

The Klondike Nugget

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From Monday and Tuesday's Daily. THE DISHONEST CONCESSION HOLDERS.

No satisfactory explanation can be offered of the fact that valuable mineral rights which should have been preserved for the benefit of the individual miner, have been recklessly given away to concessionaires. The concession idea as it has been frequently applied in this territory is entirely wrong in principle and has worked damage almost incalculable. Not infrequently, concessions have been granted in the immediate vicinity of ground staked and proven of exceptional value for purposes of placer mining. Where one man has applied for and received a grant of 250 feet of ground, another has asked for a mile or possibly five miles and his request has been granted.

There is a manifest absurdity in the fact that such a condition can exist. According to the law the applicant for a concession is not entitled to any ground which is suited for placer mining purposes. As a matter of fact, all concession ground now in process of development is being worked by purely placer methods.

It is apparent, therefore, that the law governing concessions have been made the means of wrongfully withdrawing from the individual miner, ground which in the very nature of things should be held for his benefit.

In such cases where it can be shown that the concessionaire has misrepresented the facts in making his application, strict justice would urge that he should forfeit his ground.

It is apparent, however, from the nature of the circumstances that progress must be made slowly. Any drastic measures affecting all concessions alike would not only be injurious to the welfare of the territory generally but would savor strongly of injustice as well.

Interference with rights once granted from the government is a matter of the utmost seriousness. It is not to be anticipated that an order will be issued whereby all concessions will be simultaneously thrown open and there is absolutely nothing to be gained by attempting to delude the public into the belief that any such action will be taken.

It cannot be said that all concessions have been secured through wholesale misrepresentation of facts, or other dishonest means. Certain rights have been granted to concessionaires by due process of law and where they have kept well within the law it is to be expected that they will be protected in the enjoyment of their rights. Vested privileges secured through due legal processes, even though the law involved be admittedly wrong are not to be tampered with. The dishonest concession holder—the man who has perjured or other similar means has succeeded in robbing the legitimate miner of his rightful inheritance—should be relieved of his ill-gotten ground. But the man who in seeking a concession has held to all the requirements of the law, will undoubtedly be protected by the courts in the enjoyment of his rights, even though, as noted above, the law itself is admitted to be lacking in equity and justice. What we have to hope for in connection with the concession matter is not an indiscriminate revocation of all concession rights, but rather that justice may be done in cases where abuses of the law have occurred.

The demand anything beyond this is to little and no likelihood will be secured.

THE RIGHT WAY.

The place to attack the validity of concession titles is in the courts. Every applicant for a concession has been required to comply with certain specific requirements of law. If there is reasonable ground for belief that fraudulent means have been taken in securing grants to concessions, then it is likewise reasonable to believe that such titles will be annulled in the courts.

It is not a matter which requires resort to demagogic diatribes, nor will any assistance be given to the cause of the individual miner as against the concession holder by the use of abusive language.

The concession theory is entirely wrong in every detail—with that every

one must agree who is familiar with the history of concession grants in this territory. Public mineral lands have been squandered in a reckless manner without apparent thought as to their value and at the actual extent of the territory's resources becomes better known, more general recognition is being given to this fact.

The question arises, what is best to be done under the existing circumstances?

In dealing with this as with all other matters of public moment the facts must be accepted as they are found. We do not imagine that any concession holder will surrender the title by which he claims his ground simply because he discovers that public sentiment is almost a unit against him.

To set aside the rights now enjoyed by concessionaires require that it be shown that those rights were illegally obtained. A fight against concessions based upon these lines will have excellent chances of success. There is little doubt that concessions have been obtained almost entirely through misrepresentation of facts. Evidence to this effect placed before the courts should have the desired result. We fail to see how progress toward the desired end can be made in any other way.

ENCOURAGE ATHLETICS.

The approaching celebration of Victoria day bids fair to give a lively impetus to local athletics. As was detailed in the Nugget of yesterday, an association for the promotion of athletics has been formed at the Forks, and our thriving sister town will furnish healthy competition for the prizes to be offered on the occasion of the Victoria day celebration.

It will give Dawson plenty of work to do to hold her own against the Forks and other creek points, and local athletic giants may well begin looking to the care of their laurels.

In this connection, it is to be hoped that such interest will be awakened in athletic matters that a permanent organization for the promotion of outdoor sports may be effected.

