

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

VOL. 2 No. 36

DAWSON, Y. T., MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1901

PRICE 25 CENTS

Slater's
Felt
Shoes
Sewed with Goodyear
Well...
Sargent & Pinska
"The Corner Store"

WHO GETS THE SEAT

Wade, Girouard, and the Guisboro Giant Are all Possibilities

IN THE RACE FOR COMMISSIONERSHIP

Now on and About Which Local Politicians Look Wise

BUT NOT COMMUNICATIVE.

D. S. Frasier, Member From Nova Scotia, Was Offered the Place Before Politician's Dream.

Politically speaking, today there are more wise men, who "don't know anything" to be found in Dawson than could be found the day before a state election in any city in the United States.

This in perfect accordance with the ways of political affairs denotes plainly that every other man talked with either does know something of what may be expected in the matter of the successor to Commissioner Ogilvie, or imagines he does, which after all, before elections or appointments, amounts to much the same thing, because however wise a politician may be concerning facts in perspective, his wisdom may be turned to folly by unexpected occurrences at the last moment.

Everyone approached for purposes of publication is quick to say "Now, really, I know nothing about 'his matter at all'."

As might have been expected, the principal theme of conversation at the Zero Club reception the other evening was regarding the commissionership which Mr. Ogilvie has signified his intention of resigning, and who has been slated for the same. There seemed to be two local men in the minds of those who discussed possibilities, and these were Crown Prosecutor P. C. Wade and Registrar Girouard.

Some there were who labored under the belief that the astute Girouard did not indulge in any flight of modest moonshine when he said he was not going to Ottawa on the business of the Yukon council as afterwards and previously set forth, and that he is now passing under numerous spiritual triumphal arches, while in his vest pocket is hidden away the commissionership of the Yukon territory.

That Mr. Girouard may not have gone to Ottawa on the business referred to is really conceded by doubting solons, who point out another possible mission not connected with that or the matter ascribed to him, which they smile when they speak of, and the word frost is often heard in connection with their remarks.

Those who believe in the ascendancy of the Wade star are many, and filled with hope, averring that he is entitled to it at the hands of Mr. Sifton.

There are others who are, as the saying goes, "close up," who say that the king's counsel does not want the position, and would not accept it excepting in a temporary way, as the salary is not an inducement.

As for Mr. Wade himself, he is one of those who knows nothing about the matter one way or another, and declines to be interviewed for publication.

Among the outside possibilities whose name is heard with growing frequency, is that of D. S. Frasier, otherwise "The Guisboro Giant," present member of the house from Guisboro, Nova Scotia.

Mr. Frasier takes his name of "The Guisboro Giant," from the fact of his colossal stature, and is a very strong man from a political standpoint as well. A couple of years ago he visited Dawson, and it is said that if the seat to be vacated by Mr. Ogilvie is to be offered to him, it will not be the first time.

A local politician who sometimes dreams, and whose sleeping hallucinations sometimes have a way of developing into hard, broad-light-of-day facts, with such accuracy as to cause his friends to wonder whether his dreams do not at times come in a very material cipher code, has dreamed that when the ice fades away into plain river water, and the sun is in the sky nearly all day, that a message will be received from Ottawa which will say that Mr. Sifton has overworked during the recently past campaign, to such an extent that his present proposed trip to Dawson cannot be made.

Whether or not this dream was a soulful visitation of the night cannot be known, but it may be a cold fact.

Played \$2 Ante Tozier Improving

It was a short session of police court held by Magistrate Rutledge this morning when the White Guild's assault case was again enlarged for one week.

For having violated a Yukon health ordinance Walter Cummings was given option of paying \$5 and costs or donating to-days of his time to the reduction of fuel.

Geo. C. Sanfilippo and Antone Sciarra are partners on 17 below Bonanza. They had a disagreement and George says Antone told him he would "fix" him the next time he (Antone) caught George down in the shaft. George also alleged that Antone had struck him on the head with a pick, but he had no prospect hole to show as evidence. George's object in having his partner arrested was to have him give bond to keep the peace. As both of the men speak "maccaroni" English, the case was adjourned until this afternoon when the services of an interpreter would be enlisted.

Last night about 8:30 o'clock and fully one hour after the intonations of the church bells had ceased reverberating over the frozen bosom of the Yukon, Constable Piper discovered four men engaged in a game of Pedro, called in logging camp circles "high five," in a South Dawson building which is a combination of saloon and residence. The quartet, Geo. Kilbow, T. Dingle, M. Pipestem and Wm. Kettleton, each pleaded guilty and said they were playing a "social game for fun." But when fines of \$2 and costs were imposed they realized that instead of "for fun" it had been \$2 to "come in" and \$5 to play.

To Revive Hockey.

A meeting of hockey players will be held tonight at the Regina Club looking to the reorganization of the Dawson league after which a schedule of games will be arranged for the purpose of determining the team championship. The teams with which it is proposed to reorganize the league are those of the Police, Civil Service, A. C. Co. and McLennan & McPeely.

Saturday afternoon a good exhibition game was played on the barracks rink by the Police and Civil Service teams, the score being 3 to 2 in favor of the latter.

Cold Storage Plant.

The Pacific Cold Storage Co. today through its resident representative, Mr. Rufus J. Davies, signed a contract with G. H. Davies for the erection of an insulated two-story wooden building, the dimensions of which will be 30x70 feet, the first story being nine, the second story thirteen feet high. The building will have a capacity of

450 tons. It will be located on a lot recently purchased by Mr. Davies for his company on the corner of First street and Fourth avenue. Work on the foundation of the building will commence tomorrow. It is expected that it will be ready for occupancy by March 15th. The cost of the structure will be \$12,000.

Prominent Men Die.

Attorney Henry Ridley received by the last mail a letter from Toronto which conveyed news of the death of two very well known and popular men of that city, Hon. Frank K. Smith, senator, and Hon. Judge Rose, of the superior court of Toronto. The latter was especially well known to many of the attorneys of Dawson. His death was caused by pneumonia.

