



# The Klondike Nugget

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WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1900

## CONCERNING IMMIGRATION.

In a report addressed to parliament prior to the dissolution of that body, Minister Sifton laid great stress upon what has been accomplished in the way of encouraging immigration during his control of the interior department. In the aggregate, foreign immigrants to the number of about 25,000 were brought into Manitoba and the Northwest territories in the period covered by the report, at an average cost to the government of about \$7 per capita.

A large proportion of these people were furnished with everything required to start them in the work of developing the farms which were allotted them, and, in fact, many of them are being practically maintained and cared for during the first year at government expense. Minister Sifton, accordingly, points with much pride and satisfaction at the results of his efforts toward populating the sparsely settled districts of the Dominion, and figures out with much apparent satisfaction how his Galician proteges will multiply and increase during the next ten years. In this connection it is interesting to note the results which have attended the Minister of the Interior's labors along similar lines in the Yukon Territory.

Mr. Sifton has exerted himself just as strenuously to drive people away from the Yukon as he claims to have labored in bringing them into Manitoba and the Northwest. In the original rush to this country, the average cost to every man who succeeded in landing in Dawson was not less than \$500.

Thousands of men, the great majority of whom were aliens, outfitted in the Canadian coast cities, which thereby were rescued from a condition of business stagnation from which they had suffered for years. None of these men, so far as history shows, were assisted by Mr. Sifton to the extent of \$7, nor 7 cents for that matter. Neither is it on record that any one of these thousands sought assistance.

Mr. Sifton's contribution toward lightening the burden of the Klondike stamper's journey into this country consisted in the publications issued by direction of his department, and in which were set forth in glowing terms the attractions and advantages of the Edmonton and Stickine routes. There was also a choice collection of fairy tales about pans of dirt yielding \$1000 or \$2000, and a series of beautiful arithmetical calculations respecting the probable output of a claim which would yield an average of from \$5000 to \$10,000 to the cubic yard.

All these things served to surround the Klondike with a species of halo which lasted until the expectant stamper reached Dawson, where he was rudely awakened from his dream as though suddenly brought out of a trance.

But there would have been little or no complaint had ordinary opportunities been allowed the army of gold seekers to profit by the results of their individual enterprise and efforts. The contrary, however, was the case. A series of regulations was brought out from Ottawa which effectually rendered nugatory all the endeavors which they might put forth. Then began the exodus from the Yukon, which has continued until the present time, when it appears that at last the Minister of the Interior has been brought to see the evil results which have accrued to the territory and the Dominion at large from his policy.

There is no legitimate reason why the Yukon Territory should not possess three times its present population. Had Mr. Sifton been one-tenth as solicitous for the welfare of the men who surmounted the difficulties of White and Chilcot passes in '97 and '98 as he claims to have been for his non-English speaking immigrants whom he has located in other portions of the Dominion, the Yukon question would never have come prominently before parliament nor would it be now an issue which threatens to retire the present government from power.

The Tacoma News, the parent stem from which the Dawson News sprang as an offshoot, gravely assures its readers that the latter paper is the only real, genuine newspaper published in Dawson. There is no human weakness so easily excusable as the natural partiality of a mother toward her own offspring. As the Irish woman remarked: "If its meself that don't praise me on, Patrick, then who would?"

There ought to be warm storage facilities in Dawson of sufficient capacity to furnish the local market with potatoes, onions and similar vegetables during the entire winter. If the evaporated article can be relegated to a place among those things which have been, but no longer are, we shall have taken a very long stride along the highway of civilization.

In view of the near approach of the election, the Nugget suggests the advisability of allowing the grand stand on First avenue to remain until after the campaign is over. All manner of oratorical floods are anticipated from the various candidates who are expected to offer themselves for election, and the grand stand will enable them to hold outdoor meetings at very little expense.

**Consul McCook Writes.**  
Washington, Aug. 5.—"Alaska is destined to be a wonderful mining country," says United States Consul McCook of Dawson City, in a letter to the state department. The Tanana district he says is creating a stir and is dividing honors with Koyukuk country. "The great necessity now in Alaska," says Consul McCook, "is good roads, good camps, and the prospecting of comparatively unknown sections."

Great dissatisfaction was expressed at Dawson this spring, he says, after the washup, among the miners who worked for men who had leased mining claims from the owners. The laymen sign contracts to work so many feet of the claim during the season, the owner to receive 50 per cent of the gold coming out of the claim and the lessee agreeing that all men working the property will be employed under a written contract by which they proposed not to hold the claim in any way liable for their wages. It has turned out in hundreds of cases that the cost of working the claims has taken more than 50 per cent of the output, the fessees' shares. Thus the men employed on the claims have been deprived of their wages.

