

The Klondike Nugget

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FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1912.

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KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium—"Niobe" Standard—Vaudeville.

NO PARTY POLITICS.

The attempt of the Sun to inject party politics into the election for the territorial council should be discontinued and condemned.

Partisanship was entirely eliminated from the recent campaign, and it would be an exceedingly bad blunder to depart from that precedent in the contest for the territorial council. The Yukon needs the best brains that can be secured irrespective of party affiliations, and, particularly, in view of the splendid support given to Mr. Ross by leading Conservatives and Independents it would be an unwise and ungracious act to place a straight Liberal ticket in the field at this time.

DR. ALFRED THOMPSON.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Nugget will be found an announcement from Dr. Alfred Thompson of his intention to stand as a candidate for the Yukon council.

It affords pleasure to the Nugget to tender the support of this paper to the doctor, and we have no doubt that his candidature will meet with popular approbation and endorsement.

He is a man of staunch integrity, is thoroughly informed as to the needs and requirements of the territorial and as a member of the territorial legislative body his views will command the respectful attention that is invariably given to a man of sincerity and honesty of purpose, and who vital possesses a proper appreciation of his own dignity.

The Nugget commends Dr. Thompson to the voters of the district with the conviction that his services in the Yukon council will be of the utmost value to the community.

MISING MEN WANTED.

It is essential that the mining industry should be well represented in the Yukon Council. With the extension of increased powers to the local legislative body, which may be anticipated within the near future, the latter will exert a far more important influence upon the fortunes of the miners of the district than has been the case in the past. The time will come when the territorial council will be charged with the duty of enacting all the laws for the government of the territory and for the regulation of its chief industry.

The increase in the number of elective members is a preliminary step, in that direction and it is therefore highly essential that men who are directly interested and concerned in mining should be represented on the councils.

Pending such time as the territory is vested with full provincial powers the federal government will be guided largely by recommendations made from the Yukon Council. Mr. Ross as our representative at the federal capital will look to the

council for advice and assistance, and it behooves the people to place on the council men who are best informed as to its wants. The mining districts came forward nobly to the support of Mr. Ross and the same good judgment displayed in the late campaign should be continued in the contest for the Yukon Council. A good, strong, level headed mining man is wanted by all means, and it will afford the Nugget the utmost satisfaction to assist in the election of such a man.

Little Children in Japan.

The little children in Japan are fearfully polite. They always thank their bread and milk. Before they take a bite, they say, "You make us most content, O honorable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan don't think of being rude. "O noble dear mamma," they say, "We trust we don't intrude. Instead of rushing into where all day their mother combs her hair."

The little children in Japan wear mittens on their feet. They have no proper hats to go walking in the street. And wooden stilts for over-shoes. They don't object at all to use.

The little children in Japan with toys of paper play. And carry paper parasols. To keep the rain away. And when you go to see, you'll find it's paper walls they live behind. —Caroline MacCormack in Harpers.

Managing of Husbands.

There is a positive exhilaration to be derived from bringing all one's efforts to bear upon a husband whose business worries have pursued him from the office. There is a genuine delight to fight with the unknown anxieties which his love will not permit him to unburden at home. It brings out all the tact and patience and diplomacy, all the charms and graces, of a woman's character to transform a cross, tired, worn-out husband into a new man—just by a good dinner and a little tact.

But to manage a husband when there are so many kinds of husbands requires, more than any other one thing, a thorough study of your subject. To "meet your husband with a smile," which is the old-fashioned rule for all ills, is enough to make a nervous, irritable man frantic. Look him over before you even smile. You ought to know how to treat him. Don't sing or hum if he has a headache, or begin to tell him the news before you have fed him. If there is one rule to lay down—which there is not—or if I were giving automatic advice—which I am not—I should say that most men come home like hungry animals, and require first of all to be fed.

New Building Idea.

Santa Maria, Nov. 12.—J. H. Roemer, a retired blacksmith, has been notified that a patent will be granted him on building houses out of lime. The patent is expected to be granted as applied for, and it may be important to the building art. The patent applied for secures the right to construct buildings out of lime and sand, without the use of any other material excepting wire. A building was constructed on the principle of this patent a year ago and has withstood all tests very successfully. It is fire and weatherproof, solid, and cannot be affected by earthquakes. The cost is far less than for building out of wood or stone.

The New Mini-ter.

