

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 12
(DAWSON BUSINESS OFFICE)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher.

From Saturday and Monday's Daily.
ETERNAL VIGILANCE.

Our contemporary, the Sun, observes with much wisdom that the railroad company has not yet reduced its rates even though the government of Canada has served notice upon the octopus that reductions must be made or the road cease to operate. The Nugget is quite aware of the fact that the long looked for reductions are yet to be made, but we are just as certain that they will be made as we are that the Yukon river will open again next spring.

The eyes of all Canada have been opened to the extent of the outrages perpetrated upon this community by the White Pass, and with that knowledge in the possession of the entire population of the Dominion, and with the help of the government, the railroad must yield to the inevitable. It may be as well to mention, however, that the Nugget has no intention of resting upon the laurels thus far achieved. The enlistment of the government on the side of this paper and the people of the community is the first great victory in the campaign, but there will be no pause in the fight until that victory is crowned by the publication of a tariff sheet from the White Pass headquarters which will be based upon reason and equity.

The ways of the corporation are too thoroughly understood to admit of any relaxation of vigilance until the demands of the community are conceded in black and white. Until that is done the Nugget will continue its exposition of the various wrongs which the territory has suffered.

There is altogether too much at stake to admit of any cessation of the fight until it is completely won.

Our contemporary need not worry itself about the matter in the least. The Nugget has undertaken the task of relieving the community from the grip of the octopus, and the progress that has been made already in that direction warrants us in assuring our neighbor that the undertaking will be carried forward to a successful issue.

We understand, however, the value of eternal vigilance and in consequence, as noted above, the battle must go on until the railroad company signifies its intention to adopt a just policy—and that intention must be signified by something more substantial than mere promises.

THAT CONSPIRACY.

The details of the alleged conspiracy for turning Yukon territory into an independent republic, as set forth in our telegraphic advices yesterday, furnish an illustration of the gullibility of certain classes of humanity.

Two sharpers by playing upon the prejudices of a few individuals succeeded in leading them to believe that such a conspiracy could be carried to a successful issue.

The whole purpose of the scheme was to secure money from the victims of the sharpers' wiles. It seems incredible that any men could be found who would entertain such a ridiculous enterprise, but we are forced to believe from the tone of the dispatches, that the schemers succeeded in obtaining a few supporters whom, it is devoutly to be hoped, were fleeced in the manner they richly deserved to be.

There is one advantage about the affair which may be noticed, and that lies in the fact that the resources and richness of Yukon will receive widespread attention as a result.

According to the published plans of the conspirators, they expected to find sufficient funds in the local banks to defray all the expenses, and they calculated that the district itself is so rich that it would be able to maintain a separate and independent system of government.

This optimistic view of the situation is certainly complimentary to the resources of the territory and as the alleged conspiracy is sufficiently sensational to procure many columns of newspaper space, it follows as a matter of course that a great deal of attention will be directed toward this highly favored region.

If Anthony Hope or some others of the modern school of dramatic fiction writers, should happen along, they they might discover material for a highly sensational and realistic novel.

MUST YIELD.

Further details have arrived in connection with the government's attitude toward the White Pass Railway, making the situation even more favor-

able to the interests of the community than was at first supposed. Not only have the rates submitted to the government been summarily refused acceptance but the railroad company has been ordered to prepare a new schedule in which the rates must be cut down at least fifty per cent.

The answer of the company to the demands of the government has not as yet been heard, but it is doubtless within the bounds of probability to conclude that the management of the road will exercise sufficient judgment to comply with the requirements of the government without any further urging. It is stated in the dispatches that suits for recovery of the extortionate rates charged by the company may be brought, with every prospect of success, and if there is long-continued delay on the part of the company in conforming to the demands of the government, it may be anticipated that test cases will be brought to determine the legality of the past policy of the railroad.

There can be no doubt as to the earnestness with which the government has applied itself to a settlement of the freight rate question. The manner in which the position of the minister of railways has been defined in the premises leaves no question as to his sincerity. The railroad's policy of extortion and exaction, little better than a career of veritable highway robbery, has brought the attention of the whole Dominion of Canada to the matter, and that having been accomplished the balance of the fight will be comparatively easy.

