The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NO. 12.

[Dawson's Pioneer Paper]

Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly,

GEORGE M. ALLEN. ..... Publisher

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LETTERS

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

$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.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 24, 1903.

THE SORDID SUN.

The Sun is incapable of understanding any declarations on the part of a contemporary, the origin of which is not found in a sordid motive.

It is past the comprehension of the Sun that a newspaper may be actuated from principle, and a desire to promote the public interest.

The Sun invariably acts from the point of view that "a newspaper talks the way it is paid," and any other theory is not within the narrow limitations of the Sun's understanding.

In its issue this morning, our contemporary attempts to impugn the purposes and intentions of the Nugget and fails most ignominiously. The Nugget has said nothing for which it is necessary to offer an explanation or apology.

As an earnest advocate of the election of Mr. Ross—not as a government candidate as the Sun says, but as a champion of Yukon interests—it is the privilege of the Nugget to criticise when and where it sees fit.

We may remind the Sun that the present commissioner, who was the guiding genius of the Ross campaign, did not claim the election as a government victory. On the contrary he took occasion to rebuke the Sun very sternly for publishing a suggestion to that effect—and gave special acknowledgement to the Conservatives and independent votes which gave Mr. Ross his seat in parliament.

Among the staunchest supporters of Mr. Ross were men whose views for years had found expression in the columns of the Nugget—and they went into the struggle, as did this paper, with the conviction that they were acting for and in the interests of the community.

There was no prostitution of principle—no stullification such as the Sun would endeavor to have people believe—but there was a condition, pregnant with possibilities for good or evil and that condition was approached and grappled with, in the most energetic fashion possible.

The article in the Sun this morning will not affect the Nugget in the slightest degree, but its insulting language goes beyond this paper and extends to every one of the hundreds of nominal opponents of the government who gave loyal and undeviating aid to Mr. Ross.

The Sun would do the cause it professes to serve more good through complete silence than it will accomplish by such outbursts of manifest vindictiveness.

The references which have been made to Mr. Ross in the Nugget, have been called forth and are warranted by existing conditions. From time to time the public has been assured that Mr. Ross' health was in satisfactory condition—and these assurances have come through the Sun more frequently than from any other source.

If Mr. Ross has been in good health it is clear that the interests of the public have been neglected otherwise he would have been in his seat in the house of commons and presented the plea of his constituents during the Treadgold debate.

If his health has been such as to necessitate his continued absence from parliament then it is evident that the people have been kept in the dark as to the real facts and Mr. Ross has suffered in consequence.

This morning for the first time the Sun announces that Mr. Ross' health may prevent him from again appearing in the house for the balance of the session.

Our contemporary's language on this point is as follows:

"Before Mr. Ross was nominated, it was a well known fact that he was a very sick man. The Nugget knew it, and knew that it would be a wonder if he was well enough to be at Ottawa at all during the present session.

"The Yukon Sun, and every intelligent citizen of Yukon, realized from the start that it would be a dispensation of Providence if Mr. Ross was well enough to be in his seat in the House during even a part of the present session.

"Mr. Ross is absent from his seat in parliament because he is too ill to occupy it. He has not been in Ottawa for weeks, and may not be there again this session."

In connection with the foregoing it is needless to say that the Nugget knew nothing of what the Sun says. The Nugget has been assured and has believed the contrary of what the Sun declares to be the true state of affairs.

If the Sun's disclosures are true and Mr. Ross' health is as stated, we have only to say that the facts should have been made known long ago. No one could regret more sincerely than the Nugget that such is the case, but in the light of experience we can scarcely accept the Sun as authority.

If Mr. Ross is in the condition as stated, an obvious course lies before him.

THE LINE OF DUTY.

The theory that a newspaper which supports a candidate for office is thereafter bound to endorse every act of such candidate—good, bad and indifferent—may hold good in some instances, but never applies to a paper which has regard for its obligations to the public.

It is the duty of a newspaper to support such men as it regards are best adapted for the positions they seek, but it is even a greater duty to insist that pre-election promises and platform declarations shall be fulfilled.

In supporting Mr. Ross the Nugget followed out what it believed, and what it still believes, was the strict line of duty.

And today in calling attention to the fact that the pledges given to the people have not been observed with the sincerity which the people were warranted in anticipating, there is no departure from the line of action observed by every paper not hide bound by personal or partisan influences.