Ottawa, Nov. 12.—The Hon. Louis Philippe Brodeur, speaker of the house of commons, is generally spoken of as the most likely to succeed Mr. Tarte in the government. Mr. Brodeur is a young man, who has just turned forty, but has an enviable reputation at the Montreal bar and as a writer on political affairs. He was elected first as a member of the house of commons in 1891, and from 1896 until the session of 1901 occupied the deputy speakership, succeeding Hon. Thomas Bain when that gentleman retired from the speaker's chair. Mr. Brodeur is a man of great executive ability and of very high ideals.

"What did the deacon say when you sent him the branched peaches?" "He said he didn't care so much for the peaches as he did for the spirit in which they were sent." —Judge.

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Stroller's Column.

Two or three fellows have written to the Stroller from the creeks in regard to the electoral divisions for the election of members to the Yukon Council. They say there ought to be five divisions instead of three, and the Stroller is inclined to agree with them. But why, didn't they take up this matter before? It was certainly the idea of Commissioner Ross that there should be five districts, each electing a member, and he had the idea that four out of the five elected ought to be men particularly interested in mining matters. But it cannot be altered now and ought not to make so much of a difference after all, as the representation in Dawson can be divided between a representative of the municipal interests and one of the mining interests, and the creeks can elect their own men.

Of course there may be a couple of doctors and a couple of lawyers running for the membership of the city, but then it will depend on the good sense of the people who are elected, and the creeks can at least elect three members of the council who are miners, so they will have a majority anyway. But who is running this, or who thinks he is? So far as the Stroller is concerned he has heard nothing about this territorial election except what is contained in those kicking letters from the creeks. Dawson does not seem to have awakened up to it as yet.

It is curious how every word, even every whisper over the telephone, may be twisted into a mysterious political significance. As an instance of this take the innocent Her Stewart, as innocent of any political guile as a Chinaman. He has lately gone into the wood business, and one of his wood-bede customers lately called him up by the telephone. It did just happen that there was a meeting of Ross supporters in Her's office at the time. The message over the phone was: "What is Woodworth?" and the answer, after a pause and a general scrutiny of those present was, "That is what we are trying to find out." "Don't you sell wood?" was asked.

"Why, yes, of course." "Well, how much is it worth?" "Is this Mr. Blank? Excuse me. I thought he was somebody talking politics. Yes, we will have your wood up there this afternoon." "But," says Her, as he sat down, "where is Woodworth, and what is he worth?" At which there was a gentle laugh.

Mr. Nels Mason, of Caribou, came in when the Stroller was writing this and wanted something said about a telegram which appeared in the News yesterday to the effect that all Clarke's American sympathizers there were surprised at the big vote polled at Caribou Crossing for Ross. But there is nothing at all surprising about it. The vote is given in the dispatch at 125. The Stroller is well acquainted with that part of the country, and can say that in the Big Horn and all that country about Windy Arm and Toochi lake there are more than that number of miners whose voting place is Caribou, and it is to their honor that so many made the long trip to vote for Mr. Ross. It would only be one-half of them anyway. It is said that several Klondike Nugget, a Dawson City, Yukon Territory, (Canada). And it speaks something for the intelligence of the international post office clerks that the newspaper reaches him regularly. Perhaps the mailing clerk of our contemporary will take a tumble to himself if he happens to read this paragraph.

One of our most distinguished orators—if silence is golden—received a letter last week addressed: "Mister Calley McGerger, Licen in Speke, Dawson." It was from an old friend of his who had returned to her home in the Norseland.

A Matter of Advice.

He back in twenty minutes. Make yourself comfortable. And he was gone before I could get my mouth open. Two minutes later the clerk slipped away, to, and here I am in charge of the shop.

He scowled a little and compared his watch with the clock and picked up a pamphlet and flung it down. "Ten o'clock," he muttered, "and he's been gone only six minutes. Hanged if I don't feel lonesome." There was a light rap at the glass doors, in short, it was the office of Mr. Ephraim Castle, the well known and highly respected consulting attorney.

Mr. Castle was not in his office, neither was his confidential clerk. But the room was not empty. Seated at the table was a stout man with a somewhat flushed countenance adorned by a short white mustache. His hair was white, too, but there were no signs of breaking down about him. On the contrary he appeared to be a singularly alert and forceful individual. He had called on Attorney Castle for something more extended than a dying visit. His overcoat and hat were hanging on the rack near the door, and he had settled himself in a big armchair and was staring at the clock. "Strange that Castle should dodge away and leave me like this," he muttered half aloud. "I didn't suppose there was any other business that would take precedence to mine. And he fixed the time of meeting himself. If it were anybody but Eph Castle I would go mad. Just the instant I mentioned my business he looked up at the clock and hustled after his hat. Got a very important engagement," he cried. "Must keep it."

