

The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS
And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

SUNDAY, MARCH 3, 1901.

From Saturday's Daily. INCORPORATION NOT A REMEDY.

An effort is now on foot to stampede the citizens of Dawson into a movement having for its object the organization of a municipal government. The same movement was attempted two months ago and resulted in a petition against incorporation, which petition bore the signatures of about ninety per cent of the property owners of the city. Investigation of the matter at that time developed the fact that incorporation meant an increase in the cost of local administration which would bring the total expenditure up to a figure almost twice as large as the amount required at the present time. Figures were brought forward by the advocates of incorporation themselves which served to condemn the movement in the eyes of every prospective taxpayer. The estimated expenditure required for new buildings, salaries of officials, maintenance of fire department, etc., etc., involved a sum extraordinarily large, which sum the promoters of the scheme vaguely intimated would be forthcoming from Ottawa or some other place—presumably the pockets of the taxpayers.

At the present time there is a strong feeling of opposition directed against the recent orders received from Ottawa under which public gambling is to be closed on the 15th of the present month. The order in question is undoubtedly arbitrary in its terms, and if enforced will work a hardship upon many interests. The notice given is extremely short and if carried out on the lines proposed will undoubtedly involve a number of people in heavy loss. This condition has been seized upon by the advocates of incorporation, who imagine they see in the general opposition to the gambling order an opportunity to carry their own pet plan into effect.

We are unable to see that the order from Ottawa respecting gambling has any bearing whatever upon the question of incorporation. If the town should assume the responsibility of municipal government tomorrow, the order against gambling would go into effect upon the date named above, unless, in the meantime, orders to the contrary should be received from Ottawa.

It is entirely a mistake to assume that a local government would be empowered to enact ordinances in conflict with existing federal laws. The Yukon council possesses now all the authority which would be vested in a municipal government, but the council is powerless to act in opposition to the orders which have been sent from Ottawa.

We are of the opinion that the order closing gambling is to be enforced altogether too suddenly and that the interests of justice would be served by a liberal extension of time—and this opinion, we understand, is shared by a majority of the officials. But we do not believe that incorporation would afford any remedy to the situation, and a few moments' consideration should bring everyone whose signature was

attached to the petition against incorporation, to the same conclusion. We have enough ills to bear without rushing blindly into others of which we have no knowledge.

A CHANGE FOR THE "EXPLANATION EDITOR."

The News published an article in its issue of yesterday which must have taken the few people who still read the News very much with surprise. The title of the article was "Business Dead in Dawson."

The concluding paragraph of the article in question which summarizes the whole, reads as follows: "Two-thirds of the population will probably go down the river to Nome as soon as navigation opens. Steamers with a capacity of 2000 passengers are tied up and the transportation is already sold out."

If there is one thing more than another that interests the Dawson reading public it is to be told that the town is going to the dogs and that everyone is preparing to leave. There was something of a rush to Nome a year ago but we had not heard that anything of the kind was contemplated at the present time until we read it in the News last night. Here is another opportunity for the "explanation editor."

A party of scientists will soon be heading for Mount Fairweather, Alaska, for the purpose of viewing the "Silent City" which every year appears in the form of a mirage near the Big Glacier. It is hoped that the scientific men will be able to determine definitely what city it is that by an optical illusion is made to appear on Alaska's icy wastes. The opinion has been expressed that the city in question is Bristol, England.

With the receipt of the order mentioned of which was made in this paper yesterday and which is published in full in today's issue of the Nugget, the entire territory is thrown open for location. Now is the time for men who have not as yet secured claims to make use of their rights. The laws governing the placer mining industry are more liberal today than they ever have been before.

His Excellency's Thanks.

Dawson, Y. T., Feb. 26, 1901.
H. Te Roller, Esq., U. S. Vice-Consul, Dawson, Y. T.:
Sir—A telegram has been received from his excellency the governor general acknowledging the several messages of sympathy and condolence transmitted to him from the authorities and people of Dawson in which special mention is made to the message of the United States consul and the American citizens in Dawson. Therefore, I beg to convey to you on behalf of his excellency sincere thanks for the sympathy and good feeling extended on that sad occasion. Your message will be transmitted to his majesty the king. Will you be good enough to advise the members of the committee organized on that mournful occasion of the terms of this communication. Your obedient servant,
WILLIAM OGILVIE,
Commissioner.

