

The Klondike Nugget

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KLONDIKE NUGGET. THURSDAY, APRIL 2, 1903.

CONTINUE THE PROTEST.

The most sincere apologist of the Treadgold concession must admit that the ultimate purpose behind the grant is the creation of a monopoly water supply.

It is not to be presumed for one moment that any other concern would have the hardihood to enter the field against Treadgold. The powers conferred upon the latter are so extensive and are granted upon such peculiar terms that there can be no possibility of a rival company attempting to compete against him.

In other words, Treadgold's grant does not—in theory—prevent anyone else from establishing a water supply system—but in actual practice that is exactly the result which would be accomplished.

The evil effect of such a monopoly upon the mining industry and business interests of the district can scarcely be overestimated.

Every miner aside from those so situated as to be able to secure a sufficient water supply from natural sources would be forced to agree to any terms the monopoly might offer. The rates would be placed just as high as the business of the miner would bear and whenever Treadgold desired to secure possession of a piece of ground he would be in a position to force the owner to sell or be squeezed out of business.

The Yukon has had experience with corners and monopolies in the past and the public knows exactly what to expect from such an enterprise as the one upon which Treadgold is engaged. Flour and sugar have sold in Dawson at a dollar per pound simply because the supply was controlled in a few hands.

The whole future of the district is wrapped up in the water question. A cheap and abundant water supply means renewed life to the district and an immeasurable extension of mining operations.

A monopoly supply such as is contemplated in the Treadgold grant means exactly the opposite. Individual miners would gradually be forced out of business, there would be a constant decrease in the employment offered to labor and Treadgold and associates would ultimately become landlords of the whole district.

To prevent the consummation of this manifest conspiracy against the well being of the territory it needs that the demand for complete cancellation of Treadgold's grant shall be continued until the will of the people has been accomplished. Constant dripping of water will wear away the hardest rock in time and continual protesting must result in the end in wiping out this iniquitous grant.

A constantly increasing number of men are now engaged in agriculture as a regular industry. The thousands of dollars annually expended in

importing potatoes, turnips, rutabagas, onions, carrots, etc., will be long kept at home—as will also the amount invested each year in hay and oats. When the Klondike begins to furnish a large proportion of its own food supply, and there is no reason why it should not do so, the real permanent era of the country will have begun.

Those wise men who determined to await reliable reports from Tanana before joining the stampede are now profiting by their wisdom. The great fact thus far developed in connection with Tanana is that the camp has possibilities. There must be something better shown before it becomes a profitable field for business or speculation.

It is scarcely believable but it is none the less true that within another six weeks it may be expected that the ice will break and the glad season of open navigation will be at hand. Winter certainly has a strong grip on the country but slowly though surely that grip is being relaxed.

Let the merchants and manufacturers of Canada become convinced that a government water supply system for Yukon will double the present demand for machinery and commodities and the water system will be forthcoming.

All talk of further amending the Treadgold concession is pure nonsense. Amendments are not wanted. The interests of the community will not be safe until the Treadgold grants are completely annulled.

Only one of the six "special correspondents" sent by the Sun to investigate conditions in the Tanana have as yet reported. What has happened to the balance of the concession or have their reports been suppressed?

As long as the community is torn by warring factions just so long may it be anticipated that important public measures will be neglected or overlooked.

TURNED FARMER

Will Raise Potatoes for the Dawson Market.

Mr. Robert Riddle, who for some years has been with the Salvation Army in the capacity of teamster, has resigned his position with that organization and is preparing to start farming.

Mr. Riddle has purchased forty acres on the right limit of the Yukon about three miles below Dawson. He intends to raise potatoes for the Dawson market.

Mr. Riddle has had considerable experience in pioneer farming, having followed that vocation for a number of years in Manitoba and the Northwest territories. He leaves town in a few days to begin improving his property.

A number of other well known Dawsonites are contemplating taking up land in the same locality.

Appealed to the Powers.

The late Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago Tribune, besides being an indefatigable editor, had a decided vein of humor in his composition.

During the last years of his life, as his strength permitted, he watched over his paper as zealously as in his younger days, and it was his custom to scan the columns of certain favorite exchanges and clip from them extensively, marking them on the margins.

