

CONSTITUTION OF CANADA

Its Relative Strength and Its Weakness

Discussed by Sir John Bourinot in a Lecture—Recent War a Unifying Factor.

Kingston, Dec. 24.—Sir John Bourinot last night lectured at Convocation hall on the "Constitution of Canada, Its Strength and Its Weakness." Principal Grant was in the chair. The principal introduced the speaker, referring to him as a well known Canadian authority on constitutional matters, and as an honor graduate of Queen's. Sir John discussed the Canadian senate, which, he claimed, stopped hasty legislation and restricted the house of commons in any unwise action that body contemplated. He maintained that the senate should be partly elective, as it was in Denmark. Under the present system, if the one government remained in power very long the senate was likely to be largely controlled in its actions by political feeling. The governor general of Canada was not restricted by the political ideas and leanings which always affected the president of the United States. The Canadian government was not as liable to slight national issues for municipal ones as the American government was. The speaker claimed the recent South African war had been a great factor in unifying the empire. He contrasted the systems of government of Canada and the United States in favor of our own as being more directly responsible to the people. Mr. Richard Croker of New York was referred to in scathing terms, the speaker expressing his pleasure that Canada had not such a man as this. Croker was referred to as the boss of corruption, and any self-respecting man would not act in the capacity in which he had. It was no wonder that politics degraded our neighbors when such men as Croker manipulated affairs. It was better to aim high than to sink. Public life was a public trust, and Canada was free from such dangerous elements as Croker. No people could be happy and free unless the leaders of the government realized fully their obligations to the public. In Canada national unity existed, but the dangers should be averted. These were sectionalism, sectarianism and nationalism. Unity should always be thought of in the building up of this great nation.

Sir John made a most interesting reply to the vote of thanks tendered by Principal Grant. He said that as clerk of the house of commons during the past 30 years he had listened to probably more speeches than any other man in the British empire. This was the first opportunity he had of expressing his thanks for the honor conferred upon him by the senate of Queen's, whose honorary degree was the first he had received from a Canadian university. He was a Nova Scotian, and a great friend of Principal Grant, who also came from that province. Nova Scotia had produced many great men who were doing splendid service for Canada. Sir Charles Tupper was one of these, and the speaker thought that he, as one of the founders of the country should be sent as a Canadian representative to attend the inauguration of the Australian commonwealth. Sir Charles Tupper and Sir Wilfrid Laurier would form a grand spectacle, and would fitly illustrate the union of the two races in the Dominion. Sir John concluded by paying a tribute to Queen's and Principal Grant.

A Great Scheme.
"Yes, this cane is a pet of mine," said a Front street business man, passing his hand lovingly over an unusually heavy bamboo walking stick. "I had it built to order. The shaft, as you will observe, is peculiarly knotty, but its distinctive feature is this huge pointed ferrule, which was made in a blacksmith shop on the next block. Did I have any particular purpose in view? Why, certainly I had. The cane was constructed for use as a collision buffer and has proved a most unequalled success.

"You are familiar, I dare say, with the special type of idiot who comes prancing down the sidewalk with his head twisted around looking at something over the top of his shoulders, and you know, of course, that he invariably runs into you. It makes no difference how frantically you try to avoid him; you may jump and dodge and do your level best to hunt cover, but your efforts are all in vain. The idiot bears down on you by some mysterious gravitation and the next thing

you know he has smashed against your diaphragm with a concussion that leaves the print of your vest buttons on the finer surface of your backbone. Then he looks around with an expression of innocent surprise.

"Scuse me," he says, "blatantly I didn't notice where I was going."

"I suffered greatly from that brand of monster before I invented my cane," continued the Front street man, "but now there is nothing I enjoy more than an encounter. My tactics are simple. When I see the idiot rushing down on me, with his head screwed around as usual, I stop stock still, clutch my cane firmly under my right arm, point out, brace myself on my feet and begin to read a letter or newspaper. I never raise my eyes or shift my position, for I know full well that no power on earth can prevent the idiot from landing square on the mark. A moment of exquisite anticipation ensues, and then I have him. As a rule he impales himself a trifle north of the equator, and when he feels the prod of the ferrule he emits a series of agonized bellows, which are sweet music to my ears. For some little time he is unable to speak and clasps his abdomen with both hands, moaning. Then I get in my fine work. I am really delighted, but I pretend to be very angry. I scowl at him fiercely.

