

The Klondike Nugget

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1900

HON. JOSEPH MARTIN.

While, to all outward appearance, Joseph Martin has been repudiated, turned down and kicked out by the majority of the voters in the province of British Columbia, he refused to be downed until he had the opportunity to say a few very mean things. This he did on the occasion of the assembling of the new legislature, when he not only bitterly scored the provincial house, but also spoke slightly of and practically defied the Dominion government.

Speaking of Japanese immigration, he said that the Ottawa government pretended their disallowance of anti-Japanese laws was due to imperial interest and representations. The fallacy of this was shown by the fact that the imperial government recommended the Dominion passing a law similar to the Natal act. The real reason was because the Ottawa authorities were dominated by the Canadian Pacific railway, who were interested in flooding the country with cheap labor.

He ridiculed the premier and in many ways showed utter disregard for the common rules of courtesy which an out should show to the ins.

Martin is a back number, and as such it is a wonder the members of the British Columbia legislature would submit to hearing his harangue without calling upon the sergeant-at-arms to put him out. He has been a curse to British Columbia, and his vituperations, now that he has been relegated to the shades of obscurity, will have but little if any weight. He is a dead cock in the pit and his demise is mourned by but few.

After several years of unswerving support, the Seattle Post-Intelligencer came out flat-footed against Mayor Hume of that city. The P.-I. has heretofore stood up for Hume in all his aspirations, but now his day, so far as that journal is concerned, is past and gone. His aspirations to the nomination of Republican candidate for governor of the great state of Washington does not find a responsive chord in the great P.-I. bosom. That paper is out strongly and flat-footedly for State Senator Prink and even goes so far as to say that Hume is endeavoring to further his own candidacy by using his position as mayor of the city of Seattle to coerce the saloon element into supporting him. This may or may not be true of the mayor, but if it is and can be so proven, he is most eminently unfit for the position he now holds, to say nothing of the one to which he aspires.

The telegram from Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the local Board of Trade sets at rest a tear from which there were grave apprehensions. The matter of so extending the Alberta district as to embrace the Yukon is certainly one which would not for a moment receive favorable consideration at the hands of any sensible body. Aside from a general desire for good government there can be no interests in common between Alberta and the Yukon. The industries of the two places diametrically differ and both could not be properly or intelligently represented by the same man in parliament. The telegram saying that there had been no ground for such report as had been circulated was as rain on a parched desert, as no repre-

sentation is preferable at all times to bad and incompetent representation.

If it is true, as stated in the telegrams today, that Sir Robert Hart has been driven by despair to commit suicide in Peking, the gravity of the situation there can not be even imagined by the outside world. No amount of Chinese blood will ever atone for the loss of such men as Sir Robert Hart, or propitiate for the mental suffering which drove him to thus free himself from worse than the tortures of hell. Retribution, such as the destruction of the Chinese empire will be, can not be too swift or too sure. Even then the blood of Sir Robert Hart and others will cry aloud for vengeance.

Now that patrons have been selected by the Dawson Athletic Club there is no reason why that organization should not blossom as the rose and flourish like a green bay tree or a rampant potato vine. There is nothing helps an organization so much as having patrons. The only wonder is that this matter was not attended to sooner.

It is gratifying to the world at large to know that Lady Randolph Churchill and Lieutenant Cornwallis are at last happily married, and it is no doubt gratifying to them. May they live long and prosper!

The St. John Telegraph says: "Any man who stops to think will see that a government may reduce the rate of taxation and yet have a larger income from taxation. The two things are not at all inconsistent. The government cannot possibly control the volume of taxation. All they can do is to fix the rate, and the people themselves settle how much they will pay as a total. The reason why the people of Canada paid \$5,500,000 more in customs duties in 1899 than in 1896 is simply that they chose in the latter year to import an enormously greater volume of dutiable goods. The imports of the Dominion in 1896 amounted to only \$110,587,480, whereas in 1899 they amounted to \$154,051,593. They did this voluntarily, and, notwithstanding the lowered scale of duties, they, of course, paid a larger volume of taxes."

The Montreal Star thinks it possible that Lord Salisbury will decline to appoint a royal commission on imperial trade, because such an appointment would be a snub to Sir Wilfrid Laurier. There is no reason why Sir Wilfrid Laurier should consider himself snubbed if the commission be appointed. And there is no reason to believe that Lord Salisbury is influenced by so absurd an idea. It is all very well to have a good conceit of ourselves, but we do not suppose that Salisbury and his colleagues are always thinking about Canada. With them the main consideration is how a revival of protection would affect the people of the United Kingdom.

Then He Felt Better.

In a certain skirmish a Colonel (general he came to call himself) got a little scratch on the leg. The wound was a matter of great glory to him, and he nursed it through after days, growing lamer with every year, that the memory of his bravery might ever be near him.