For the next four months Dawson will furnish ideal conditions for baseball, football, cricket and similar sports. The summer season though somewhat short is admirably adapted for all open air games and with an abundance of material to select from, Dawson should witness a series of splendid exhibitions of all the games noted.

The movement will be greatly aided if the idea of preparing a public athletic park is carried into effect.

A sufficiently large area in the vicinity of the barracks may be placed in proper condition with no great expenditure either of labor or money. But even if such were not the case, the enjoyment which the public would derive therefrom should more than compensate for any cost involved.

The athletic movement is a natural outgrowth of Dawson's development along commercial and social lines and should be given all possible encouragement.

ABOUT SIDEWALKS.

While the subject of street improvement is under discussion some attention may profitably be given to the matter of sidewalks. Wherever sidewalks have been laid under direct supervision of the authorities, uniformity has been observed both in respect to width and quality of material employed. In a number of instances walks have been laid according to individual opinion and in consequence a species of patchwork has been the result.

Some property owners having a view to economy have considered that a sidewalk two or three feet in width is all that should be expected of them. It would be a timely move to have an inspector of walks at this time, and where the terms of the ordinance governing the matter have not been observed immediate steps should be taken to compel a compliance therewith.

Such action would be nothing more than simple justice to those property owners who have followed the requirements of the law.

Transfer of Real Estate.

The ridge between the sidewalk and street immediately in front of the barracks orderly room and commissary is being graded the square which is being leveled up. A number of prisoners are employed on the work.

REGARDING MONGOL LABOR

Strong Fight Being Made Against It in B. C.

"Victoria Outlook" Discusses Problem at Length—White Labor From East Wanted.

The statement of the small minority that this country cannot be developed without Mongolians, may be flatly met by pointing eastward—to Eastern Canada and the Eastern United States—where the Anglo-Saxon has brought the whole country from savagery to agricultural, mining, fishing and manufacturing productivity, in spite of climatic and other obstacles compared to which those in British Columbia are not worthy of mention.

Not only are the Mongols unnecessary to the development of this country—they are a blight and a hindrance. They do nothing towards bringing the country forward, but, on the contrary, keep out the very people who would, bring it forward, at tenfold speed, could you ever succeed in getting the heathen driven out to the last man.

What sense is there in saying that, if British Columbia could be cleared of Chinese and Japanese competition, first rate white working people would remain in Ontario earning 90 cents a day rather than come here to receive \$2? Why is it that they don't come now? Because this is a Chinese province.

It is said that, owing to the size of our trees, land cannot be cleared without Chinese and Japanese labor. It is stated, on the other hand, that, by a combination of interests, and the use of machinery land could be cleared far more rapidly, and at ten to fifteen dollars per acre less cost with white labor.

On the Atlantic coast, with the most severe climatic conditions to contend against, the farming, fishing, lumbering and mining industries are successfully and profitably conducted, by a decent, law-abiding and prosperous white population. Why is it that, with fish a thousandfold more plentiful, timber almost inexhaustible, mineral wealth of untold richness, a market for agricultural products one hundred per cent higher and a climate of semi-tropical mildness, the country cannot be developed without Asiatic labor?

On the coast of Nova Scotia, salmon are canned and shipped to England and all other markets, lobsters are also canned and shipped to the markets of the world (including Victoria, B. C.). In addition to fish, fruits, berries and condensed milk are canned and shipped at a profit from Nova Scotia. You can buy Nova Scotia condensed milk in any grocery store in Victoria today. How is all this done without the help of the Chinese and Japanese?

When it is considered that salmon, on the coast of Nova Scotia, compared to British Columbia are "as scarce as hen's teeth" and that they are put up by "white labor only," how is it that they can be placed upon the London market in competition with those canned by Chinese in British Columbia?

"Look at the difference in freight and insurance!"

We do not know what the difference amounts to, but feel safe in saying that it is more than offset by the greater scarcity of the fish in Nova Scotia.

The canneries on the Atlantic coast are "manned," if we might use the term, by the daughters, cousins and aunts of the fishermen; the work of canning is performed with cleanliness and skill, and, so far as we know, "strikes and lockouts" are unknown. The same holds good on the Atlantic coast of the United States.

"But," you say, "we have no fishermen here with skilled daughters and cousins and aunts who live 'on the ground' and return to their work season after season."