"What the deuce do you mean, sirrah! I hiss. 'I fear you have ruined this valuable walking stick!'

"That caps the climax! The bare idea that he has run into such a bludgeon hard enough to damage it greatly increases the poor idiot's pangs. He looks at me piteously.

"Scuse me!" he gasps. "I didn't notice where I was going."

"I wave him haughtily aside and pass on, chuckling in my sleeve. That, briefly, is the modus operandi. It's a great scheme, sir; a great scheme! I wouldn't take \$100 for this cane!"—Er.

Figures and Eyes.
"As we grow older" remarked the man who was doing that at the rate of a week every seven days, "we begin to observe that we seem to need more light when we read or that the print of the newspapers that we have been reading with ease for ever so many years is not quite as good as it used to be, or that we can distinguish the letters a little better if we hold them farther away than usual, but we are very slow indeed to observe that the real cause of it is that we are growing old, and we rather resent the suggestion of some kindly friend that we need glasses.

"We resent glasses especially because they are the visible sign of our weakness, and all the world may know by them what we fondly think they have not yet discovered—toward that our eyesight is failing. I am that way myself, or was, and I stood the glasses off as long as I could, and really I could get along very well reading almost any type. Of course, I could not make out every letter, but I could get enough to complete the word, and oftentimes I could supply whole words that were indistinct by the sense of what I was reading.

"But it was the figures that got me down at last. Ah, those figures! There is no context there, and when I saw dates or numerals of any kind the blur of the years shut out all their outlines, and to save me I could not tell what was before me. I made mistakes so often in reading aloud to my wife that she would laugh at me, though she never caught me on the letters, notwithstanding many was the time I guessed at about half I was reading. But figures would not stand any fooling like that, and at last I acknowledged that it wasn't the type or the paper or the light or anything of that sort and got myself a pair of glasses. Now I can tell a figure as well as a letter, and I discovered they are printed quite as plainly as ever, though I was sure they were blurred before."—Er.

Canadian Briefs.
Ottawa, Dec. 22.—Chas. O'Reilly, a city fireman, has been arrested and will be charged with the murder of Mrs. Atcheson, of 392 St. Andrew street, who died last night from injuries sustained last Tuesday as a result, it is alleged, of blows received from O'Reilly, who is said to have quarreled with her. No marks of violence were visible on the unfortunate woman, who remained unconscious from Tuesday night till death last night in Water street hospital.

Prize fights by professionals will no longer be permitted to take place in this city.

Kingston, Dec. 22.—Local Liberal papers publish an Ottawa dispatch that Sir Charles Hibbert Tupper will be leader of the Conservative party in the next house until a new leader is chosen.

Oakville, Dec. 20.—Fire broke out at an early hour this morning in the dental office of Dr. T. F. Harris, above

Williams' grocery on Colborne street. Before the flames were extinguished Harris' office, Wilson's grocery, Colledge's harness shop, Urquhart's store-room (unoccupied), Black's photography studio, Ferris' confectionery and a Chinese laundry, were all gutted by fire. The loss is over \$50,000; insurance small.

Montreal, Dec. 20.—Alderman Laroque, president of the Butchers' Association of this city, died this morning after a few weeks' illness from congestion of the lungs.

A clever trick was played on a local police constable last night by Madame Masse, of Valleyfield, who had been arrested at the instance of her creditors. During the night she feigned sickness and was allowed to go to a neighboring hotel in charge of a constable, but while the constable slept Madame Masse disappeared and her whereabouts is now unknown.

Quebec, Dec. 20.—T. D. Shipman, for many years ticket agent here of the Grand Trunk railway, and late proprietor of St. Lawrence hall, Cacouna, died suddenly this morning. Deceased was one of the best known railway ticket agents in Eastern Canada.

London, Dec. 20.—Jack Leys, son of Col. F. B. Leys, M. P., while unloading a revolver belonging to his father yesterday, shot himself in the breast just below the heart. The wound is not considered dangerous.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 20.—Colbrook rolling mills, situated four miles from this city, were burned to the ground last night. The loss is \$100,000; insurance not known.

