

The Klondike Nugget

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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.
All Small Packages sent to the Editor by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday in Eldorado, Delaney, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

MONDAY, JUNE 24, 1901.

"WORTHY OF A BETTER CAUSE."

Our esteemed contemporary the News enjoys a well earned reputation for extending compliments of a doubtful nature. This reputation was well sustained on Saturday night when the News presented to the public its opinion respecting the work of the mounted police in connection with the O'Brien case.

In the course of a somewhat prolonged discourse on the subject the News takes occasion to offer the following gem in tribute to the arduous efforts of the police in entangling the mystery surrounding the tripple murder:

"With a perspicacity WORTHY OF A BETTER CAUSE," says our contemporary, "the trail was caught and followed through its devious ways from the most minute circumstances to the apparent unfolding of the plot in all its fathomable completeness."

Our contemporary has evidently applied itself on many and varied occasions to the perusal of yellow-back literature—applied itself, it may be said in passing, with a degree of industry "worthy of a better cause."

We will remember that expression, "worthy of a better cause." It occurs in chapter thirteen of a volume of choice historical fiction, entitled "Left Handed Lue, the Lion Hearted Lad, Lost in Labrador, or the Story of a Seafaring Steub." But in the forefaded historical narrative the expression is used in connection with the villain and not in reference to anything done by the hero.

We confess that we are somewhat at a loss to follow the application which the News endeavors to place upon the expression. One idea of the matter has been that when the police and the detectives were engaged in digging up acres of snow with their bare hands in order to secure evidence to bear upon the murders, that they were engaged in a very worthy cause. We have been laboring all the while under the impression that whoever would explain the mystery surrounding the case and bring the perpetrators of the awful crime to justice, might truthfully be said to have labored in behalf of a most righteous cause. As a matter of fact we are strongly inclined to the belief that our contemporary did not itself believe what it said. We are in truth constrained to the opinion that our contemporary did not know what it said. And we take this charitable view of the matter, for the reason that it is quite easy for us to understand an error of the head on the part of the News, when an error of the heart would be quite past explanation.

Once on a time the News advertised the fact that in its editorial utterances it confined itself to the use of simple but classic language. We suggest a return to that early principle.

SIR WALTER BESANT.

There are few living writers who have given delight to so many readers as Sir Walter Besant, who died at Hampstead on Monday. He was a story-teller of the sort that the soul of the great multitude of story-lovers longs for. He told his tale in the kindest, merriest way. He never put on airs. He took you into his confidence, and you knew from the first moment that, however exciting might be the round of adventure or struggle through which you were to be led, vice would be punished and virtue rewarded in the end; and you would be made to feel that this old world is a pretty good place to live in, after all. Since that world is weary quite as much in the long run by what the mass of peo-

ple think it is and what they believe it may be made and going to be as by duller and harsher fact, the man who establishes common, happy ideals and helps others to live up to them is not to be despised.

Many of his earlier stories were written in collaboration with James Rice; but since the death of his coadjutor he has produced many others alone in his own best vein. He was no genius, literary or otherwise; only a man who understood and sympathized with the toiling millions, who had the gift of imagining entertaining events and of relating them so that they became like real life. And his was no inconsiderable service; for, whatever may have been his own opinions or acts, the tone of his books was wholesome, happy, conventional. The merit of them is that they inspire belief in the old-fashioned, simple, lovable things; that they teach people to trust the old-fashioned motto, "Be good and you will be happy."

Outside of the "smart set" there are still majorities of millions who have a haunting, lingering faith in the old axioms; who love the homely old ways; whose intuition tells them that, in spite of life's disappointments and injustices, the balance is still on the side of rewards for love and faith and hope and honor and fidelity and manly strength and womanly sweetness. —Seattle P. I.

A Lesson in Caution.

"When in doubt let her alone" is our first and most important maxim in regard to shoplifters," said a New Orleans floorwalker of long experience. "It is better to let a thousand guilty people escape and carry off our property with them than to run the risk of making one mistake, and when you hear of a woman being actually taken into custody you may rest assured that she has been under surveillance for days and that the evidence against her is strong enough to convict a bishop. It doesn't do to jump at conclusions, even when they are 'caught in the act,' as the saying goes, and that reminds me of a little incident which taught me what was probably the most valuable lesson of my life.

"It happened soon after I went into the business," the floorwalker went on, "when I was holding down the job of a house detective in a department store almost as large as this. It was my first employment of the kind, and naturally I was anxious to show my efficiency; so I was a little disappointed when a month or more went by without giving me a chance to gather in a culprit. One day, when we had a big bargain sale in progress and the store was jammed with people from end to end, I had my attention attracted to a quietly dressed, middle aged woman who was wandering from department to department in a manner that struck me as suspicious. At last she stopped before a fancy goods counter, where a number of handsome silver card cases were displayed, and a moment later I saw her pick up one of them and drop it into her pocket.