An Interesting Sight.

The exhibition of the giant relics of former days in the form of a well preserved skull, tusks, teeth and other parts of a mastodon is drawing a steady crowd of wondering gazers in the room formerly occupied by the Hoffman grill across the street from the postoffice. The sight is one the equal of which is not seen even in the Smithsonian institute, the greatest museum and "zoo" in America. The room is open every afternoon and evening.

At the present rate of consumption, the white fish the Pacific Cold Storage Co. brought in for the lenten season will all be gone long before Easter.

ZEROITES JOLLY

Their Friends and Entertain Them Royally at the Club's Home

WITH DAINTY LUNCH AND WINE

From Under Gilt Labels, and a Splendid Entertainment

FROM BEST LOCAL TALENT.

President Mizner a Whole Reception Committee in Himself—Was Ably Assisted.

The reception at the Zero Club Saturday evening was one of the swiftest affairs ever given in Dawson, as can be attested by the large number of invited guests who attended.

The rooms of the club are in every way equal in appointment and furnishing to those of the modern social club of larger cities.

The reading room at the front, with commodious baywindow overlooking the street, is elegantly furnished with an eye to comfort as well as beauty. Big easy chairs stand invitingly about, and in the center of the room there is a very large reading table upon which there is always to be found in great profusion all the latest papers and periodicals. The inner room is fitted with billiard and pool tables and a piano, then further back is the main dining room, connected with which are two smaller rooms for the accommodation of small parties. All are handsomely furnished and very cozy. In addition to these is the card room. Saturday evening the members of the club were busy making friends for the institution and judging by the manner in which the guests were looked after the effort could not fail of success. Champagne, straight from under the gill, and in punch, was dispensed bountifully and the luncheon was a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. Caterer Condogeege fairly outdoing himself in its preparation and service.

Edgar A. Mizner, is master of ceremonies, was a whole reception committee in himself, though ably assisted by a number of enthusiastic members, and if there was anyone present who was not made to feel at home and welcome, he must have very carefully hidden himself.

Early in the evening the assembled company were entertained with the following excellent program, after which many good impromptu things were given by volunteers, and in short there was never a better or more pleasant function of the kind given in the city.

Overture, orchestra; song, C. McPherson; quartet, Arctic Brotherhood; song, Ben Davis; song, Chas. Barwell; recitation, Frank Johnston; piano solo, Arthur Boyle; song, Mr. Robertson; song, Mr. Finney; recitation, Rudy Kallenborn; banjo solo, Ed Brown; duet, McPherson and Chateway.

COMING AND GOING.

The Ladies' Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church is in session this afternoon at the home Mrs. Chas. Milne.

It is current report that Dr. L. O. Wilcox has succeeded in putting through the sale of Dawson mining property in the East, to the extent of several hundred thousand dollars.

Louis Howard, well known to all old Klondikers, is a late arrival over the ice. Like Micawber, he is waiting for something to turn up and in the meantime keep posted on Valdes and Eagle.

The members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals who are to be sworn in as special constables, can receive the oath by applying to Commissioner Ogilvie, and their instructions at the barracks.

The recently passed game law will, if enforced, without doubt work a great hardship upon hunters who were, at the time of its enactment, at remote places, and are still uninformed of its meaning. It is presumed by many that in such cases it will not be enforced, though the notices contain nothing of a reassuring nature.

There is a growing feeling among local politicians that Dawson is entitled to local representation in the matter of patronage, if for no other reason than that the men here are best informed as to the needs of the country, and therefore in a better position to keep Ottawa properly informed for the welfare of the country.

Plenty choice fresh vegetables at Meeker's.

Kodaks bought and sold. Goetzman.

We fit glasses. Pioneer drug store.

Memorandum books, 1901 diaries, all kinds, at Zaccarelli's.

Change of Time Table
Orr & Tukey's Stage Line
Telephone No. 8
On and after Monday, Oct. 22, 1900, will run a
DOUBLE LINE OF STAGES
TO & FROM GRAND FORKS
Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s Building, 9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Forks, Office, Op. Gold Hill Hotel, 3:00 p. m.
From Forks, Office Opposite Gold Hill Hotel, 9:00 a. m.
Returning, Leave Dawson, Office A. C. Co.'s Building, 3:00 p. m.
ROYAL MAIL

Cubular and Pipe Boilers
Portable Forges, Shovels, Hydraulic Pipe, Steam Hose, Etc., GET OUR PRICES.
Fulme, Miller & Co.

Hotel McDonald
THE ONLY FIRST-CLASS HOTEL IN DAWSON.
J. F. MACDONALD, Manager

The O'Brien Club
Telephone No. 87
FOR MEMBERS
A Gentleman's Resort,
Socious and Elegant
Club Rooms and Bar
FOUNDED BY
Murray, O'Brien and Marchbank.

The Exchange
....RE-OPENED....
Better Than Ever
A Palace of Joy—See the difference.
Formerly Aurora No. 2
J. W. CRAMEN
HARRY EDWARDS

Wines, Liquors & Cigars
CHISHOLM'S SALOON.
TOR CHISHOLM, Prop.

Electric Light
Steady
Satisfactory
Safe
Dawson Electric Light & Power Co. Ltd.
Donald B. Olson, Manager.
City Office Joslyn Building.
Power 1 (CL) (K) Klondike. Tel. No 1

PULSOMETER AND CENTRIFUGAL PUMPS
Also a full line of Boiler and Pipe Fittings, and if you should want a BICYCLE just drop in to
McLennan, McFeely & Co., Ltd.

\$4 Men's Elastic Ribbed Underwear
Regular Price \$6—Special at \$4.
Men's Felt Shoes ALL SIZES.
Best Value in Dawson
Regular Price \$6—Special Price \$4.
...Ames Mercantile Co...

