

The Klondike Nugget

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MEN OF THE YUKON, DO YOUR DUTY.

The long campaign has drawn to an end and tomorrow the battle will be fought out to a conclusion. For three months the people have been engaged in animated discussion of the issues.

The arguments have been presented upon both sides with attention to every detail and there is but little to add at this time.

The people must determine tomorrow upon a man to represent them in the house of commons at Ottawa. The decision they will make, will exert a far-reaching and lasting influence upon the future of this country.

If the voters decide in favor of Joseph Andrew Clarke, the "revenge" candidate, they will do so with the full and complete knowledge that they are contributing to the utmost to retard and hinder the growth and development of the entire district.

They cannot, in the future, plead ignorance of what they were doing, for the record of Clarke is before them as an open book.

While much that might have been said respecting the character of the man has been withheld, enough has been presented to condemn him eternally in the eyes of every patriotic, self-respecting citizen.

The Nugget has not soiled its columns with full and complete revelation of Clarke's misdeeds, and has presented during the campaign only such facts as seemed necessary to convince the electorate that the selection of Joseph Andrew Clarke would be a monstrous blunder, which the people would regret for all time to come.

We have shown conclusively, and in language absolutely beyond question as to its accuracy, that Clarke possesses not one single, solitary recommendation which should lead the people of this territory to select him as their representative in the Dominion house of commons.

We have shown him as having when a boy been expelled time and again from school.

We have shown him as one who broke his solemn oath by deserting from the service of the Northwest Mounted Police.

We have shown him as an unfaithful and corrupt employe in the government service.

We have shown him as an unprincipled demagogue, endeavoring to make use of manifest popular grievances for the promotion of his own personal interests.

We have shown him as the publisher of a blackmailing, libelous sheet, attacking reputable citizens without cause, and slandering and abusing everyone who chanced to disagree with him.

We have shown him in the role of leader of an alleged moral crusade directed against public gambling, and again as proclaiming from the public platform that he will stand sponsor for "square" gambling if elected.

In short, we have shown the man to the public exactly as he is—a mental and moral degenerate, so despicable and contemptible that language cannot be found which will properly describe him—and withal we have not told the half of what might and perhaps what should be said.

We recount the foregoing on this closing day of the campaign for the reason that we desire to impress upon every voter before he exercises his inherent right of citizenship, the fact that there is more involved in tomorrow's election than the mere matter of choosing a member of parliament.

The Yukon is to send a man down to the federal capital who will be pointed to as the standard by which men of the community at large will be judged.

Voicers, are you willing that it be told in the halls of the house of commons that Joseph Andrew Clarke is a representative Yukoner?

Are the men who in the old days, with the sweat of agony pouring down their cheeks, fought their way over Chilkoot and did valiant and successful battle with obstacles apparently beyond the agency of human power to overcome—are those men willing to allow the people of Canada to hold up the record of Joseph Andrew Clarke to the world and say, "There is a sample of the men of the Yukon"?

God forbid that the heroes of 1897 and '98 should thus be insulted and disgraced. Better, a thousand times better, that the Yukon should never be represented at Ottawa than that such representation should be committed to the keeping of a man of Clarke's calibre.

The Nugget calls upon the voters of the territory to rise as one man and rally to the protection of their own good names and the fair escutcheon of the Yukon. We ask every man to question his own conscience before casting his ballot. Let him ask of himself the questions propounded above, and let him keep those questions in mind when he goes to the polling booth.

Do your duty tomorrow, men of the Yukon—preserve your own self-respect, safeguard your own welfare, protect the interests of the community by voting an overwhelming majority in favor of the Hon. James Hamilton Ross.

Clarke in the role of member of parliament will disgrace and dishonor you as he has done in the past. Mr. Ross will protect and guard your interests as an able, honest and conscientious statesman should do. We repeat once more, do your duty like men.

Clarke tells the people that he will give them revenge for wrongs endured in 1898. What restitution will he make to the men who bought their way through the ten-dollar door?