Hotel Arrivals

FAIRVIEW HOTEL.—J. B. Pattullo, Cohn Grant, Frank Mortimer, N. Mercier, C. Mercier, I. Rosenthal, A. S. Morris, Lahey, Cleveland, H. E. Ewart, F. Schwartz, Peter Smith, J. M. Dallar, John Odegard, John Lund, Gust Olson, E. M. White, H. M. Gilkison, C. J. Vifquam, W. B. Cameron, S. J. McLaren, Joseph Schulmann, Geo. Ferguson, W. H. Campbell, R. J. Ogburn and wife, H. J. Hunt.

EMPIRE HOTEL.—M. G. McLeod, C. C. Juinan, D. C. MacKenzie, A. B. McDonald, D. H. Moran, Sam Nickerson, E. T. Sugg, Mrs. Thompson, Angus Beaton, A. Merrill, J. Currie, O. F. Kastner, P. G. Charles, Wm. Lloyd, N. Hepburn, E. La France, L. Gerard.

KLONDIKE HOTEL.—Mrs. Lingard, F. Plane, Morrison, Mason, Joe Nordstrom, A. J. Nordstrom, Joe Kirk, Arthur Wheeler, Wiggo Rassmussen, W. F. Collins, L. B. Little, Jake Conney.

Draught beer Rochester Bar.

STEAMER MARY GRAFF

Largest Freight Carrier on Upper Yukon Route.

The big freighter Mary Graff of the White Pass fleet, and the largest carrier of the upper Yukon, came in yesterday with 175 tons of freight including 27 head of horses, stage stock belonging to the White Pass. Captain Gordon is master of the Graff while her pilot is that experienced and popular pioneer on the upper Yukon, Captain Syd Barrington who is now on the river his sixth season.

The Mary Graff has a capacity of 400 tons but owing to the remarkably low water from Whitehorse to the mouth of the Pelly she came with less than half what she can carry. Captain Gordon says that never in his experience on the Yukon has he seen the water of the upper river so low at this season of the year as at present.

The Graff will sail for Whitehorse this evening.

Strike Ended

Seattle, June 5.—The Boilermakers and Shipbuilders' Union yesterday adjusted its differences with Moran Bros., and the strike which has lasted for two years has been declared off. Originally all the unions represented at the big shipyard went out on a strike for more pay and shorter hours, but with the exception of the union named, they went back to work after being out about nine months. Yesterday, however, an amicable settlement was reached in which both sides conceded something, and the end was happy.

Certain clauses in the original agreement are omitted altogether and others are modified, but on the whole it represents a compromise of the matters in dispute. The chief difference in the two agreements was in the rate of pay. The men wanted a minimum wage of $3.50 per day, which works out at the rate of 38 8-9 cents per hour, while the rate of 37 cents was finally accepted.

The great bone of contention in the original strike was the demand for a nine-hour day, and as a nine-hour day has now been introduced into the shipyards for some months, there remained but little to prevent the two parties agreeing there. The settlement will not let the strikers back at work en masse, but they are now eligible for jobs wherever there are vacancies, and it is understood that the yard is short of boilermakers at the present time.

Reports Confirmed

Portland, Me., June 6.—Reports from every section in northern Maine confirm the first reports of tremendous loss to the lumbering and other interests from forest fires. In addition one town has been completely destroyed, hundreds of buildings have been burned in all parts of the state, and at least two lives were lost. The town of Patton has been completely surrounded by fire at close range for 48 hours. Eight townships have been burned over, causing a loss of $250,000 to lumber interests there.

MANY MEN WORKING.

Glens Falls, N. Y., June 6.—Reports received here at the offices of lumber companies who have large interests in the Andirondacks region, where the fires are fiercest, state that the fires are well in hand. The report that Governor Odell has authorized an emergency expenditure of $15,000 for the purpose of fighting forest fires has given great encouragement to the three thousand men who are fighting the flames.

Has Begun Suit.

Paris, June 8. — Tod Sloan, the jockey, has begun a suit against the Jockey Club to recover $25,000 damages because of the action of the Jockey Club in excluding him from further entrance to the grounds. The stewards in expelling him issued a notification that the action was taken because Sloan had exercised the horse Rose de Mai at Chantilly without authority.

The Orr & Tukey Co., Ltd., night stage to Dominion. On and after June 20th stages for Caribou and 33 below Lower Dominion will leave Dawson at 7 p. m.

Footwear

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Is what you find at this store. These are a desirable kind, made for wear and comfort. Broad enough to insure comfort, graceful enough for style, cheap enough for economy, elegant enough to suit anybody.

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..The Breakfast in the Shoe Box..

The young master had been out of college for a year and he had spent that time in his father's bank. But he was as youthful in two particulars as on the day he first went to school.