The Klondike Nugget

TELEPHONE NUMBER 11
(DAWSON'S BUSINESS PAPERS)
ISSUED DAILY AND SEMI-WEEKLY.
ALLEN BROS., Publishers

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

DAILY	
Yearly, in advance	\$40.00
Six months	20.00
Three months	11.00
Per month by carrier in city, in advance	4.00
Single copies	.25
SEMI-WEEKLY	
Yearly, in advance	\$24.00
Six months	12.00
Three months	6.00
Per month 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 five times that 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 Wednesday and Saturday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunker, Dominton, Gold Run, Sulphur, Quarts and Canyon.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1901.

TRANSIENT MERCHANTS.

It will be in order very shortly that more effective legislation be passed for the protection of local merchants against the operations of transient speculators. With the opening of navigation, Dawson will be invaded by an army of men, each with a stock of some sort of goods and all bent on effecting a "cleanup" as quickly as possible and getting out of the country. Many outside commercial concerns are also preparing to send men to Dawson with the same object in view. Circulars are already arriving through the mails, stating that agents of various houses will be in Dawson for a few weeks this spring looking for the local trade. They come at the time of year when business ordinarily is at its best, rent a store room for a month or six weeks, employ the very smallest amount of labor possible and take the first boat for Whitehorse immediately on disposing of their goods. It does not seem just that such concerns should be permitted to compete on equal terms with local business houses which operate twelve months in the year, pay out large sums for labor and in many cases own the property upon which they conduct their business. We are of the opinion that some decided steps should be taken to equalize the advantage which the transient merchant thus secures over the man who is permanently engaged in business.

There is a long period during the year when the latter considers himself fortunate if he succeeds in meeting expenses. He continues in business merely awaiting the arrival of the season when buying begins and general trade conditions improve. His profits for the year must be made during the comparatively short period when business is brisk, or he realizes no profit at all. He operates during the entire year under risk of losing everything he has by fire, and it is at the times when this risk is at its greatest that business is practically dormant. We submit, therefore, that the permanent merchant has a claim upon the community which cannot be given too general recognition.

On the other hand, the speculator who comes into Dawson for a day—too often with goods of a very inferior quality—contributes in no particular to the public welfare. His plan is to remain for the shortest possible time, get hold of whatever he can and depart.

To our way of thinking he should not be allowed to do so without making a good substantial contribution to the public coffers. A license system not too high to be prohibitive would fairly meet the emergency.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Nugget we present a review of conditions found by our correspondent upon Gold Run and Dominion creeks. Preparations are being made on both for extensive work for the summer in addition to what is being done at the present time. This is in line with the prediction made several times by this paper that the coming season will witness the greatest activity on the creeks since the origi-

nal gold discovery was made on Bonanza creek.

While it is to be hoped most sincerely that no serious results will occur from the attacks of mad dogs which have been reported in such numbers of late, there is reason to believe, as was clearly set forth in this paper on Saturday, that the contrary may prove the case. In any event it is well to take what measures may be at hand for preventing further risks. Mad dogs are a luxury which we can well afford to do without.

More evidence is coming forward in connection with the construction of the proposed railroad from Valdes to Eagle. Where there is so large an amount of smoke there ought certainly to be some little fire.

Editor Woodside has announced his withdrawal from the Sun. We can say for Capt. Woodside that in our opinion he believed everything he wrote.

Once more the mercury is flirting with the fifty mark. Two or three more such spells ought to break the back of winter effectually.

Nome has refused to accept incorporation. Someone must have sent the beach town a wire from Dawson.

It is about time that some of our enterprising restaurant keepers began advertising mastodon steaks.

Mail from Montreal in 16 days. For a winter record that can hardly be excelled.

An exclusive franchise is like a cheap watch. Very frequently it requires fixing.

Mrs. West's Opinion.

London, Jan. 25.—At the request of a representative of the Associated Press, Mrs. George Cornwall West has written the following:

"When Col. Towne recently went to Windsor to receive the Victorian Cross for a valorous act, by which he lost his eyesight, those present have since told me that as he advanced, led by his wife, toward the queen, tears poured down her aged cheeks and it was in a broken voice that she spoke to him. Few at St. could forget the dim and failing eyes for the blind ones of others.

"The queen may be counted on as one of the victims of the war. Every defeat, every unsuccessful skirmish, the loss or wounding of a brave soldier was personal to her. When I had the honor of seeing her majesty at Windsor in December, 1899, before leaving for South Africa, in the hospital ship Maine, she evinced the greatest interest in all the details and makeup of the ship, especially of the history of the hospital days previously. Several times she repeated to me: 'It is very good of the American people to subscribe for this provision and I am most grateful to them for coming over and helping take care of my sick and injured.'"

Had Fun With the Conductor.

There are six New York school girls who ride on the Sixth avenue cars every day whose special mission in life seems to be to have fun with the trolley conductors.

The other day when the conductor came for the fare one of them opened her purse and began slowly and laboriously to count out 30 pennies, which she dropped one by one into his outstretched hand, while her companions giggled gleefully at the look of surprise that gradually spread over his face. But he was equal to the emergency and said politely, "Thank you, Miss," as he went away.

They wanted transfer for Fifty-ninth street, and when they got them each one put hers in her mouth and began to chew it up. Then each transfer was rolled into a small ball, and sharp teeth went to work to make it a hard ball at that.

By this time the passengers were all interested, and the girls were wild with enjoyment. When they got on the Fifty-ninth street car, they became sober as judges. Each one looked wonderfully innocent as she dropped something like a small pill into the conductor's hand. He took the first one, turned it over and then looked at the girl who had given it to him. Next he spread it out, transfer fashion, and then the next girl dropped a ball into his hand. He went through the same performance, and so on as if it was the usual way transfers were given him.

The girls couldn't stand it, and they burst out laughing, but his undertaker-like gravity was not disturbed.

His time came a little later. They wanted to get off at Seventy-second street. They stood up in a body and motioned, but the car sped on as if shot out of a catapult. When they had gone four squares beyond their destination, it occurred to one of them to ring the bell. She got off, and the conductor laid a detaining hand on the arm of the next girl as he jerked the bell. He let them off one at a time, and not until the car got to Eighty-third street did the last one leave.