Joe Clarke has stabbed every friend who worked for him in the past. He will betray the men who vote for him should any occasion for so doing ever arise.

This is a critical time in the history of Whitehorse. The greatest need just now is a smelter whereby the man of small means may hang on to his mine, working the property and getting a start.

James Hamilton Ross has proven himself our friend. He has interested himself in every fair demand and has succeeded in doing much for the end of the territory. Why should a single vote be given in Whitehorse to throw this man down who has proved himself in every fair demand and our needs? What satisfaction would there be to any sane man to vote to kill the town and then try to explain that he only wanted to get even with another fellow who did something else in another place at some other time?

Vote for Ross and the building up of your own town—Whitehorse Star.

Business Men: Your credit on the outside is absolutely based upon the credit of the territory, and its aspect of permanent prosperity. This opposition party is publishing the statement broadcast that the miners are leaving the country; that the investors have left it already. They are for a platform of ruin and revenge. Will that aid you to extend your business and secure larger credits?

LOCAL ASSAY OFFICE: I shall advocate the establishment of an assay office in Dawson, where miners may obtain full value for their gold.—James Hamilton Ross.

Standard Patterns and Fashion Sheets For December. J. P. McLENNAN, 233 FRONT ST. Phone 104-B. Agent for Standard Patterns.

Clarke's election means less employment and decreased wages. The labor vote should go solidly for Mr. Ross.

WITH-PUCK AND STICK

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Fast Hockey Game at the Athletic Rink Saturday Evening—Score 5 to 3.

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In the Civil Service would get in and drill, but in some good hard licks at practice they would prove invincible as the team contains more old-time players who know all the tricks of the game than any other team in the league. Bennett, Watt and Kennedy stars with years of experience and they are well supported by the other players, but it was individual effort that won the game Saturday instead of combination work.

Edwards played goal exceptionally well and effectually stopped all the Police shots with three exceptions. There was but very little "roughing it" though a number of the Police partisans persisted in yelling out "dirty work" at the slightest provocation.

For the Police, Cosby, Hope and Timmins were the stars. Hope played a rattling game at point, some of his lifts carrying nearly the full length of the rink. Timmins, admitted to be the best goal that ever struck the territory, stopped many straight shots and was admirably supported by Hope. Cosby was all over the rink and played like a whirlwind.

There is one intensely disagreeable feature that attends the hockey matches that it would be well for the management of the rink to eliminate if they expect the patronage of any ladies. That is the habit certain callow youths and a few older ones have of pounding on the wall of the rink with hockey sticks and making an intolerable din. It is not only senseless horse play, but very annoying to the ladies who go to see the game and not listen to the idiotic attempts of a few who seem to consider that the only way to applaud is to make a deafening racket.

An annoying delay in starting the game was caused by the engine that supplies the electric light breaking down shortly before 8 o'clock, a flaw in the casting having caused the piston rod to snap off close to the cylinder head. It was nearly 10 o'clock when Referee Merritt blew his whistle and the teams lined up, Cosby and Bennett facing each other in the scramble for the puck. For five minutes the play was fast and then the Police gave the C. S. aggression a surprise party by taking a clean goal from a shot by Cosby. Five minutes more and the Civil Service retaliated, Bennett making the successful shot. Then occurred a funny thing followed a moment later by something still more amusing which made the crowd howl with delight. It was not one minute after the Civil Service had secured its goal that the Police took the puck and by careful nursing carried it the full length of the rink, Rines making a goal before anyone realized what was happening. Then in exactly the same manner and in about the same time the Civil Service did the same thing, Bennett making the shot which evened up the score to 2 to 2.

The latter part of the first half became faster, there were a number of collisions which resulted in no damage and by the time the whistle had blown for the ten minute intermission between the two halves the Civil Service had scored twice more, once by Watt and once by Kennedy. The goal by the last named was somewhat sensational as he nursed the puck alone half the length of the rink and made a successful shot. Score, 4 to 2.

