

# The Klondike Nugget

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**LETTERS**  
 And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado and Bonanza; every Saturday to Hunker, Dominion, Gold Run, Sulphur, etc.

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1900.

## From Saturday's Daily THE EFFECT.

Last season when the Yukon territory was the victim of all manner of oppressive mining regulations which worked toward hindering the development of the country in every possible way the total output of gold amounted to something like \$20,000,000. The question now arises what will be the output for next year in view of the present liberal attitude of the government toward the territory. The fact that a reduction of one-half the present royalty is absolutely guaranteed will permit the working of a large amount of ground which has heretofore remained closed by reason of the fact that it could not be worked at a profit with the royalty payment staring the claim operator in the face. Also there will be considerable new ground, heretofore held in reserve by the government, opened up and developed. Altogether the new laws now in effect or about to go into effect should serve to increase very largely the amount of work done, and the quantity of gold taken out. The output for next year ought to exceed all previous records.

## HOW WE LIVE.

Many good people on the outside whose ideas of this far northern country, have been gleaned from cursory reading of blood-curdling stories where-in snow, ice and bacon and beans held the chief roles, would be decidedly surprised did they but know how the average Klondiker actually lives. Our own idea about it is that, taken as a whole, the people of Dawson live as well if not better than the average person lives in any other part of the world.

For the coming winter every preparation has been made on the part of the big companies and other mercantile establishments to supply Dawson with every necessity and luxury that is enjoyed anywhere.

Foremost in contributing to the Klondikers' happiness is the tin can. The art of preserving vegetables and other necessities of life in cans has been a most influential factor in making the development of the resources of this northern country possible.

No one but a Klondiker or one who has lived under circumstances similar to the conditions under which men live here, can understand or appreciate the possibilities of the tin can. It is in all probability no exaggeration of fact, to state that every delicacy known to the most epicurean taste can be procured in Dawson in tins or jars. The outside world does not know what degree of perfection has been attained in preserving the natural flavors of fruits in tins, for the simple reason that the outside world has comparatively little reason to make use of canned goods.

This winter, however, will see a vast improvement even over the conditions which have prevailed in the past. Potatoes and other vegetables have been brought in by hundreds of tons and will be kept in warm storage in quantities sufficient to supply the wants of the town during the entire winter. Fresh meats are here in abundance and more will be brought in over the ice as the requirements of the market demand.

In short, there will be nothing which the appetite of the epicure can suggest that can not be supplied.

The only condition requisite to high living in Dawson is possession of the necessary price.

When the various candidates now on the creeks return to town it is to be anticipated that the campaign will liven up considerably. Thus far the contest has been about as tame an affair as could be imagined. The fact that the most important demands made in both platforms have already been granted or are in process of being granted, has reduced the campaign largely to a discussion of personalities, in which the public has little interest. Abuse and vituperation count for little under any circumstances and in view of present conditions in this territory resort to such tactics is peculiarly out of place.

The smallpox seems already to be pretty well under control. A little care on the part of the health officers should prevent any further difficulty. It is quite likely that new cases will develop from time to time during the winter and preparations should be made with that expectation in view. Promptness in caring for cases as they arise will serve in a very large degree to prevent any serious spread of the disease.

## Election Returning Officers.

The deputy returning officers for the coming election have been appointed as follows:

- Superintendent Primrose's division: Caribou—Constable Henderson. Tagish—S. M. Pennifeather. Whitehorse—Corporal Gibbon. Upper Lebarge—Constable Robb. Lower Lebarge—Constable Parks. Hootalingua—Constable Ackland. Big Salmon—Constable Lee. Little Salmon—Corporal Thorn. Tantalus—Constable Dubuque. Five Fingers—Sergeant Barker. Superintendent Wood's division: Hutchiku—Constable Cernor. Minto—Constable Hales. Selkirk—Constable Tutt Lee. Selwyn—Constable Lukey. Thistle—Constable Townsend. Stewart—Sergeant Pringle. Ogilvie—Constable Nelson. Indian River—Constable Beel. Dawson precincts: Klondike City—Madden. Day's Addition to South Mission—Sergeant Tucker. North Mission to South Third—T. H. Hinton. North Third to South Seventh—W. Young. North Seventh to Outskirts—D. R. McFarlane. On Hill—Sergeant Marshall. Fortymile—Sergeant Keenan. No. 60 Below Bonanza—Thos. H. Brooks. Grand Forks—Sergeant Raven. No. 30 Eldorado—Constable Patterson. No. 35 Above Bonanza—Constable Duffs. Gold Bottom—Corporal Ryan. Last Chance—Albert Lee Montague. No. 3 Above Hunker—P. F. Y. Genest. Lombard Gulch (Dominion)—Alex Clark. Caribou (Dominion)—Edward Vachon. No. 12 Below Lower Dominion—A. Corbielle. Gold Run—Corporal F. Candle. No. 36 on Sulphur—Constable D. C. Beaudeau. Quartz Creek—Alfred Watson. Bear Creek—L. Couture.