Petrolia, Ont. Dec. 20.—Manner B. S. Vantuyt, of the firm of Vantuyt & Fairbank, hardware merchants, died suddenly yesterday. One of his sons, Thomas, is now in South Africa with the second contingent.

Although the provincial general elections are fully 15 months away, the Liberals are getting candidates in harness. Yesterday, in West York, they renominated W. J. Hill, the present member.

Brockville, Dec. 20.—Samuel Dear, one of the oldest freight conductors on the Grand Trunk railway, running between Belleville and this place, died suddenly of heart disease while on his train here last night. He was about 60 years of age.

Playtime in the Senate.
Senator Butler once had a bill appropriating \$5,000 to build a monument on the Moore's Creek battlefield, North Carolina, which was an especial object of Senator Wolcott's fun.

"Can the senator tell me the date of the battle?" he asked Mr. Butler.

"It was the first battle of the Revolution, 29 days before the battle of Lexington," was the reply.

"But cannot the senator tell me the day and the year?" persisted Mr. Wolcott.

Mr. Butler was stumped. "I can tell the senator tomorrow," he finally remarked.

"Then," replied Mr. Wolcott, "I will let my objection stand until tomorrow also."

A few minutes later Senator Wolcott relented, and Mr. Butler made another effort to get the appropriation agreed to. This time it was Senator Lodge who objected.

"Oh, don't object, Lodge," said Wolcott in a stage whisper; "he'll put the date of the battle forward a year if you are jealous on account of Lexington."

But Mr. Lodge continued to object, and the monument bill remained on the calendar.—Washington Post.

Horseshoes.
Horseshoes are of uncertain date and have caused some discussion among military historians. Nailed shoes were not known by the Greeks, for Xenophon gives minute instructions for hardening the hoof. Nor did the Romans use them. Nero had mules shod with a plate of silver fastened by crossed thongs to the hoof. With Poppaea, his later wife, it is said these plates were of gold. The earliest positive evidence of nailed shoes is furnished by the skeleton of a horse found in the tomb of Childeric I (458-81) at Tournay in 1653.

The very people who talk about "vulgar trade" are usually the ones who never pay their bills.—Philadelphia Record.

Dignity may stoop to conquer, but it never grovels in the dust.—Chicago News.

Again on Duty.
Corporal F. F. McPhail, after being confined at the barracks' hospital for two weeks with a sore knee, the result of an accident, is again on duty and in charge at the town station. He is not yet in trim to enter a six days' go-as-you-please, but is on the high road to ultimate recovery.

Fresh parsnips, carrots, beets, turnips. Mecker.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

MARRIAGE.
They are my own, my darling and my wife. And when we pass into another life, I'll still be with you. All this which now is mine, is but the shadow of eternity. And then and I, through tears and through fears, are reunited in a clear completed whole. Make me your wife, and I'll be true, true forever and forever we are yours.—Spectator.

A Sage Manager.
"The first company that I was ever with was a barnstorming one," said the well known actor who was in a reminiscent mood, "and it was my first experience with a hustling, never say die manager. Business was poor, we were 200 miles from home, and the outlook was anything but encouraging. But our manager kept us going by one way and another, until we had complete faith in his ability to get us home. But at last a hard hearted landlord seized our baggage and refused to listen to the promises of our manager.

"We had just enough money to carry us to the next town, and finally the landlord relented a trifle and agreed to send our baggage on to the next town to be held there until his bill was paid. We gave our manager credit for another victory and took the train for the next town, feeling as good as the situation would allow and not doubting for a moment that he would find some way to reclaim the baggage. We had nearly reached our destination when the train left the track, and we found ourselves piled up in a ditch. When I crawled out of the wreck, the first thing I saw was the manager.

"Anybody hurt?" he yelled.

"None of our party, thank God!" I answered.

"Well, of all the confounded luck," said he, "I was in hopes that some one had broken an arm or a leg at least."

"Now, that was a funny remark for him to make, and I laid it to the fact that he was rattled by the accident and was not aware what he was saying. But while we were waiting for the relief train he had a good deal to say about hard luck. Suddenly his face brightened, and he called our star contortionist aside and whispered something to him.

