

Stroller's Column.

The Stroller is in receipt of a circular letter from the department of agriculture at Ottawa which treats on "Smut in Grain, its Prevention and Cure."

The Stroller is pleased to receive the circular, for the fact that he did not know how to prevent smut in grain has kept him from engaging in agricultural pursuits in the past, for what could be more discouraging than to plow, sow, hoe and employ a wet nurse for a field of grain and then harvest a crop of smut?

Harvesting smut has driven more boys from the farm to the city than any one agency, unless it is having to turn the grindstone during the noon hour when the hired man is resting.

In early days there was a stage smut in Dawson to which the Ottawa circular letter would not apply. But things have changed in Dawson since those days. Then if a fellow was out on a lark at night and got his face pounded until it looked like a war map, he was seen on the street next day as usual. Now when a fellow gets the kibosh put all over him he hies up at home until nature and arnica have restored his features. For further information—but the Stroller is wandering.

The Ottawa circular tells how smut in grain can be prevented without taking the growing grain in by the kitchen fire on damp cold nights. It is a great receipt, one that should be in every household in the Yukon, for how can we, as a cosmopolitan people, expect to prosper unless we know how to keep smut out of our grain?

Too many people in this country are careless about important matters such as smut in grain and the first thing they know they will be eating it in hot cakes.

Avoid smut.

A Hunker miner sank a hole to bedrock and just as he began to hoist pay dirt water rushed in and filled up his shaft. Fifty feet away he sank another hole into which never a drop of water found its way. Being something of a humorist, the miner named the last shaft "Governor of North Carolina," because it is always dry.

(Some people may wonder who the Stroller had wrote that for him but they will never know.)

A man who stampeded on foot to the Milne concession, making the round trip without eating, has made application for membership in the Dawson lodge of Oddfellows. Asked his reasons for being so anxious to become a member of the order he replied:

"When I become an Oddfellow I will be entitled to wear the three links and when I go stampeding I will wear three links of sausage."

The Stroller's poet laureate has again woke up and turned over. His effusion is prefixed this time with a query and answer as follows: "Can a sardine box? (presumably with Slavin.) No, but a tin can!"

The poet, not content with the

above display of real humor, signs his article, which he calls "Defeat," with the suggestive prefix "A Spring Liar-ic." The effusion, which selfish people may say contains more truth than poetry, is herewith presented in its entirety.

The other day when hunger's pangs Did at my vitals prey,
A can of meat I purchased
To drive the wolf away.

My can opener, through some mischance,

Was missing from its pin,
So other means were needed
To get into that tin.

The top I tried hard to remove
By circular incision;
My knife-blade buckled on my thumb
And altered my decision.

A hammer then I madly grabbed
And hit the can a blow;
The iron glanced straight off the tin
And lodged on my big toe.

In agony most terrible
I snatched my faithful axe;
With language not for Sunday schools
The tin I dealt some whacks.

An awful stroke at last I made,
The can flew at the blow
Right through my cabin window
And lodged upon the snow.

My team of huskies, all alert,
Pounced on that can of meat,
And at it gnawed and o'er it fought,
The hidden stuff to eat.

A thousand vain attempts they made
To ope that cursed can;
But they are toothless curs today,
And I'm a crippled man.

To Thos. W. O'Brien:

Dear Sir,—You being thus far the only representative of the Klondike Mines Railway in Dawson, the Stroller hereby applies to you for an annual pass over your proposed road, provided you care to swap transportation for kind words.

If you care to swap, the Stroller promises to yield a few kind words to your road which will be set in long primer type, without advertising marks and published at top of column, next to pure reading matter.

The Stroller naturally feels kindly towards railroads and if he can say a good word, Tom, that will place your road on its feet and on a good paying basis, he will do it; this, of course, if you are not too hide-bound about issuing transportation. If you do not issue transportation it will require a whole day for the Stroller to go from Dawson to the Forks, hence you can readily see the importance of the matter to him.

If you issue the transportation you may consider yourself as belonging to the Stroller's coterie of friends and can break into his column any time you please and use it just the same as if it was your own.

When a man does the Stroller a kind act or shows him any signs of affection he can walk all over him at

will. Some people have wiped their noses on the Stroller's coat sleeve and he has not said them nay because they were his friends.

And yet the Stroller is a had one to stir up. He shudders to think of what would happen should you deny his humble request for transportation.

The Stroller once opposed the candidacy of a certain man for the office of marshal of a Florida town and in six years he was a corpse.

The Oklawaha, Ocala & Gulf road which tapped the orange belt once refused to issue the Stroller an annual pass in January. He became its foe and in February a frost came, and the Oklawaha, Ocala & Gulf didn't haul a box of oranges that year.

The same year the Florida Southern called in all annuals. The Stroller turned loose his hounds of war and that fall cotton bolls rusted on the stalk.