Public opinion has been raised to a high pitch of indignation against the manifold wrongs which have been heaped upon this community by the railroad company, and public opinion will bring it to pass that the railroad must yield.

FALSE FIGURES.

Our contemporary, the News, which during the past five months has posed before the community as the defender and apologist of the White Pass Railway, has come forward with more mis-statements with which it is attempting to bolster up the case of its client.

In a recent issue the News came forward with the statement that the rate charged by the White Pass route from Skagway to Whitehorse ranged in the neighborhood of \$40 per ton.

The absurdity and falsity of this statement should be apparent on its face, without resort to actual figures. As a matter of fact, however, we will inform our contemporary that the average rate charged by the railroad company for delivery of freight from Skagway to Whitehorse will run about \$75 per ton and in many cases of goods the rate runs over 4 cents per lb.

If the facts were as stated by the News, it would be possible under the present rates to land freight in Dawson for a fraction of its present cost. The opposition boats which ran all summer long between Whitehorse and Dawson, clamored for freight at \$20 and \$25 per ton and the rates they received during the summer would average around those figures.

Had the White Pass road made a rate of \$40 to Whitehorse the problem would have been easy of solution, but the simple fact in the case is that no such rate has ever been made. What the News expects to accomplish by thus falsifying and misrepresenting the situation is beyond our power to see. Such statements do not deceive any one and moreover will not accomplish anything in behalf of the railroad which the News has so strenuously but unsuccessfully championed.

FULLY SUSTAINED.

The termination of the Jessup mystery as explained in the Saturday issue of the Nugget bears out in every particular the theory brought forward by this paper in explanation of the missing man's disappearance.

Every effort was made by envious contemporaries to discredit the documents which the Nugget succeeded in discovering and which bore the signature of Jessup. The signatures the Nugget pronounced to be genuine in every particular and that position has been entirely borne out by the developments in the case.

The police have verified Jessup's appearance at the 14-mile road house, the fact that he gave the papers in question to the road house keeper has been entirely substantiated and the further truth brought out that he afterwards proceeded down the river in a small boat. All the information bearing on the case was published in this paper three days ahead of all contemporaries, and when they finally

gave attention to the matter it was for the exclusive purpose of endeavoring to disprove the Nugget's exclusive reports of the case.

The facts have developed exactly as first set forth in this paper, which is extremely gratifying. The Nugget has a way of sustaining any position it may assume, and its success in connection with the Jessup case is no exception to the rule.

With Dr. Wills, Lawyers McKay, White and Tabor, Banker Dolg, Mr. Chute, E. C. Hawkins, "Johnny" Doyle and T. H. MacFarlane at Ottawa the same day, the capital city probably received an impression that Dawson is in easy circumstances.

How the Sun happened to overlook Major Woodside in enumerating the above list of Klondike wonders is a mystery.

The Down-Trodden Male.

We hustled in Atlin, to Dawson we must.

And heed not the cold, the ice or the slush;

The "cops" are astir, our poke's dwindled low.

Through our torn ragged garments the zephyrs doth blow.

Up, comrades, up, we must soon hit the trail.

For they're waiting at Tagish to put us in jail.

Now we're off with a rush, our noses are blue.

And we all have thoughts of a Mulligan stew.

Yet into the morning our gang hobbles fast.

While "cusses" and "side-gut" around us they cast.

For over the ice we must go without fail.

Or they'll take us as vagrants to "Tagish Old Jail."

Colder and colder the frosty air grows;

Fiercer and fiercer the zephyr it blows.

Mush on, my "hearties," we're making it fine—

Get a move on my "dovies," Oh why should we whine?

With shoutings of joy Dawson City we'll hail.

And leave far behind us "Post Tagish and Jail."

The gloomy dark night is closing around.

But hark! on the stillness, what means that harsh sound?

'Tis a sled-runner's screech—now my "hearties" lie low.

'Tis a convoy of "cops" cpming over the snow.

A stiff upper lip, let your courage not fail.

They never shall haul us to "Tagish Post Jail."

They're dogs give a bark, now they spot us we know.

And blindly we dash off the trail thro' the snow.

