

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 12 (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE W. ALLEN, Publisher. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily, Yearly, in advance \$30.00...

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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...

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1914.

\$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...



AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium—"Under Two Flags" Standard—Vaudville.

AN APPEAL TO PATRIOTISM.

From a Ross standpoint the situation is brighter today than ever it has been during the progress of the campaign. The issues have been thoroughly canvassed both in the city and on the creeks and the mining centres are coming strongly into line for prosperity and good government.

The cheering news of Mr. Ross' recovery and the complete refutation of the infamous lies published by the Clarke organ have served to charge the Ross forces with renewed enthusiasm, and they are going forward with a united front to complete and certain victory.

The absolute absurdity of Clarke's candidature has forced itself upon the public mind so strongly that people are already wondering that Joe has been given serious consideration or that the possibility of his success was ever conceded by anyone.

The first steps in the fake divorce about to be attempted between the Sun and the News will be taken this week. No co-respondent has as yet been named.

Chicago, Oct. 18.—The strange spectacle of a justice of the peace leaping from his judicial bench and going to the floor in a fierce wrestling match with a lawyer after the latter asked for a change of venue was witnessed in the Logan Square police court yesterday.

There is latent within the breast of every man a strain of patriotism to which appeal is seldom made in vain. To the man who has a feeling of pride in the growing greatness of the Yukon, who has pinned his faith to its future, and who looks forward with confidence to the continued growth and progress of the district, there must come a sensation of shame and disgust at the mere thought of Joe Clarke being selected as parliamentary representative.

in a large measure at stake in this election and it is for the people to decide upon a man into whose hands it will be committed. The men of the Yukon are too intelligent, too high minded and too patriotic to select a man like Clarke. They want a man in whose charge they can place a sacred trust with the knowledge that it will be carefully and conscientiously safeguarded.

A COWARDLY ATTACK. The infamous stab aimed by the News at Mr. Ross in an attempt to deceive the public with respect to the state of Mr. Ross' health, has terminated in absolute demoralization of the Clarke forces. It was a foul and treacherous act which cannot be explained or justified before the public and which from a political standpoint was both foolish and cowardly.

The matter has another aspect, however, to which attention should be drawn. With fiendish cruelty the report was wired to the east and among the friends and relatives of Mr. Ross created a feeling of the utmost alarm and concern until a contradictory answer over his own signature had been secured.

In his telegram to the Nugget Mr. Ross asks for no sympathy and it is no part of the intention of this paper to make a plea therefor. We mention the circumstance to show the straits to which the Clarke supporters have been reduced and to indicate the means of which they will make use in furthering their ends.

A more malicious or craven attack upon a man could not be conceived, but the ill-timed and badly aimed blow has rebounded upon its perpetrators with tenfold effect.

The Clarke organ has now begun the old and oft repeated game of placing in circulation all manner of rumors respecting the plans of the Ross committee. We would advise the organ to look to its own knitting a bit more closely. Clarke's chief backers admit that his own organization is torn with internal dissension and is now thoroughly demoralized. They see defeat staring them in the face and have read the handwriting on the wall.

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Underwear! For Boys and Girls All Weights and Sizes J. P. McLENNAN 233 FRONT ST. Phone 108-D Agent for Standard Patterns.

said that Justice Edgar refused to grant the boys a hearing and held them to the juvenile court without hearing any evidence. After disposing of the cases of the boys, Justice Edgar called those of the parents. Attorney Kasper immediately asked for a change of venue, but his request was refused, he says.

But we stand on our rights," said the lawyer. "We are entitled to a change of venue if we believe your honor cannot grant us a fair and impartial trial. We are willing to take an oath that we cannot get a fair trial in this court."

The justice, it is said, became angry and ordered the lawyer from the court room. Kasper refused to go. ORDERS LAWYERS TO "CLEAR OUT."

