

The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
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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.

A GOVERNMENT DONATION.

"Sold, body and soul, for a mess of pottage," shall be the epitaph of the Sun, when, like its twin sister—the Miner—it shall have been "cast like the grass into the oven." The why and the wherefore of the Sun's attitude towards corrupt and venal attaches of the government; the unwavering support it has given every man and measure whose annihilation would have been a blessing to the Yukon; its death in life existence without friends, without prestige and without circulation; the reason of its sacrifice of all principle; the meaning of its prostitution of journalism to the level where its columns are as brazenly for sale as the virtue of the habitues of the tenderloin district—all this and more is so plainly explainable by the paltry monthly subsidy paid it from the public taxes, that we feel as if wasting our valuable space in alluding to it.

But the latest development of a pap-sucking and debased journalism is so flagrant and brazen that we believe it deserves a few words and then to be relegated to the dusty pigeon holes of complete forgetfulness before the bad taste it generates in the mouth is forgotten.

On the government reserve containing the barracks, etc., is more or less vacant ground. Miners and prospectors have frequently desired a temporary tenting space on one of its numerous corners. The landing of a boat on its beach and the erection of a canvas shelter for man or beast within its sacred precincts has been always a misdemeanor, punished with summary and instant banishment. Indeed, even sex was no protection and we have known ladies left there in tents while their husbands explored the creeks to be ordered on like a wrong-doer or a criminal. Upon this all sacred ground the Sun has been granted permission by Mr. Ogilvie to erect and maintain a building for the issuing of the government organ that exists without subscribers. An appeal for the site was made to Ottawa by the organ, but bless you, they knew nothing of the adulatory sheet, and merely signified that, like Barkis, they were willing, if the local officials considered it had been sufficiently useful to them to warrant it. An appeal was then made to Commissioner Ogilvie, a gentleman whom we are sorry to say there are none so poor as to do him homage—excepting the aforesaid unprincipled vendor of the sweets of unearned praise. Naturally, like a blushing maiden, Mr. Ogilvie said yes; and now, with a force of men paid by its unearned government subsidy, the Sun is erecting a building at the south end of the Front street bridge, on government ground, for the publication of the government organ, whose sole office is to besmear susceptible officials with the

stinking fulsome of nauseating flattery.

There is something grotesquely unseemly in the sight of Commissioner Ogilvie dipping his both hands each month into the public revenues for the benefit of an organ whose existence is positively a menace to the people. That the miners should be mulcted in taxes and a generous slice of the fund so raised be turned over to a newspaper which the miners themselves will neither support nor read is a nineteenth century monstrosity. The erection of the Sun office on the government reserve, side by side with the government offices and the dwelling place of Mr. Ogilvie and his subordinate is a monument to its infamy and will be so regarded by a discriminating public as long as it remains there.

The Nugget does not begrudge the Sun the doubtful rewards of its unwavering support of oppression and oppressors; of wrong and wrong-doers. "The devil favors his own," should be the motto at the head of its columns. For ourselves, the confidence of the people is sweeter than government pap, and we shall continue in the lines laid down in a year of existence and shall continue to live

"For the cause that lacks assistance,
For the wrong that needs resistance,
For the future in the distance,
And the good that we can do."

THE RIGHT OR THE WRONG WAY.

A gentleman of agreeable address and pleasant manners was heard to remark at a semi-public gathering that there was a right way and a wrong way to approach the government to effect reforms, and that more was accomplished by approaching it in a conciliatory manner than with a combativeness which would excite resistance. This is all well and good as a general proposition and The Nugget subscribes to the statement with heartiness.

There is a right way and a wrong way, sure enough. When the miners got together in the winter of '97 and deputed three men to repair to Ottawa with a most humble, yet eloquent petition for the redress of intolerable grievances, they unanimously believed that to be the right way of approaching the government at Ottawa. Results are the final test of the rightness or wrongness of a given action, and when tried with this test, we find that this must have been the wrong way to approach the government, for never in the history of the country was misgovernment so rampant and arrogant as after the visit of Livershast et al to the capital. When Livershast returned to Dawson in the summer of '98 he had to buy his letters out of the postoffice with the rest of us and had to buy his way into the gold commissioner's office like a miner whenever he had any business there. Had he been a prospector, he would have had to bribe clerks to record his ground or to give him the required information as to where to prospect. Never was government so subverted, as for the year after the government had been approached in a "proper" manner, with humble mien and still humbler petition.

About this time The Nugget commenced its famous crusade against any and all forms of evil in a manner which our gentlemanly critic would probably designate as "improper."

Now, as we have said, results and results alone, are the final test of the

wisdom of any given movement. Using this as a gauge, we find that the combative methods adopted by The Nugget have resulted in securing the ear of the home office in London; in securing a protest from the English government to its Canadian colony; in calling the attention of the press of the entire world to the evils from which we suffered; in bringing the matter prominently before every reading Canadian throughout the Dominion; in enlisting in the service of the miner the conservative party—the greatest party Canada ever had; in making the maladministration of the Yukon the paramount issue in the longest and most important session of parliament the country has had for years; and finally has made it the one great issue in the Canadian election, which is about to take place.

