

The Klondike Nugget

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NOTICE.

When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation." THE KLONDIKE NUGGET asks a good figure for its space and in justification thereof guarantees to its advertisers a paid circulation five times that of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

"REVERSION TO TYPE."

The true inwardness of the Canadian policy towards the Yukon has at last been made plainly apparent by the approach of the general elections. Each party and each of the party leaders is loudly bidding for the cheap distinction of being not only the most blatant of all the jingoes, but also the originator of the most oppressive Yukon legislation. The conservatives, through their chosen mouthpieces—the Tupper—now proposing a reversion to the old days of baronial brigandage. Sir Charles and Sir Charles Hibbard Tupper look with discontent upon the hundred millions or so of property which American enterprise and American capital has secured within the Yukon territory for Americans, and brazenly propose that all this shall be awarded back to Canada and Canadians by the simple process of confiscation. They suggest to parliament that in the future no more miner's licenses be issued to aliens upon the Yukon, without which piece of pretty red tape no more renewals of claims can be secured.

In ye olden tyme when ye Sir Knights and ye Barons weighed out the leavings in their pokes after a season of revelry, and found the bottom in distressingly clear view through the neck, it was ye custom of ye barons to call together their serfs and henchmen, arm them with long bows and javelins and march out all brilliant in armor against some weaker feudal prince. If ye Tupper's ancestry reaches back so far, it is altogether possible that ye original Sir Charles was in ye habit of thus replenishing his depleted exchequer by a similar process of confiscation which they are now proposing to their present voting henchmen of Canada. It remains to be seen whether ye serfs of ye nineteenth century are as loyal and dishonest as ye bold peasantry of old, and whether they will rally uproariously around their feudal prince and shoot whatever, wherever and whoever he shall direct, with their always abiding trust that their Saxon God would surely surrender to their righteous arms all ye worldly possessions of their weaker and therefore less righteous neighbors. Strangely enough this Saxon God generally gave victory to the strongest side with an impartiality quite edifying to behold; and it is not at all impossible that ye original Baron Tupper thrived and waxed mighty upon the cattle, beer and corn of others whose greatest offense was that they were not in a position to resist ye aggressor.

But not to waste any time in a dissertation upon whether the Barons and their serfs were right or wrong in enjoying the fruits of rapine and robbery, it can here be put down as a safe proposition of equity that such acts today upon the

part of either of the Sir Charleses or their adherents would be deserving of the censure of an empire, and the incarceration for life of all the principals to such a high-handed outrage. The confiscation of a hundred millions of property from men who have legally and righteously come into its possession is brigandage, pure and simple, and the men who bring it about are brigands. No milder term will fit the situation, and the penalty usually meted out to brigands should be theirs.

But we cannot help thinking that the Tupper are simply looking for votes—playing to the galleries, so to speak, or talking through their hats. We are not absolutely certain that a scheme of such wholesale robbery is feasible at this late day and age. We are not averse to betting those gentlemen a new Stetson hat against a shoddy twenty-five-cent "gawf" cap that though the flesh of the Tupper may be perfectly willing by reason of hereditary traits in themselves, it is a case of "You can't do it, you know."

The feelings of the Liberal party towards the people of the Yukon Territory are well understood from a long series of inimical legislation from which we are slowly emerging through the red-hot agitation which has been persistently maintained, and not through the innate goodness of Tarte, Sifton et al. When Sir Charles Tupper was seen at Ottawa last winter by the representatives of The Nugget he assured them that he had taken every prayer of the oppressed Klondikers to heart and would work consistently and faithfully for them. He added also that the true interests of the Yukoners lay with the Conservative party of Canada. Having just outlined the policy of confiscation as the policy of that party, Sir Charles must not object if he goes down to posterity with a reputation like the "Vicar of Bray, Sir," a gentleman destined to be held up to ridicule as long as the English language is spoken and sung as a type of inconsistency and lack of principle.

THE BOARD OF TRADE.

The organization of a board of trade marks another step in the progress of Dawson toward attaining a position among the permanent and stable commercial centers of Canada. The organization certainly has a field for all the efforts its officers and members may care to put forth.

In addition to work of furthering the interests of the town from a business standpoint, there are a number of matters of vital importance to the community which may well come under the recognition of the board.

The fact is rapidly becoming apparent that Dawson must no longer be considered a town for a day. It is a town whose life for years to come is already guaranteed. Families by the score have come in during the past summer, homes are being fitted up and the town generally is taking on an air of permanence to which, up to the beginning of the present summer, it has been a total stranger.

These facts suggest the necessity for a great many improvements in and around the town, in securing which the board of trade, in the absence of any form of municipal government, will be able to exercise a very considerable influence.

The condition of the streets, drainage of the town, sidewalks, public schools,

are all matters to which the board of trade may well give a measure of its attention.

The meeting on Wednesday night was in all probability the most representative affair of the kind that has ever occurred in Dawson. The interest there displayed indicates that public spirit is being awakened in the town, and that a feeling is abroad among our foremost business men that all must unite to further the general welfare of Dawson. The Nugget is in hearty sympathy with the movement and will further the work of the board in every manner possible.