"I want you to clear out of this court," shouted the angry magistrate. "And I refuse to go," answered Kasper. Justice Edgar, it is said, demanded that the police remove the lawyer. Several policemen from the Atchill Street station were present, but they hurried into the hall.

The magistrate gazed around the room and finally said if nobody else would remove the lawyer he would do it himself. Then he leaped over the desk to the floor and grappled with Attorney Kasper. The latter resisted. Back and forth the justice and lawyer struggled. Over and over on the floor they rolled until they were fagged out.

After the magistrate had readjusted his necktie and the lawyer had mopped his perspiring face the case at law before the court was taken up, and under the change of venue decided upon, the cases went to the court of Justice Wilcox where the proceeding was continued until October 21.

Justice Edgar said of the encounter that the lawyer's actions became unbearable, and in the absence of his bailiff he took the attorney by the collar and after a brief struggle led him from the courtroom.

To Tap Rich Country Vancouver, Wash., Oct. 23.—There is a good deal of speculation in this city over the action of capitalists in control of the Portland, Vancouver & Yakima railroad, which has been operated out of this city chiefly as a logging road for several years.

Recent developments have come to light whereby it is believed the Northern Pacific has secured control of the road, and now the corporation known as the Columbia River & Northern railroad is asking for a right of way through the reservation in Yakima county.

Agent Jay Lynch, of the department of the interior, has been ordered to go to the reservation and appraise the damages which may result to the Indians by reason of the building of the road.

NEW STAGE LINE OPENS

Bud Harkins Started for Whitehorse Today

Beginning Next Week Dawson Will Have Newspaper Mail Twice a Week.

The first stage of the Merchants Royal Mail & Express Company started for Whitehorse at one o'clock today, and the first stage of the same line left Whitehorse today with 700 pounds of second class mail. In future the stages will leave either end twice a week, on Saturdays and Wednesdays.

Bud Harkins, who is secretary of the new line, was the driver today, having a team of two horses only. The company has twenty-two horses for the relays, and will run two-horse stages, carrying six passengers, until the passenger business gets brisker, when they will put on four-horse rigs.

Along the bad portions of the road the horses will be relayed every twenty miles, along the better portions of the route every forty miles. Mr. Calderhead says the company is not going to chase for records but it will make the trip now in five days and in four days when the trail gets better.

E. J. Varreau and another carrier left yesterday with the mail for Eagle. They have two dog teams and will mush along the shore ice most of the way, Ben Downing having assured Postmaster Hartman that it is safe and good for traveling.

The mail from Whitehorse will go from here every Tuesday in future, and will close every Monday evening at eight o'clock.

Preferred Death. Everett, Oct. 20.—Rene Arnsbach killed herself and husband this morning at their home on the corner of California street and Hewitt avenue. It is supposed the tragedy occurred about 9:30 o'clock this morning.

When found Arnsbach's body was lying upon the bed with a hole through his forehead. The woman's body was reclining on a nearby couch with gunshot wounds through her forehead and the side of her head.

The following letter, written in German, was found in the room: "I am sorry that I cannot see Paris again, the land I always loved so much, the land of sunshine and golden beauties. If I could only get the happiness of a true heart. I feel if I could only once more enjoy the home of my fatherland! Something terrible gets into my memory. I wish I came from another land. I dream of other lands and a new happiness and am surrounded by painful thoughts. But I look back to my old home, to you, my first friend, on this happy earth, who will take my body there where my mother and happiness are. Oh, the thoughts and illusions of the past! It beats in my brain. O God, let me wait and ease my heart. Young, I have to die in God's wide world, away from all my loved family. Follow, who in life suffers, follow me where my soul will enjoy. It is to the dearest land where I left leave you under the stars. Follow me there. In my heart's mind and music of the lyre are my last tears mixed with the eternal heart's suffering. Signed: "RENE CHEZALIER."

Afghanistan met Rene Chevalier in Paris one year ago. Upon his promise to marry her the two took passage on a steamer for New York. Rene demanded that he marry her before her steamer left, but he said they would postpone the ceremony until they reached New York.

