

\$50 To Whitehorse \$50

THE WHITE PASS & YUKON ROUTE RELAY STAGES

No Night Travelling: Time 41 Days to Whitehorse

Stages Leave Tues., 9 a. m. Thurs., 1 p. m. Sat., 1 p. m.

Secure Seats Now

G. E. PULHAM, SUPERINTENDENT J. H. ROGERS, GEN. AGENT

Alaska Flyers

...Operated by the...

Alaska Steamship Company

Dolphin and Humboldt Leave Skagway Every Five Days.

FRANK E. BURNS, Supt. ELMER A. FRIEND, Skagway Agent

Burlington Route

No matter what eastern point you may be destined, your ticket should read Via the Burlington.

PUGET SOUND AGENT

M. P. BENTON, 103 Pioneer Square, SEATTLE, WN.

FOR SALE

Cheap for Cash

Five Horsepower Boiler and 4 Horsepower Engine

Apply - - - NUGGET OFFICE

The Great Northern "FLYER"

LEAVES SEATTLE FOR ST. PAUL EVERY DAY AT 8:00 P. M.

A Solid Vestibule Train With All Modern Equipments.

For further particulars and folders address the GENERAL OFFICE - SEATTLE, WASH.

The Northwestern Line

Is the Short Line to Chicago And All Eastern Points

All through trains from the North Pacific Coast connect with this line in the Union Depot at St. Paul.

Travelers from the North are invited to communicate with

F. W. Parker, Gen'l Agent, Seattle, Wn.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co.

Successors to Pacific Steam Whaling Co.

Copper River and Cook's Inlet

YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER.

FOR ALL PORTS in Western Alaska Steamer Newport

OFFICES SHATTLE SAN FRANCISCO

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 12. (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher. SUBSCRIPTION RATES: Daily, Yearly, in advance \$30.00; Monthly, by carrier in city, in advance 3.00; Single copies .25. Semi-Weekly, Yearly, in advance \$24.00; Six months 13.00; Three months 7.00; Monthly, by carrier in city, in advance 2.00; Single copies .25.

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 of 10,000 copies of any other paper published between Juneau and the North Pole.

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET. SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1903.



AMUSEMENTS. Auditorium - What Happened to Jones.

ALASKA BOUNDARY. A commission is shortly to be appointed for the purpose of determining the merits of the disagreement between the United States and British governments with respect to the Alaska boundary line. Three commissioners will be selected by each side, and the particular matter which will engage their attention is the interpretation of the treaty of 1825 which defined the boundary between Alaska and British North America.

He Wants to Know. By Letta Grcs. He wants to know why wood should float. Why lead and marbles sink. He wants to know why people walk. And why we eat and drink.

He wants to know why bees should sting. And why we holler, oh! He wants to know what makes the steam that makes the engines go.

He wants to know why bees should buzz. And why they gather honey. He wants to know what banks are for.

Why they keep great sums of money. He wants to know why cats should scratch. And why they cry "meow". He wants to know why dogs should bark. And why we don't know how.

He wants to know why trees should grow. And why they are so high. And when they grow on top of hills They nearly touch the sky.

So if you know the reason why. Go tell him very soon. For if you don't he'll surely ask Who was it made the moon?

Religious Services. Methodist Church - The pastor will preach tomorrow morning on the subject, "Christian Courage." The usual monthly musical service will be held in the evening. "Anthem, 'Seek Ye the Lord.' Roberts, tenor solo and obligato by Mr. McLeod; quartette, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Mullen, Mr. Finnie and Mr. H. Povah; solo, 'Shepherd of Souls,' (from The Sign of the Cross) Edward Jones, by Mrs. Edythe Walker; duet, 'Tarry With us,' Nicolai, Mrs. Mullen and Mr. McLeod; solo, 'The Palms,' Faure, Mr. O. S. Finnie. The pastor will preach on the subject, 'Music in the Heart.'

Good Table Linens. Here is a chance for the prudent housewife to get in her table linens at very low figures. Table cloths singly or by the yard, of the best grades of pure linen, plain or figured, with or without borders. Napkins, all sizes. Special sale for one week.

J. P. McLENNAN. 233 FRONT ST Phone 161. B Agent for Standard Patterns.

of need, and both will profit by close and friendly relationship. It is satisfactory, therefore, to note that the vexed boundary question is at length to be approached in a manner that bespeaks a final settlement. In the interests of all concerned the matter should be adjusted rightly and for all time.