When it was finally realized in Ottawa what a gross blunder had been committed when the soldiers were brought into the Yukon Territory, orders were given for the withdrawal of the military from the country. It required a year for the facts in the case to penetrate through the mazes of red tape that bar the way to governmental action, but the longed-for result finally came. It would appear as though Sifton had had time to become convinced that he has committed other mistakes in his Yukon policy. If he were not so utterly deaf to all the claims of common sense and justice, a change in the Yukon would long ago have taken place.

From the very nature of things a large proportion of the royalty tax cannot and never will be collected. When a man is asked to hand over the entire profits of his business without any commensurate consideration, very naturally he will strain a point or two to evade the same, if by so doing he can get around it. The royalty has failed signally to accomplish what it was intended to do and is a standing inducement for claim-owners to make false returns in estimating the output of their property. An equitable system of taxation would return more revenue to the government and allow the prospector and miner a fair return for his effort in developing the country.

A year ago a very strong movement was on foot around town securing the right of the city of Dawson to become an incorporated municipality and to choose its own local authorities. The plan was perfected to such a degree that committees were appointed to draft an ordinance for the incorporation of the town. The ordinance was then referred to the Yukon council, under whose protecting wing it has ever since peacefully slumbered. If the matter is left with the council the ordinance probably will continue in the same condition of torpor until Gabriel's trumpet sounds for the awakening of all things.

The number of transfers now being recorded at the gold commissioner's office indicates a very healthy condition in the mining market.

A Klondiker in Seattle.

On the burning streets of 'Frisco, on Seattle's redhot paves,
Mid the solemn visaged multitude of shop and factory slaves,
In the rush and roar of cities, in hotel or on the street,
You will find a poor Yukoner in each stranger that you meet.

O, there's been a mighty exodus of Klondike's men of brawn
To this land of tribulation just to be by sharpers shorn;
And of every luxury on earth we each have had a fill,
For we're given a Christian welcome just so long 's we foot the bill.

And we've seen the big white elephant—all that 'Frisco could have shown—
And against Seattle's slot machines our good dust we have blown.
O, we've been in old Bohemia and we've even been to church,
But we've every man and woman missed the object of our search.

Like children just let out of school for pleasure we were bound,
And perfect happiness, they said, was corralled on the Sound.
So we loaded up our Gladstone, took along a good big sack,
And vowed until we'd had our share we never would go back.

But all things taste like ashes in this land of cheerless gloom,
And we're saddened every one of us like mourners at a tomb,
For the sky 's all over clouded and the air 's all filled with steam,
And for us there's no enjoyment where the sunshine ne'er can gleam.

O, we'll hie us back to Dawson, where the air 's like H2 O,
So full of electricity, you're always on the go;
Where there ain't no night to hinder when you're "up against the worst,"
Where there ain't no ten commandments and a man can raise a thirst.

Where air acts like nitrous oxide and a man knows he's alive,
And the hum of busy "skeeters" sounds like bees within a hive,
And the dames are free and easy and the men are brave and true,
And are satisfied with whisky if they can't get "hootchinnoo."

O, we're going back to Dawson just to hear the aurora roar,
While we trip the "light fantastic" with the dames across the floor,
Where the girls are captivating, with light feet and merry jest,
And the most inveterate "musher" has endurance put to test.

O, we're going back to Dawson, where it gets so snapping cold,
Where one's power of locomotion come back as in days of old,
Where at 62 or more below by our stoves we talker talk,
But once outside, good G—d above, how we can walkee walk.

And the planets shine in splendor in most brilliant array,
And the sky is white like distant snow with the Heaven's Milky Way,
And the moon in all her glory is so large and cold and white,
That caps are reverently raised in worship at the sight.

O, we must go back to Dawson, kind friends don't keep us here,
For nothing now looks good to us, not even five-cent beer,
The air 's so moisture laden we're stiffening with the mould,
And when it's 52 above we're shivering with the cold.

So we must go back to Dawson, where the mighty Yukon flows—
Excepting in the winter, when she dons her winter clothes,
Where the air is so inspiring both to action and to thought,
That Dawson's doomed to lasting fame as a winter-time resort.

Our waist measure it is shrinking and our breath comes in short pants,
For we've seen all our relations—all our sisters, cousins, aunts,
And we're pining, O, so lonesome, for the dry and frosty snow,
And all the pleasures that belong to 62 below.

So we're going back to Dawson, where there ain't no blooming mist,
Where day by day and month by month the hills are sunshine kissed,
Where there's yellow-legged protection when you're up against the worst,
Where there ain't no ten commandments and a man can raise a thirst. A. F. G.

Dissolution of Partnership.

The partnership heretofore existing between W. E. Thomas and Ike Rosenthal has this day been dissolved; all bills due the old firm will be collected and outstanding obligations paid by Ike Rosenthal.

Dated at Dawson, Y. T., this 6th day of September, 1899.

W. E. THOMAS.
IKE ROSENTHAL.

Write Your Friends

To Send Your Letters and Packages Care of the Nugget Express, Seattle, Washingt'n U. S. A.

Office in the Aurora Block, DAWSON.