

RESCUE OF CANADA

British Newspaper is After Kipling

Skying Snow Plays Important Part in Canadian Daily Life.

A Scottish newspaper, The Journal of Aberdeen, with a eloquent defence of Canada Kipling's implied suggestion plays a part in our daily life.

The title of "Our Lady of the Snows" says the Scottish writer, is a happy one, as it applies to a season only. I have seen grapes hanging in luxuriant bunches on the vines in a Quebec garden, and the fields of tomatoes in the warm sunshine, and the golden wheat in the evening and listened to the sounds of the cricket and the cricket; I have walked amid the trees in an Ontario swamp at sunset glow had faded, and the fireflies darting to and fro, and the tiny humming-bird with wings that rivalled the gaily-butterflies, contesting with the honey that lay with the sweet-smelling flowers. Scenes these are not associated with a never-ending winter. Consequently there can be no greater misnomer than to imagine, as too many do, that Canada is a semi-desert country out of which little can come. And yet, what do you do? According to the returns of the Board of Trade fully 65,000 Britishers went to live in the United States during the past year, while only 12,000 or 13,000 went to Canada. There is no reason to think that if the resources and wealth of the Dominion of Canada were more generally known in this country, we would soon hear of the term "American" as applied to Canadian products, and that States producers would no longer receive credit for Canadian goods in many cases superior to their own. Those who guide the destinies of the Dominion think that the Stars and Stripes have overshadowed the Maple Leaf long enough. Every Briton will be of the same opinion.

Canada a Competitor.

Two years ago our minds were exercised with regard to competition in Great Britain. Chamberlain sent a circular to the colonies asking for detailed information on the subject, and was subsequently received and published in a voluminous bluebook. It hardly occurs to anyone at this time that another form of competition might soon have to be seriously considered, viz., the competition of our colonies with ourselves.

It is a fact that Canadian agricultural machinery is becoming common in our fields as the American variety, and in Australia it is becoming a formidable competitor. That is why the Canadian manufacturers have strongly protested against the Australian tariff bill. The exports of agricultural machinery from Canada to Australia have increased from £120 in 1896 to over £1,000, with ploughs (of which Canada exports more than any other country) Australia not a single year recently as 1896) have increased from £304 in 1897 to over £1,000 at the present time.

It is too, that in 1897 Canada began to export the following articles: Australia: Nails, brassware, tools, jewellery and plated ware, paper, canvas, preservatives, sewing machines, soap, watches, clocks and woollen goods. Half the reapers and binders of Canadian origin, which means that Canada is a greater competitor of British agricultural machinery in that colony than the United States.

Do not repine because of these things. I do not take the obsequious "Empire" which consists in regarding colonies as satellites which contribute not only to our wealth, but to the contents of our warehouses by providing "markets" for our wares. Somehow it never occurs to those who agitate for free trade within the empire and a tariff against the world at large that the colonies may soon compete with us as effectively as foreign countries, and how many people are aware that

in the iron and steel trade Canada will, in the course of a few years, have to be reckoned amongst the great producers? If all goes well the steel works at Sydney, Cape Breton, will soon be supplying all Canada with steel, and exporting it to the countries of the old world and the east. The concern in question is the Dominion Steel Company, founded by American hands, with a capital of \$4,000,000, which has erected a steel plant in Sydney harbor at a cost of \$2,000,000. Supported by liberal bounties, there is every prospect of success before the undertaking. Canadian steel, in fact, has already reached the British market, and the curious point about it is that the heavy bounty paid by the Canadian government makes this British colonial steel far more formidable than the foreign product to the British manufacturer.—L. G. C., in London, England, Morning Leader.

Chance for Quartz Miners.

In answer to an article in Dawson Weekly News of April 4th, 1902, signed "Australian Miner":

If any quartz miner owning a quartz mine in the Klondike district will bring quartz to the Mungler Mill which will run \$5.00 to the ton it will be milled FREE of charge.

Notice—The miner MUST be present in the mill during the entire time of milling his quartz.

EDWARD SPENCER,
Manager Mungler Mill.

Messrs. Steel & Mullen, the general commission merchants, are re-occupying their old stand in the Bartlett building, where they will be pleased to see their many friends and patrons.

IMPRESSED AMERICANS

Gov. Ross Tells of Famous O'Brien Trial

And Explains Workings of Royal Fuel Works to Eastern Friends.