A leathery thong cuts a chunk from my pants,

And "cop" on my shoulder his clawed implants.

A swift sudden turn—his disconsolate wail:

"In the name of the King" let us take you to jail.

"Cop" passes "cop," and our breath grows short;

"On, colleys on," we must not be caught;

Glad-handers are waiting to greet us inside.

Dawson's charmed circle our boast and our pride;

Through trackless white snow we break a new trail—

They'll soon have to quit, they're the up-river mail.

BANQUET TO LOCAL SCRIBES

Newspaper Men Enjoy the Hospitality of Mine Host Wilson.

Splendid Menu Served to Which Ample Justice Was Done—A Press Club Formed.

Mine host Wilson of the Regina hotel, tendered a banquet to the newspaper men of Dawson last evening, which event will linger long in the memory of those who attended. It has very seldom occurred in Dawson that the newspaper people have unanimously been in agreement upon any question, but it may be said without stretching the truth, in any particular that there was no difference of opinion as to the sumptuous spread to which the local journalists sat down last evening.

Manager Wilson did not overlook a single item which might serve to tempt the appetites of the scribes, and the scribes themselves were in just the humor to appreciate everything that was contained on the menu cards.

The banquet began promptly at 9 o'clock, and it required just five hours to enable the guests to do justice to the spread. Col. Donald McGregor, who holds the local championship belt as chairman of public functions, presided over the feast and acquitted himself in a most acceptable manner.

It required three hours of steady attention to business before the quill manipulators were in a condition to do much talking, but at the end of that time the flow of soul along with the bubble of champagne began and continued uninterruptedly until the close of the proceedings.

Dull care and the direction of national policies were alike laid aside for the time being and all went merry as the proverbial marriage bell. At the conclusion of the supper it was unanimously resolved that a press club should be formed similar to the clubs which flourish in all metropolitan centres. Officers for the club were elected as follows: President, E. J. Fitzpatrick; Vice President, W. A. Beddoe; Secretary, E. J. White; Treasurer, L. C. Branson.

Messrs. Wilson and Col. McGregor were elected as honorary members and Commissioner Ross was elected to the office of Honorary President. Volumes might be written of the wit and humor which centellated around the festive board, but as newspaper men are traditionally opposed to anything approaching publicity such details will be withheld. It is sufficient to say that the event was replete with pleasure and enjoyment to all who participated, and the vote of thanks to Mine Host Wilson, which brought the banquet to a termination, was given with a heartiness and vim which left no doubt of that gentleman's popularity with the newspaper fraternity.

The menu served was as follows—

"Eat, Drink and Be Merry."

Fresh Oysters, Raw.
Cold Slaw. Olives.
Baked White Fish.
Persian Brown Potatoes.
Cresta Blanco Laiterie.
Tenderloin of Beef, Mushrooms.
Fresh Celery. French Peas.
St. Julien Claret.

Apple Salad a la Waldorf Astoria.
Roast Turkey, Sage Dressing.
Broiled Grouse on Toast.
Mashed Potatoes.
Asparagus. Native Radishes.
Claret.

French Pancake.
Pineapple Ice Cream. Lady Fingers.
Angel Cake. Champagne.
Nuts. Cheese. Crackers.
Coffee. Cigars.

The guests were—George M. Allen, E. J. Fitzpatrick, W. A. Beddoe, E. J. White, A. V. Buel, W. P. Allen, Weston Coyney, A. F. George, E. C. Stahl, J. Harmon Caskey, L. C. Branson, Col. McGregor, Mine Host J. W. Wilson.

Natural Question.

Parts of the southern coast of New Foundland, near Cape Race and of the southwestern coast near Cape Ray, have an unequaled reputation as the scene of many disasters. While the native of Newfoundland is keen about getting material benefit from wrecks, he is also distinguished for gallantry in saving life and for the care of the dead. So says a writer in the Newfoundland Magazine.

Near Cape Race about 1830 an old man, a young girl and a boy of 12 saved all the crew and passengers of a Canadian packet ship.

So common are wrecks that when men engage for fishery it is part of the agreement that the servant shall get his share of the "wreck." Houses in these neighborhoods are all furnished and ornamented from lost ships. When the Rev. J. J. Curing first came to the colony, he was holding a service in one of these places. An old fisherman kept looking at his fine coat.