In the second half Douglas, early in the play, made a fine stop of a red hot shot. Timmins did equally as well a moment later on a long chance taken by Bennett after carrying the puck alone fully twenty yards. Elbeck was ruled off for four minutes for roughing it. Currie made an excellent lift that took the puck squarely between the goal posts though it was stopped by Douglas before it scored. A few moments later Currie broke his skate and had to retire, McDiarmid being laid off the other team to even up matters. The only goal scored by the Police in the second half was shot by Wright after a brilliant play on the part of Cosby, Lawless and Rines. Kennedy was ruled off the minutes and Douglas made another splendid stop of a long lift by Wright. Near

Art in Trippville

By John H. Raffley.

Jim Brushingham, artist went to Trippville with a two-fold purpose of making progress in painting and profit from his pictures. He chose Trippville because it combined certain qualities bucolic, aristocratic, scenic and atmospheric, that are supposed to make for the uplift of aims aesthetic and pocketbook plebore.

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Besides a young woman's college which gave tone to the town, Trippville had a hotel in which, as Brushingham well knew, the custom was to register when you come and pay when you go. The town was situated upon the brink of a shimmering river, with an old stone mill, a water wheel, white birch in the bottom land, orchards all over town and enough of sheep, pigs, and cattle to keep Rosa Bonheur turning over in her hallowed grave.

So Brushingham, one fine April day, landed in the Tripp House, with his field kit, his color-boxes, his easel and his trunk, and registered "J. Clifton Brushingham, Artist," with a bold flourish that looked good for at least a week's board.

Tripp, the proprietor, whose spectacles were girded on with a shoe string, made a deep obeisance to the distinguished guest, and before dinner was over or Jim had completed his count of the microscopic side dishes, he was thoroughly at home and ready for the artistic conquest of Trippville. By dint of painting Squire Dubeck's orchard and per little Dubecks to look over his shoulder while he worked, he learned a goodly share of the village gossip. He knew, for instance, that old Bill Tripp was "tight as the bark on a tree," but that his daughter Priscilla familiarly known as Pinkie, knew "how to make the old man's money fly."

Being a shrewd young man, Jim therefore resolved to "get in right" with the fair daughter of the house of Tripp, for besides being a girl of generous impulses, she was a member of the graduating class at Tripp College and one of the "social favorites" as well as one of the most "beautiful and accomplished," et ceteras of Trippville. By leaving his door open on Saturday and Sunday and turning his easel toward it, Jim soon succeeded in luring her into his studio, and the result was a round and turning his easel toward it, Jim which the plump girl with rickons in her hair and the slim artist with brown curls became very well acquainted. At the end of his first week Jim spent a few breathless days, tearing that Tripp would present his bill. But his second Tuesday in the place dawned brilliantly in the absence of the sun, and the presence of an invitation to a "class tea" signed by the fair Pinkie herself and written in the latest angular hand upon Nile green paper.

At the end of the third week in Trippville half the girls at the college were "going in" for art, and Miss Pinkie was trying to get up a class. She had already picked up a lot of her studio jargon and was forever babbling about "atmosphere," "motifs" and "schools." Brushingham was invited to address the "Twentieth Century Ethical Circle." He donated a painting of the Trippville mill to the First Congregational church and received a letter of praise from Mrs. Henrietta Suggs, who won it in the raffle. When his month "was up" the artist was the best-known man in town and very popular, but when he sat down to figure up his financial profits and losses, he found that his assets were all hopes and six habits fully equal to the task of putting his balance on the wrong side of the ledger. He hadn't sold anything, he had no pupils, his supply dealer was commencing to "roar" and, worst of all, Pappa Tripp was beginning to glow at him.