Pat and His Wheel.

The other day Pat went to a cycle agent with the intention of buying a bike. He inspected a few, but what puzzled him most was the brake.

"What's that for?" inquired Pat.

"Oh," replied the agent, "you use that when coming to a steep hill."

Pat learned to ride fairly well, and while out one day he came to a steep hill which he must climb.

"Now for the brake," thought Pat, and off he started, full pressure on brake, up the hill.

Half way up some friends saw him, exclaiming:

"Pull off the brake, man. You're going up hill!"

"Ah!" said Pat, "can't you see, man, that's to keep it from going back down the hill?"—Ex.

WE WORKED DESTRUCTION.

A Sample of What a Fairly Healthy Cockatoo Can Do.

A light chain securely fastened on the cockatoo's leg promised safety. But he contrived to get within reach of my new curtains and rapidly devoured some half yard or so of a hand painted border, which was the pride of my heart. Then came an interval of calm and exemplary behavior which lulled me into a false security. Cockie seemed to have but one object in life, which was to pull out all his own feathers, and by evening the dining room often looked as though a white fowl had been plucked in it.

I consulted a bird doctor, but as Cockie's health was perfectly good and his diet all that could be recommended, it was supposed he only plucked himself for want of occupation, and firewood was recommended as a substitute. This answered very well, and he spent his leisure in gnawing sticks of deal—only when no one chanced to be in the room he used to unfasten the swivel of his chain, leave it dangling on the stand and descend in search of his playthings. When the fire had not been lighted, I often found half the coal pulled out of the grate and the firewood in splinters. At last, with warmer weather, both coals and wood were removed, so the next time Master Cockie found himself short of a job he set to work on the dining room chairs, first pulled out all their bright nails and next tore holes in the leather, through which he triumphantly dragged the stuffing.

At one time he went on a visit for some weeks and ate up everything within his reach in that friendly establishment. His "bag" for one afternoon consisted of a venerable fern and a large palm, some library books, newspapers, a pack of cards and an armchair. And yet every one adores him, and he is the spoiled child of more than one family.—Cornhill.

LIKED THE POORHOUSE.

Would Not Leave It to Go For Money That Belonged to Him.

"I won't go out! I won't leave here for anything!"

Such was the amazing declaration of a pauper attendant in an east end London workhouse on being told by an agent that he was entitled to some money. And the man—the son of a post captain in the navy—meant all that he said. Not an inch would he budge, nor would he sign any paper, and it was only by taking a commissioner down to him that the fund could be recovered.

Whether because it was only a comparatively small sum or whether because he was a worker, the guardians made no claim on it. Accordingly, at his request, it was split, and two accounts were opened on his behalf in the Postoffice Savings bank. But, for all that, he continued to remain in the workhouse.

Meanwhile he was very anxious that his wife should not know he was alive—in fact, he denied that he was married. His life partner, however, called at the agent's office to inquire about the case, though she begged that her husband might not be told of her whereabouts. She was in a fairly good position, earning as she did a living by keeping a ladies' school, and once or twice her reprobate husband had turned up in an intoxicated condition and raised a commotion that had scandalized her pupils. The ill sorted pair were, therefore, not brought into communication.

Never would the pauper legatee leave the workhouse. He remained there till his death, whereupon, having left no will, the money he had sterner to use passed to his wife.—Cassell's Saturday Journal.

Films of all kinds at Goetzman's.

Fine fresh meats at Murphy Bros., Third street.

MEN OF MARK.

Gov. Crane of Massachusetts attended a dinner given to the poor of Boston on Thanksgiving day and ate with a party of well known men at the general board.

Robert W. Wilcox, who has been elected as the congressional representative from Hawaii, is a descendant from the old Hawaiian royal family on his mother's side.

Lawrence M. Jacobs, who has been appointed statistician of the Philippine commission, was formerly one of the experts in the loan and currency division of the treasury department.

George H. Phillips, the young Chicago financier who has been cornering the corn market, is very boyish looking, slender, short, pale, with light eyes and hair and very reserved manners.

Although ex-Governor Stockley of Delaware is 82 years old, he went out hunting the other day, tramped several miles, secured a good bag of game and returned home at night without any sign of weariness.

Kogoro Takahira, the new Japanese minister to Washington, belongs to the progressive school of his countrymen. He has been minister to Holland, Austria and Italy and speaks fluently the languages of all those countries.

The will of the late Robert B. Grigham of Boston disposes of an estate of \$2,259,070, nearly all of which will eventually go to charity and most toward founding in Boston a hospital for incurables.

John W. Campbell, chief of police of St. Louis, who is spoken of as head of the Manila department, has been connected with the St. Louis force for several years and has a remarkable record for efficiency.

The Paris correspondent of the London Times says that the Bonapartists are manifesting a strong disposition to desert Prince Victor Bonaparte and to replace him by his brother, Prince Louis, now a general of artillery in the Russian service.

M. Maybrick, who has been elected mayor of Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, is better known as Stephen Adams, the song writer who composed, among other things, "Nancy Lee." He is likewise a brother-in-law of Mrs. Maybrick, who is suffering life confinement for the alleged murder of her husband.

William P. Dillingham, the new United States senator from Vermont, has a clean cut face with the rather sharp features characteristic of New England, a keen, firm expression and wears glasses. His mustache is drooping and gray, and his hair is dark, with dashes of gray on the top of his head and at the temples.

Captain Edward T. Strong, who has been placed on the retired list of the navy with the rank of rear admiral, was recently in command of the Monadnock on the Asiatic station, and his health broke down while on that duty. He is a native of Massachusetts and entered the navy as a volunteer officer at the outbreak of the war of the rebellion.

For Rent.

Office room in McLennan-McFeeley building. Heated with hot air. Apply McLennan-McFeeley store.

Mump's, Pomeroy of Perinet champagnes \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

When in want of laundry work call up phone 52. Cascade Laundry.