He feared then just as much as he does today the fat and bald butler, who could look very stout and amiable sometimes and at other times tremendously serious and impressive. Fear of this respectful and ancient servitor had become a sort of tradition with him. He had imbibed it at 4, and at 24 it was not easily shaken off.

It was almost the same kind of fear that made him stand in dread of the paternal displeasure. He had the healthy horror of childhood of arousing his father's anger.

It was above all the combination of the two forces that he dreaded. The butler was faithful to the father's interest in reporting any suspected departure from the path of propriety that all young men are supposed to follow. Thus the two, fearful enough separate, were doubly terrible together.

It happened that various episodes in the young master's career had caused the vigilance of the father and the butler to be somewhat stricter than it might have been had his undergraduate career been free from a few bright and highly colored splashes. He was strictly under the eye of the father and father's deputy, the butler.

One morning last week young master emerged from his tub with the conviction that, whatever happened, he could not eat breakfast. He suspected when he fell into bed a few hours before that food would be superfluous in the morning. He was absolutely certain of it as he put on his clothes.

He had escaped the notice of both his father and the butler as he came in. He could not hope to do so at breakfast. At least one of them was certain to be with him at the meal.

There was no trace of fatigue in his fresh pink and white face, and his yellow hair curled about his head as crisply as if he had been sleeping for ten hours. He was in no danger of exposure so far as his appearance went. But the ordeal of trying to eat breakfast under the butler's keen eye was too much.

The young master pondered. He would have to go to the table or the departure from custom would get him into a mess from which he could never extricate himself. He realized all this, but decided rebelliously that he would not eat, come what might.

Then he looked about the bathroom and a sudden inspiration came to him as he gazed at the rubber sponge bag on the wall.

When he appeared fresh-faced and smiling in the dining room, nobody would have thought that the sponge bag was concealed under his coat. But it was there. He was alone at breakfast and had the exclusive attention of the butler, who eyed him with suspicious interest as he placed a cut-up orange on the table before him.

"See if there's a letter for me in the hall," the young master said. "I am certain there must be something."

The faithful James seemed almost to be eying him with downright uncertainty of his evil doing. As the butler disappeared through the door, the orange fell swiftly from the plate into the rubber bag which rested on his knee, hidden by a napkin. When the butler returned there was every sign of the young master's having a splendid appetite.

The young master's head swam, though, at the sight of the poached eggs and bacon, and the coffee, poured out by the solicitous James, seemed no more appetizing. But luckily the sponge bag was at hand. Only James had to be got rid of.

"Get me the paper," was the order that a second time sent him out of the room into the hall.

So soon as James's back was turned, the eggs, the bacon and the coffee fell with a chug into the rubber bag. Then the string about the neck was drawn tight and the napkin was once more thrown over it as James entered.

"There's no newspaper," James said melting visibly as he saw the empty plates. "Only a box."

"That's a shoe box. It's mine. I am taking a pair of boots down town."

The young master nearly always had a good appetite, so there was no surprise that the platter was so clean. If it had not been there would have been astonishment, a report to father and probably investigation.

As it was, the breakfast had vindicated him thoroughly. But it had to be got rid of. There was the shoe box that he provided for the purpose. It was only a matter of two minutes to pack the sponge bag into the box. The door closed behind him and with a sense of triumph that almost made him feel comfortable for a minute, the young master realized that he was quite safe. It might be discovered that he had been out late. But he had just as certainly been all right at breakfast.

So satisfied was he with the success of the scheme that he held the shoe box tight under one arm and quite forgot to throw it away until he was on the elevated station. There was no chance there, so he took it into the car. Then he forgot it when he alighted.

At luncheon he told the story to a friend and wondered what the result would be.

Thus it happened that a messenger arrived at the depot for lost articles bearing a letter. It requested the return of a shoe box containing a sponge bag in which were:

One orange cut up, with sugar.
Two poached eggs on toast.
Four slices of bacon.
One cup of coffee with cream.

In view of the value of the articles and the accurate description the box was given to the messenger without question. He had instructions to deliver it at the home of the young master, who knew nothing of this plan.

So it happened that when he came home that night for dinner the first thing he laid eyes on was the box. It was lying on a chair in the hall, almost in the same place he had put it in the morning.

But it was somewhat changed in appearance. During the ten hours that had passed the coffee had leaked out of the rubber bag. It had spread through the pasteboard, which was blotched with patches of brown.