At New York Arnsbach again postponed the wedding until they should reach St. Paul, at which place he again pleaded delay, because he wished to be married at his old home in Everett, where, he said, he possessed some ten thousand dollars worth of property. The woman believed him, but after several weeks' residence in this city, Arnsbach still delaying the wedding, she brought suit against him. They were married here before the suit got into court.

Those acquainted with Mrs. Arnsbach say that she wrote for a Berlin magazine and that a short time ago she received a draft for \$800 from the German periodical. Arnsbach, about the time of his marriage, bought the Cremont saloon, on Hewitt avenue, this city. It is thought the woman was insane.

WHERE TO REGISTER.

To Vote at the Coming Election Get Your Name on the List at the Following Places:

Table with 4 columns: Wards A and B, Wards C and D, Wards E and F, Ward G and West Dawson. Lists registration locations for each ward.

GET YOUR NAME ON THE LIST.

Stroller's Column.

Clerk of the Police Court Blackman had at one time, or so it was hinted to him, a chance of losing his job on account of his complexion, which is that of a Spanish hidalgo of the deepest dye. "Feel that," he said, croaking his good right arm.

The result of the investigation was wired to Ottawa, and all is peace. For fear of any such question arising Mr. Blackman has wired to himself a special appointment from Ottawa as gymnastic instructor of the police at the town station. He put in a punching bag there yesterday.

Today is the day to show our delight about the way matters are going. Two more short weeks will set everything right. And Clarke's votes will not make a showing. The miners have got the thing all figured out, Ross' platform gives full satisfaction. There won't be a thing worth complaining about.

The nightmares now vexing the real miner's mind will be halted and bridled and bitted. And those who still prate of the past, we shall find. On the whole very much to be pitied. Water rights will be settled, which ought to console claim owners who can't make connection. They'll have Treadgold water without paying toll. Immediately after election.

Suppositionists now are beginning to learn. Their numbers will greatly diminish. And Roediger doesn't know which way to turn. Though swearing he'll fight to a finish. He's thrown out the Sun, but his mercury is bluff. Because he long feared detection. To pretend to repent is easy enough. Just wait until after election.

The wonders of the Klondike will never cease. Here is a man now who is not content with a good pay streak of gold dust on No 8 below upper on Dominion, but goes mining for gold and silver that is already coined. He is getting it, too. The man is Mr. Kelle. He took down an old cabin on the claim, and as seems now to be quite the rule in such cases he panned out the whole of the dirt under the floor and in the immediate neighborhood. When he got a twenty-dollar gold piece in one pan he said, "This ground goes \$489 to the pan." When a silver spatter was washed out he said, "That is three Rudweisers in San Francisco." For in this portion of his claim the silver and gold presented a laminated stratification, which all geologists believe to be an absolute proof that something has taken place in that neighborhood some years previously.

Above the supposition camp, disgruntlement now floats. They're thinking of December Two. And of their lack of votes. There is in all probability no speaker in this present campaign who is as ready of wit as Mr. Grimes. The first time he spoke Mr. Black interrupted him several times with questions, all of which were readily met. "Just one more question," said Mr. Black.

"Go ahead," said Mr. Grimes. "When I am out hunting for wolves and I bear one of them howl, I know that my shot must have touched him. Go ahead." But the burst of laughter at this

sons-in-law got me to sign a note and I went under. "Well, now, do you know what Jim Ross did when he came over to Moosejaw the last time he went to Ottawa from here? He asked, for me. Yes. And when they told him I had been burnt out and had gone to Portal, near the boundary line, along the Soo branch of the C.P.R., what does he do but get on a train and look me up? Yes, he did. A man with the great big affairs he had to look after came down there to see his old chum!

