, for which we have so long been striving, action by last night's meeting along the lines desired by Mr. Sugrue would have been most unfortunate. In all likelihood it would, temporarily at least, have frustrated the very objects which the meeting had in view. There was no question or division of opinion with reference to the desires of the meeting. With one voice, and as one man, the demand for representation, as well as the other points covered by the committee's report, were endorsed. The point of difference was reached only when it came to a consideration of what are the best means for attaining the desired ends. When this critical juncture was reached, the assembly rose to the emergency, grappled with the question, and decided it as honest and intelligent men should decide a matter of such great importance.

To deny to such men the right of a voice in the management of their own affairs is so radically wrong and unjust as to defy any satisfactory reason or excuse being advanced.

To say to men, under circumstances such as prevailed last night, who, in the midst of the passion and excitement of debate, are able to keep themselves cool and apply unerring judgment to the settlement of intricate questions—to say to such a body of men, "You are not ready to govern yourselves," is to set aside the lessons of all history.

Mr. Sugrue's resolution was inexpedient. This fact was made clear to the meeting, and the meeting voted the resolution down. That was all, but it was enough. No stronger evidence could be asked in proof of the fact that as a community we are amply able to take upon ourselves the responsibility of self-government.

Senator Clark's Bonanza.

From the United Verde copper mine, with its income \$11,000,000 a year, Senator Clark derives \$30,000 a day, which is \$1,200 an hour, \$20 a minute.

If the expectations of Mr. Clark in regard to the output of the United Verde mine are realized—96,000,000 pounds of copper a year—his income from this source alone will be \$17,208,000 a year, or \$46,000 a day. At this rate Mr. Clark's copper mine is worth \$508,000,000. Other mines have produced enormously for a short time, but they, have soon become exhausted. The Verde mine, however, is the marvel of the age, and miners who have had access in any way to the ore body do not pretend to predict what the future may show.

If it lasts two years at the present rate of production, Mr. Clark has yet to draw \$520,000,000 on his annual installments.

If the mine should last 50 years, his heirs will find a bank account unequalled by any in the world.

Masons.

All members of A. F. & A. M. are invited to attend a meeting in Masonic temple, Mission street, Saturday evening, at 7:30 p. m.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

STROLLER'S COLUMN

Tom Chisholm is ever ready to help an unfortunate or needy friend and sometimes his sympathetic nature brings him to grief. And, by the way, it happens that at times he is not alone in his sorrow, for his desire to assist is misdirected and the other fellow mourns.

Yesterday a horse, the relic of a hard winter, with ribs like the rifles in a sluice box was seen dragging a loaded sled on the ice opposite the Aurora. Suddenly he was observed to stand on his head, then dance a jig and indulge in the mystic gyrations of the 'coochee coochee.' Tom rushed down the river bank and found the horse to be 'loqued,' as this form of equine St. Vitus dance is called, and further that the horse had contracted the trouble by eating of some hay containing the loqu weed. Having diagnosed the case and knowing the cause it was easy for Tom to suggest a remedy. 'Whisky; that's the stuff,' he said to the distracted owner, 'whisky will fix him. Wait a minute.' Away rushed Chisholm, the horse in the meantime throwing a back somersault, but soon settling down to buck and wing time which would have driven little Annie O'Brien into hysterics had she witnessed the act.

Soon Tom rushed down to the river with a quart bottle of whisky and catching the jaw of the frantic animal he emptied the bottle down the throat of the beast. The horse immediately cut out his dancing act, gave one look of reproach at his would be benefactor and laid down and died. 'Well, you fixed him all right,' said the mournful owner.

"If this melting weather continues it is off with us fellows in a dozen places," said a mine owner one day this week. "Why, actually the snow is nearly all gone out my way already, besides, there wasn't half as much snow on the ground as there was last spring, and then it was so scarce that I used to go six weeks without a bath just to save water. Well, if we can't have the spring washup, we just can't, and that is all there is to it. I don't know what these fellows will do who are working on bedrock propositions; they are to be paid at the cleaup, and if there is no cleaup this year it will probably inconvenience some of them who won't feel like waiting another year or two for their money. But it will be harder on the owner or layman than anyone else. The most of them owe store bills as big as church debts, and if we can't wash out our gold, the merchants will just have to wait, that's all."

"It is astonishing the number of parliamentarians there are in Dawson," said a man in the lobby of the theater after the mass meeting last night. "Every man who ever had a relative janitor of a high school building bobs up at any and all times with some interpolation regarding parliamentary rules. They know Cushing's manual by heart, and can sing Roberts' Rules of Order as readily as the long metre doxology—that is they think they can. But you know that while I don't pretend to know quite as much about such things as Tom Reed, or as Roscoe Conkling used to know, I have always noticed this, and I began to notice 20 years ago before I was past my 'senior prep' college days, and that is that these sticklers about parliamentary usages never get any further or are able to talk intelligently on a question after the parliamentary ruffles have been ironed out."

Every room a miniature home. The Fairview.

Come and try our one dollar turkey dinner, at the Yukon hotel restaurant, 5 o'clock Sunday, March 25. Under new management. J. E. Booge, manager.

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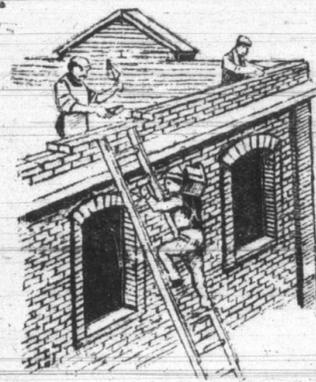
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FIRST BOAT FOR NOME

STEAMER MERWIN is now in Winter quarters at Dawson, and will be ready to leave on opening of navigation, sailing direct to Nome, without delay or transfer, at St. Michael. Tickets and berths can now be secured at

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