

The Klondike Nugget

(DAWSON'S PIONEER PAPER)
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FRIDAY, MARCH 23, 1900

THE REVENUE ORDINANCE.

The Council has under consideration an ordinance, as published in last night's issue of the Nugget, providing for the taxation of real and personal property in Dawson. The object of the ordinance is the raising of revenue to defray the expenditures necessary in maintaining the public health and in making local improvements.

Leaving aside for the time being discussion of any specific features of the ordinance, a number of which are, we believe, open to criticism, a grave question arises as to the general principle involved in passing such an ordinance, in view of existing conditions.

Ordinarily speaking, a local tax to sustain local government, when properly regulated, is right and equitable.

Dawson is reaching a point in its progress toward becoming a modern city, which undoubtedly makes it necessary that money for various purposes incidental to the government of a municipality should be raised. But it is at this point where the rub comes. We have no municipality. We have no responsible government of any sort. We have a Council which looks to Ottawa, and not to Dawson, for its instructions; which holds its meetings behind closed doors and exercises a rigorous censorship over all reports of meetings given to the press for publication. We submit, therefore, that the establishment of a municipal government, chosen by the qualified freeholders of the town, should precede the passage of an ordinance such as the Council proposes.

We have no objection to the principle of local taxation for legitimate purposes of local improvements. Property owners who are benefited by the expenditure of local revenue should expect to contribute their share, but they should also demand the right of a voice in the selection of the men who are empowered to expend the revenues. Before passing its proposed local revenue ordinance, the Council should take the necessary measures, for which provision was long ago made, for transforming Dawson into a self-governing municipality.

THE MEETING TONIGHT.

Tonight the meeting is called to hear the report of the citizens' committee, appointed some time ago, to take steps to secure local representation upon the Yukon Council, and also representation in the House of Commons at Ottawa. The committee has worked hard to bring the matter forcibly before the authorities, with results which we believe will prove successful.

The public at large, however, should manifest their interest in the movement. There must be no doubt left after this evening as to the wishes of the citizens of this territory upon the question of representation.

Some members of the Yukon Council have taken the position that the people of the territory have not displayed sufficient de-

sire for representation to justify any action in regard thereto. We hope that the meeting tonight will be so well attended, so representative and so pronounced in expressing its wishes that no room for further doubt may be left in the minds of our worthy councillors.

Among other matters which may well come within the province of this meeting for discussion is the question of allowing the press and public to be represented at meetings of the Council. The Nugget has taken the position that all sessions of the Council at which legislative business is under discussion should be open to representatives of the press and to such representation on the part of the public as the Council chamber is able to accommodate. The matter has been discussed at length in these columns, and the leading members of the local bar have unanimously endorsed the view taken by the Nugget. Action by the meeting tonight will serve further to impress the Council with the opinion which the public generally holds in the matter.

Altogether, the meeting will be a most important affair. Our citizens are now fully alive to the fact that a united stand and hard fighting will eventually win the recognition which so long has been denied us. We urge upon citizens of all classes to attend the meeting.

From the latter part of April until along about the 10th of June the mail service is bound to be more or less uncertain. The break-up season will then be on, and in consequence the carriers will experience the utmost difficulty in transporting the mail. Parties having important matters to be taken care of through the mail should take cognizance of these facts and transact their business before the breaking up of the trails makes delays probable.

The Nugget is printing more news, both local and telegraphic, than any other newspaper in Dawson. Newspaper readers are rapidly becoming aware of this fact, and a continuous increase in daily sales is resulting. The Nugget has allowed the people of Dawson to discover for themselves the merits of the paper, and results are proving that its merits are now pretty well-known and generally recognized.

The Nome excitement bids fair to prove most valuable to Dawson in the long run. It has forced the attention of the government upon the Yukon Territory in a way that nothing else would do. Ottawa is beginning to realize that inducements must be offered to men to remain in this country if it is to be properly developed.

Dawson can now boast of some very good horse flesh. There are a number of teams of draught horses in town which would compare favorably with those in use for similar purposes in outside cities.

Consul McCook is coming back to Dawson. The consul has been down to Ottawa, and as a result thinks that the royalty will be reduced. Hurrah for McCook!

The Husband Who Cooks.

"My husband is really an awfully sweet fellow," said a little woman to a circle of feminine friends the other evening. "Indeed he has, but one flagrant fault that I know of, and not one of you could ever guess what that is. Don't try, for you won't succeed, so I'll tell you. It is simply that he thinks he can cook, loves to cook and insists upon cooking."

He has never once said anything to me about his mother's pies or bread or

cake; indeed I believe he thinks she was a very inferior culinary artist, but I had rather a thousand times he did that than imagine himself the chef he does.

"About three times a week he comes bustling in and says to me: 'Come down in the kitchen, Edith. I'm going to cook a steak.'

"At first I used to protest, but that did no good, so now I follow meekly at his heels. As soon as the cook catches sight of us a look of consternation appears on her face, and she promptly retires to the table and sulks. Then monsieur, my husband, clears a space in the range regardless of the consequences to boiling vegetables, rakes the fire in an energetic masculine way that sends coal to the other side of the room, puts on the skillet and after many tribulations and much fussing heats it to his satisfaction and puts on the meat.