Very true, my friend, but whose fault is it? This is the simple point on which we are trying to make, and will go on trying to make just as long as we can borrow a wad of copy paper and buy a five cent bottle of ink.

That if you exclude, kick out, or annihilate the Mongolians you will have no difficulty in filling the country with fishermen who will bring their sisters and cousins and aunts to this coast and work in your canneries, from season to season, just as they are working today in the canneries of Nova Scotia. Why shouldn't they? Why should they prefer the worst climate in the world to one of the best?

"Why don't they come there as it is. Wages are higher than in Nova Scotia?"

Because any man, or woman who will work alongside of a Chinaman "is neither fit for the land nor the dug hill," and that is where your "Chinese cheap labor" is, really, costing you more than the decent, clean, white labor of the Atlantic coast canopies.

Lumbering is another industry that is supposed to depend for its existence on the labor of the Mongolian, although the evidence given by two of our largest lumber manufacturers before the

royal commission points directly the other way. They said, in effect, "we would rather pay a white man \$2 a day than pay a Chinaman \$1." They also stated that if the orientals were excluded their places would, in a while, be filled by white men, and that no serious interruption to their business would result. They thought the total exclusion of Mongolians would benefit the country.

Going back to the Atlantic coast, and the older provinces. The near-by timber has been sawed up, the trees are smaller and the labor of felling and transporting timber must be much greater than in this new country. Yet the whole business is done with white labor, and the product is sent abroad and sold at a profit. How do they manage to keep out of the bankruptcy court without the help of the Chinese and Japs?

"Because their white labor is cheaper. If they pay a dollar and a half a day to strong healthy white men they are getting cheaper labor than Chinamen at six bits."

"Why don't these men come here to this fine climate and get better wages than they are now receiving where the snow is up to their necks, and the thermometer retires from business in the winter months?"

Because no man who is any good will work alongside of a Chinaman, and this is a Chinese province.

Need enter domestic service in competition with the Chinese.

If the Chinese are totally excluded, and the Japanese continue to exclude themselves, the presence of those Mongols now here will, for years, keep the price of labor from fifty to a hundred per cent above that in the east. Let the capitalist put this in his pipe and smoke it.

Therefore the Mongols are a double barreled curse, working damage both to employer and wage earner. They are keeping white people out of British Columbia, keeping their own wages up, and draining the country of every dollar they receive in wages.

Is this true, or is it not? If they are not keeping the working people of the east from coming here, why do they (the people of the east) remain where they are, in a severe climate, burning more fuel, wearing more clothes, and accepting wages a hundred per cent lower?

"Are the eastern people fools?"

"Very far from it."

"Why don't they come here, wear less clothing and get bigger wages?"

We have already given what we suppose to be the reason. If you can think of any other, we would like to hear it. "Ranching" is another industry which cannot possibly struggle on without the help of the Mongols. It is true that quite a number of farmers absolutely refuse to employ them, and still contrive to make a living. Many more say that but for the Chinamen and Japs they would have to go out of the business. Not a few have been obliged to go out of the business anyway—Mongols and all.

"How is it that the benighted farmers of Ontario, Quebec and the maritime provinces sell cabbages at sixty to seventy cents a sack, and beef at four to five cents a pound with 'white labor only' to depend upon?"

"Because they got their help as low as seven dollars a month and board."

"Why can't our farmers get help at seven dollars per month and board?"

"Echo is speechless."

Today we meet a man who is obliged to peruse the Chinese quarter in the way of business, and he explains in part the reason why Chinese tailors are so successful in getting at least a portion of their well custom. It is because they are making and selling clothes "on tick." The boss of a prominent tailoring firm in Chinatown, took him to one side and produced his order book. Pointing to a name recently entered he inquired:

"Him good man?"

"Yes, heep good."

"Him owe me seventy dollar."

"Him good man?"

"Yes, him all right."

"Him owe me twenty-eight dollar."

And so on.

This is cheering, and if we get time we will try and find out the extent of the white man's indebtedness to these heathen tailors. It may show that the city is not losing so much through the competition of Mongolian tailors after all.

On the merits of cheap and high-priced labor, Lord Brassey has expressed the opinion that, if you want work done quickly, thoroughly and economically, employ the best men and pay them the best wages. This may be considered authoritative. The father of Lord Brassey was one of the largest and most successful contractors who ever lived, and his son made a special study of the whole labor question from every point of view.