Wholesome cooking tastefully prepared at Germain's restaurant.  
Meals at all hours. The Criterion.  
Brussell's squares at Oak Hall, opp. S.-Y. T. Co. dock. McCandless Bros.

## STROLLER'S COLUMN

"Do you know," said a lawyer to the Stroller last night, "that this is a great country in which we live?" "To what do you refer?" inquired the Stroller. "To the fact," continued the disciple of Blackstone, "that this is the only country, unless it is China, where special legislation is enacted to protect officials whose acts will not stand for the searchlight of investigation; in other words, where special legislation is enacted which outlaws or wipes out any crooked work that may have been done in the past and for which the official's conscience tells him he should be made to answer—a subterfuge law, so to speak which serves as a shield behind which he can take refuge and say what are we going to do about it? I think I am safe in saying that never before in the history of the English speaking people has such a law been passed, or such an open confession of past official chicanery been made—not that restitution may follow but that protection from prosecution may be afforded."

"I wonder," continued the attorney, "if anyone is so ignorant as to think for a moment that the higher courts of Canada would sustain or even countenance such a law, which is fully as far from being constitutional as it is from being other than a very raw bluff. The passage of such a transparent measure is so weak that it is an insult to the intelligence of the community in which it was perpetrated. "The question is simply this: If there is no cause for fear, and if the official conscience is clear of all compunction why in the name of all that is embodied in the one word justice was such a thing conceived and passed?"

"It is astonishing the way people outside think they are posted on what is going on here in Dawson," remarked a man who had just returned from a six weeks' visit to the Sound.

"When I reached Seattle," he continued, "I learned new things regarding the habits of men here with whom I come in contact every day. I won't mention any names but will give a few illustrations, using fictitious names: "John Smith, who hasn't been in town from his claim on Eldorado since last Christmas, and then he came down to buy a pair of rubber boots and was here only two hours, was said in Seattle to have spent half the winter and \$8000 in the Dawson dance halls last winter. Fortunately John is not married or his wife would have a divorce long ago.

"Bill Johnson, who to my knowledge, has not had a dollar since last summer and who would have starved to death ten months ago, but for me and a few others of his old friends, is reported outside as having made a small fortune in Dawson real estate. He is said to have written such statement to his wife's people with whom she and her five children are living.

"Bob Jones, whom every one here knows to be the soul of honor and virtue, has the reputation outside of living in a four-room cabin here and of employing a housekeeper, cook and chambermaid and of wearing golf pants and striped stockings. Although his wife hears from him regularly every week she had heard this report and I saw her just in time to forestall her in beginning proceedings for divorce.

"I won't say what had been circulated about me out there, but when I got ready to come back to Dawson my wife packed her duds and came along, so you can form some idea of the reports that were in the wind; and even now, if I am not home by 9 o'clock I get a shower of dark, ominous looks darted at me."

**California's Length.**  
Editor Daily Nugget:  
To settle a bet, please state the extreme length of the state of California, and oblige,  
SUBSCRIBER.

(The length of California is a fraction less than 692 miles, although it has a coast line of 900 miles. The state is bounded on the south by latitude 30 degrees and 30 seconds, on the north by latitude 42 degrees.—ED.)

**Getting at the Facts.**  
He—How I envy that man who just sang the solo!  
She—Why, I thought he had an exceptionally poor voice!  
He—Oh, it isn't his voice I envy; it's his nerve!—Chicago News.  
Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.  
Best Canadian rye at the Regina.  
Your Sunday roast at Klondike Market.  
Bicycle hose, a large variety. Oak Hall, opp. S.-Y. T. dock.  
We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.  
Stetson hats, latest styles. Oak Hall.

# Alaska Commercial Company

## NEW GOODS

...In All...  
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**RIVER STEAMERS**  
Sarah Bella  
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Louise Yukon  
Leah Florence  
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**OCEAN STEAMERS**  
San Francisco to  
St. Michael and Nome  
St. Paul  
Portland  
Ranier  
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Bay, Nome, and  
Cape York  
Dora Sadie Fay

**TRADING POSTS**  
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Andreofsky  
Anvik  
Nulato  
Tanana  
Minook (Rampart)  
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**KOYUKUK DISTRICT**  
Koyukuk Bergman

**YUKON TERRITORY**  
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Dawson Post Is Fitted With Public Safe Deposit Vaults.