PATRONIZE THE THEATRE. The Nugget notes with keen regret the fact that greater appreciation has not been shown for the efforts of Mr. Bittner to provide the city of Dawson with clean, legitimate entertainment.

Mr. Bittner, has labored long and arduously to elevate the standard of the local stage and to furnish a class of amusement for the people of this city which could be enjoyed alike by men, ladies and children.

The public, however, has not exhibited an appreciative feeling for what Mr. Bittner has done, and it might seem to be a proper conclusion that legitimate entertainment is not as popular as the vaudeville performances formerly given in local playhouses. The Nugget does not believe this conclusion is correct, but nevertheless the fact remains that the Auditorium is not given a tithe of the patronage to which it is entitled.

The public has responded very generously and satisfactorily to the Nugget's announcement of a reduction in subscription price. While the Nugget already covered the local field pretty thoroughly at the old rate of subscription, a sufficient number of new names is being added to compensate in aggregate revenue for the loss involved in the cut. The Nugget is now within the reach of rich and poor alike—a popular, newsy paper sold at popular rates. No one can afford any longer to be without the Nugget.

He Wants to Know. By Letta Grcs. He wants to know why wood should float. Why lead and marbles sink. He wants to know why people walk. And why we eat and drink.

He wants to know why bees should sting. And why we holler, oh! He wants to know what makes the steam that makes the engines go.

He wants to know why bees should buzz. And why they gather honey. He wants to know what banks are for.

Why they keep great sums of money. He wants to know why cats should scratch. And why they cry "meow". He wants to know why dogs should bark. And why we don't know how.

Religious Services. Methodist Church - The pastor will preach tomorrow morning on the subject, "Christian Courage." The usual monthly musical service will be held in the evening. "Anthem, 'Seek Ye the Lord.' Roberts, tenor solo and obligato by Mr. McLeod; quartette, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Mullen, Mr. Finnie and Mr. H. Povah; solo, 'Shepherd of Souls,' (from The Sign of the Cross) Edward Jones, by Mrs. Edythe Walker; duet, 'Tarry With us,' Nicolai, Mrs. Mullen and Mr. McLeod; solo, 'The Palms,' Faure, Mr. O. S. Finnie. The pastor will preach on the subject, 'Music in the Heart.'

Good Table Linens. Here is a chance for the prudent housewife to get in her table linens at very low figures. Table cloths singly or by the yard, of the best grades of pure linen, plain or figured, with or without borders. Napkins, all sizes. Special sale for one week.

Coronto's Oldest Newspaper

The Old Editor and the New, and Some Reminiscences of the Christian Guardians Past History.

Continuous publication from as early a date as 1829 can be the boast of but few newspapers in Upper Canada, and but one in the city of Toronto. This one is The Christian Guardian, of whom for so many years Egerton Ryerson was so well known all over the Dominion as its able editor. Three or four Sundays ago its new editor, Rev. G. J. Bond, reached his first sermon in Toronto, in the Central Methodist church, and the Globe said of the gentleman: "He is an eloquent and forceful speaker, thoroughly in earnest and his utterances carry conviction. He is possessed of a splendid voice, full and resonating, and pleasant to the ear." That is what is said of him as a preacher. As an editor he has yet to be criticised from the high standpoint of excellence which was shown by his predecessor.



EDGERTON RYERSON, First Editor of the First Newspaper Published in Toronto.

down through its years of existence. Rather is it the intention to take as text a copy of the issue for November 12, 1834, its 261st number, and to derive from an examination of it as much interesting material as possible about early journalism in Ontario.

This first number of the sixth volume possessed several features which are invaluable to a present-day investigator. In the first place, the title's name appears in a prominent position at the head of the paper. At this time, and, in fact, ever since The Guardian's foundation, Egerton Ryerson was editor, though he shortly afterwards withdrew from the management of the paper. Again, at the top of the first column appear some details about the publication of The Guardian—all decidedly useful. There it is learned that the paper was issued every Wednesday, from its office in Toronto, street, west of the jail.