If the Chinese and Japanese could be got rid of, an equalization of wages between east and west would follow, to the mutual advantage of workers in the east and employers in the west.—Victoria Outlook.

Mum's, Permette or Permette Champagne \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Holland herring, Selman & Myers.

STORY OF A HIDDEN LEGACY.

An Old-Fashioned Daguerreotype Contained the Secret

And It Was Given to the One Whom It Was the Intention Should Have Only Trinkets.

"It's an insult," said Jack Stone. You're just as near a relative as the Gordons, yet they have got everything, just because they were there when your aunt died, and then because they knew you were entitled to something, in fact, just as much as they, from her estate, have sent you this collection of odds and ends."

"Hush, John! Never mind. It's not worth talking about, and we might as well make the best of it. Beggars can't be choosers, you know," sagely remarked his wife.

The cause of this outburst was an oblong green pasteboard box which had just arrived, and whose contents, so Eleanor Stone said, were not worth the express paid on it. An accompanying note addressed to Mrs. Stone, in explanation of the box, was as follows:

Dear Eleanor—I send you herewith what mother, May and I have picked out as your share of Aunt Marcia's belongings. They weren't as much as anticipated, and we divided the rest among ourselves, as we had the care of her in her last illness. Your affectionate cousin, EFFIE GORDON.

Eleanor Stone took the note and flung it in the stove. "So much for my cousin's affection. It's too bad. I know Aunt Marcia must have had some money, and, as for the bother of her illness, it was self sought, which makes me doubly sure she left something, for the Gordons are not the kind to put themselves out for nothing. If we only had just a little of her money to tide us over until you get well and put us on our feet again!"

Aunt Marcia was Miss Marcia Perkins, a maiden great-aunt of Eleanor Stone, who had lived somewhat as a recluse, and who had recently died.

Eleanor turned the box upside down, gazing regretfully at the little heap on the table. There were an old fashioned, bone hairpin, two bits of lace, surmounted with lavender bows, such as old ladies wear for caps, two or three chesslike dusters, five handkerchiefs, a hair ring and an old fashioned daguerreotype in a rusty black and gilt case, showing the faded countenance of a genteel looking youth of past date.

"There," said Mrs. Stone derisively, "is my share of my late lamented aunt's estate, and here am I, who expected \$100 or \$200 anyway, as hard up as anybody could be, with John sick and unable to work, while Aunt Susan, Effie and May Gordon, who know nothing of hard times, are probably basking in the sunshine of her dollars."

At this point, being of a philosophical turn of mind, she gathered up her inheritance, put it away in the closet and devoted herself to her husband, who lay clumpling on the sofa, a victim in the grips of rheumatism.

Several weeks later Eleanor was brooding over the financial situation when the bell rang and an elderly man stood at the door. He introduced himself as "Mr. Clavers" and said that, being the Gordons' family lawyer and happening to be in town that day, he had come at their request to ask a little favor.

"Would Mrs. Stone care to part with a little, old fashioned daguerreotype the Gordons had sent her in a box of things that were Miss Perkins'?"

Eleanor's curiosity and suspicions were aroused by the sudden desire for this worthless relic of former days. Mr. Clavers explained that the ladies had taken a fancy for it, as an antique merely. They would be quite willing to purchase it, and if a \$10 bill would be any object—

"No," answered Eleanor, scornfully. "To refuse by a sudden conviction, I didn't get many of my aunt's things, but what I did I shall keep!" Whereupon she arose and politely but unmistakably bowed the astonished old gentleman out.

Running hurried to the closet and, rummaging around, soon found the box and in it the daguerreotype case. This she opened and began to scratch it all over with her thumb nail and to finger its surface carefully, hoping that she had not yet a \$10 bill going for nothing.

It might really be a whim of Aunt Susan's after all to want the old thing, yet somehow it seemed to Eleanor that she had once heard Aunt Marcia speak of a daguerreotype case with a secret spring and false back which was a much prized possession, the gift of a dear friend.

Suddenly she gave a cough and John looked up from his couch in time to see something white flutter to the floor. Forgetting his rheumatism, he sprang from the sofa and stood reading over Eleanor's shoulder a bit of writing on a scrap of paper that meant nothing to those two:

I, Marcia Perkins, hereby give to

the person who after my death becomes the owner of the daguerreotype of Joseph Thurston, in the case of which this paper will be placed by me, the sum of \$2500.