"J. M.—Must," meaning that the extracts must go in. It was one of his great griefs that there was not always room for all of them, even when columns of live editorial matter had been crowded out, as they were sometimes, to make room for them.

One night he went up to the room of the night editor with a bundle of clippings in his hand. "Mr. Ransom," he said to that official, with a twinkle in his eye, "I wish you would use your influence to have these printed in the paper tomorrow morning."—Youth's Companion.

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REFORMS FAVORED

Liberal Club Takes Up Pressing Needs

Will Memorialize Parliament in Regard to the Treadgold Affair.

The Liberal Association held a veritable love feast at the Pioneer hall yesterday evening at which over fifty of the stalwarts were present. It was the first meeting that had been held for some time and there was much business of importance that came before the body.

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Several matters of the utmost importance to the territory at large and particularly the mining industry were taken hold of with an earnestness that speaks well for the success of the undertakings.

The question of a mining code was also taken up and by unanimous vote it was decided that the club should go on record as favoring the passage of an act providing for a code of some form that would prove workable and acceptable.

The petition of the Liberal Association of Dawson in the Yukon territory humbly sheweth. That the supply of water and power to the miners on the creeks is one of the most serious questions affecting the Yukon territory.

That in the opinion of your petitioners the provisions of a water system, whereby the miners may be furnished with water on fair and reasonable terms, can best be dealt with by the government itself and should not be allowed to fall under the control of private individuals.

That the development of the resources of the Yukon has been seriously impeded by the appropriation of extensive areas of rich placer ground by hydraulic concessions believed in some instances to have been obtained by fraud and misrepresentation.

Your petitioners therefore pray That the order-in-council of April the 21st, 1902, granting certain rights and privileges to Malcolm Orr Ewing, A. N. C. Treadgold and Walter Barwick, may be rescinded absolutely.

That the government institute forthwith a careful investigation by competent engineers and obtain reports upon the subject with a view to undertaking the construction of a public water supply as a national enterprise.

That the water of Rock creek be retained by the government for public purposes and that no special privileges either in such creek or with respect to wood, water or mining rights within this territory, be granted to any individual or private corporation, but that all persons be restricted in such matters to the rights accorded the general public under the mining regulations.

That all hydraulic concessions whose owners have not observed the conditions of their leases and the provisions of the mining regulations may be rescinded.

That before any hydraulic lease is issued hereafter within this territory, notice shall be given by previous publication for six weeks in the local newspapers, so as to enable protests to be entered against the same; and that all hydraulic concessions already granted, whose owners have not complied with the strict terms of their lease and of the hydraulic regulations may be immediately cancelled.

That an enquiry may be set on foot to ascertain the circumstances under which the leading hydraulic concessions were obtained in order that action may be taken by the Attorney General of Canada in the premises.

That the Attorney General of Canada do issue a fiat authorizing proceeding to be taken in his name in every case where action is begun against an hydraulic concession in which fraud or misrepresentation is charged, including all such actions as are now pending.

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It was a late hour when the meeting adjourned and all were well pleased with the results of the evening. Many of the reforms that are being undertaken are right in line with the planks in the Ross platform and the club has gone to work with an earnestness that leaves no doubt as to the success that will ultimately crown their efforts.

Dick Wood, Harvard '91, but now a rising young lawyer of Salt Lake City, was on the east-bound Union Pacific train, due at Cheyenne at 8 o'clock in the evening. He didn't look like a prosperous attorney, nor yet like a well-to-do college man; for he was dressed in corduroys, with red rough hunting boots, a campaign hat and a hickory shirt.

The business of the trip was twofold; if you can call Dick's "business" for he had promised to spend a week visiting Jack Loader, his classmate, at Denver, and he was bent on roughing it for a week at Kelly's ranch in the foothills of the Elk mountains, midway between Laramie and Cheyenne.

There were two or three grouchy-looking men, a few Scandinavian emigrants, a German woman with three children and a pretty young woman in the car when he entered it. The last named fascinated him, for she was exceptionally handsome, modest, sedate and well dressed. Perhaps it was the loneliness of the long ride, or perhaps it was that nameless, mysterious attraction which is mis-called "affinity," but Dick hadn't more than two good looks at her pretty face before he was yearning for some decent excuse to accost her.