Any kind of wine \$5 per bottle at the Regina Club hotel.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given that on and after March 1st, 1901, grants for all applications for relocation will be issued at the time the application is made, wherever the claim applied for

AMUSEMENTS

SAVOY THEATRE

Week of FEB. 4
POST & MAURETTUS in the LAUGHABLE COMEDY
"IRISH ARISTOCRACY"
ASSISTED BY THE SAVOY COMPANY
GRAND MASQUE BALL FRIDAY, FEB. 8
ALL ARE INVITED

The Standard Theatre

Week Commencing February 11
HOYT'S LAUGHABLE FARCE COMEDY
Thursday Night, Ladies Night
Texas Steer
Fine Mechanical Effects, Special Scenery
WAIT FOR THE DANCE

appears open for relocation upon records. The allowance of two months which has hitherto been made for holders of claims to take out a certificate of work will cease on March 1st. Holders of claims are warned, in order to avoid trouble with relocators, to take out a renewal of their claims on or before the expiration of their former lease.

(Signed) J. LANGLOIS BELL, Assistant Gold Commissioner.

Fresh candies made daily at Zaccarelli's Bank Corner.

Brewitt makes clothes fit.

Hay and oats 10 cents at Meek's.

Fine line of pipes at Zaccarelli's.

OVER THE ICE

A Line of Celebrated

W. B. Corsets

Embroidery Silks
Stamped Linens
Curtain Muslins
Etc., Etc.

J. P. McLENNAN.

Mail Is Quick

Telegraph Is Quicker

'Phone Is Instantaneous

YOU CAN REACH BY 'PHONE

SULPHUR, DOMINION, GOLD RUN
And All Way Points.

Have a 'phone in your house—The lady of the house can order all her wants by it.

Business Phones, \$25 Per Month

Residence Phones, \$15 Per Month

Office, Telephone Exchange, next to A. C. Office Building.
DONALD B. OLSON, General Manager

The Nugget

The Nugget reaches the

people: in town and out

of town; on every creek

and every claim; in

season and out of season.

If you wish to

reach the public you

will do well to bear this

in mind.

Our circulation is general; we

cater to no class unless it be

one that demands a live, unpre-

judiced and readable newspaper.

THEY LIVE OBSCURE LIVES

Facts Regarding Hudson Bay Company's Agents.

Indians Their Only Associates for Many Months—Company Prefers Married Men.

You who complain of the loneliness of a suburban home, who chafe at the solitude of rural life, or die of ennui if left to your own society for an afternoon, what would you do if your lot were cast in the midst of a dense wilderness, where newspapers are unknown, and even the sight of a white man an event of years? Unbearable, you would say. Yet under conditions like these are white people born, spend their childhood, grow to manhood and womanhood, transact the business of life and die, and some of them never get even a sight of the wonders of what is to us a commonplace world. Nor are they unhappy, for unclayed by the super-refined means by which we are accustomed to satisfy our cravings for amusement, they learn to live more within themselves and enjoy as fully their simple lives.

Because ladies must have furs, and commercial companies must have gold, the representatives of trading companies must live in the far reaches of the northern wilderness, and exchange what pleases the eye or appetite of the savage for what pleases the fancy of fashionable ladies, and collect from each a liberal margin of profit.

The Hudson Bay Company, who have a practical monopoly of the fur trade of Canada, look far into the future. Not only do they want capable representatives for today, but wish to insure a perpetuation of servants who have been educated to the business. Consequently when they sent a trader to take charge of a remote post, they prefer that he take a wife with him. In a few years, having severed all connections with the outside world, except for his semi-annual report to and instructions from his company at Winnipeg, he loses the thread of current events and forgets the great outside world of which he has ceased to be a part. His children, who have nothing to forget, adapt themselves more easily to conditions, and stories of city streets and railroads are as vague and fairy like to them as Mother Goose or Alice in Wonderland are to the child of our modern civilization.

It was at the trading post of Hudson's Hope on the Peace river that we met young Gardner. He was a young man of 25 years. His features and good English proclaimed him to be a white man, but his dress and habits were those of the Indian. He also spoke two or three Indian languages with the fluency of the tribesmen. His log house was fitted up comfortably. There were two rooms. One was the kitchen where George, his constant Indian companion, cooked his meals; the other was his parlor, sitting room and bed room. In the corner was a rude couch on which was a profusion of fur robes. Fur rugs decorated the floor of the room, and hanging on the wall with an assortment of fire arms, were the monster claws of a grizzly bear. He showed them with a good deal of pride and told how an Indian was marked for life before the ferocious beast was killed.

He told us the short story of his life while we sat on the robes of his couch. He was born at Fort Chippewyan on Lake Athabasca, and his father was an old servant of the company. At this post he passed his boyhood and received an education at the mission. He hunted and fished with the Indian lads of his own age and assisted about the trading post. As soon as his age warranted, he was transferred to Lesser Slave Lake post as clerk and here he lived his first romance and met with his first disappointment. He fell in love with a pretty half breed girl. It was all right as long as he confined his love making to moonlight walks; there was nothing said even when his growing pre-occupation showed itself in his negligence of business, but when he announced that he wanted to marry the girl the blow fell. Perhaps on the recommendation of his father, the company absolutely refused to sanction the match. When he persisted, they transferred him 350 miles back into the wilderness to the lonely spot where we found him. He had neither forgiven nor forgotten. He emphatically stated he would not stay there another season. Unless they gave him another charge he would quit the company. "But this is the only life I know," he said regretfully. "You people have the advantage of me in civilization. Here

I can make a living, but what can I do on the outside?" His knowledge of the outside world was confined to his mission learning, gleanings from what printed matter found its way into the interior, and a brief visit he had made to the frontier town of Edmonton at one time in his life. "But I am pretty good friends with the Indians here, and they tell me stories of gold back here in the mountains," he added confidently. "As soon as the spring checking-up is over, this post will close for the summer and I am going over with them. I would like to get a thousand or so together before 1900 because I intend to go to the Paris exposition. You are going there, of course?"