One day late in his life as he sat nursing his leg and pondering over the glorious past a young man, visiting the family for the first time, approached and sympathetically remarked:

"Lame, general?"
"Yes, sir," after a pause and with inexpressible solemnity, "I am lame."
"Been riding, sir?"
"No!" with rebuked sternness. "I have not been riding."

"Ah, slipped on the ice, general?"
"No, sir!" with actual ferocity.
"Perhaps, then, you have sprained your ankle, sir?"

With painful slowness the old man lifted his pet leg in both hands, set it carefully on the floor, rose slowly from his chair and, looking down upon the unfortunate youth with mingled pity and wrath, burst forth in the sublimity of rage:

"Go read the history of your country, you puppy!"—New York Press.

Electrocuted.

Sing Sing, N. Y., July 23.—Joseph Mullen was electrocuted in the state prison here at 6:05 this morning for the murder of his wife, Johanna.

Time Card.

Flannery's Stage and Express to Caribou City leaves Flannery Hotel, Dawson, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m. Leaves Caribou City—Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 8 a. m.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

STROLLER'S COLUMN

"This berry-picking habit will have to be stopped, or many a happy home will be lost," said a man who is always prepared to create a disturbance when the results promised are in no way dangerous to himself.

"There is something about the weather at this season of the year which makes the average woman rebellious, and restless, and this thing of picking berries is only an excuse to set at defiance the authority of the husband. I know all about this; I have experienced the same thing before. It's like the house cleaning craze, and the garden planting frenzy. Are you a married man?"

The Stroller replied that in that respect he was decidedly unfortunate. He was very much single.

"You're a lucky man," said the wise man with the plaint, "but in case you should ever be fool enough to marry just remember what I'm telling you, because if you don't you may be bulldozed and made miserable by some overbearing woman for years before you know by experience how to stop such things."

"As an example, here is what happened at my house yesterday. In the morning my wife said she was going to gather some berries, and I looked at her in my severest way and told her distinctly that she should do nothing of the sort. If you want berries, go buy them. I told her and she was unkind enough to tell me she had no money, just as if that was any business of mine, or had any bearing on the case. Now, mark what followed.

"She went after those berries and got them just as if I had not forbidden it. In the evening she came home with a large pail of berries, and wearing a smile of contentment positively maddening. What did I do?—I flew into a terrible rage, and that would have made my fortune on the stage, and just grabbed that pail of berries and fired it into the street. Then I said I was going to Nome, and commenced packing my grip."

"Did she stop you and beg for forgiveness," asked the Stroller, admiringly.
"No—not exactly that, but I know her. If I leave that grip alone for a day or two she'll unpack it, and that will amount to the same thing, and anyway she won't gather any more berries."

"I can put the government on a scheme for making money."

Everybody who heard the expression fell back aghast at the thought of the government needing any more schemes for making money than it already has; but as the speaker is a peculiar man, having been hit by a falling tree in the kilted days of his youth, one man in the crowd who had recovered his breath humored the fellow sufficiently to ask him his scheme by which the government could further add lucre to its coffers.

"It is this," said the victim of a tree which fell many years ago: "I went yesterday evening to the upper end of the city where a canal is being cut through from the Klondike river to drain the marsh back of the barracks. The canal will be, when completed, fully 10 feet deep and when the water is turned in it will rush through like a mill race.

"Now, my idea for the money making part of it is for the government to provide a couple or three hundred little boats and keep them at the upper end of the canal and charge 50 cents for shooting it. A net can be placed at the fire-house where the canal empties into the Yukon to prevent the shooter of the canal from dashing across the river and stoving in the royal boat on the opposite bank. The prisoners can be used for towing the boats back around on the river to the mouth of the canal.

"By this means the government would not only soon pay for the expense of making its ditch, but it would also supply a long, lean felt want in the way of exhilarating and exciting amusement. A projecting rock might be planted here and there along the banks of the canal which the shooter would have to dodge, thus giving to the novel voyage an element of danger."

And the man with the brilliant idea innocently closed with: "Now, don't you think my idea a good one, and don't you think my gambling fine should be remitted for the next few months?"

Stranded Actors at Nome.

From the Nome News is learned a number of things that substantiate the statement that Nome is by no means the most desirable spot on earth. Many people are there and stranded, and how they will get away is a matter which time alone will solve. According to the News the Standard Theater company, which was taken there by John and Tom Considine, is left in a most pitiable condition. Tom Considine,

who carried the sack and paid the bills, skipped back below, leaving the leading lady, the low-browed villain, the heavy weight tragedian, the low comedian, the supers and props all on the comfortless beach, where the News describes them as walking on their hands to save their uppers. Blei, of theatrical fame, had given a benefit for stranded actors, but it had turned out badly.

The paper speaks of Topkuk as being played out, there having been but two or three claims there. As a whole, even the Nome papers speak in disheartening tones of the place.

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Same old price, 25 cents, for drink, at the Regina.

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R. W. CALDERHEAD, Agent

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