"She stepped at once into the crowd, and I rushed after her. I was a little distance away at the time, and the crush was so great I could not get to her immediately without exciting a panic. Just before I reached her side the young man who managed the fancy goods department squeezed in ahead of me and tapped her on the shoulder. 'Pardon me, madam,' he said, 'but you left this on my counter,' and he handed her a card case, almost the facsimile of the one I saw her pick up. 'Why, that can't be mine,' she exclaimed, looking startled; 'I've mine in my pocket.' The department manager opened the case he had brought and disclosed a large roll of bills, a hundred dollar note on the outside. 'This may help you to identify it,' he said, smiling. By that time the lady had extracted the other. 'Yes, that is mine,' she said when she saw the money. 'It was an absurd mistake, but you see they look very much alike on the outside.'

"During this brief colloquy my blood ran cold. Ten seconds more and I would have had the woman under arrest, probably involving the house in a great damage suit and certainly losing my job. As the department manager turned he saw me for the first time. 'Hello, Jim!' he said. 'I suppose you were intending to call her back, too.' 'Yes,' I replied slowly, but I was mighty careful not to tell him how I was intending to do it."

The miners, mechanics and workman's meals, full, plentiful and satisfying, for 75 cents, are making lively times at the Standard reading room.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to your outside friends. A complete pictorial history of the Klondike. For sale at all news stands.

Box Hams, 25 cents, Eldorado Warehouse, Third avenue and Second street.

Canned spring chicken. Selman & Myers.

Cash paid for all kind of feed and general merchandise. One ton or one hundred tons. S. Archibald, T. & E. Co.'s store.

An Old Print's Story.

"Slug Two" got a "phat take" yesterday, says the Baker City (Or.) Herald.

"Slug Two" is a printer in the Herald office who has "held cases" since Vol. 1, No. 1. His name is P. J. McCormick, a canny Scotsman, who combines the profession of mining with the trade of printing, as a means of livelihood. He is a good miner and a good printer. He drifted into this camp last winter from Colorado. He was in the habitual condition of a printer when he first came—that is, he was broke. He had sold a mine in Cripple Creek for \$22,000 and had gone through with the first payment of \$11,000—like the prince he is. He was holding cases on a Denver paper when the money came, and he laid down his "stick," pasted his "dupes," sold his "string" to a friendly "Shylock," and boarded a Pullman sleeping car for his old home in Boston. He bathed in champagne, kept a valet, bought an automobile, played golf, and was otherwise "it" in the staid Bostonese society which worships at the shrine of Peff. "Mae's" \$11,000 lasted, however, "Me" had a time.

When the last of it disappeared, "Me" hit the road for the West again. He put his "slip in the rack" on the same old Denver paper, and "pulled out" enough money to buy a passage to Oregon. He landed in Baker City and worked in the job alley of the Democrat. He was a good printer, but he was a printer. That covers a multitude of eccentricities and one sin—yearning for "hoose." When he "showed up" at the Herald office Foreman Billy Moore made him "Slug Two." He was honored by being elected "chairman of the chapel" a position of considerable importance in a print shop. He dispensed even-handed justice, and every man and woman in both the front and back office liked him—liked his odd ways of saying things, his droll Scotch, with his dry stories, and his great, big, kind Scotch heart. And occasionally on evenings when "the chapel" was rich enough to stand for "rushing the can," and after "Slug Two" had imbibed enough of that which has made Milwaukee famous, he would beam benignly upon the crowd and indulge in good clean stories of other days, when, as a printer in Cripple Creek, he located a claim adjoining Stratton's Independence, and then let the location lapse because it didn't look good; or of how he sold the Mule Horse claim for \$1000, and another claim for \$2000 or he would mention old Black Hill times, or relate droll anecdotes of mining in Mexico and Utah and Montana and Colorado. The boys would listen, but they winked slyly at each other and put it down to the beer.

One tale in particular "Slug Two" would tell and retell, and strangely enough, would not change nor vary in the telling. It related how he owned a mine in Cripple Creek, and how he sold it for \$22,000 to a Boston company, and how that Boston company had paid him \$11,000 cash and would pay the balance June 1, 1901. "It's gettin' near the time, now," he would say, "and when it comes I'm going home to Boston, and dinna ye think I will spend it like the other." No one believed him. It was the beer.

But yesterday "Slug Two" got his "phat take." He "showed up" and asked the foreman for permission to "put on a sh." "Ah'm going to Boston," he explained. "Ah got my money today. Ah got \$10,000."

The foreman was from Missouri and deserved to be shown. "Slug Two" pulled out a handful of gold and exhibited checks, drafts, certificates of deposit and letters of credit until the sum total passed \$10,000. The foreman gaped.

"Slug Two" pasted up his "dupes," cashed "his string," presided over a "chapel" meeting long enough to elect a new chairman, and then shook hands all around. He hated to go, he said.

The Herald boys had all treated him fine. "But I'm going home to Boston," he said, "with ten thousand dollars in my clothes; and I'm going to live out my days as I should—my wife and me."