THE KLONDIKE CORPORATION, LTD.

## SHIPPERS AND MERCHANTS

Who have freight at White Horse which they wish brought down at once should call on The Klondike Corp. Agent at Lancaster & Calderhead's wharf and reserve space on the...

## ORA, NORA OR FLORA

The fall rush will soon begin and unless this freight is moved soon there will, no doubt, be a repetition of last year's blockade, resulting in enormous losses.

R. W. CALDERHEAD, Agent

## LATEST ARRIVALS

NEW SUIT DEPARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR

Ladies' Tailor-Made Suits and Separate Skirts,  
Underskirts in Silk Moreen or Satin,  
Muslin Underwear and Wrappers.

A. E. CO. American Made, New Styles

## Dawson Warehouse Co., Ltd.

THE ONLY BRICK WAREHOUSE IN DAWSON

### WARM STORAGE

For the Winter Months.

Special Rates for Large Consignments.

Goods Stored in Our Warehouse Insured at a Low Rate. Competent Men in Charge.

## SARGENT & PINSKA

Just Received 200 Cases of

# American Goods

From Philadelphia—Stetson's Hats, Heid's Caps  
" Boston—Keith's Shoes  
" St. Paul—Gordon Hats  
" New York—Wales' Goodyear Rubber  
" Chicago—Eisendrath's Asbestol Gloves

All kinds of RUBBER GOODS, from ZEPHYR RUBBERS to HIP BOOTS

Boys' Overalls, Caps, Shoes, Suits

CLOTHING, GENT'S FURNISHINGS, WALKING STICKS

## YUKON FLYER COMPANY

NELS PETERSON, General Manager

Strs. "Bonanza King" and "Eldorado"

Speed, Safety, Comfort. For reservation of staterooms and tickets or for any further information apply to company's office

WILLIAM F. GEORGE, AUDITOR AND GENERAL AGT. AURORA DOCK

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Donald B. Olson, Manager.  
City Office Joslyn Building.  
Power House near Klondike. Tel. No 1

FULL LINE CHOICE BRANDS

## Wines, Liquors & Cigars

### CHISHOLM'S SALOON.

TOM CHISHOLM, Prop.

## Wall Paper... Paper Hanging

ANDERSON BROS., Second Avenue

## Str. Gold Star

CAPT. NIXON, Owner,  
Leaves Yukon Dock, Making Regular Trips to Whitehorse.  
A swift, comfortable and reliable boat. Court-ous treatment.  
Get Tickets for the Outside via Gold Star Line.

## Quick Action By Phone

Use the Phone and Get an Immediate Answer. You Can Afford It Now.

Rates to Subscribers, \$30 per Month. Rates to Non-Subscribers: Magnet Gulch \$1.00 per message; Forks, \$1.50; Dome, \$2.00; Dominion, \$1.00. One-Half rate to Subscribers.

Office Telephone Exchange Next to A. C. Office Building.

Donald B. Olson General Manager

## Hay and Feed

### 500 TONS.

We will receive about September 1st 500 tons of Hay and Feed. Contracts taken for future delivery. The same stored and insured free of charge.

LANCASTER & CALDERHEAD, WAREHOUSEMEN.

# WHEN AMERICA WAS YOUNG

## And There Was Deadly Fear of the Redcoats.

### Brave Jane Hillard Made a Thrilling Ride and Had a Close Call From Capture.

During the revolutionary war many deeds of valor were performed by people whose names have never been heard of by the present generation, but whose daring acts did much to foster the cause of liberty. The Hillards were a well known family in the vicinity of Philadelphia, and while they had never been discovered in direct communication with the Continental army it was fairly understood among the British troops that they were using their influence to aid the colonists.

"I should like nothing better," an English officer was saying, "than to capture one of that family, march him to headquarters and make him give an account of himself."

"Perhaps," a fellow officer returned, "you would not enjoy the capture of the young daughter of the household, who, it is said, is afraid of nothing this side of the sea. It is said that she is one of the most expert horsewomen in the colonies and is out scouring the country over at daybreak and does not return till dark."

Jane Hillard, a beautiful girl of 15, was standing at her horse's side, patting its glossy neck, while her mother was saying:

"I like not the thought of your going so far from home alone when the country round is infested with British soldiers."

"Why, mother," laughed the girl as she sprang into the saddle, "I know every inch of the ground as well as I know our own dooryard. And what can happen to me? There is no horse so fleet as mine, and I promise to take good care of myself." And, giving the mare a touch with her whip, she went flying down the driveway toward the public road.