"When the relief train reached the spot, the first man to jump off was a claim agent, who rushed up and asked if any one was hurt.

"Oh, my son, my son!" wailed our manager, wringing his hands. "I rushed over where he was to see what his game was, and there lay our contortionist in the ditch doubled up into his famous double bow knot.

"Great Scott!" gasped the claim agent. However, an agent hasn't anything to do with sympathy, his business being to settle with the injured before a lawyer could get hold of them. Our manager between sobs agreed to take \$500 in full for all damages, and once more we saw the silver lining to our cloud."—Er.

Nothing in a Name.
"Where have you been until this shamefully unreasonable hour?"
"Been sitting in a quick repair shop, my dear, waiting for my only pair of shoes."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Caught a Tartar.
The burglar had entered the house as quietly as possible, but his shoes were not padded, and they made some noise.

He had just reached the door of the bedroom when he heard some one moving in the bed as if about to get up, and he paused.

The sound of a woman's voice floated to his ears.

"If you don't take off your boots when you come into this house," it said, "there's going to be trouble, and a whole lot of it. Here it's been raining for three hours, and you dare to tramp over my carpets with your muddy boots on. Go down stairs and take them off this minute!"

He went down stairs without a word, but he didn't take off his boots. Instead he went straight out into the night again, and the "pal" who was waiting for him saw a tear glisten in his eye.

"I can't rob that house," he said. "It reminds me of home."

The Native Blarney.
Speaking of the soft answer which turns away wrath, the Muscotah Record notes that a little Irish boy in the local school was recently reproved by his teacher for some misdoing. "I saw you do it, Jerry," said the teacher. "Yes," replied the lad; "I tells them there ain't much you don't see wid them purty black eyes of yours."

Getting at the Facts.
He—How I envy that man who just sang the solo!
She—Why, I thought he had an exceptionally poor voice!

He—Oh, it isn't his voice I envy; it's his nerve!—Chicago News.

Both Bad.
James McNeill Whistler was once painting a portrait of a distinguished

no-velly, who was extremely clever, but also extremely ill-favored. When the portrait was finished, she sat in a chair, and seemed satisfied with it.

"You don't seem to like it," Whistler said.

"The sitter confessed that he did not like it in self justification, but he must admit that it is a bad work of art."

"Yes," Whistler replied, "but I think you must admit that you are a bad work of nature."—Argonaut.

The fire never touched us. We are doing more business than ever. Murphy Bros., butchers.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Eastern oysters at the Postoffice market.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

Large Africana cigars at Rochester.

Goetzman makes the crack photos of dog teams.

All watch repairing guaranteed by C. A. Cochran, the expert watchmaker, opposite Bank B. N. A., Second street.

Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given that the following survey, notice of which is published below, has been approved by Wm. Ogilvie, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory, and unless protested within three months from the date of first publication of such approval by the Klondike Nugget newspaper, the boundaries of property as established by said survey shall constitute the true and unalterable boundaries of such property by virtue of an order in council passed at Ottawa the 2nd day of March, 1900.

GO AS YOU PLEASE WALKING MATCH
COMMENCING FEB. 18 AT "The Orpheum"
—Entire—
LOUIS CARMINAL - GEORGE TAYLOR
NAPOLION MARION - WM. YOUNG

Turkeys - Ducks - Poultry
Fresh Meats
Bay City Market
Chas. Dussart & Co.
THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

Electric Light
Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.
Donald B. Olson, Manager.
City Office Joslyn Building.
Power House near Klondike. Tel. No. 3

The O'Brien Club
Telephone No. 87
FOR MEMBERSHIP
A Gentleman's Resort.
Socious and Elegant
Club Rooms and Bar
FOUNDED BY
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Wines, Liquors & Cigars
CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
Tom Chisholm, Prop.

ARCTIC SAWMILL
Removed to Mouth of Humber Creek, on Klondike River.
BLUICE, PLUME & MINING LUMBER
Office: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Boy's Wharf. J. W. BOYLES

The Nugget

The Nugget reaches the people in town and out of town, on every creek and every claim, in season and out of season. If you wish to reach the public you will do well to bear this in mind.

Our circulation is general, we cater to no class—unless it be the one that demands a live, unprejudiced and readable newspaper