Even if he realized his hopes and attended the great exposition as he planned, it would be safe to wager that he is again in the seclusion of the forest and in the employment of the company in whose service he was born. That is the experience of others.

It was under similar circumstances that the Camsell boys reached manhood. Their father is chief factor for the company in the Mackenzie river country and has his headquarters at Fort Simpson. His two boys were given a thorough schooling, and finally sent outside to one of the eastern Canadian universities. They graduated with honors, and after having seen and mingled with the society of the civilized world, with any of the professions open to them, they voluntarily returned to their home on the Arctic slope. They are destined no doubt to fill high positions in the company's service.

Similar in some respects, but different in others is the case of Peter Gunn, who with his wife and four children, keep the trading post at St. John on the Peace river. Mr. Gunn was not born in the service, but is a native of Scotland, which place he left some years ago with his wife and infant daughter Bessie, to take charge of this lonely spot. Here he has since lived, and here were his other children born.

Like the faithful servant which he is, he was completely engrossed with the affairs of his company, cultivating the good will of the Indians, that they should not take their catch of fur to any of the free traders established thereabout, outfitting the best of the hunters and trappers for the winter's fur gathering, keeping up the supply of trading merchandise and properly caring for the furs brought in by the hunters. In thus endeavoring to show a large profit balance for his post at the spring audit, his time and interest were monopolized, and the loneliness of his surroundings passed unnoticed.

Nor is the case of his wife much different, for busied with the maternal and housekeeping worries which occupy the mind of all housewives during waking hours, it is doubtful if the good mother missed any of the environments of society. There are women even in our largest cities who are as completely though unconsciously isolated. To them there is no life outside of the walls of their own home, and what does it matter if in the ears of the one is the rumbling and clanging of a city's traffic, telling of the complexity of men's efforts, while in the ears of the other is the rustling of leaves and rippling of waters, telling of a peace which is to be found nowhere on earth? For here, just as in all other places, the bread will burn in the oven, and Johnny will stub his toe and run crying to his mother to be comforted.

To little Bessie, who was now a winsome lass of 6, it would seem that the place would be oppressive, for her mind was not taken up with the troubles and business of life, and her young, impulsive spirit demanded expansion and action. But it was not so. Old Rover was her playmate. She pulled old Rover's tail, and in old Rover's ear she poured her childish confidences or hopes and fears, and who shall say she was not understood? Unhindered by the multiplicity of themes which divide the infantile mind, she made remarkable progress in the only life she knew. She spoke perfect English with just a delightful suggestion of the withered Scotch accent, but not more perfectly than she spoke the language of the Cree Indians. Contiguous to the Cree is the Beaver tribe whose language has proven a stumbling block to almost every white man who tried to master it. Yet she speaks it with a fluency that makes her invaluable to her father as an interpreter, and endears her to every member of the savage tribe.

If you speak of birthday parties or children's matinees, she would not understand, but she knows the difference between a beaver and a marten skin and can tell you just what is the value and can tell you just what is the value of a silver fox. She knows little of the geography of the world, but she knows every bush, hill and valley about the little fort, and can tell you where every outgoing trail leads. All she remembers of her life has been at this point, except one time the winter be-

fore, her father took her down river in the Hudson Bay Company canoe to the spring accounting at Dunvegan.

We wanted a pair of moccasins. Bessie knew just where we could get them and offered to guide us. She led the way over a trail she knew so well to an Indian's low, dark cabin. She entered unceremoniously, and was greeted cordially, and because we came with her, we were made welcome. She stated our errand, and the moccasins were produced. She looked at them critically and handed them back with a few words in Indian. Another pair was brought out and her sharp eyes detected that one of the binding things was inconveniently short. A longer one was fitted in, and after a satisfied examination she handed them to us, saying, "This pair is all right."

Under her guidance we started back, but found that this business woman of 6 was but a child after all, for as we were fairly started on the trail, she turned back and said simply: "I'm tired, won't you carry me?"—Sidney Church.

The Stones Burned.

In 1768 Philip Ginler, the discoverer of coal at Summit Hill, near Mauch Chunk, lived in a rough cabin in the forests on the Mauch Chunk mountain. While in quest of game for his family, whom he had left at home without food of any kind, his foot struck a black stone. By the roadside not far from the town of Summit Hill he built a fire of wood and threw pieces of the supposed stone about it so that the embers might last longer while he was roasting a fowl. He was surprised after a little while to see the stones glow and retain their heat for a long time. He carried a lot of the coal home and burned it there. The few neighbors soon learned of the discovery, but there was no mining to any extent in Carbon county until after the war of 1812 had begun.—Ex.

An Old Custom.

Why is it the duty of the bride to cut the wedding cake? The fact is—at least so a professor told me the other day—that the Romans are at the bottom of it. The original Roman marriage was effected by the simple process of the bride and bridegroom breaking a cake of bread and eating it together. This developed into the bride cake, and the bride cut it because it was the duty of the woman to prepare food for the man. Young brides of today who think it the height of ill luck not to cut their own wedding cake are probably not in the least aware of what they are symbolically pledging themselves to, but they had better bear in mind that if they wish to keep a man in a good temper they must not forget to feed him.—Ex.

Rural England a Land of Song.

The love of song is strong as ever among the agricultural folk of England, and at the harvest home supper there is always plenty of melody of a sort, says a London newspaper. The old ballads and songs of the peasantry as found in broadsides and manuscripts are full of character. In the great majority of cases the authorship of these poems is unknown. One of the old favorites for recitation at country festivals used to be a dialogue between a husbandman and a serving man, and Mr. Bell in his collection of poems and ballads says he heard this on one occasion recited at Selborne by two countrymen, who gave it with considerable humor and dramatic effect. They delivered it in a kind of chant or recitation.

Why Did They Miss?