"Where did you say you first met Mr. Ross? "But the old man—he must be seventy—was reading the telegram. Just now he looked up with moist eyes: "Thank you. It does me good to know that he is all right again. God bless him. Where? Oh, I don't think Jim would care to have anything said about it. Good-night. And thank you, sir. You've made an old man happy."

"Beggar—Say, boss, gimme a couple of cents for a night's lodgin'." Goodman—Surely you can't get a night's lodgin' for a couple of pennies. Beggar—Well, gee whizz! You don't s'pose you'd be everly easy mark I'm goin' ter touch, do you?"

"What are we going to do, dear Alphonse?" "Why, my dear Gaston, we have nothing to fear, have we?" "I don't know, but my flesh creeps, dear Alphonse. You see that terrible pirate Captain Roediger, has imported and has the bill of lading for two more Tracy bloodhounds to be played on his morning paper called the Sun."

"And you think, dear Gaston, that there is danger of their being put upon our scent when we voted for the dear chapie Beddoe for school trustee at Juneau?" "Not at all, my dear Alphonse. These are United States bloodhounds and are trained to hunt only the aliens of their country. They will not bite you or me, or our towmie Beddoe, or Captain Roediger; they are brought here to worry the Canadians and other aliens into voting for Clarke."

"Oh, no, dear Alphonse. It is an old saying that dog does not bite dog and that will exempt Mr. Clarke. And as to our towmie, Mr. Beddoe, they will scent his ambition to be sent to congress just as you and I did when he wanted to take Governor Brady's place as governor of Alaska. We are on the right side, dear Alphonse, and need not fear these bloodhounds. If we are not, our towmie Beddoe will give us the tip in time."

The Stroller was considering that he had wound up his column passably well as he was concluding the last paragraph. The presses had been still for a couple of hours or more and he had the whole office to himself. Everyone knows how a dead stillness in a place usually filled with noise and bustle impresses one. It was the first time the office had been still, night or day, since the campaign began, and as the Stroller— "Excuse me, but have you any further telegram from Mr. Ross?"

The voice which interrupted the Stroller gave him quite a start. Stranding in the doorway of his office, with the black background of the empty prietery, was an old man, his white hair whiter in the glint of the single electric light. "Come in," said the Stroller, as cheery as he could, while disguising the eerie feeling that had crept over him.

And the old man entered and took a seat. He was shown the last Nugget containing the telegram from Mr. Ross, and also a private telegram from that gentleman. This particular courtesy was shown to him because there was no doubt of his being a Ross man. The sequel showed it.

"Am I a Ross man, my friend? Well, things are a bit different to what they used to be, but men are the same. And Jim Ross—well, let me tell you. Jim Ross and I started out from Winnipeg together; started to mush it out to what is now the Northwest territory. When was that? Oh, before the railroad had reached Winnipeg. I haven't time to tell you the whole story, but on that trip I fell sick and I said to Jim: 'You go on and if you get somewhere you can send somebody after me.' 'Not on your life,' says he. 'We go together or not at all.' 'Well, I couldn't mush a bit, and sometimes Jim carried me and sometimes I would be able to walk a bit. And wherever there was a doctor Jim went and paid him. We hadn't much money either. Jim pulled me through and I had luck for a time. We both went to Moosejaw. Jim got along fine but he never forgot me. Then he came up here. One of my

FOR SALE—Very cheap, interest in creek claim No. 143 below lower on Dominion. Inquire E. C. Shaw, this office.

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CHANGE OF TIME. On and after Monday, November 16, stages for Dawson, Whitehorse and Gold River, Yukon, will leave Dawson Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 9:00 A. M. Returning on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. Gold Bottom Stage leaves Dawson 9:00 A. M. daily except Sundays. Returning, leaves Gold Bottom 9:00 A. M. daily except Sundays. Grand Forks Stage leaves Dawson 9:00 A. M. and 4 P. M. daily. Returning on same times daily. Stage for 23 Above, Bonanza, Trestle Dawson. Returning, leave 23 Above, Bonanza 9 A. M. daily.

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