

The Klondike Nugget

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LETTERS.
And Small Packages can be sent to the Carriers by the following days: Every Wednesday and Saturday to Ethelred, Dawson, Hunter, Donelson, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quartz and Canyon.

MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1901.

THE LIEN LAW.

The ordinance now pending before the Yukon council entitled "Miner's Liens for Wages," commends itself to us as being a measure which will reach the desired result in an equitable manner. It has been generally conceded for two years past that some means should be taken to insure to the man who is employed in the mines in the Yukon territory, payment for his labor. The necessity for some such measure was very clearly demonstrated twelve months ago, when scores of laborers discovered upon the arrival of the cleanup season that they had worked all winter long, practically, for no remuneration.

It is altogether improbable that such a condition will again exist, but it is, nevertheless, most desirable that men who employ labor should understand that in so doing they assume a responsibility which is not to be shirked. This end, it appears to us, will be satisfactorily reached in the pending measure.

The salient sections of the proposed ordinance make provisions as follows: First, the miner has a lien upon the output of the claim upon which he has worked to the extent of three months' wages. Second, such lien does not take precedence over a mortgage or other charge made and recorded prior to the commencement of the work, by virtue of which the lien is sought. Third, the laborer must present his claim before proper authority within thirty days after the completion of the work or forfeit his right to any lien.

It appears evident that it is the intention of the framers of the ordinance to give adequate protection to the rights of all parties concerned. The laborer has a claim upon the work he performs for ninety days' wages. This is certainly a sufficient length of time, for no man should work for a longer period without reaching a settlement with his employer.

Rights acquired prior to the laborer's lien are protected by the second section noted above, although just how far this protection extends can scarcely be determined until a case under the ordinance is brought before the courts. It seems to be the only uncertainty in the law, which may be cleared later, if it is found to work satisfactorily.

The requirement that the laborer shall file a complaint within thirty days after completing the work over which the lien arises is just and fair and cannot be complained of from the standpoint either of employer or employee. Viewed in its entirety, we are of the opinion that the ordinance shows conscientious effort to attain a result which should have been reached long ago. There can be no argument as to the desirability of protecting the laborer in securing the wages he earns. The life of a miner in this country is altogether too hard to allow him to be defrauded of the fruits of his toil. He is entitled to every cent he earns and should be protected in his rights if the entire machinery of the law is required for that purpose. The lien ordinance now before the council may have its weak points, but unless something better is produced we hope to see the measure speedily enacted into law.

A strike of long has been held out to the people of Skagway that the United States into the department will grant a hearing on the representation furnished by the miners. It does not appear from the information received here that any progress is being made with his brief

when a soft voice at his ear startled him. "Will you please give us something for the hospital fund?" "Do I look like a man," he thundered, "who—er—yes, I suppose to. Here's a quarter."

There is the slightest possibility that any change will be made in the decision recently rendered by the department, but Skagway, evidently, is willing to continue the fight as long as hope—no matter how forlorn it may be—remains. To a disinterested spectator it would seem that the best policy for Skagway to pursue is to accept the ruling of the department and start in fresh upon new lines. Continuation of litigation which now seems inevitable will only produce a protracted period of uncertainty which is always disastrous.

The startling information is conveyed in our telegraphic columns today that Dawson will soon be visited in a private capacity by a man who refused a government position in this territory. Thus again it is demonstrated that truth is oft times stranger than fiction.

Mrs. Edward McConnell does not believe in employing lawyers. In view of the present status of the McConnell case it would seem that the legal brethren are an entirely superfluous commodity on this mundane sphere.

A bench show ought to be a great success in Dawson. Such a show would develop the fact that there are many blooded canines in this town—something which as yet is not generally suspected.

Nearly all the drains leading to the river carried a sluice head of water yesterday which would seem to indicate that sluicing on the creeks will not be deferred for any considerable length of time.

A banquet to ex Commissioner Ogilvie will be given hearty public endorsement. When Mr. Ogilvie leaves Dawson he will carry with him the best wishes of the community.

The many pretty compliments which the Nugget has received since the last increase in the size of the paper are most gratefully appreciated. Thanks, everybody.

It is up to someone to begin the manufacture of a noble prose brand of hooch.

Now for six months of good, healthy prosperous times.

Tribulations of a Lawyer.
Studious and severe of aspect, wiry and elongated in build, he sat at a desk in his Dearborn street law office unraveling the details of a knotty case in which he had been retained, and chewing the end of an unlighted cigar.

A knock at the door disturbed him. "Come in," he said. A woman entered, carrying a paste-board box, which she opened, exposing several small cakes of soap.