Hunters' tales rarely make mention of poor shots and failures, and a story which depicts the remarkable success of some famous shots in California a few years ago is therefore all the more interesting. The narrator, Mr. Frank Murray, terms the incident the one marvelous tale in his book, "Mountains and Molehills." In former times it would have passed for a miracle. Three of us were out at midday in search of venison in the Santa Rosa valley. The sky was cloudless and the sun blazing hot. Making for a shady thicket, we unexpectedly started a doe in the long grass. She was out of range before we could raise a gun, but there still remained a fawn. The pretty innocent thing stood perfectly still, gazing at us. Our larder was bare, and we could not afford to be merciful.

The fawn stood motionless as I advanced a few paces and took, as I fancied, a deadly aim. I missed, and still it did not move. The others fired and missed also.

From the same distance, about 75 yards, we fired each four bullets without success. Still the fawn moved but a pace or two, and our rifle ammunition was exhausted.

I then crept up to the fawn and within 20 paces fired twice at it with my pistol. Then, unharmed, it quietly walked away in search of its mother.

We looked at each other in surprise.

Fourteen shots within 70 paces of a motionless deer! "Well, I'll be hanged!" was one man's comment. "Crack shots!"

We could not explain it, unless the rarefaction of the air had made the deer seem nearer than it was.—Ex.

Curious Medical Case.

A curious case occurred in one of the Paris hospitals which excited much comment in medical circles. Some time ago a woman named Legros, 55 years of age, was found lying in the road in a state of insensibility and absolutely rigid. She was removed by the police to the hospital, where for three weeks she remained in the same state. The doctors then decided that she was dead and had been so since she was found, the preservation of her body being due to the amount of alcohol she had imbibed.—Ex.

Wrong Diagnosis.

A song with the title "There's a Sigh In the Heart" was sent by a young man to his sweetheart, but the paper fell into the hands of the girl's father a very unscientific physician, who exclaimed "What wretched, unscientific stuff is this? Who ever heard of such a case?"

He wrote on the outside: "Mistaken diagnosis; no sigh in the heart possible. Sighs relate almost entirely to the lungs and diaphragm!"—Ex.

Curlers Will Curl.

There will be no game on the curling rink tonight but tomorrow night the first round in the grand challenge competition will be begun, the skips being Gross vs. Scott and Wilson vs. Hingston. Wednesday night the battle will be between Lithgow vs. Stewart and Wills vs. Rourke; Thursday night, Walsh vs. Rouquay.

The drawing for place in the second round of the competitive play will be held Wednesday night after the game.

Awful Bush Fires.

Vancouver, B. C., Jan. 25.—The destruction by bush fires in Australia, according to the mail advices by the steamship Aorangi, have been appalling, while many people are dropping dead from heat apoplexy, the thermometer running up to 115 and 120 in the shade. Hundreds upon hundreds of families have been burnt out, some of the country residences destroyed being very costly structures.

Many marvelous rescues were made. One man in a farmer's wagon drove 169 persons from the fire circle and sure

death, three miles away to a river. Here they all remained immersed with their mouths and noses above water until the terrific hot steam had passed over them. They breathed through wet blankets during the passing of the fire. Scores of miles of grain have been destroyed and great masses of sheep and cattle.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made to the parliament of Canada, at the next session thereof for an act to amend the act respecting the Dawson City Electric Company, Ltd., and to extend the time limited for the commencement and completion of the electric railway and tramway by said last mentioned act authorized to be constructed.

BELCOURT & RITCHIE, Solicitors for the Applicants. Dated at Ottawa, this 10th day of December, 1900.

Elegantly furnished rooms with electric lights at the Regina Club hotel.

Ben Davis apples at Meeker's.

Brewitt makes five pants. crt

Round steak 50c at P. O. Market.

Robinson the well known merchant tailor of Vancouver is here now to take orders for gentlemen's spring clothing and ladies' tailor-made dresses. Mr. Robinson is stopping at the Hotel McDonald, room No. 10. 212

Steel marten traps, just in—0, 1 and 1 1/2. Shindler's. cr5

The fire never touched us. We are doing more business than ever. Murphy Bros., butchers. 15c

Turkeys - Ducks - Poultry

Fresh Meats

Bay City Market

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THIRD STREET Near Second Ave.

GO AS YOU PLEASE RUNNING MATCH

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FEB. 18 AT

—Entries—

LOUIS CARDINAL - GEORGE TAYLOR

NAPOLEON MARION - WM. YOUNG

ARCTIC SAWMILL

Removed to Mouth of Hunter Creek, on Klondike River.

BLUICE, FEUME & MINING LUMBER

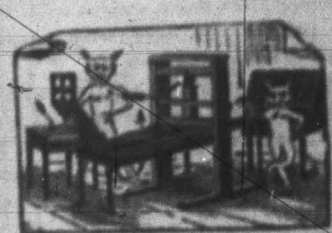
Offices: At Mill, at Upper Ferry on Klondike river and at Bore's Wharf. J. W. BOYLE

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WE HAVE
Steam Hoses, Pumps, Ejectors, Injectors, Valves, Pipe,
Fittings, Lubricating Oil and a Full Supply of
...MINER'S HARDWARE...
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WINTER LIFE ON THE CREEKS

Interesting Detail of Happenings Recorded.

By the Nugget Correspondent for Gold Run and Dominion—Busy People.

Work is increasing steadily on Gold Run and present indications are that the camp will be a live one next summer. The creek above 43 is simply being prospected, although 47, 50 and one or two others report good pay. Forty-seven will be worked this summer, as the pay is located in the creek bed.

Forty-three has two complete plants, with self dumping buckets working smoothly and the dumps growing rapidly. The pay is reported good and the streak is wide.

Mr. Andy Robinson has put in the winter preparing for summer work. The claim is a good one and will be worked on a large scale.

Laymen are at work on 36, 37, 37a, 38, 39, 40 and 41. These claims all yielded up an abundance of yellow metal last winter and now that a second pay streak has been located the cleanup will be better than last year. The ground is being burned, thawed and worked in every known manner and the laymen all appear well pleased with their ground.