Governor Ross of the Yukon, when in Ottawa recently, was talking to two or three of his old friends about affairs in Dawson city.

"The Americans were greatly impressed," he said, "by the O'Brien murder case, in which the Canadians spent \$150,000 and two years' steady work to convict and hang a British subject for killing two Americans and a Swede. The victims were not British subjects, and the way that case was handled has done much to give the Canadian administration of justice a reputation. It's the same with ordinary offenses. McEvey doesn't help a man, and sharp legal tricks don't count. If the police arrest a man for kicking up a row, it almost inevitably means 30 days' sawing wood, and I don't suppose there's a more discouraging job in the world than sawing wood in Dawson jail, for the prisoner is made to work the bucksaw all day alongside a big steam saw that's just simply cutting wood by the cord. The man feels silly, and doesn't often seek a second term bucking wood in competition with a steam saw."

It was agreed that this method could be recommended to other reformatories.—Toronto Press Sitings.

Of Interest to Shippers.

The Northern Commercial Co. is now prepared to make contracts for shipments from coast ports to Dawson and will be pleased to quote rates on large consignments to bona fide importers.

For full particulars, rates, etc., see the Northern Commercial Co.'s shipping department.

"There's a slight error in that editorial notice of yours about Brown's poem. You wrote that he was the 'greatest lyricist of his time,' and the paper has it 'greatest liar.'"

"Well," said the editor after a pause, "do you really think it's an error?"—Atlanta Constitution.

Aunt Hannah—Oh, I don't think Amanda would do such a mean thing as that! I have always heard people say Amanda was generous to a fault.

Uncle George—When the fault happens to be hers, she is; not otherwise, not otherwise.—Boston Transcript.

FOR SALE.

A good dog team, harness and sled. A bargain. Apply Nugget office.

Special power of attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

CANADIAN MERCHANTS

And Manufacturers Can Better Themselves

So Says F. C. Wade in a Recent Address to the People at Toronto.

Yesterday afternoon, at the luncheon of the Canadian Club, Mr. F. C. Wade, legal adviser for the Yukon, said a few things about the country of his adoption, and the relation it held to the rest of the Dominion. The address was a departure from the usual pleasant after-dinner talk, filled with merry quips and pleasing stories, and for 40 minutes the club listened to some cold, hard truths, not half as pleasant as the luncheon that had preceded it. Mr. Wade did not talk after the I-think, or I-have-been-told style; his address was heavy with facts of the I-know-and-I-have-seen variety.

To use the words of the slang-slingers, some of the listeners looked like thirty cents when this gentleman from the northern zone had told them his story.

With splendid pride, Mr. Wade pointed out the vast area of the Yukon, with its 198,000 square miles, bigger than Quebec, and twice as big as Ontario.

In spite of this \$21,000,000 in gold from the Klondike and the rush of humanity northward, only 50 miles of the 7,000 miles of creeks in this modern Eldorado have been explored. Some figures were given, showing the steady stride in mining in the north; in 1899, \$16,000,000 in gold came out with the spring; in 1900, \$22,000,000, and in 1901, \$24,000,000. A splendid thing for the Dominion, this twenty-four millions of dollars placed in circulation here.

In striking language Dawson city was painted as in early days, a city of shacks and tents, and packing cases. No glass was available for windows, so bottles were used, set side by side, and chinked with moss, and they let in plenty of light.

Cracking a joke, Mr. Wade told the club that he did not carry anything in bottles; his party used cans.

MODERN ASSESSMENTS.

Another picture was painted—the Dawson city of today—with an assessment of \$12,000,000 in real estate and personality. On the Upper Yukon twenty-seven steamers plied, valued at \$878,000. On the Lower Yukon thirty-five were busy, valued at \$1,625,000. Outside of Dawson and in the immediate vicinity, lay property assessed for \$5,000,000. In addition to this, 218 miles of roads and trail, had been built by the government, while within the last four years over \$100,000,000 had been invested there, within the shadow of the North Pole.

Today it is as easy to go to Dawson, Mr. Wade says, as it would be to go to Quebec—an express across the continent, a palatial steamer from Vancouver or Victoria, to Skagway, then the railway to Whitehorse, another magnificent steamer, and in two days you are in Dawson. You can cover the whole distance in your slippers.

A rosy picture this. But what do Canada and her merchants and manufacturers get out of it all? At first Canadians got nothing, and now they get a little, the droppings; the Americans receive the shower.