He had almost a superstitious dread that James might have tracked him, found the package and brought it back to confound him. He was able to seize it, however, and take it to his room. It stayed there under lock and key until after dinner. Then it was stealthily carried out of the house under an overcoat and deposited safely in an ash barrel half a mile away.

"The shoes came back, sir," said James the next morning when the breakfast really was disappearing in the right way, "and I put them in the hall. It seemed to me they smelt of coffee, sir."

"Shoes smell of coffee?" answered the young master, confident in the correctness of his behavior the night before, and feeling so well by contrast that even the butler lost terror for him. "James, you're getting old and dotty. Who ever heard of shoes smelling like coffee? You might as well have said they smelt like poached eggs and bacon."

Then he sallied out to get square with the friend who had almost ruined his reputation in the household by sending back the shoe box.

B. C. New Cabinet

Victoria, B. C., June 2.—To the great disappointment of many Liberals, who hoped he would remain true to the Opposition party, Mr. McBride since being called on to form a government has decided to organize on Tonservative lines. This decision was announced to the Opposition caucus last night, and to the house this afternoon. This morning Mr. Tatlow was sworn in as president of the executive council, and spoke for Mr. McBride, asking for the appointment of a committee of ten, five of the old Opposition party and five of the old government party, to revise the estimates and select legislation that is important to complete. This was strenuously opposed by Mr. Martin, who characterized it as a star chamber proceeding, but it was endorsed by the house unanimously, with the exception of Messrs. Martin, Gilmore, Neill and Rogers.

In his letter of explanation, Mr. McBride stated that after careful consideration and in view of the imminence of dissolution and an appeal to the country on party lines, he had decided to form a government on a Conservative basis. He said he would prepare the voters' lists fairly and seek an honest expression of opinion from the electorate. He thanked his Liberal colleagues who had stood by him, and said that under other circumstances he would have been glad to give them representation in the Cabinet.

Mr. McBride, it is said by some, will drop out of Provincial politics, making way for Mr. Wilson, and will contest New Westminster against Mr. Aylay Morrison.

A near supporter, however, declares that Mr. Wilson will be Attorney-General; Mr. McPhillips, President of the Council; Mr. Fulton, Provincial Secretary, and Mr. McBride, Chief Commissioner.

The Conservatives are sulky at what they regard as a usurping of the leadership by Mr. McBride, while the Literals who were in the old Opposition feel more or less bitter at what they regard as an act of treachery on the part of Mr. McBride.

An appeal to the country will be taken as soon as the lists are prepared, probably in about four months.

Sensation at Eugene

Portland, Or., June 3.—Miss Marie Ware, who recently resigned as United States commissioner at Eugene, at the request of United States District Judge Bellinger, was arrested here today. Miss Ware is charged with conspiracy to obtain government lands by fraud.

Horace G. McKinley, a timber land locator, was arrested yesterday, charged with making false affidavits in the office of the United States commissioner at Eugene. Special agents of the general land office have been investigating alleged timber land frauds in this state for several months past, and it is rumored that several other arrests will follow.

It is said that the fraudulent entries of land in this state will run into the thousands and that sensational developments are expected from the investigation now in progress.

Draught beer Rochester Bar.

Jews Are Arming.

Berlin, June 3.—Advices received here from Odessa say the Jews have imported several thousand revolvers since the Kishinef massacre, so that at present almost every Jew, man or woman, is armed. Those who were unable to buy weapons received them as gifts from the defence committee. A system of communication has also been agreed upon, so as to spread a warning throughout the city if there is an outbreak in any quarter. Families residing near each other will concentrate for defence, and every second man will join what might be called an "expeditionary corps" to take part in aggressive defence where rioting is actually going on. The Jewish safety committee is also reported to have arranged with the working men's associations for aid in the event of outbreaks. Arms have been distributed from Odessa to the Jews in other cities of Russia.

Berlin, June 2.—The Tageblatt prints a despatch from St Petersburg announcing that a law was published there today giving a list of 101 towns in Russia in which Jews are allowed to acquire land live without restriction. Jews are temporarily forbidden to buy land outside these places, where they will be legally settled.

A man had been absent for some time, and during his absence had raised a pretty luxuriant crop of whiskers, moustache, etc. On returning home he visited a relative, of whose little girl he was very fond.

The little girl made no demonstration toward saluting him with a kiss, as was usual.

"Why," said the mother, "don't you give Uncle Will a kiss, dear?"

"Why, mummy," returned the little girl, with the most perfect simplicity, "I don't see any place."—Illustrated Bits.

Draught beer Rochester Bar.

H. Pinkiert

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