Jane rode along the smooth highway, every now and then looking over her shoulder to see whether any had noticed her during her swift trip. And at last, when she came to a large clump of elder bushes, she reined in the mare, raised herself in the saddle and gazed in all directions. Seeing no one, she gave three short whistles, which were at once answered. She then started the horse and in a moment had reached a thick underbrush a few rods off the public road. A young man came forward, raised his cap respectfully and said:

"Good day, Mistress Hillard. You are prompt in keeping an appointment."

"Good day, sir," she answered quickly. "I am glad I have not kept you waiting, though," she added, "I came near not being here at all. This day of all others my mother objected to my riding. The country is filled with soldiers, and she was afraid harm might come to me."

"Does she know of this meeting?" the man asked quickly.

"No one knows of it," the girl replied, "and I am sure I have not been noticed on my way here."

"That is well," her companion answered. "I am trusting you with a most important message which must be in the hands of Gen. Washington within 12 hours. If it is discovered, it means death to me and confusion to our troops. You are in great danger carrying it. And he hesitated a moment before placing it in her hands, which were outstretched toward a neatly corded packet. "But I see no other way," he added, and, handing it to the girl, he was soon out of sight.

Jane placed the precious message within her riding cap and had gone but a short distance when, on looking over her shoulder, great was her consternation to discover in the distance a party of English officers.

Jane Hillard was a brave girl, but her heart sank as she thought of the important letter intrusted to her, all that it meant to the Continental army if it were discovered and what would be her probable fate if she were made a prisoner of war. She put the spurs to her horse, and then began a ride which was an important one for the cause of liberty. On they went, the girl urging the mare over the uneven road, well knowing that one misstep meant certain capture and probable death, while the redcoats followed with wonderful speed.

"We are gaining!" cried one. "I'll wager that at the next turn of the road we shall catch her."

The men fairly flew over the road to

the point beyond the bend where they expected to capture Mistress Hillard, and great was their surprise to discover that she was not only beyond their reach, but that she had completely disappeared! The men who had regarded the race as simply a joke to frighten the girl now vowed to find her and take her before the commandant.

"We'll ride right to her father's door, and the one who finds her and brings her before the officer of the day shall receive a liberal reward."

Jane Hillard spoke truly when she said she knew the country around, and when she saw that the British were in pursuit of her she decided on a desperate move. At a point hidden from the highway she vaulted her horse over the hedge, turned down the edge of a creek, and by the time her disappearance was discovered she was carefully skirting her way through her father's orchard. In a few moments she was galloping over the grass at the edge of the driveway and soon arrived at the Hillard homestead.

No one was in sight, and the girl hastily sprang from the saddle, opened the door and, leaning her horse into the kitchen, securely fastened the great bar across the entrance. With great caution she led the mare through the living room, down the wide hall and the length of the state parlor into a little bedroom. She closed every door behind her, and when she took the horse into the sleeping room she quite filled the space between the enormous bed and the old fashioned, dimity draped dressing table.

"There!" she whispered, unfastening the saddle girth. "The redcoats won't get us this time, my girl."

In the meantime the officers rode up the lane to the Hillard mansion, carefully looking for tracks in the dust, and one man knocked at the kitchen door so loudly with his riding whip that Mrs. Hillard hastily answered the summons, coming out of the cellar, where she had been assisting the maids in skimming the cream.

"We are looking," said the man, "for a maiden who, rides about the country on a bay mare. She is, I believe, your daughter, madam."

"My daughter!" stammered Mrs. Hillard. "What can you possibly want of her?"

"We believe," went on the officer, "that she is carrying treasonable messages to the Continental army."

"Why, sirs," cried the mother, "you are greatly mistaken. Jane is but a child, and she knows no more of the ways of war than yonder lamb."

"Know you where she is at present?" one of them asked.

"She left the house an hour ago," was the reply, "and I expect her home at any moment."

"Well, madam," said the first speaker, "if you will assure me that she is doing no mischief and promise me that she holds no communication with the Continentals, we will bid you good afternoon."

"I will also promise you," returned Mrs. Hillard, that hereafter she shall do her riding on her own estate, and I pledge you my honor that she has not nor shall she hold any communication with the Continental army."

There was great consternation in the household when Jane led her horse from out the best bedroom and told the story of her flight and her manner of escape.

Late that night, when all the household was asleep, a little figure stole out and in a few seconds placed in the hands of the waiting messenger a packet, which was in the possession of Gen. Washington before dawn. And that day the Continental army gained a great victory.