THE CHASE FOR TRADE.

Canada, he said, was hunting for trade the world over, ransacking the antipodes, but neglecting the trade within her own doors.

He would suggest as a reasonable solution that the government appoint an experienced man to go out there, find the needs, and then come back and tell the manufacturers his experience. If this did not carry, he would have the Canadian Manufacturers' Association take it up.—Toronto Daily Star.

The Late Sir Dufferin.

Ella Hepworth Dixon writes to M.A.P. as follows about the late Lord Dufferin:

"I do not think Lord Dufferin ever got over the cruel loss of Lord Ava in Ladysmith. He was devoted to his eldest son, and when he was offered a parting gift on leaving Paris, he chose that Lord Ava should be painted by Benjamin Constant. The handsome young man who fell at Ladysmith went to the war somewhat against his parents' wishes; indeed, he never told them he was going till the night before. The future Marchioness of Dufferin is an American—once Miss Flora Davies; that she has

a fortune is in every way a desirable thing. Lord Basil met her in Paris when he was with his father at the Embassy.

"Lord Dufferin's passion was for painting, and more than once he escaped from a vice-regal throne to go and paint incognito, at Julian's studio in Paris. A Canadian friend of mine tells me that the great viceroy was once fairly caught. It was when the Dufferins were representing Queen Victoria in Canada. One day my friend saw a man whom she knew well going the round of the different ateliers in the Passage des Panoramas. 'That is an eccentric Englishman, a M. Smithson, who comes to paint—a middle-aged man, as you see,' explained a Swedish student next to her. 'I don't know what you mean,' exclaimed my bewildered Canadian friend, 'that man is the Marquis of Dufferin, Viceroy of Canada. I know him as well as I know you.' When His Excellency passed her she was much too patriotic not to make her most demure court curtsy. Lord Dufferin recognized his blonde Canadian 'subject' at once, laughed heartily at the whole thing, and acknowledged that he had been fairly found out. 'I may mention' (concludes Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon) 'that the unfortunate vice-regal art-student had had to undergo all the usual torments, indignities, and 'standing of drinks' which are inflicted on new-comers in the men's studios in Paris. The consternation when the truth became known was, I believe, considerable."

Two Poems.

I.—The Sea by the Wood.

I dwell in a sea that is wild and deep,
And afar in a shadow still,
I can see the trees that gather and sleep
In the wood upon the hill.

The deeps are green as an emerald's face,
The caves are crystal calm,
But I wish the sea were a little trace
Of moisture in God's palm.

The waves are weary of hiding pearls,
Are weary of smothering gold,
They would all be air that sweeps and swirls,
In the branches manifold.

They are weary of laving the seaman's eyes
With their passion-prayer unsaid,
They are weary of sobs and the sudden sighs
And movements of the dead.

All the sea is haunted with human lips
Ashen and sere and grey,
You can hear the sails of the sunken ships
Stir and shiver and sway.

In the weary solitude
If mine were the will of God, the main
Should melt away in the rustling wood
Like a mist that follows the rain.

But I dwell in the sea that is wild and deep,
And afar in the shadow still
I can see the trees that gather and sleep
In the wood upon the hill.

II.—The Wood by the Sea.

I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind,
But afar off toils the main,
Afar, far off I hear the wind,
And the marching of the rain.

The shade is dark as the palmer's hood,
The air with the balm is bland;
But I wish the trees that breathe in the wood
Were ashes in God's hand.

The pines are weary of holding nests,
Are weary of holding shade;
Wearily smoulder the resin crests
In the pungent gloom of the glade.

Weary are all the birds of sleep,
The nests are weary of wings,
The whole wood yearns to the awaying deep,
The mother of restful things.

The wood is very old and still,
So still when the dead cones fall,
Near in the vale or away on the hill
You can hear them one and all.

And the falling wearies me;
If mine were the will of God, why then,
The wood would tramp to the sounding sea,
Like a marching army of men!

But I dwell in the wood that is dark and kind,
Afar off toils the main,
Afar, far off I hear the wind,
And the marching of the rain.

—Duncan Campbell Scott, in The Canadian Magazine.

"If you've got a rival in the sweet-heart business," remarked the freckled fanatic, "you never want to knock him. It excites the girl's sympathy for him. What you want to do is to boost, boost, and keep on boosting until she gets so tired of hearing you sing his praises that she hates him."—Indianapolis Sun.

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