Up to within two years ago P. J. McCormick operated extensively in Canyon City, Col., and later drifted into Cripple Creek, where he located some rich properties and sold out a

HERE'S SOMETHING WORTH TELLING!

"MULIUM IN PARVO"—"much in little." That's a terse and happy combination of syllables. Those old Romans were certainly clever, for the words convey a subtle meaning which could hardly be expressed in any other way even though we used all the words at our command.

By combining "HERSHBERG-CLOTHING," the same idea is expressed as is conveyed in the opening line of this advertisement. We desire just now to call your attention to a new display of STEIN-BLOCH & CO.'S SUMMER CLOTHING which we are selling. We have handled the finest goods ever coming to this country in the past, but this particular shipment is far ahead of anything we ever had sent to us. Just drop around and see for yourself. The suits, for price of course, cannot be compared to the cheap stuff advertised as "slaughter sales" and all such rot. You will pay a fair price and we will make a fair profit, consequently you will be pleased and we, satisfied.

Opposite White Pass Dock. **HERSHBERG**

70 Per Cent. Net
A Fine Corner Lot 50x700 South Dawson—renting \$600 per month—for \$9,000. Best Bargain in Dawson
JOSLIN & STARNES

TRUTH TELLS! THE PEOPLE COME!
See the Eminent Palmist and Phrenologist.
MRS. DR. SLAYTON
Her parlors are thronged all day. Those who wish to see her should make an appointment, to avoid waiting. Private entrance for ladies. Phrenology and Phrenology taught scientifically. Hours 10 to 10.
Second Ave. Next Cafe Royal Building

ARIZONA KICKLETS.
Lively Items of News From a Very Lively Center.
(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)
Monday afternoon last Major Williamson made a wager of \$50 even up with Judge Singletree that he could shoot a cigar out of the mouth of a drummer from Chicago, without hurt to the drummer. The major made a mess of it and raked the drummer's chin, and we understand that he had to come down with \$250 to settle the case. With all his conceit the major is only a second rate marksman, and he'd better confine himself to bill-boards and barn doors.

CHARLES E. TISDALL
VANCOUVER, B. C.
IMPORTER OF
Arms and Sporting Goods
RIFLES AND SHOT GUNS OF EVERY MAKE AND QUALITY.
Wade & Butcher Razors; Winchester Ammunition; Eley Lead and Shot Shells; A. C. Spaulding & Bro's Athletic Goods; Wright & Ditson Tennis Supplies; Lally Lacrosse Sticks; Duke's Cricket and Football Goods; Newhouse and Hawley & Horton Animal Traps; Rodger's Cutlery; Fishing Tackle of all kinds; Mauser Pistols; Colt and Smith & Wesson Revolvers.

By Using Long Distance Telephone
You are put in immediate communication with Bonanza, Eldorado, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run or Sulphur Creeks.
By Subscribing for a Telephone In Town
You can have at your finger ends over 200 speaking instruments.
Yukon Telephone Syn. Co.
GENERAL OFFICE, THIRD ST., NEAR A. C. STORE

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
Paid Up Capital, Eight Million Dollars.
REMOVAL!
Both branches of this bank will be consolidated at its new office on the water front, Cor. First Ave. and Second St. The bank will be prepared to pay the
Best Prices for Gold Dust
and to transact a General Banking Business. The Canadian Bank of Commerce has 61 offices in Canada, 1 in Great Britain [at London], and 6 in the United States, including New York, San Francisco, Seattle, New Orleans, Portland, Ore., and Skagway. We have a completely equipped Assay Office with an assayer who has a certificate of competency from the chief assayer of the United States assay office at New York.
H. T. WILLS, Manager.

AMUSEMENTS
The Standard Theatre Week of Monday, June 10
ROBSON & CRANE'S **FORBIDDEN**
FRUIT
LADIES' FAMILY NIGHT THURSDAY.
All Seats Reserved \$1.00 and \$2.00

ORPHEUM THEATRE Week of June 24
Eddie O'Brien's Great Burlesque **"A NEW LORD"**
MULLIGAN & LINTON Old time favorites. In Illusionary Songs, etc.
The World Renowned O'Brien, Jennings & O'Brien
Latest stamp photos at Goetzman's.

GRAND FORKS ADVERTISEMENTS
What's the Matter With **THE NORTHERN**
It's All Right! You Bet! Every Time!
For Gentle Slumber or Epicurean meals try the place. Nothing in Dawson can touch it.
RAYMOND, JULIEN & CO., Proprietors

Our Only Trouble
Is that we cannot get enough stock to supply our trade. There is plenty of poor meat in the market but we demand only the best. You can depend upon anything sold you from our shop.
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NO MORE SENDING OUT FOR—
TAILOR MADE SUITS
SEE BREWITT'S NEW STOCK
SUITS AND TROUSERS
Made to Order at Outside Prices.
Second Ave. **Geo. Brewitt**

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