Several months afterward Gen. Washington took dinner with the Hillard family, making the journey out of Philadelphia to personally thank the young girl who had risked so much for the cause so dear to her heart, her astonished family then hearing of it for the first time. The commander-in-chief of the army also wrote Jane Hillard a letter, which he signed, "Your faithful friend, G. Washington."

The Hillard mansion is yet standing and in the best bedroom and on the threshold of the state parlor are still to be seen the hoof marks of the faithful horse that carried the messenger when Jane Hillard risked so much for the cause of liberty.—Troy Northern Budget.

When in town, stop at the Regina.

Good meat weighs no more than bad. The former at Klondike Market.

Try a juicy steak from Klondike Market.

Fine tweed tailor-made suits. McCandless Bros., opp. S. Y. T. dock.

Short orders served right. The Holborn.

Best imported wines and liquors at the Regina.

Fresh meats from stall fed beaves at Klondike Market, next Avery's.

### AILEEN.

I know a winsome little girl  
Whose dancing feet are light  
As thistle down that breezes whirl  
To float in sunshine bright  
A little girl with winking eyes  
That smile like sunny summer skies  
Upon whose blue no clouds arise  
And in them mischief lies.

A happy heart that singing goes  
To mate with dancing feet.  
A guileless heart that only knows  
Whatever of life that's sweet;  
A dainty blossom, pink and white,  
Capricious as a fairy sprite  
That could not live without sunlight  
And careless love would blight.

'Tis sad to think that years may fleet  
And bring a woman's dower  
To still those happy, dancing feet  
With sorrow's heavy power,  
But love that watched the blossom rare  
Will surely keep the ripe fruit fair  
And teach the woman's heart to bear  
Whatever may come of care.  
—Mary Devereux in Boston Transcript.

### Taking the Census.

"Oh, yes, I know you are the census man. Warm day, take a seat. I've gotten all the facts for you. My husband, John Moore, is 40; I am 32; we have seven children; they are all well now."

"But—" put in the census man, relates the Pittsburg Chronicle.

"Yes, yes, you needn't ask me any questions. I'm telling you fast as I can. Tommy, our oldest boy, had the measles when he was three. He first began to walk when he was eight months old and the day after he was ten months old he could walk clear around the room without holding on to anything. He fell down the stairs when he was four years three months and thirteen days old, but it didn't hurt him any, and he liked ice cream from the first time he ever tasted it. I can't get him to eat gravy, but he had his first piece of steak when he was 15 months old. Johnnie, the next to the oldest—"

"Madam, stop, stop," cried the enumerator, "answer my questions. I don't want to know any more about your children."

And then the woman got angry and the census taker also lost his temper and left.

### Pen and Pencil.

Joaquin Miller, the poet, who recently built his own tomb in California, announced the other day that the world was mistaken in supposing that he meant to occupy it for some time.

Mr. Andrew Lang asserts that novels are almost, if not altogether, the only form of literature that is remunerative now. Nevertheless he thinks that a new Frode, Macaulay or Tennyson would even now find readers.

Paul Bourget has become a practicing Catholic, according to the Tablet, following the fashion set by M. Brunetiere and Huysmans. It is, moreover, reported that M. Bourget is revising his books from a Christian point of view.

Sir John Tenniel, who is affectionately known among his associates as the Grand Old Man of Punch, has been on the staff of that paper for 50 years. Over 2000 cartoons have come from his pencil, and an exhibition of the original drawings is now being held in London.

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the author, enjoys an almost equal fame as a specialist in diseases of the nerves. He is also a naturalist of note and has genius as a poet. This many sided man was born in Philadelphia, educated in the University of Pennsylvania and graduated from the celebrated Jefferson Medical college in 1850. He is now 71 years old.

### King Humbert Marries.

King Humbert's marriage was one of the best things that ever happened to him. It was not till he was 24 that a bride was chosen for him. Heirs apparent are not usually allowed to remain unwedded so long, but it so happened that death carried off the wife destined for him, a young Hapsburg archduchess. In 1868, however, Victor Emmanuel grew uneasy at this single state of his heir, whose younger brother was already provided with a wife. He one day told his prime minister, Gen. Manabrea, that he absolutely must find a wife for Humbert. To this peremptory command the soldier quietly remarked that she was already found; there was wanting only the will of his majesty and the consent of the prince. The lady on whom the general had fixed was the Princess Margherita, daughter of the Duke of Genoa, the brave brother of Victor Emmanuel, whom consumption had borne away from the family and fatherland. She had been carefully educated, according to her father's dying instructions. She was at the time a lovely girl of 18, delicately fair, with eyes of a deeper blue than usually accompanies a blonde complexion, and a smile of bewitching sweetness. When Victor Emmanuel first heard this suggestion he was surprised. He had never thought of his piece in this light. He asked the general to tell him something about the qualities of the princess, and what had suggested the idea to him. All he heard greatly pleased the king, and, striking the table with his fist, as he often did when excited, he exclaimed, "Bravo! From all you have