That was as far as they went. "Oh!" said Eleanor.

"Hum," said John, and there was a silence for as many as three seconds. "Go on," said John.

"It is nothing more about us. It's only that he"—waving the placidly pictured young man—"was her lover. He was drowned at sea, and her house and other belongings are to be sold and the money is to go to the Seamen's Orphans' fund."

"So Effie and the others will have to give up what they have already taken possession of, and instead of everything will have nothing."

"Good enough," concluded John, in a satisfied tone, "provided this paper is perfectly legal. Thought they only made a mess of it themselves by giving you a cast off, insignificant looking trinket, which happened to be the most valuable thing our aunt left after all."

"If everything is only turned over to us without any trouble, I'll conclude his wife. 'To think of their pretending she didn't leave anything.' There was little trouble over the matter, the paper being dated, signed and witnessed. Thus the Gordons reluctantly saw their knowledge of the daguerreotype's secret came too late, while the Stones, with its aid, were enabled to buy a pleasant little home, where, secure from 'hard times,' they enjoy life together, the daguerreotype case occupying the place of honor in Boston Post.

HE WORKED DESTRUCTION.

A Sample of What a Fairly Healthy Cockatoo Can Do.

A light chain securely fastened to the cockatoo's leg promised safety, but he contrived to get within reach of a new curtain and rapidly devoured some half yard or so of a hand painted border, which was the pride of his heart. Then came an interval of calm and exemplary behavior which lulled me into a false security. Cockie seemed to have but one object in life, which was to pull out all his own feathers, and by evening the dining room often looked as though a white fowl had been plucked in it.

I consulted a bird doctor, but as Cockie's health was perfectly good and his diet all that could be recommended, it was supposed he only plucked himself for want of occupation, and firewood was answered as a substitute. This answered very well, and he spent his leisure in gnawing sticks of deal—only when no one chanced to be in the room he used to unfasten the swivel of his chain, leave it dangling on the stand and descend in search of his plumes. I often found half the board pulled out of the grate and the firewood in splinters. At last, with warmer weather, both coals and wood were removed, so the next time Master Cockie found himself short of a job he set to work on the dining room chairs, first pulled out all their bright nails and next tore holes in the leather, through which he, triumphantly dragged the stuffing.

At one time he went on a visit for some weeks and ate up everything within his reach in that friendly establishment. His "bag" for one afternoon consisted of a venerable fern and a large palm, some library books, newspapers, a pack of cards and an armchair. And yet every one adores him, and he is the spoiled child of more than one family.—Cornhill.

LIKED THE POORHOUSE.

Would Not Leave It to Go For More That Belonged to Him.

"I won't go out! I won't leave her for anything!"

Such was the amazing declaration of a pauper attendant in an east end London workhouse on being told by an agent that he was entitled to some money. And the man—the son of a post captain in the navy—meant all that he said. Not an inch would he budge, nor would he sign any paper, and it was only by taking a commissioner down to him that the fund could be recovered.

Whether because it was only a comparatively small sum or whether because he was a worker, the guardians made no claim on it. Accordingly, at his request, it was split, and two accounts were opened on his behalf in the Postoffice Savings bank. But, for all that, he continued to remain in the workhouse.

Meanwhile he was very anxious that his wife should not know he was alive—in fact, he denied that he was married. His life partner, however, called at the agent's office to inquire about the case, though she begged that her husband might not be told of her whereabouts. She was in a fairly good position, earning as she did a living by keeping a ladies' school, and once or twice her reprobate husband had turned up in an intoxicated condition and raised a commotion that had scandalized her pupils. The ill sorted pair were, therefore, not brought into communication.

Never would the pauper legate leave the workhouse. He remained there until his death, whereupon, having left no will, the money he had scorned to use passed to his wife.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Married Last Night.

Mr. W. F. Thompson, business manager of the Yukon Sun, and Miss Maude Stone whose father is a successful claim owner and operator on Gold Run, were quietly married last night at the home of the officiating minister, Rev. Dr. Grant. The many friends of the newly wedded pair join the Nugget in extending to them hearty congratulations and the wish that their married life may be a long and happy one.