The following year the Savannah, Florida & Western got gay and refused to issue transportation. Then the Stroller rose up in his might. He appealed to the prejudices of the patrons of that road by calling attention to the bleating and orphaned calves whose mothers' bones lay whitening along its cruel pathway. He referred feelingly to the beef steers and tallow heifers which had been cut off in the hey-day of youth and ground to Hamberger steak beneath its relentless wheels. The public read the Stroller's articles and became so incensed at the great corporation that they would walk rather than patronize it. In fact, they took to piling cross-ties on the track and sent drafts of skulls and crossbones to the general manager. Before the end of the season the Stroller had an annual pass for himself and "one" and was instructed and even requested to order the president's private car any time he wished to give an excursion to his Sunday school class.

The Stroller aims to mould public thought and elevate morals, but if approached properly he can be corrupted. If the pass is ready by the time the road is completed to the mouth of Bonanza, Mr. O'Brien, the Stroller will be satisfied. You have been warned. Verbum sat.

That is the first time the Stroller has used "Verbum sat" this spring, but as summer advances it may occur quite frequently in his productions. Anyone wishing the use of the term can have it by giving a check for its safe return.

The full name for the annual pass can be had on application.

Yesterday was May day and the Stroller was homesick. It revived recollections of other May days when the entire town would close up and go out for a municipal picnic, wander around over wiregrass and amid bushes from which they would catch thousands of chiggers which could only be removed by a free use of kerosene, with the result that people would invariably smell like a cracked lamp for fully a week after May day.

A few chiggers in this country early in May would save fuel, as no one could possibly be cold while entertaining them.

Two swallows do not make a spring, but two chiggers will soon

convince a person that, to use a southern provincialism, summer has done come.

The Stroller would have given \$10 for one chigger yesterday. He would prefer keeping warm that way to shivering over a stove.

It is not so much the chigger the Stroller loves, but the tender picnic shirtwaist recollections it recalls.

Trades and Labor Council.

Last Tuesday evening a meeting of the various labor unions was held in Union hall for the purpose of organizing a trades and labor council. Representatives from the sheet and metal workers, cooks and waiters, typographical, carpenters and painters' and paper hangers' unions were present, each organization being represented by five delegates. The meeting was one of the utmost harmony and the purposes for which it was called were accomplished without delay. The following officers were chosen:

President—G. J. Dornier, sheet and metal workers.

Vice President—G. J. Bacher, cooks and waiters.

Financial Secretary—J. J. Filbin, typographical.

Treasurer—J. G. Taylor, carpenters.

Sergeant—G. S. Briggs, painters and paper hangers.

Executive board—D. J. Cronin, G. B. Patterson, H. B. Hubbard, H. T. Pope and G. H. Wyatt.

\$10,000 Depends on a Date.

New York, April 15.—Henry S. J. Flynn of No. 133 Nassau street, announced yesterday that he had begun suit against Collector Bidwell for \$10,000 damages for the illegal seizure of tobacco imported in bond from the Philippines in 1899.

The story as told by Flynn's law-

yer is that eighty bales of tobacco intended for consumption in Canada were entered in the warehouse here. The government charged that thirty of the bales contained more than the permissible 15 per cent of wrapper tobacco. They were accordingly seized and the other fifty bales were held on the ground that there was a lien on them for the duty on the thirty bales that had been seized. The government claims the tobacco was seized on April 4, 1899, but Flynn says the date was April 24. It was subsequently decided that from April 11, 1899, the goods would have had the right of free entry.

Shot at Close Range.

London, March 29.—A shocking account is published here of the putting to death of Commandant Scheepers, one of the most gallant and successful of the Boer leaders, on charges of murdering natives who were employed as British spies. The writer of it is a sergeant who witnessed the execution. He says: "Scheepers was brought in an ambulance van to the place of execution with a hand playing behind. Despite his appeals to be allowed to face death standing, he was blindfolded, tied down in a chair and the firing party stood only ten paces away."

The inhabitants witnessed the scene, which was peculiarly painful because Scheepers was extremely infirm.

War Secretary Broderick declines to make any inquiry into this revolting performance.

FOR SALE.

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

Nobby line spring suits just opened. Ames Mercantile Co.

Dinner a la carte—Northern Cafe.

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CHAS. S. W. BARWELL, D.L.S., C.E., DOMINION LAND SURVEYOR. Office, rooms 13 and 14 Bank Building. Phone 110, Dawson, Y.T.

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ROYALTY ON DUST

Dawson, Y. T., April 25, 1902.

To All Our Customers:—

You are hereby notified that, owing to a notice published by J. T. Lithgow, Comptroller of the Yukon Territory, that on and after April 30th, 1902, royalty will be collected on all gold dust not sealed up, exported after that date, the Board of Trade passed the following resolution:

"RESOLVED, That said merchants in collecting such outstanding accounts receive the same in gold dust, provided the said export tax of 2 1/2 per cent be added thereto, and that notice be given by said merchants to their customers, and through the press immediately of this resolution."

For that reason we will not receive gold dust at the rate of \$16 per ounce in satisfaction of past accounts, on and after the 30th of April, unless the persons paying the same produce export royalty receipts or pay to us the amount of such export royalty.

On business transacted on and after May 1st 1902, we will receive gold dust at \$15.00 per ounce and pay the export tax.

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