'Appy 'Arriet.
At a spiritualistic seance an old cockney was informed that the spirit present was that of his deceased wife. Thereupon the disunited couple conversed as follows:
"Is that you, 'Arriet?"
"Yes, its' me."
"Are you 'appy, 'Arriet?"
"Yes, very 'appy."
" 'Appier than you was with me, 'Arriet?"
"Yes, much 'appier."
"Where are you, 'Arriet?"
"In 'ell."
Comment is superfluous.

Name May Have Killed Him.
Swedish and Norwegian vice-consul T. Dufferin Pattullo is in receipt of a letter transmitted to him through the same consul at Toronto asking for information of Paul Kjegstad, who is supposed to have come to the Klondike, but who has not written to his relatives for many months. Anyone having any knowledge of the man will kindly report the same to Mr. Pattullo.

Fine fresh meats at Murphy Bros., Third street.
Plenty choice fresh vegetables at Meeker's.
Lined meal, 20c at Meeker's.
Fresh cabbage at Denver Market.

STROLLER'S COLUMN.

Everybody who was in Dawson a year ago will feadly remember Ed Holden and thinking of Ed will revive recollections of Rose Blumpkin, she who caused a divorce in the Holden family. From Dawson Edward and Rose journeyed to Nome where the former was relieved of some Klondike earned wealth by a theatrical venture. Last fall the pair journeyed southward to Seattle where Holden is now engaged in the saloon business and where the diamonds Rose displayed, in addition to the nugget belt, were the envy of the half-caste world. But one day the diamonds turned up missing and Edward was quick to note their absence. When questioned, Rose at first looked embarrassed and refused to tell the truth. Then, woman like, she threw herself on the Holden breast and Holden mercy and told all. She had been in urgent need of money and had "soaked" her flashers for \$1000. She was sorry; oh, so sorry for what she had done and now everybody who saw her sneered at her because she had no diamonds.

Ed's heart was touched and to cheer up the despondent Rose he asked her to take a walk with him. She consented, but they had walked but a short distance when her despondency over having to go out on dress parade without her diamonds overcame her and she boo-hoingly returned to their apartments. This act was more than Ed's tender heart could stand so he forthwith went down to the pawnshop and redeemed his idol's diamonds, paying \$1200 for their recovery. He carried them to his Rose and great was her joy and ardent her protestations of love on receiving them.
"Now," said Edward, "dress up in the very best you have and we'll take a walk and show people that you can still wear the most elegant diamonds of any woman in Seattle. I will call for you in an hour."
In an hour Ed called, but during his absence Rose had purchased a ticket and left Seattle for Salt Lake City.
And that is how Rose raised \$1000.

In order to get some idea of public opinion regarding the recent mandate closing the dance halls and gambling houses of Dawson the Stroller made a tour of investigation yesterday. The first man interviewed was Sic Semper Maginnis who said: "See the top of that egg case? Well, I have just been figuring on it and find that this closing order will knock me out of \$523,671 this year. My scheme was this; I was going to build an aerial railroad up to Capt. Jack's pole for the purpose of hauling folks up to see the midnight sun. But now, I wont do it for the reason that I could not get my money out of it, and as far as I am concerned people who want to gaze on midnight suns can walk up. These figures tell me I am a ruined man. This is the only scheme I ever had for accumulating wealth, and this order has knocked it as dead as Dyea."

The next man interviewed was Carle Squareheadson. He was in tears when the Stroller entered his place of business and was wringing his hands and ever and anon exclaiming "Eet ba hale!" When asked his opinion of the order in question he broke out afresh but after some time became sufficiently possessed to say:
"Ae not care bout da places vare da play kards, but closin' dance halls, eet hai ruined me. Only two weeks ago I send \$400 to my three sisters back east in Minnesota an' teale dem to come out and dance. Now da order eet baen made and ven da come Ae will hafe them all to support. Eet ba hale!"