To accentuate his tribulations Manina Tripp was beginning to smile ominously upon him. He suspected that she was responsible for her husband's leniency about the bill, but in her benevolent words and radiant smiles he heard and saw the bodacious craft of a match-making woman. Then Pinkie suddenly came to his relief with the confidential assurance that she would take lessons. "No matter what papa said." He gave her a list of what she would need, and she ordered enough stuff to stock a studio. That bill for artful temper. He didn't say anything, but he looked at Jim as if he'd like to throttle him. Meanwhile the lessons began and Mrs. Tripp fairly scintillated with joy. Brushingham was getting nervous. Perhaps it was his overwrought imagination, but he thought he detected some signs of dawning tenderness in Pinkie's behavior. He thought seriously of "jumping the town," but put away the temptation with a shiver. He ran over his list of

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MONDAY, DECEMBER 1, 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.



AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium—"Sewing the Wind." Standard—Vaudeville.

CLARKE'S ONLY HOPE.

The only hope that Clarke has of success lies in the possibility that all the Ross men will not vote. Clarke and his henchmen know perfectly well that Mr. Ross has a great majority of voters in his favor, and they rely upon the feeling of confidence which pervades the Ross ranks to hold a proportion of the latter's supporters away from the polls.

We warn the men who are in sympathy with good government and who wish to see the overthrow of Clarkeism against falling into any such error. It is not merely the defeat of Clarke that must be accomplished tomorrow. The fight must end in his total annihilation and for the accomplishment of that purpose it is necessary that the majority for Mr. Ross shall be made just as large as possible.

Every Ross man should be at the polls as early in the day as he may be able. Mr. Ross should be elected by two o'clock tomorrow afternoon, and he will be if the voters best themselves and go to the polls in good season. Don't wait for the final rush in the afternoon, but cast your ballot early and then find someone who has not done so. No man in the Yukon will ever invest a day's time to better advantage than by spending the whole of tomorrow in assisting to swell Mr. Ross' majority.

WATCH THE ENEMY.

The scoundrelly attempt of a Clarke supporter to make away with a copy of the voters' list from the Ross headquarters is merely an indication of the depths to which the opposition will stoop to accomplish their ends. Clarke is a past master in all kinds of political trickery and jobbery, and will hesitate at nothing that will tend to aid his election.

It is necessary, therefore, that a close watch be kept upon the movements of the enemy tomorrow to the end that anticipated crooked work may be detected and frustrated. A man who would pack a convention as Clarke did, and resort to the petty schemes for the defeat of his rivals for the nomination of which Clarke was guilty, will not shrink from violating the election act if by so doing he thinks he may be able to further and promote his own interests.

The Ross scoundrels must be on their guard all day long and exercise the utmost vigilance in order that well laid schemes of the enemy may be overcome.

Joseph Andrew Clarke took oath that he had paid \$450 for a dog used by him while in the government service and presented a bill to the interior department for that amount. During the famous Woodside litle case Clarke admitted that he had never paid out the money, and also that the government had turned down the bill. Voters, will you choose such a man to represent you in parliament?

Clarke's election means less employment and decreased wages. The labor vote should go solidly for Mr. Ross.

\$50 To Whitehorse \$50

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE RELAY STAGES

No Night Travelling. Time 44 Days to Whitehorse. Stage Leaves Tuesday, Dec. 2, and Thursday, Dec. 4, 1 p.m. Secure Seats Now.

G. E. PULHAM, SUPERINTENDENT. J. H. ROGERS, AGENT.

It's False Economy

To Delay Buying What You Really Need.

NOW is the time to buy your Overalls, Caps, Mitts and Winter Goods. Our Line is Complete.

PRICES RIGHT. M. RYAN, Front St. Under the Ferry.

If You Are Going to Spend Christmas in the States

Leave Dawson in Time to Catch the

"DOLPHIN"

Leaves Skagway December 19

REDUCED RATES TO FORKS. SINGLE TRIP, \$1.00. TWO STAGES DALEY, 939 A. St. and 400 P. St. THE ORR & TUCKEY CO., Limited.