As was remarked earlier in this article, the editorial column was much more personal than it is today. From the preceding number of The Guardian a characteristic paragraph, from the pen of Egerton Ryerson may be gleaned: "This number," he writes, "completes the fifth volume of The Guardian. The management of the present time, with the exception of one Conference year, has been placed in our hands. This has taken place contrary to our expressed wish at the time of appointment, except in one instance. It was the maintenance of great public principles, and the conviction of impious duty to the public, the church and ourselves that induced us at the late conference against our private inclinations, to continue in our present office another year."

BOBBY'S MEMORY

Kept Beautifully Green Last Night.

The A. B. and St. Andrew's Ball the Most Swagger Ever Held in Dawson.

"It was a great night." Today are but memories where yesterday was full of sweet anticipations, fond hopes and happy dreams. That which has been looked forward to with such eagerness has come and gone, the last note has died away in the distance, the pipes has put up his pipes and with a scurrying fife and a cheery good night soon made a picture beautiful to behold and kaleidoscopic in its colorings, not one was left save the caretaker, and he muttered to himself between the puffs of his short, stubby pipe, "It was a great night." Not given much to sentiment he viewed with calm disdain and as so much rubbish the visible remains of the evening. There is a bit of lace that once adorned my lady's gown, a badly crumpled program in which brave young men scribbled their hieroglyphics—a Toss, and pity it is that the counterpane has been made so clever that one may be pardoned for seeking the odor it never knew. Only a rose yet for hours it had found a nesting place on the pretty head of her whose eyes had ensnared willing captives by the score. And there it lay on the floor crushed and trampled upon, its petals looking as though it had played the little role in that little comedy of "The Loves Me, He Loves Me Not." But all that comes to the caretaker's brain and as he swept up the offerings placed so short time before at the shrine of beauty, the frayed souvenir from the damkest of lingeries and the once pretty chronicle of favors bestowed he gave little heed to the delicious form one may have compassed, the sweet-nothings that may have been o'er heard by another and the quickening pulsations of a tender heart left by still another when HE came and carried her away in a voluptuous walk. In future years the remembrance of the ball given in honor of Bobby Burns on Friday evening, January 30, 1903, will ever be a bright, ineffable spot in memory's tablet.

"It was a great night." Never before in Dawson's history has a ball been given which attained such unparalleled success as that last night under the auspices of the A. B. and St. Andrew's society. Never before has the commodious ball room of the A. B. been so prettily and so elaborately decorated and never before have the society matrons looked so well as they did on that evening. The young buds, the debutantes, sweeter. Nothing was lacking, nothing had been overlooked and the result could not have been otherwise than the consummation of perfection. The handsome ladies, the manliest men and the swaggiest gowns ever on parade were there as a view from the gallery or the stage presented as pretty a picture as any on the Pacific coast could boast. The dances of St. Andrew's society in the past have long been held up as a criterion for others, to follow, but a new mark has been made a new pattern cut out, and it will be many moons before the success of last night is excelled.

About the decorations, Mr. Turnbull Townsend with a wealth of building, draperies and flags of all kind and descriptions at his disposal made he hall resemble a fairy tower. Long lines of pennants were strung from each corner to the centre of the room, suspended directly over the arched light, while surrounding three sides of the gallery were flags draped in the most tasteful profusion, giving the spectators a sort of semi-obscurity and affording quiet little nooks where harmless flirtations might be indulged in safe from the keen eyes of the ubiquitous chaperon. Beneath the gallery and strewn entirely around the hall was a wide width of bunting, harmonizing perfectly with the general tone color of the decorations. The orchestra had a position on the stage, which had a chamber setting, the players being partially hidden behind potted palms. A number of the electric lights were fitted with colored globes and one entering for the first time stood entranced at the beautiful view that greeted one's vision. No add to the effectiveness of the scene, several numbers were danced under a calcium supplied with colored plates, the lights in the room being turned off. It was a new innovation and had a very pretty effect.

About the collation. It is unfortunate that sufficient room could not be had so that all could have gone to supper at the same time, but that was no fault of the caterer. Bruce was at his best and he never led a fatter lot of dancers or ones who appreciated his efforts to a greater extent. Though the tables set six-fifty, three sittings were necessary to accommodate all the guests and during that time the orchestra worked hard.

over time, playing what were variously termed "extra extra" collation was not particularly notable, but it was wholesome and the Gods be praised there was plenty of it. The micks was a wacha and a cup of it was most cautious in the rejuvenation that would have been a triple dose of Life.

