

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 12. (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher. SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily: Yearly, in advance \$30.00. Per month, by carrier in city, in advance 3.00. Single copies .25. Semi-Weekly: Yearly, in advance \$24.00. Six months 12.00. Three months 6.00. Per month, by carrier in city, in advance 2.00. Single copies .25.

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creek by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1902.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS. Auditorium—"Galley Slave." Standard—Vaudeville.

A SAFE EXAMPLE.

One by one the old guard of oppositionists who formerly were in the front rank of every movement directed against the government have withdrawn their support from Clarke and declined to identify themselves in any capacity with his canvass. Some of them have made public statements of their attitude, and others have thus far confined themselves entirely to the expression of their disapproval through the medium of dignified silence.

Colonel Donald McGregor, hero of a hundred public meetings, sponsor for almost as many infants, marked with the scars of many a platform contest, but with the spirit of youth still bubbling and sparkling within him in all its pristine vigor—Colonel Donald McGregor, grand old man of the Yukon, has shed his castor into the Dawson newspaper arena and is a full fledged one of us.

In that very fact rests the strongest indictment that can be brought to bear against Clarke, and to that fact we invite the earnest consideration of every voter, whose knowledge of Clarke may have been gained entirely from his platform utterances.

To the unbiased, unprejudiced voters of the district we apply the question: "Can you regard Clarke as a safe man to care for your interests, when without exception the men who have been most closely identified with him during the past two years announce that they have nothing further to do with him?"

It is one thing to make promises and another to carry them out. Joseph A. Clarke will promise anything that will secure votes for himself but his record is such that no faith in his pledges can be placed. The only true standard for judging what a man will do in the future is his past record and regarded from that point of view Joe has absolutely no claim to the confidence of the Yukon electorate.

The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.

They know perfectly well, as do hundreds of others, that Clarke is a man in whose personal behalf not one single favorable syllable can be spoken with consistency. They know that Clarke's candidacy is an insult to public decency and a reflection upon the good name of the community.

In view of the foregoing, we sub-

mit to the electors of the district that in withholding their support from Clarke they are performing a duty which they owe not only to themselves but to the district as a whole.

History is now being made in this territory which will exert a tremendous influence upon coming years. A man is to be sent to represent the Yukon in the councils of the highest legislative body in the Dominion of Canada. Through the agency of that man results either of the utmost good or of the greatest evil will accrue to the constituency which sends him.

Can the Yukon afford to take the chance of sending a man of Clarke's calibre to undertake a mission of such immeasurable importance. Our answer is no, a thousand times no, and if reasons were lacking for justification of that answer they would be found in the fact that with one accord the old time leaders of the opposition have passed a vote of want of confidence in Clarke. They know him and condemn him. Let those who are not so well acquainted with him be guided accordingly.

A REASONABLE SUSPICION.

The two discredited parties to the Sun-News combination are still making a semblance of being at war with each other. There is now a well-grounded suspicion that the inane and rapid editorial observations of both papers are written by the same hand. Such a move would only be following out the News' defense of the combination to its logical conclusion.

The suspicion noted above seems to have reasonable foundation.

WELCOME, COLONEL.

Colonel Donald McGregor, hero of a hundred public meetings, sponsor for almost as many infants, marked with the scars of many a platform contest, but with the spirit of youth still bubbling and sparkling within him in all its pristine vigor—Colonel Donald McGregor, grand old man of the Yukon, has shed his castor into the Dawson newspaper arena and is a full fledged one of us.

Creek sentiment is rapidly becoming unified in favor of Mr. Ross. The miners have nothing to hope or expect from Clarke's success and everything to gain should Mr. Ross be elected.

Thoughtful Consideration. — "Oh, mamma," she said, with a little burst of girlish confidence, "what do you think? Mr. Jenkins proposed last night."

It is one thing to make promises and another to carry them out. Joseph A. Clarke will promise anything that will secure votes for himself but his record is such that no faith in his pledges can be placed. The only true standard for judging what a man will do in the future is his past record and regarded from that point of view Joe has absolutely no claim to the confidence of the Yukon electorate.

The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.

They know perfectly well, as do hundreds of others, that Clarke is a man in whose personal behalf not one single favorable syllable can be spoken with consistency. They know that Clarke's candidacy is an insult to public decency and a reflection upon the good name of the community.

In view of the foregoing, we sub-

FUEL WILL BE HIGHER

Wood is Steadily Advancing in Price

Supply on Hand Will Not Equal the Demand and High Prices Anticipated.

The recent advance in the price of wood has caused considerable anxiety on the part of many consumers as to the probable height the price of fuel will reach before the end of the closed season. Two weeks ago wood in long lengths was selling on the beach for \$7 a cord whereas the same commodity last week readily brought \$11, an advance of \$4 in less than a fortnight.

For eight long hours these men have lain in this shallow trench, so hollow that when bullets come whistling over their heads their faces are pressed into the loose earth for protection. The aching from cold and cramp is becoming well-nigh insupportable and now and then one of the other casts a glance towards the crushed and twisted form beside them with an expression of envy, as if it suggested a welcome thought.

Curzon, the elder man of the two, ananages, with a great effort, to get his pipe alight. "Hold on a bit, Mortlake," he says to his companion, "and you shall have a pull presently."

"Well, while you are getting your whiff, I'll take a pot at the beggars, then you can take a turn at this business," raising himself gingerly and sighting his rifle as he speaks.

"No nonsense, old man; try and wriggle around, so that I can see what the damage is, such a tiny hole it must be, wish I could stop the blood. In your side? Here? Bad—does it hurt?"

Thoughtful Consideration. — "Oh, mamma," she said, with a little burst of girlish confidence, "what do you think? Mr. Jenkins proposed last night."