related I recognize in her the Savoy blood. Now that you have told me so many nice things about my niece I will go and assure myself of it personally." No sooner said than done; he set out for Turin at once, and arrived unexpectedly at the palace of the Duchess of Genoa. His conversation with the princess satisfied him that her charms had not been overrated. The marriage was therefore arranged, and was celebrated in April, 1868, at Turin, with great pomp, in the presence of the whole royal family.—Toronto Globe.

Only the best brands of wines, liquors and cigars at the Criterion.

Klondike Market, cor. 5th av and 3d st., for fine beef, pork or mutton.

Heavy underwear at Oak Hall.

The liquors are the best to be had, at the Regina.

The warmest and most comfortable hotel in Dawson is at the Regina.

Shindler has bicycle sundries; wood rims, inner tubes, ball bearings, spokes, etc.

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bells, cyclometers, toe clips, graphite, etc. Wheels to rent by the hour. cr

Neatly furnished rooms. The Criterion.

Try Cascade Laundry for high-class work at reduced prices.

It might pay you to drop in and see the new stock of drugs, stationery and sundries at the Pioneer Drug Store.

Table de hote dinners. The Holborn.

The Holborn Cafe for delicacies.

Notice.

J. L. Sale & Co., the jewelers, have moved their main store to the Aurora building opposite Aurora dock. ctt

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

## Dry Goods

### And Millinery

At Our New Store, Next Door to Germain's Restaurant.

See Our Stock and Compare Prices.

SUMMERS & ORRELL  
SECOND STREET

## "White Pass and Yukon Route."

# Str. VICTORIAN

Will Sail TOMORROW for

## White Horse and All Way Points!

J. H. ROGERS, Agent.

## Special Values!

We are offering great values on all our

### Spring and Summer Suits, Trousers, Hats, FURNISHINGS, ETC.

## WE MUST HAVE ROOM

We are now expecting large consignments of goods for Fall and Winter, and we will offer special inducements to purchasers on all our light weight goods.

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THE RELIABLE SEATTLE CLOTHIERS.

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## DON'T BE SHY!

If you need your toilet cleaned or any other garbage removed,

### CALL ON GUILDS & BROWN,

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AMONG the NEW GOODS just received are to be found Plain INDIA LINENS, PLAIN SWISS, CHECKED NAINSOOK, FANCY ORGANDIES, FANCY DIMITIES, Fancy Figured FOULARD SILKS, Plain Colored and Black TAF-FETTA SILKS, Plain Black Satin DUCHESS, Beautiful Black and Colored CREPONS, Evening Shades in ALBATROSS and NUNS' VEILINGS, a Beautiful Line of Fine SILK WAISTS, and a Complete Line of NOTIONS.

SEE SHOW WINDOWS

## N. A. T. & T. CO.

## Kearney & Kearney

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Goods delivered at the Forks, Eldorado and Upper Bonanza creeks.

Rates Reasonable... Satisfaction Guaranteed.

GOODS HANDLED WITH CARE ALL ORDERS GIVEN PROMPT ATTENTION

## Bonanza - Market

All Our Meats are Fresh Killed and of First Quality.

TELEPHONE 33  
Third Street, Opposite Pavilion DAWSON

## HARDWARE

—AT—

### Shindler's

## Mitchell, Lewis & Staver Co.

OF SEATTLE, WASH.

Mining Machinery of All Descriptions, Pumping Plants & Specialty. Orders Taken for Early Spring Delivery.

Chas. E. Severance, Gen. Agt., Room 15, A. C. Building

## ORR & TUKEY'S

### STAGE

Daily Each Way

### To Grand Forks

Leaves Forks	at 8 a. m.
Arrive at Dawson	12:30 p. m.
Leave Dawson	at 3 p. m.
Arrive at Forks	7 p. m.

FREIGHTING TO THE CREEKS.

## Granite and Enamelled Ware

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SECOND AVENUE JUST IN