About the music. There was originally some trouble about the music, but everybody knows about it. Some wanted the police orchestra, others did not and for a time management was in a wild daze. But the matter was soon settled and the police orchestra engaged. They labored at a disadvantage at the beginning, not knowing the exact time with which the dancers were familiar and numbers were played that were not the start made was excellent. Some antiquated individual who ached with age complained that the time was too fast. They tried to accommodate the gentleman and dirige followed which by courtesy called a two-step. Later on, however, they caught the correct swing if the number of measures danced could be taken as a criterion of appreciation of the dancers, the orchestra made a derided and very pathetic hit. Upon the question of scores they were certainly accumulating enough and more's the pity as the ratio of the number of scores on the program to the number played is about as 21 is to 12.

And about the dance. It must have been all of 10 o'clock when Mr. Markowitz led Piper Robert Thompson on the floor and started the march which was led by Dr. Thompson and Mrs. F. R. Round and round the room they marched, then passing down the center by two's, by four's and finally, phalanxes of eight. A was given, the music ceased, a slow waltz by Strawn was taken up by the orchestra and then as a raring shout "March." Twenty-four dances and four extras were provided on the program and few left until the last had been played. Some were quite exhausted. The number of attendance was not right for a dance of this kind and there was but little dancing and there was but little crowding or colliding. Excellent efforts had been provided for ladies in their dressing room, a table that caused the fair sex to rise and all the committee responsible for such a state of affairs. Several long cheval glasses were evidence, there were plenty of articles, including, it is said, and whitewash, and there were maids to assist in rearranging the dainty feminine tresses and needed attention. Said one sweet little maid as she was bidding her friends goodnight, "Oh, I have had just a perfectly lovely time," and of the rosy mouth but echoed the sentiments of everyone who was there.

A partial list of those present is follows: Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Green, Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Kalmanson, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Sale, Mr. and Mrs. L. J. James, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. McLaughlin, Mr. and Mrs. John Rapp, Mr. and Mrs. G. Byrne, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Hodges, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Cole, Mr. and Mrs. Albert, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Shuman, Mr. and Mrs. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. Eugene C. St. Mr. and Mrs. H. K. Stephenson, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Heman, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Wood, Mr. and Mrs. Vag Mr. and Mrs. Boorman, Mr. and Mrs. Andy McKenzie, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Prichard, Mrs. Rabelle, Mrs. G. Devoig, Mrs. Dr. Bourke, Mr. Roberts, Mrs. Quigg, Mrs. Cook, Mrs. Bennett, Mrs. Black, Mrs. Thompson, Mrs. Hies, Mrs. Ann Mrs. Ward, Mrs. Yeager, Mrs. Mrs. Miss Rodiger, Miss Dutz, Mr. De Pencier, Miss Robinson, Mr. Smith, Miss Bagley, Mrs. Crevel, Miss Bourke, Miss Mae Bourke, Mr. Jaccagni, Miss Zaccarelli, Mr. Jockey, Miss Archambault, Mr. Craig, Miss Warren, Miss Thiss, Miss Kernell, Mr. F. N. Atwood, Mr. A. E. Maynard, Mr. R. L. Stewart, Mr. Wm. Gibson, Mr. Alex. M. Lachlan, Mr. G. V. Howard, Mr. J. N. Complin, Mr. W. A. Boddie, Mr. J. H. Rogers, Dr. A. E. Edwards, Mr. H. Gibson, Mr. Baker, Mr. C. V. Thelo, Mr. Sidney Bell, Mr. W. D. C. McKenzie, Dr. Albert Thompson, Mr. W. H. Fairbank, Mr. Wm. Barrett, Mr. S. S. Cowan, Mr. M. A. Day, Mr. Lumbert, Mr. K. Lattimer, Mr. Bennett James, Mr. Nat Lyons, Mr. O. S. Finnie, Mr. C. V. Shannon, Mr. Harold Ralph, Mr. Grey, and many others.

"Johnny" McCraw was a bit of a character in a country village in the north of Scotland. He lived in the chalet of the villagers, but sometimes found it particularly hard to do so. One day, when the springs of his pathy seemed to have dried up, "Johnny" made his way to the house of the local doctor and said: "I've come to get a my back taken out, doctor."

"Dear me," said the medical man. "What's wrong with you?" "Oh, they're a right, but I've no use for them; I've nothing to eat."