It is one thing to make promises and another to carry them out. Joseph A. Clarke will promise anything that will secure votes for himself but his record is such that no faith in his pledges can be placed. The only true standard for judging what a man will do in the future is his past record and regarded from that point of view Joe has absolutely no claim to the confidence of the Yukon electorate.

The Nugget's facilities for turning out first-class job work cannot be excelled this side of San Francisco.

They know perfectly well, as do hundreds of others, that Clarke is a man in whose personal behalf not one single favorable syllable can be spoken with consistency. They know that Clarke's candidacy is an insult to public decency and a reflection upon the good name of the community.

In view of the foregoing, we sub-

IN THE TRENCH

Soaking rains and sodden ground; a small barrier of upturned sod, looking as if an anchor from a balloon had scooped up a few yards of soil and then soared upward again. Behind this little hummock two men are lying flat on their faces, while a third figure is doubled up and forms a support for the rifle.

Curzon gravely—"Morty, you are incorrigible, where is her ring? You would like me to send it if that you would like her to have it again if things don't come right."

With great difficulty he gets at a chain to which is attached a medley of articles, and among them a magnificent ring of opals and diamonds. Curzon stretches out his hand to take it, giving a hearty grasp to the shaking hand that delivers the heavy gold circlet.

"No, keep quiet, you fool; you will hurt yourself." The tone is stern, and Mortlake wriggles back in his old position. There is a long silence, then, "Morty, lad, you never gave me the address, and I shall have to get your ring for your mother."

"Oh, the address is inside the letter. As for my ring, I trust you to get me out of this final scrape, as you have done so many others in days gone by."

Curzon suddenly asks: "I wonder if I know her?" "Oh, yes, of course you do, old chap. She told me your place in Scotland was quite near her father's and that you had known her as a child. Cecil Vereker, you must remember her."

For a moment there is a dead silence. Curzon grips his rifle until the veins of his hand stand out like whips, and mutters under his breath: "Karen, her as a child! The unsophisticated little country flower, God bless, and this is how the ring I gave her comes back to me. Wonder if the ring I left her is guarding the heirloom of the Mortlake family, and if other men's trinkets are hanging on my watch-chain? Heaven above—unsophisticated! Shall I tell him? Better not; if he must go, let him go believing her to be what he thinks her. If he lives—well, if he lives, as there is a God in heaven she will have to tell him. Bah!—and to think!"

"Curzon, do you think the end is near? I am getting awfully cold shivers down my back. What is the chance of our getting out of this infernal hole alive?"

"Our chance depends upon how the mounted troops draw them off to the right. Take my coat, Morty, I don't feel cold, can wiggle out of it."

"No, hang it, I am not as selfish as all that, Curzon. Feel my head, a bit light, this place is becoming a well. Can't see clearly. Is this—how it comes?"

"Nonsense, man, pull yourself together. You'll pull through all right." His voice has a terrible anxious ring, however. "The whisky has gone to your head. You want a meal, that's what you want, and warm blankets. I've seen men live to a hale old age with a wad of lead in their insides."

"I don't believe there is any left inside, seems to have gone clean through, and expect that interhal beam."

"Shut up, Morty. Keep up your old-time grit. Think I hear a horse galloping, and no man would be such an ass if they ate not retreating." Looks carefully out, then ducks. "Love, it is a mounted officer, and there comes stretcher-bearers. Hold up, old man, we'll fix you all right." Shouts for stretcher-bearers, waving his hat on his rifle. Two minutes later five men are bending over Mortlake, one, a surgeon, makes a hasty examination of wound, cutting away uniform. Curzon kneels beside his friend, who writhes with pain, his lips pressed between his teeth, as the hypodermic syringe is quickly called into service.

WE are now prepared to do all kinds of Casting & Machine Work. Repairing a Specialty. Yukon Saw Mill Machine Works and Foundry. 1st Ave and Duke St. Phone 27. Dawson.

Picture Gallery on Wheels. In no country are there so many picturesque vehicles as in Sicily. Any day you may see carriages very gayly decorated. This is especially true of festival days. A Sicilian thinks that when a man dons his best clothes on a holiday he should also deck his horse and carriage in honor of the occasion.

Pacific Coast Steamship Co. Affords a Complete Coastwise Service, Covering Alaska, Washington, California, Oregon and Mexico. Our boats are manned by the most skillful navigators. Exceptional Service the Rule.

The White Pass & Yukon Route WINTER STAGE SERVICE. Regular stages between Dawson and Whitehorse will be inaugurated as soon as sleighs can be used. With our large four-horse rigs, comfortable road houses, over the new trail, the trip will be as comfortable. Regular schedule and rates will be announced later.

New Stock AT THE NUGGET JOB PRINTERY New Type THE ORR & TUKEY CO., Ltd. STAGE AND LIVERY

Alaska Flyers OPERATED BY THE Alaska Steamship Co. DOLPHIN AND HUMBOLDT Leave Skagway Every Five Days. SCHEDULE: DOLPHIN leaves Skagway for Seattle and Vancouver, transferring to Victoria, Sept. 11, Oct. 1, 11, 21, 31. HUMBOLDT for Seattle direct, transferring to Vancouver and Victoria, Sept. 6, 16, 26; Oct. 6, 16, 26. Also A 1 Steamers Dirigo and Farallon Leaving Skagway Every 15 Days.

Curzon reaches carefully for the pipe, which is almost covered with mud, and tries to relight the smouldering embers. "Got a light or a bit of paper about you, Morty? If I could get this blooming thing to go, a whiff would do you good—a letter. Ah, thanks! The envelope is damp, can I use the inside sheet?" Scott Good Lord, how funny it seems.