## A Swell Resort.

The Reception has been opened by Baron von Spitzel and Harry Jones. The place is pronounced by all who have seen it to be one of the most attractive resorts to be found in Canada. All the interior work has been made here in Dawson, which in itself attracts the most favorable comment as it shows what can be done from the native wood of this country by skilled artisans.

Both the proprietors of the new resort have a very large circle of friends and as genial Billy Thomas has been engaged to dispense the gurgling fluid the success of the Reception seems assured.

See Hammell's new store at the Forks. Everything to wear for sale.

A new department at the Northern Annex. Liquors at wholesale.

Albert Mayer, the jeweler, has removed to the Orpheum building.

Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

## STROLLER'S COLUMN.

"Do you know," said a local politician to the Stroller one day this week, "that there is some very good work being done for our candidates on the creeks?"

"In what respect?" asked the Stroller as he stepped back two paces to prevent all possibility of being "touched," for the Stroller has, to use an expression which all will readily digest, "bin in politics his ownself."

"In the respect, sir," replied the enthusiast, "that every man on Mary Ann gulch, regardless of nativity, race, color or previous condition of servitude, has promised to support our candidates and given bond to do so except two; one of them is a Swede and the other is an American from Arkansas, and they are both willing to swear at the polls that they are British subjects, but they need fixing. The Swede says 'Ae tank Ae vote for man wot han' out da whisky wot kape man trunk long-est," while the Arkansas man holds out for white whisky, which is very scarce here, and wants to support the man who will work for legislation which will make it a criminal offence to even advocate a tax on dogs and single-barreled shot guns."

"Are you prepared to fix them?" asked the Stroller.

"I am," said the vote getter, as he unrolled a small package which he carried under his arm and disclosed two quart bottles of chain lightning one of the common slumber brand of hooch which he said was for the Swede, the other a clear, white concoction of the moonlight vintage which he said cost at the rate of \$47 per gallon. "With this," he said, "Mary Ann gulch is unanimous for our candidates."

It does not take much to put the Stroller in mind of a story and the above answered the purpose. The story is this:

For 20 years Colonel Smith and Major Jones had been neck and neck in the race for "leading citizen" of Flaskville, Kentucky, and at last there came an opportunity to test the relative strength of their popularity. They arrayed themselves against each other in a race for the mayoralty of Flaskville, and so pronounced was the contest that before the polls closed on election day each man knew exactly how he stood, and, strange to relate, each had an equal number of votes and every man in town, save a drunken shoemaker, had voted, therefore it lay with the shoemaker to name the future mayor of Flaskville. The time for closing the polls drew near and yet the shoemaker did not appear. The candidates, realizing that no time was to be lost, struck out in quest of the cobbler whom they found lying dead drunk in his shop. Waking and getting him on his feet they started, one on each side, half carrying him to the polls. Said Colonel Smith in his right ear:

"Your vote will elect me, and so soon as the votes are counted and the result announced I will buy a barrel of whisky, roll it out on the street and knock the end out of it."

Said Major Jones in his left ear: "Your vote will elect me, and so soon as the votes are counted and the result announced I will buy a barrel of whisky, roll it out on the street and knock both ends out of it."

By this time the trio had arrived at the polls, where every voter in Flaskville was awaiting in almost breathless silence the return of the candidates with the shoemaker.

"For whom do you desire to vote?" solemnly asked the election judge whose duty it was to give out the ballots. "Do you wish to vote for Colonel Smith or Major Jones, which?"

For the first time since he had been rudely awakened and hustled out of his shop, the shoemaker spoke.

"I don't care nushin' 'bout yer man Smith, an' 'don't give er 'bout yer man Jones; but I'm goin' to vote for zer man wot's goin' to open zer ba'rl at bo'sh ends."

"I find great relief in the slumber brand of hooch, and feel very grateful to the man who concocted it; he is a benefactor of his race and ought to be on the Yukon council."

The speaker was a sad-eyed individual about whom lurked an air of general dejection and woebegoneness. When asked what redeeming features he saw in the slumber brand he said:

"I am in a double knee deep or higher—my wife has passed me up and is out on the creeks cooking; I am out of work, out of money and nearly out of clothes; but I have a friend who is a barkeeper and he supplies me with enough hooch to keep me full; you see it don't cost him anything and costs his boss very little, because they make the stuff themselves out of water, strychnine and venia red. I take a bottle of it to my cabin every night and it keeps me asleep most of the time and when I am awake the dark brown taste takes all my attention, so, you see, I have no time to worry over domestic trouble. That is why I say the man who invented the slumber brand is a benefactor."

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