As he mused out at the "fishing, snow-covered landscape he found himself wishing that train robbers would stop the train, or that the high, frail bridge would give way, or that the flying express would "jump the track," anything that might give him the chance to say a few words of encouragement—or, perhaps, to save her.

He transacted an extraordinary amount of business with the train "butcher," because the trips forward into the smoker gave him excuse for passing and repassing her. She may have seen him, but if so she paid not the slightest heed. At last he realized that he was within thirty miles of Bluetown, the station where his hunting-gear was to meet him.

It was half-past six in the evening, the snow was crowding down as if to outdo the falling darkness, and the train was skirting along the base of a range of precipitous cliffs. Suddenly the walls seemed to shake beneath the snalling train, the windows began to crack and glass to fly, a sense of sudden coldness filled the air, the lights went out, the train paused, trembled and stood still.

"Keep your seats!" bellowed the brakeman, rushing in with a lantern. "It's a snowslide. No harm done."

Dick rubbed forward to reassure the object of his whole day's thought, but when he saw her by the dim glow of the lamp, calmly munching an apple, his heart failed and the words froze on his lips. He went back and forth through the car, helped the crew dig a tunnel through the platform area, went into the buffet and helped some of the passengers make way with the fast disappearing rations.

He had a good lunch and a quart of bourbon packed in his grip, but that was for consumption en route to the ranch, which was a good night's ride from the railroad. As he was going back into his car he met her coming gracefully through toward the buffet bar. But pretty soon she came back, frowning fiercely and biting her lip. When the butcher boy came through she stopped him, and Dick heard her ask him if he had any apples, any bananas, or anything that a Christian could eat. No. He was sold out, he said. There wasn't a peanut left. Here was Dick's chance.

"Have you had anything to eat, miss?" he asked, respectfully raising his hat.

"No, sir," she snapped, "and then gazing out the window added 'thank you!'"

"I'm afraid I've been one of the

many selfish, thoughtless men on the train. I think I helped eat up what little they had in the buffet. Would you like a sandwich?" Her eyes brightened at this and her pretty lips looked moister and redder as she said with a vain effort to freeze him: "There aren't any sandwiches. I've tried. No coffee, no bread even. So I'm in for it."

He said no more, but going back to his seat unpacked that famous lunch, even slipping the quart of whiskey into his pocket. And when he spread those juicy sandwiches before her, when she saw that row of bulging tarts, her beautiful face melted into a smile, and the first layer of fresh bread and tender ham was well disposed of before she was through thanking him. He told her that he was going hunting, but that he was also en route to Denver. He was in hopes that his guide, knowing that his train was snowbound near Bluetown, might drive over and rescue him. Would she trust him to escort her to Bluetown? No, she preferred staying in the cars. She was extremely winsome, and her great black eyes dwelt gratefully upon his strong face when he was not looking at her. Just as he was eddying his brain for some subject that might lead to a closer acquaintance the brakeman came in and bawled:

"Man named Dick Wood in this car?"

"I'm Dick Wood," he answered, suspecting that his guide had come along with the sleigh and wishing he had been less dutiful.

"Jip Towsley's out here from Bluetown, wants you, sir."

Dick couldn't see any good excuse for keeping his guide freezing out in the storm, so he turned to his new divinity and said:

"I'm sorry I must leave you. I hope, somehow, we may meet."

"Perhaps we may," she smiled, wiping her beautiful mouth and putting aside the lunch-box.

"May I give you my card?" He fumbled in his pocket, pulled out his pocketbook and gave her a card. "If you're ever there I should feel honored at the least opportunity to be of service to you, miss."

"Perhaps we will meet in Denver," she smiled, glancing at the card and then "finishing him" with a gentle pressure of her tiny hand and a sweet glance of wordless gratitude.

"Hurry up, Wood!" yelled the guide, and he was gone.

It was a month later that Dick got a letter from his old chum, Jack Loader. The hunt was over, the visit to Denver was over, but Dick's heart was sad, for he had heard not a word from his Lady of the Snow.

"Funny thing happened yesterday," wrote Jack. "Prettiest girl ever lived called at my office. Her mother was with her. They came to thank me for saving her, the girl, from starvation up in Wyoming somewhere about a month ago. Her name is Miss Heath—Gale Heath—they live here on Capitol hill—regular swells. But the girl, Miss Gale—she's the finest ever. The funniest thing about it all is that she had my card, though we both had to admit in mamma's presence that we never laid eyes on one another before. I had a good mind not to tell you about this fact, I'm dead gone to her already, and—well, you're the last man on earth I'd cut out, Dick."