The next man called upon was E. Pluribus Onions. "Plu," said the Stroller, as he slyly winked at Mrs. Onions, who had just dropped into her husband's office, "what do you think of the new order?"
E. Pluribus was silent for a moment and then said:

"Well, I had not intended saying anything about my plans now that they are knocked out, but I might as well tell you what I had on foot. It was this: I had plans and specifications drawn for the most extensive hanging gardens this side of Egypt. My scheme was to stretch heavy cables from two convenient mountains and hang the gardens on massive platforms suspended from them. I had already written for a landscape gardener to lay out walks, lovers' retreats, arrange booths and other necessary features of a well-regulated garden resort. Access to the garden would have been by balloon and I intended to have one leave from the neighborhood of the postoffice every 40 seconds in the busy season in addition to many smaller balloons which would have called around at houses for family parties. I didn't have the money myself to do all this, but was getting a

London syndicate interested in the scheme, but this order makes it look now as though I had been building castles in the air."

Cholera Infantum was the next person interviewed. He was busily engaged with a tarred stick marking a board with the words: "Those property fer sail at 1/2 prise."

When asked the regulation question he stuck the tarred stick behind his ear and said:

"I was just over to the telegraph office where I paid \$206 to cancel orders I had sent outside for building material and to Swiftwater Bill. The material was for building a picnic barge 200x400 feet in dimensions. The wire was to Swiftwater to not bring the Lamore family in as this will be no place for them in the future."

And thus it was all along the line. Ore man had just cancelled a contract for building a seven story structure to be used as a union depot, slaughter house and Salvation Army barracks on the first floor, offices on the second, flats on the third, Y. M. C. A. hall and gymnasium on the fourth, asylum for indigents on the fifth, dog pound on the sixth and lodge rooms on the seventh. But the order has cooked his goose.

Another had saved up \$8 for a wedding supper but now that his girl is about to lose her job, all arrangements for domesticating were called off.

The most visibly affected person seen was a young man who two weeks ago had invested \$4 in a pair of dancing pumps which, when the Stroller saw him, he was trying to exchange at a saloon for a two-bit drink.

As the Stroller wandered wearily back to his office he could but ask himself the question: "What would Dawson not become but for this monstrous order?"

A few days ago a number of young men were out sleighing when the driver inadvertently collided his team with a bicycle rider, the fault lying probably with one as much as with the other. But little was thought of the matter at the time, and the driver continued on his way, put up his team and went to the messhouse for his dinner. A few minutes later a fellow boarder, who had heard of the collision and who is rather strong in the art of peddling, dropped in and without intimating that he had any knowledge of the parties concerned said:

"A most distressing accident occurred down the street a short time ago when a reckless driver ran down a bicycle rider. The latter was not supposed to be much hurt at first, but on my way up I heard that the poor fellow had just

died. I did not learn the names of either the driver or bicyclist."

On the opposite side from the speaker was a blanched face, a well-filled plate, but naught of an appetite which had wilted like a frost-bitten tomato vine. "I do not think I am hungry this evening," said the erstwhile driver as he dug back from the table and in a hazy manner ascended to his room from which he emerged ten minutes later with a few of his earthly possessions tied up in a bandana and a haunted look upon his face.

"Good bye, boys!" he said in a porcupine husky voice, "I am off down the river," and a large tear rolled down each cheek and stained the messhouse matting. In another minute he would have been on his way to Moosehide, but the practical joker, thinking he had gone sufficiently far, explained that it was a case of "con" for which there was no foundation.

The teamster endeavored to finish his meal, but it was noticed he spilled coffee all over himself, likewise the consommé and floating dog island pudding.

Robinson the tailor from Vancouver, will leave in a few days; order your spring suit and you will get up-to-date clothes. Room 10, Hotel McDonald.

Local dealers report that hay and oats have taken a jump, the latter being particularly firm.

Hay, oats and chopped feed. Meeker.

New

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..J. P. McLENNAN..

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THIRD STREET Near Second St.

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Stampedeers!

WAIT A MINUTE

You might as well start right and if you propose working that claim you should carefully choose your outfit

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