If I hadn't written that I would come I certainly would have stayed away. "But of course you will stay now that you are here," said the man. "The worst was the coming," said the girl. "Your kindly face reassures me. I know what your reputation is. I have heard of some of the generous acts you have done. I feel sure you will not laugh at me." The man's face seemed unusually flushed but he did not waver in his unconscionable course. "This is all Castle's fault," he thought to himself. "Let him take the consequences. After getting this praise under false pretenses I'll be hanged if I reveal myself as an impostor. Besides, who knows but I can give the girl just as good advice as Eph could—and it isn't going to cost her a cent, either."

He looked at the young woman with his gentlest expression. "Laugh at you?" he echoed. "Certainly not. The law is not a laughing matter. At least, I have never found it so." "But this is not a matter of law," said the girl. "That is, unless it is the higher law." "You shouldn't come to a lawyer's office for that," interrupted the man, with a little smile. "I have come to you because I think you are a true friend of all concerned," said the girl gravely, "and because I feel sure that you will use your influence in the right way when you have heard both sides."

"Thank you again," said the man. The girl leaned forward on the table. "I will tell you first who I am," she said. "As you know, my name is Amy Sefton. I am a stenographer with Burdick & Frothingham. I live with my widowed mother. My father, Richard Sefton, a merchant here for many years, died suddenly leaving us quite destitute."

"I knew your father," interrupted the listener. "He was an honest man." "Thank you," said the girl. "If you wish to know more about me I can refer you to the firm that employs me—I have been with them three years." "Go on," said the man. "Then that is enough about myself," the girl continued. "And now about my mission. You are the legal adviser of Mr. Richard Clayton."

"Eh?" ejaculated the man with a little start. "He is coming here today to have you alter his will," said the girl. "What's that?" cried the man. "He means to disinherit his son," said the girl. "The face of the man was quite purple and he breathed hard. "How do you know this?" he asked.

"Wait, please," said the girl. "This is what makes it hard. And, oh, I want you to understand that I have come here entirely on my own responsibility. George does not dream I am coming. My mother knows nothing about it. It is all my own idea. Please bear this in mind." Her face was flushed, her eyes were moist, and she threw a look of appeal into the gaze she fastened on the man.

"But you have not explained your interest in this matter," he said. The girl's flush grew deeper. "I am the cause," she said. "The cause?" "I am the cause of this unhappy quarrel between George and his father. I am the girl George wants to marry." She paused and drew a long breath. "George's father objects to me because I am poor, because I work for a living, I do not blame him," she added hastily. "There is a wide gulf between the stenographer and the millionaire. And then George is fery and hasty and obstinate. I fancy he has no tact. He could not put himself in his father's place. And when his father spoke harshly of me—he called me a fortune hunter. I believe—George flared up and there were bitter words, and his father told him he would cut him from his will, and George scornfully swept from the house. He was very wrong."

"Who was wrong?" "George was wrong," replied the girl. "And so was his father." "Indeed," said the man. "Yes," said the girl. "George was very wrong to quarrel with his father. What he said about me didn't count. He doesn't know me. They were but words of anger. They couldn't hurt me. And George forgot all the gratitude and obedience he owes his father. His father—who has been both father and mother to him since he was a very little boy. George was quite wrong."

"Yes," said the man. "And his father was wrong," said the girl. "He should have remembered that George is but a boy, and that he has indulged and spoiled him all his life. And now, when for the first time the boy asks for something and is for the first time refused, the father should take into consideration all the conditions and hold himself responsible for his share in the revolt."

and were very poor and very happy." The eyes of the man had turned from the girl and he was intently regarding the table. "And may I ask you what you would suggest?" he presently inquired. "It is but a girl's idea," she said, "and you may think it all wrong. But it seems to me that it might do some good if you would see Mr. Richard Clayton and plead with him not to be hasty. Make him remember that it is his only son, his only child, that he is about to wrong. And I thought you might tell him you had seen me—you will know how to make this plausible—and say to him that I am not—not what he thinks me, and that I am very, very sorry to come between father and son." She paused and caught her breath. "And beg him not to be hasty. And tell him that George will come and ask his forgiveness for his harsh and bitter words. I will see that he does this. And say to him that we, George and I, have no thought of a hasty marriage. That I will wait any reasonable time, and that in all things I have the greatest respect for his wishes."