"That be a fine piece of cloth," said the old man at last, laying his hand on the minister's arm. "Never seen a better bit of cloth in my life. Get 'e out of a wrack, sir?"



THE OCTOPUS HAS BEEN INVITED TO SUBMIT A NEW FREIGHT SCHEDULE.

MANY OLD FAMILY SECRETS

Regarding the Manufacture of Goods and Wares.

Have Been Transmitted From Generation to Generation Each in Its Turn Becoming Rich.

That silence is golden no one will deny, but they who most readily admit the truth of this maxim are the members of those families whose silence, lasting in some cases for centuries, has brought them untold wealth. And the most curious part of it is that outsiders, try as they will, have been unable to discover the secrets these lucky families possess.

Few people know where the Bank of England note paper comes from, and fewer still how it is made, because its manufacture is a family secret, and has been so for nearly two centuries. In 1717 a man named Portal discovered how to make this paper, and the government thereupon contracted with him to supply all that was required for bank notes. The contract still holds good, and once a week a quantity is sent from Laverstock in Hampshire, where the family still exists, the paper being guarded by a journey. No one has yet succeeded in discovering how the Portals make the paper, and probably never will. Minton ware is another family monopoly, though unprotected by the patents act. In 1793 Thomas Minton, a Staffordshire potter, discovered how to make a peculiar china with a green glaze unlike any other in vogue. He kept his secret to himself, and the ware by stealth, and in due time accumulated a fortune.

Sword forging is one of the most difficult branches of the mechanic's art, and only one family, residing in Birmingham, knows how to do it to perfection. There is a secret in sword forging which this family alone has conquered, and it has been in their possession for upwards of half a century and is still unknown to outsiders. A sword made by a workman belonging to this family is worth twice as much as one made by any other firm, and although enormous sums have been offered for the secret every member remains true to his trust.

One of the oldest family secrets is that connected with the manufacture of eau-de-cologne, for it has been owned by the Farinas since 1685. In that year an Italian, Giovanni Farina, invented the perfume, and only his eldest son was admitted into the secret. At the present moment the Farinas have 28 factories at Cologne. This silence on the part of the family through so many years has brought untold wealth, for nine out of every ten bottles of the perfume purchased all over the world is of Farina make. It seems hard to believe that the English are indebted to one family for our supremacy on the seas, but such is the case. All the iron used in the navy is made by the family of Crawshaw, the descendants of a Yorkshire farmer, who discovered a method of making the metal harder than anyone else could do, and in conse-

quence received a contract to supply the iron for the navy. The secret still remains with the family, and foreign nations have periodically offered millions for its possession, but without success.

In the wine trade there are endless secrets, some of them of great importance and owned by single families. Tokay, a rare and costly wine and the favorite drink of the emperor of Austria, is made only by the counts Zepelen from a secret recipe, while the equally famous Lachrymae Christi cannot be procured except from the family of Adrienne, the owners of the vineyards on Vesuvius. Maraschino, too, is made in secret solely by a Dalmatian family called Nanis, who first discovered the recipe three centuries ago.

HOCKEY RINK ON RIVER

Will Be Constructed and Given to Civil Service Team.

The civic service hockey club is jubilant over the rink they are soon to have as their own. It is to be built on the waterfront opposite Boyle's wharf by an admirer who, upon its completion, will present it to the club with his best wishes. The rink will be 100x200 in size, will be boarded in and covered with canvas and have warm retiring-rooms. Work is to be begun at once and it is proposed to have it finished within two weeks. Tickets for the season will be issued upon the payment of \$15. Ladies' season tickets have been placed at \$5. The opening of the rink will be celebrated by a fancy dress ice carnival, a form of gaiety highly popular in the east, but which has so far never been introduced in Dawson.

Revolutionary Leaders.