"By Jupiter!" howled Dick, dropping the letter. "I handed her John Loader's card!"

And he caught the night train to Denver—John H. Rafferty in Chicago Record-Herald.

To Cure Typhoid Fever. New York, March 14.—A catalogue to the Sun from London says that Lord Lister has communicated to the Royal Society a paper by Dr. Allan MacFayden, Director of the Jenner Institute of Preventive Medicine, setting forth an efficient prophylactic and curative treatment for typhoid fever.

MacFayden has found that by crushing the microscopic cells of typhoid bacillus in liquid air the intercellular juices can be obtained apart from their living organism, and these juices are highly toxic.

By injecting them in small, repeated doses into a living animal it's blood serum is rendered a powerfully anti-toxic bactericidal—that is to say, it becomes an antidote alike to living typhoid bacteria and to any poison that may be extracted therefrom.

MacFayden explains the application of the serum to animals and the details of his various experiments, which showed that the serum is a curative of typhoid as well as a protective against infection.

His Immense Fee. London, March 14.—Dr. Conan Doyle has just entered into a contract by which he will receive the largest sum that has ever been paid to any author for his work.

English and American magazines have jointly agreed to pay him \$9,000 each for twelve stories of 10,000 words each. This payment is at the rate of \$900 per thousand words, or 90 cents a word.

No other author receives more than \$250 per thousand words.

Apples, Apples, Apples. Eat fruit in the springtime. "Outright medicine" did not do with some of Barrett's choice fresh eating apples which he is going to sell to the trade at rock bottom prices within the reach of all. Ask your grocer for Barrett's apples. If he has not got them ring up phone No. 1. He will tell you who has.

The White Pass & Yukon Route. PASSENGER AND MAIL SERVICE. On account of heavy travel inbound our RATES WILL BE ADVANCED ON MARCH 24th. Stages will be sent out of Dawson as fast as they arrive making EXTRA FAST TIME THROUGH TO WHITEHORSE. For particulars enquire at office.

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GOLD RUSH. Clean Up S Far D. More Machinery and Big Expe.

Mr. Jim Willson, Sulphurites who had typhoid district for returned to the crew among old friends. The boys on 6 have struck a rich vein out some great T. Adair, the well merchant, in company, passed down day on his way to Gold Run.

Mining Inspector making a tour of the ion, and Sulphurites himself as much as amount of work left crews. Mr. Roediger of the line were on the crew. A large boiler had been by Ronald Morr No. 34 below on St. rison is fast coal preparations for work on his property of the creek.

On 213 Dominion is about to be opened of a general store. Mr. Chase, well known. Mr. Douglas has to board the company which succeeds & Hills on Gold Run of this firm will be large hotel is for Annie Meltride of Sulphur having from his recent letter, arrived home-hospital on the 25th. Having the congratulatory. His faithful him all three serious illness account.

The Weld stage is important changes have Gold Run on Monday, Wed. at 6 a.m., pass creek on the way to on the Hunter some miles with the St. running from Donny Billy Williams, well stability and attention has made this line Sulphur creek, so to Gold Run and D necessity in order to steady increasing.

T. Laemmel will carry-foot shaft on Sulphur was struck on day morning by the from the top of the say no further damage the infliction of a 10 the top of his head, erably stunned for. A bachelor's club on Sulphur. Its members, handsome and They will make the bodies of Sulphur and by giving a grand career ball on No. did supper will be but most has already. It will be a swell which has never before of the same.

John Morris of the of the Morris Bros. claims in that vicinity the Tanana. Chris, the blacksmith on Sulphur, has outside.

RESERVES. British Immigrant west Ter. Ottawa, Feb. 20. Two ladies which Canada getting a considerable body of service of the best kind. Deputy minister who is now in office to the Immigration in connection with migration of reserves. One of each reserve indicates a desire to culture, and agrees Canadian went. The also include an immigration service immigration schools, who must be the ability, physical of each immigrant himself. When the Immigration authorities believe should provide also, and the that Canada should not offer of the Dominion result in a settlement.