She paused quite out of breath. "Perhaps you would have me intimate to him that you could be induced to give up his son?" said the man in a low tone and with his eyes on the table before him. "No!" cried the girl. "Tell him nothing rather than that." She rose to her feet, the color changing in her face. "Ten times his wealth would not part us. I know George's heart and I know my own. If his father is determined to cast him off we will do the best we can, and neither of us has any fear for the future."

The man looked up as she paused and then came a sudden interruption. The door opened and a slender, little man with gray hair and a smooth and kindly face entered. "I hope I haven't returned too soon?" he said in a gentle voice. "The stout man looked at him with knitted brows, and slowly arose. The little man, still smiling, put out his hand to the girl. "I am very much pleased to meet you, my dear," he said. "I knew your father very well. I know of you from George Clayton and from Henry Frothingham. And so I trust you will forgive an old friend's neglect to keep his engagement at the exact time agreed upon."

The girl, greatly puzzled, looked from the little man back to the man at the table. But the latter had stepped to the rack near the door, and taken his coat and hat. "Castle," he gruffly said, "that engagement is off." "Yes," said the little man, his smile deepening. "You have lost a handsome fee, Castle."

"Don't worry about that," said the little man. "The stout man looked hard at the lawyer. "You're out of your element," he said. "You ought to write plays." "I'm sure I enjoy them," said the little man, with a humorous twinkle in his eyes. "And then, before the stout man could speak again, the bewildered girl turned to the lawyer. "Are you Mr. Castle?" she said. He bowed low. "Always at your service, my dear."

She turned quickly to the stout man, who stood, hat in hand, near the door. Her voice trembled. "And please, sir, who are you?" "The stout man came a little closer. "If you will give me your arm, my dear," he said, and his voice suddenly softened. "We will go out and look after this obstinate Master George." Then a sudden twitching played about his mouth as he added, "I'm his unworthy father, you know."

And the little lawyer, holding wide the door for them to pass, wore a smile that was broad indeed. Lady (to cook, who is leaving to get married)—And what is your future husband's name, Maria? Maria (stolidly)—Urn. Lady—What an odd name! May I ask you how to spell it? Maria—Haitch hee hay har hee hee. —London King.

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PROVINCIAL AUTONOMY

Niggardly Granted to Northwest Territory

How it Compares With the Measure of Self Government Given to the Yukon.

In discussing Mr. Borden's ready promises of provincial autonomy in the Northwest territories, the Manitoba Free Press gives a brief history of the development of government institutions in the west, pointing out the difficulties experienced in the past in wrenching even niggardly instalments of self-government from Conservative administrations.

In 1871 the territories were governed by the Mounted Police, acting under orders from Ottawa. On the following year Alexander Mackenzie gave the west the Hon. David Laird as governor, and a Northwest council consisting of appointed members. This council had legislative as well as administrative powers, though within narrow limits. The Northwest council thus established lasted five years, and laid an excellent foundation for future legislation. The Conservative government in response to a strong agitation, gave the semblance of representation by a change, allowing an area of 1,000 square miles, having 1,000 population, to send a representative to the council, which was an assembly of officials.

Mr. Lawrence Clark was the first, and for some time the only, member elected, but very soon Frank Oliver, J. H. Ross, and later J. G. Thibault found themselves in the council. In 1875 the council consisted of three appointed members and one others, but in 1887 there were six appointed and thirteen elected members. The struggle for constitutional rights had already begun. In 1882 Ross and Oliver were fighting against the principle that the lieutenant-governor was irresponsible to the council for the expenditure of money. The division lists in the journals of the house show that in 1884 Oliver, Ross, Turfitt and Geddes stood alone on the question, yet in the following year the "hopeless minority" had

the unanimous support of the house. As a result of a succession of resolutions to Ottawa a measure was passed in 1884 establishing an elective chamber, with a speaker, the cabinet being formed by the lieutenant-governor calling four of its members as financial advisers. It was not till after the elected assembly, led by Haultain, Oliver, Ross and Turfitt, had left the lieutenant-governor without an advisory council and broken up without passing any estimates, that the Northwest Assembly was given full control over the expenditure of its funds.

One step more was necessary, the establishment of a cabinet responsible to the constituents of its members, and possessing the confidence of the chamber. That change the Conservative government at Ottawa refused persistently to make, and it had to wait the accession of the Liberals to office. In fact, the Northwest made its own constitution, and the great obstacle in its way was the obstruction of the Conservative party in power at Ottawa.

The question of provincial autonomy is one of terms and conditions, and it must be remembered that while the Conservative government at Ottawa was niggardly in coming power and authority to the elected representatives of the west, it was lavish in giving away the land that might have supported western governmental institutions. —Toronto Globe.

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