Locally, the results have been just as markedly for the benefit of the people at large. Wrong still exists, but things have been made so interesting for crooked officials that open violation of the principles of equity have become largely a thing of the past. Extortion has ducked its head before the avalanche of opprobrium let loose by an untrammelled press, and subway workers have been forced into the wrong, yet more legal method of milking the public cow by the process of concession and government grant route. Each man is not now out for himself, and all schemes for enrichment require the assistance of a responsible government, which, all in good time, will pay the penalty of wrong-doing with extinction.

In view of the results outlined above, does our gentlemanly critic still maintain that the best way in which to approach an oppressive government is to crawl on our bellies, leaving our shoes at the doorway and catering in other ways to the obsolete belief that all governments were of God and must be taken in the same reverential manner with which we regard the Deity.

As a matter of fact, while we should like to have accomplished more, we have no reason to regard with any feelings but pride the results of a method which one gentleman, at least, believes to have been wrong.

In one respect Dawson will never repeat itself. Formerly an arrival in the country must choose Dawson or leave. It was either Dawson or home, and as a consequence in many lines Dawson was quickly overdone. The succession of quartz and placer discoveries on the Yukon and on the coast is destined to change all this, as indeed it has done already. From now on the district will not be overburdened with a population it cannot support. Those who stay will do so because they are offered employment or have profitable business interests to look after. Wages have already stiffened and must remain at a more equitable figure than when the country was overburdened with thousands upon thousands of penniless and destitute men. The establishment of other good camps on the river is a lasting benefit to the business men and working men of the Klondike.

Othello's occupation's gone so far as arctic exploration is concerned. Not but what adventurous spirits will continue to seek the North Pole in ships and in boats as heretofore, but explorers will never again be able to come up into this region, stay a couple of years and then return to civilization and reap

high rewards from lecturing to a gaping public on the terrible hardships of life on the Arctic circle. In a couple of years there will be a hundred thousand or more men yearly returning to civilization to explode the common theory of a dreary icy waste the year round in this land of alleged continuous winter darkness. The fact that the Esquimaux lived, propagated and flourished as far north as land can be found, should have rendered the public sceptical of the explorer's stories of the unlivableness—to coin a new word—of the Northland. Within a very few years men in this country have made winter trips over un-beaten trails, which would have carried them easily to the North Pole had they started out from the most northerly point of this continent and traversed the frozen ocean.

The fire scare is like the poor, in that we always have it with us. A brick fire wall dividing each block in half would do much to add to the feeling of security of the community. Property owners would do well to note the fact that values would be much enhanced by this precaution, which would relieve all danger of the fire running entirely through a block, and from block to block, as formerly. It may be a little late in the season for the suggestion, but the bricks can yet be had for the most important blocks.

One hears much pro and con of the validity of the powers of attorney used in the staking of claims at Cape Nome. The fact is that the United States laws provide for these powers of attorney, but they must be all duly attested and drawn up in form, and the number used by any one individual is limited. Put to such a test, much staking at Nome was certainly illegal, and in due time will be decided so by the proper courts.

A TRIBUTE TO COLONEL STEELE.

"I dare do all that becomes a man,
Who dares do more is none."
—Shakespeare.
O, gallant soldier, let me add
My humble tribute to your worth.
To sing your praises makes us glad.
None braver, truer walks this earth.
And none will ever fill your place,
And none will ever dare to do
What simple duty bade you face,
And none will stand so firm as you.
Unbounded courage you have shown;
Compassion—justice, honor bright
While other men have richer grown,
You chose the greater riches—right.
Stern, inflexible; as cool and calm
As Grant at Shiloh. Undismayed
You stood betwixt the weak and harm;
Nor alien brother 'ere betrayed.
Heroic soul! Thy thousand friends
Are scattering in this great Northwest.
And though we cannot make amends,
Yet far and near your name is blest
It's au revoir, but not farewell,
No matter where your post may be—
No matter where you choose to dwell,
Our hearts will silent think of thee.
And none so humble, none so poor,
Who knew you in the by-gone year,
But when some wrong they must endure,
Will wish that you again were here.
—Captain Jack.

That Wagon Road.

The government wagon road is not even used, according to the statement of arrivals from the flourishing little burg of Grand Forks. While the ascent of the hill at that point is being made in order to head the gulches a traveler can be half way to town by the familiar creek route. The result is that but few of the residents of that place know what the road looks like, never having made the laborious ascent to look. The consensus of opinion points the wagon road out as a "fake" pure and simple. As one of the Grand Forkers put it: "The road cannot possibly be of any use to anybody excepting the people on Dominion, and to them only for a short season next spring."

If you love your wife send her a Christmas present via Nugget Express.

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