Port of Spain, Trinidad, Oct. 19.—Several Venezuelan revolutionary leaders including Generals Penasola and Pedro Ducharme have left Trinidad in a vessel to land in the State of Bermudez, Venezuela, and join a revolutionary force. The leaders were accompanied by eighty followers, who were well provided with arms and ammunition. It is the plan of the revolutionists to march to Barcelona. The Venezuelan consul in Trinidad upon being informed of the departure of the expedition, had the Venezuelan gunboat Miranda hauled out of the drydock to give pursuit. She started eight hours after the revolutionary expedition had departed from Trinidad, but returned after a fruitless search. A squall had aided the revolutionists in escaping.

St. Andrew's Ball.

Those desiring tickets must apply to the committee, viz: R. P. McLennan, Dr. Thompson, D. C. McKenzie, Jas. F. McDonald, H. E. Ewart, J. N. Nicol, H. C. McDonald, A. D. Williams, C. Milne, J. E. McDonald, Dr. McArthur, Chas. McDonald, Dr. T. Bethune, C. W. MacPherson, Dr. Gillis, Wm. Thornburn, R. Lindsay, Chief McKinnon. No tickets sold at the door. Grand march at 9 p. m. sharp.

THERE IS NO MEAT CORNER

Manager of Pacific Cold Storage Company Denies Rumor.

Says That Meats Are Selling at Lower Prices Than Ever Before in the History of Dawson.

Last week there were rumors persistently put in circulation to the effect that a combination of the meat dealers was being made for the purpose of advancing prices very materially over what they now are. It was further stated that the bulk of the meat was held by a few persons who proposed taking advantage of the situation. L. C. Troughton, general manager for this district of the Pacific Cold Storage Company, was interviewed today in reference to the matter and denies the statement in toto.

"There is no truth whatever in the story some one has manufactured that there is a combination among the meat dealers made for the purpose of advancing prices," said he. "The only combination we have entered into is that concerning the gold dust question and that everybody is fully acquainted with. I have not heard of nor do I believe a corner is thought of. It is true that within the past 10 days there has been a slight advance in prices, but no more than the condition of the market warrants and which can naturally be expected or expected at this season of the year. The advance I speak of, however, applies only to the very best grades of meat. There is some inferior stock that is selling at the same old price. Another thing while speaking of prices it would be well to bear in mind. All meats of every kind are now selling at a price fully 33 per cent cheaper than at this time last year; poultry is 50 per cent cheaper. The tendency each year is toward lower prices and the policy of our company is to decrease the cost to the retailer as the cost of transportation lessens and other conditions warrant. Still another thing must be considered. The quality of meat now being sold by the side or carcass at 30 cents is infinitely better than any ever brought to Dawson before. It is strictly corned and costs from five to seven cents more than any heretofore brought to this market. It is a fact that the retail butchers are now doing business on a less margin than any other line of merchandise in the city. No, I do not think meat will go above the present price and I am equally positive that it will go no lower. There will be no overplus at

the opening of navigation though I consider there are ample stocks on hand to last out the season. Roughly estimating it I should say the annual consumption of fresh meat and meat products at Dawson amounts to about \$750,000.

"What effect do you think the restrained killing of wild game will have on the meat question?"

"None whatever. I do not suppose prove of killing all the moose and caribou anyone wants so long as they are used for food, and I do not think there will be enough wild game brought in to materially effect either the consumption or price of beef."

Rock of Ages.

"Rock of ages, cleft for me!"
"Thoughtlessly the maiden sang,
Fell the words unconsciously
From her girlish, guileless tongue.
Sang as little children sing;
Sang as sing the birds in June.
Fell the words as light-leaves down
On the current of the tune—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me!"
"Lips grown aged sung the hymn
Trustingly and tenderly;
Voice grown weak and eyes grown dim,
"Let me hide myself in thee."
Trembling though the voice and low
Ran the sweet strain peacefully.
Like a river in its flow
Sung as only they can sing
Who life's thorny paths have journeyed—
Sung as only they can sing
Who behold the promised rest—
"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in thee."

"Rock of ages, cleft for me!"
Sung above a coffin lid;
Underneath lay restfully
All life's joys and sorrows hid.
Never more from wind and rain
Never more from billows' roll.
With thou ever need to hide
Could the slightest, sunken eye
Closed beneath the soft white lid
Could the mute and stifened lips
Move again in pleading prayer,
Still, aye still, the words would fall
"Let me hide myself in thee."

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