"A blaze follows, and soon the odor of scorched beef pervades the air, the room becomes full of smoke, which penetrates to the other parts of the house, and we all nearly choke to death. Then the doors and windows must be opened, to be sure, and ten minutes later we are all seated at the dinner table wrapped in shawls and a smoky atmosphere and eating burned meat, which the chef of the family pronounces delicious.

"I don't mind his making mayonnaise dressing, for I don't like to beat it myself, and he does, so I let him work off his superfluous energy on that many times. But worst of all his attacks of cooking fever are those he develops when he comes in late at night and insists upon making a rabbit. I'm not an enthusiast about rabbit in the wee sma' hours of the night, so I retire.

"Directly I am aroused from a doze by a stentorian voice, which says, 'Edith, where's the salt?' I reply with explicit directness.

"Presently there's another wail. 'I can't find the alcohol!' 'Is there any mustard in the house?' 'It's a wonder you wouldn't keep the catchup where a fellow could get hold of it,' until in very desperation I get up, put on a wrapper and go down stairs to put right under his blessed, blind old eyes every thing he could possibly want.

"We women have many troubles, but if you all don't know anything about the ills of a husband who will cook you haven't experienced one of the greatest."—Baltimore News.

THE ABSENT-MINDED MINER.

WITH A "HELLO" TO KIPLING.
When you've shouted "Rule Britannia!" when you've sung "God Save the Queen";
When you've finished kicking Kruger in the rear;
If you want to raise a "color" in the Kipling tambourine,
Let me whisper how to do it in your ear:
There's an absent-minded miner in the gulch with prospects great,
And the ladies they must dun him where they find him;
Get right down to active service—keep him panning while you wait;
And to skin in the top of bedrock just remind him—

CHORUS.
Johnny's son, Canada's son, son of a "land of Kings";
Twenty thousand dumps are out—call for a pan today.
The miners have mighty big hearts to work, if the ladies will touch the springs—
Pass a pan to the ladies, boys, of pay—pay—pay.

There are girls he keeps in secret, asking no permission to,
For he knows he wouldn't get it if he did;
There is gas within his tunnels, and a royalty now due.
But it isn't likely there's a kid.
Many girls he flirts with casual—they're so sorry when he's gone;
Yet no beggar in the gulches you will find him.
But it isn't time for sermons, with the sluicing coming on;
We must let the widows war has left behind him.

CHORUS.
Sam's son, John's son, son of a gun for girls;
A son of honest toil withal, it's all the same today.
Each of 'em doing his ten hours' work, working for yellow pearls;
Pass a pan to the Kipling fund of pay—pay—pay.

Now, the ladies here in Dawson shouldn't hesitate to speak,
And their sisters in the gulch should help them out;
We will double half of something if they'll dun us on the creek,
'Cause the boys are rocking wages hereabout.
There's an absent-minded miner who will heed the ladies' call;
If they'll rustle up the creeks and try to find him;
He will shake a pan of pay dirt, if his gizzard isn't small,
For the orphans' cruel war has left behind him.

CHORUS.
My job, your job—ladies, get there soon;
Men will wash their dumps in haste to get to Nome away.
Each of 'em working his level best, for they're going with the boom;
Pass a pan for sorrowing hearts of pay—pay—pay.

Let us manage so, when later we must look God in the face,
We can tell Him what He'd very much prefer,
That while war is far from Christian, we prefer a Christian's place,
And in act let you and me look out for her,
Who's a sister not a beggar, and He may forgive us all.
But we do not want the needy to remind him
When the war of life is ended, that our soul is very small,
So we'll help the bereaved that war has left behind him.

CHORUS.
Creek claims, hill claims, claims of a million a re,
Twenty thousand pans we want for a noble cause today.
Each one give a pan at least, or more if more you can spare;
Pass a pan with a willing heart of pay—pay—pay.

HENRY W. BROWN.
Every room a miniature home. The Fairview.

Billy Gorham

Send Out a Souvenir
How About Your Watch?
Our Klondike Rings
Are Beauties....

Manufacturing Jeweler.

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...Come In and Dicker I'll Buy, Sell or Trade...

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THE WHITE PASS & YUKON RY.

Trains Will Be Running to Closesleigh at the Opening of Navigation on the Upper River.

Transfers by Steamers Across Lake Bennett Until the Connecting Link Around the Lake is Completed.

S. E. ADAIR, COMMERCIAL AGT.

A. C. OFFICE BUILDING

COAL AT THE A. E. CO.

FIRST BOAT FOR NOME

STEAMER MERWIN is now in Winter quarters at Dawson, and will be ready to leave on opening of navigation, sailing direct to Nome, without delay or transfer at St. Michael. Tickets and berths can now be secured at

YUKON DOCK, Frank J. Kinghorn, Agent.

Trunks and baggage stored in Dock Warehouse until departure of boat.
OFFICE HOURS, 9 to 5.

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