"Will you be so kind as to assist me?" she said in the smooth, well oiled voice of a professional. "Only ten cents a cake."

"Do I seem to need washing, madam?" he asked. "Oh, no; I thought you might like to assist me a little."

"Do I look like a man in any danger of dying rich?" "Only ten cents a cake, and if you will please assist me."

"I never assist anybody who mixes soap and charity. With the utmost respect for you, madam, good morning." He turned again to his desk.

Five minutes later his door opened and a well fed, prosperous man of African parentage, wearing a Prince Albert—or King Edward VII—coat and high silk hat, came in, made an elaborate bow and without a word presented a greasy, dog's eared passbook, with a printed introduction pasted on the first page.

"Struggling church?" "Yes, sah."

"Do I look like a man in immediate danger of suffering the disgrace of dying rich?"

The two Sisters of Charity went noiselessly out, but before he could lock the door a blind man entered, led by a boy.

"Gentleman," said the blind man, putting on the soft pedal, "will you please buy a lead pencil and help a poor bl—" "Say, do I look like a— but there's no use asking you that! No! Do you hear that? No! No!"

"Thank you very much," said the blind man in the same pensive monotone as the boy dragged him out. The next caller was a man of business-like appearance, with a square package under his arm.

"Are you interested in Blazac?" he inquired. "No, sir. I am interested just now in the case of McGillivuddy versus Mulliganattawney—if anybody should ask you."

"I can show you a new edition, complete, elegant binding, with illustrations, for only \$30."

"Do I look like a man about to undergo the disgrace of dying rich, sir? Have you come to save me from it?" vociferated the victim. "I wouldn't buy your Balzac if you had a pile of him as high as the moon and offered me the whole stack for 30 cents. Do I succeed in making myself understood?"

"You do, sir. I could hear you if you didn't talk half as loud," responded the caller, sauntering out and whistling "Come and Kiss Your Baby" as he sauntered.

Then he locked and bolted his door. Another quarter of an hour had elapsed when he was roused from his meditations by a loud knocking. "Who is it?"

"John W. Gates." He went to the door and opened it. A little boy stood outside. "Is this Mr. Gwilliams?" asked the boy.

"Yes. What do you want?" "I saw the name on the door, Mr. Gwilliams," said the boy in a high keyed voice and with a declamatory style, his eyes roving about as he spoke. "My name is Johnny Gates. I am the son of a poor woman with a piano, on which she gives lessons. I am endeavoring to aid her in supporting the family by embarking in business myself. It may seem strange for one so young as I to embark in business. Nevertheless, such is the fact. I do not ask for charity, sir, or madam, as the case may be. Far from it. I can truly say I have no desire to accept money from anybody without rendering a full equivalent therefor. In taking this position, which, I think, will commend itself."

"What are you selling, Johnny?" "Chewing gum, sir. Only half a dime."

"I don't want any gum, Johnny, but if you will stay outside my door for the next two hours and tell everyone who come along that there is a raving maniac inside who is likely to kill somebody if he is disturbed I will give you half a dollar. Is it a bargain?" "Yes, sir."

"Here's your money. Stay, I'll hold your box of gum as security. As a practical man of business you will see the propriety of that, Johnny."

The young merchant accepted the trust, and in the time specified he successfully stood off the man with the shoe polish, the man with the wire clothes hanger, two match peddlers, the accident insurance agent, the man who sharpens knives and the woman with the low voice and confidential manner who sells cigars by the box.

But he earned his half dollar.—Chicago Tribune.

When the ICE Goes Out!

Guess nearest to the going out of the ice and we will give you

- A tailor-made suit of clothes
- A pair of shoes
- A hat
- A fine shirt
- Collars
- Cuffs and necktie

Anyone can guess. It will cost you nothing.

THE HEEL OF OPPRESSION.

It looks to a man up a tree as though the people in this country occupy the same position that the Spaniards found themselves in when Schley bottled them up in Santiago harbor and drove the cork home.

If the reported combination is effected by the big companies, including the White Pass Railroad, we are up against the real thing and the small merchants can step down and out. The one last considered is "the man on the dump" but the chances are he will dance to some lively music in the future—monopoly will grasp him by the throat. We use this space to say what we think of this latest and most damnable condition and feel better for the saying of it. Of course this combination will not effect us as others less fortunate, for we have a warehouse full of goods. See us for nobby clothing.

OPPOSITE WHITE PASS DOCK

"HERSHBERG"

Fires in Japan.

Vancouver, B. C., April 3.—Oriental advices today recount the burning of the celebrated temple Hommongi at Ikegami on the night of March 9. The fire started in the students' dormitories where seventy students were reading late at night for a pending examination. No supply of water was available, the buildings being situated on a hill and although about a thousand firemen from Shinagawa and the neighboring districts hastened to the scene, their exertions were of little efficacy.

Few of the renowned places of Japan are more familiar to foreigners than this fine and beautifully situated temple, standing in a grove of noble trees and commanding an exquisite vista. It stood on the spot where the Buddhist Saint Nichiren died in 1282. Originally erected in the year 1275, it was re-erected after a conflagration in the days of the Third Tokugawa Shogun. Nothing now remains of the imposing pile of edifices except the Soshido (founders' hall), the Shakado (hall of Shaka), the Hozo (treasure house), the Daidokoro (kitchen) and the Gojunoto (drumtower). Sparks from the burning building were carried to the temple Myokyo-in, which lies at a distance of about 120 yards on the southeast, and it, too, was destroyed.

A few days later, and the famous temple, Seiken-in, was destroyed by a fire at Okitsu.

Details of a terrible conflagration at Pakur is given as follows by the Japan Daily Mail:

Dispatches from Baku say that all available hospitals are filled with sufferers from the fire, while the sheds on the fair grounds are crowded with homeless people. The fire broke out in the evening at meal time, and spread so rapidly that many people were unable to escape from their homes. The fire even cut off the retreat of the spectators, 30 of whom perished. It is believed that the conflagration was started by a discharged employe, for the purpose of revenge, and it is further reported that the naphtha reservoirs had been previously filled with water which in overflowing carried the flaming fluid over the town, involving scores of houses. The stream of fire was several yards high. Numbers of people were seen attempting to escape while their bodies burned like torches.

The total number of victims is not ascertainable at present. It is announced that ten factories and five depots were burned containing altogether 35,000,000 pounds of naphtha and naphtha refuse. It is estimated that the losses will exceed six million rubles.

Nine charred corpses have been recovered. One hundred and sixty persons were injured by burning, 41 of these severely, and six have succumbed to their injuries. Many victims are still under the ruins and the search is

proceeding. It is not known how many of the spectators perished, but a hundred persons are still missing.

A Round Robin Remedy.

When a doctor of 30 years' practice encounters a new experience, it must be worth relating. This is from a physician on Lafayette avenue who has fought disease for the period named.

"I saw him get gingerly out of a wagon in front of the office. He then left the team with his daughter, ignored the bell and pounded lustily on the door. I answered in person because I thought he and my office girl might get into an argument, for he looked just like a man who would insist upon seeing the 'doc' at once.

"'Doc,' he began without other preliminary, 'I've been a-taking truck fur six months, and blamed if I hein't worse'n I was at the beginnin.'"

"'What's the matter with you?'"

"'Stomach's all out o' whack. Regular riot down there all the time and me a-doin' in the remedy after each meal at early bedtime.'"

"'What are you taking?'"

"'Here it is, doc, and I got a lot left yet. My first wife uster buy it in the bulk 'cause it came cheaper.'"

"'But this is for the lungs.'"

"'S'pose I don't know that? Course it's for the lungs. That's what was the matter with her. I don't care if it was for the liver. It's got ter go to the stomach first hain't it? And the stomach and the lungs hain't so durned far apart but what helps one helps the other and what gits to one gits to the other.'"—Detroit Free Press.

Mumms', Pomeroy or Perinet champagne \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club Hotel.

Chechaco butter. Selman & Myers.

Latest photo-buttons at Goet man's.

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Men's Spring Suits and Overcoats; Latest Shapes and Shades in Stetson Hats; High Top Slater Shoes and a Complete Line of Gent's Furnishings in all the Latest Styles.

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AMUSEMENTS

Savoy Theatre

WEEK OF Monday, April 22

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Big Burlesque Co. in Living Pictures
JIM POST'S LAUGHABLE COMEDY
HOT NIGHTS
Come and See the Big Show

The Standard Theatre

First production in Dawson of M. B. Curtis' comedy drama in four acts, entitled
Thursday Night, Ladies Night, **SAMUEL OF POSEN** Monday, April 23
—Shore Acres—23 People—23
FULL STRENGTH OF COMPANY IN THE CAST.

RESERVED SEATS NOW ON SALE

ORPHEUM THEATRE TO-NIGHT!

Heard's Huckleberry Picnic.
Lucy Lovell and Larry Bryant in "The Lunatics."
Eddie Dolan, "Automatons"
Three Shows in One. Don't Miss It.