Thirty-five and thirty-six hillside left limit and 34 right limit are taking out pay. The two former are reported to be in rich dirt. Three steam plants are used to embowel the earth and hoist its treasure to the surface.

Messrs. Williams and McLeod brothers are working 35a and have some very good dirt on the dumps and more coming up as fast as strong arms can hoist it.

Rogers and Berg, pioneers of 34 have a thawer at work loosening up what pay is left on the celebrated Soggs, Ellis and Cahill claim. This claim was one of the best producers on the creek last winter.

Nos. 32 and 33 are being operated by laymen who have two first-class steam hoists and thawers at work as well as several hand power operatives. The dumps are fair sized and from their location should be productive of considerable of the much sought metal.

Andy Larson recently purchased the interest of John Stone in 31 and now has an automatic dump and steam plant working merrily away on the pay streak that once was so elusive, but now easily traced from claim to claim by even a chechako.

No. 30 is being prepared for summer work while 30a is let out on lays. Both claims are good ones if past working is a proof of the future.

No. 27, 28 and 29 are being worked by Chute and Willis as are 16, 17 and 18 and 22b. The claims have the finest plants that money can buy and their dumps tower above all others. By actual time, 29 hoisted 55 buckets an hour each bucket containing two wheelbarrows full of pay gravel. The other plants, four in number, are doing as well and run night and day, so that a great cleanup is anticipated.

Nos. 25 and 26 are being made ready for summer work, while John Korbi of 24 has a plant actively raising pay dirt. No. 23 has out good dumps and the motive power has lately been reinforced by the addition of a new boiler. Mr. Peterson is also working 14 with good results.

No. 22 will be given over to summer work while 20 is hammering away and piling up the pay gravel in a manner exceedingly pleasing to Mr. Bredlee, the owner.

Frank Swanson has recently augmented his machinery by a large boiler which will shortly be in operation. The dumps already out will compare favorably with any on the creek, and the pay is said to be of the best. No. 13 is let out on lays and the boys are doing very satisfactory work. Mrs. Breckenridge is working 12c and personally superintending the work. The ground is rich and promises to yield its owner an abundance of that which attracts even to the utmost parts of the earth. Ennis, Murdock & Co. have a very nice hoist with self-dumping bucket and steam thawer on 12 and are getting out a big dump.

Joe Beck has just arrived from the outside and is superintending the setting up of his machinery on 11. The claim will be continuously worked from now on.

Nos. 8 and 9 are being prospected as are the hillside claims adjoining on

the right limit the pay seeming close to the line.

No. 7 is on the pay and the boys have just set up a boiler, hoist and automatic dump and are ready to go at it in dead earnest.

Five and six are being prospected, as are the claims at the mouth of the creek on Dominion.

Roadhouses are numerous on the creeks and dances are quite frequent. The Eagle roadhouse had a dance last Tuesday and a lively time was had. A number of girls from Dawson were in attendance.

Miss Lila Sylvester, formerly with the Boston Lyric Co., a violinist of considerable repute, has opened a roadhouse on 14. A stock of fancy groceries and cigars as well as first-class liquors will be offered to the public.

Mrs. C. Sloggy has built an addition to the Home bakery and lunch room on 28 and will cater to the public with a first-class hotel and stock of liquors. An opening dance will be given the 14 of February, St. Valentine's day.

Dominion.

Dominion creek is presenting a livelier appearance than at any time since the close of summer work. Joe Barrett has set up a large plant on 32 below upper. He will personally superintend the work which will start next week and continue throughout the summer. The Misses Barrett and their mother will make their home on Dominion.

Louie Pond has moved to Caribou and has a few men sinking on 31 below upper. The claim will be opened about March 1st.

James McNeil and family have moved to 3 below upper and will superintend the working of the claim.

Caspar and Mrs. Ellingen will shortly arrive on 2 below upper where a large plant has lately been shipped. The claim will present an extremely active appearance during the summer.

Charlie Anderson of 1 below upper is getting out some fair dumps; the work will be greatly increased during the spring and summer.

Sam Nichols, well known by the sobriquet of "Porcupine Sam," went to his claim, 1 above upper, immediately upon his arrival in Dawson. He started work at once but the holes have filled with water as fast as they were sunk.

Messrs. Chris Reid and Dunc McLellan were flooded out on 1 above upper and have abandoned the drifts. Chris says trotting the bogs of the Emerald Isle is not in it with jumping up a ladder to escape the incoming water in a drift.

Messrs. M. J. McNeil and Ralph Stamp were flooded out on 2 above but have succeeded in bailing out and are once more hoisting.

Gus Chisholm has started the plant on 3 above upper and is hoisting dirt in a very pleasing manner. The dumps give promise of being big ones by cleanup.

Messrs. Boatman and partner have been struggling to overcome the overflow of Happy Jack's old drifts on 4a above upper and are hoisting dirt again after considerable delay.

Messrs. Heeny, Chisholm, Ross and English Billy, laymen on 7 above are getting out good dumps and report good pay although they too have been troubled with water.

Taylor & Co. have recently placed a thawer on 10 above and are taking out some good pay.

Anderson & Co. have been working 12 above all winter with a thawer and have out the largest dumps on upper Dominion.

Messrs. Timm and son are doing some good work on 17 above with a thawer. They have several good dumps out and report good average pay.

Messrs. Petram, Love, Rodgers and McNamee are doing good work on 18 above. They are burning the ground, but nevertheless their dumps will compare favorably in size with those of many operating thawers.

C. A. Johnston & Co. have sold 21 above upper, the dumps not being included, so Mr. and Mrs. Johnston will remain on the creek. This claim is one of the best above upper discovery, the gold being of a shotty nature and running very even with a wide pay streak. Messrs. Weaver, Burke and Oleson have the same pay and have recently set up a thawer. One would expect poor or very little pay so near the head of the creek, but these claims are on a fls below steeper ground and have apparently caught the greater part of the pay from here to the extreme source of Dominion.

It is reported that Mr. E. W. Mills has bonded the mining property 15 below upper and will shortly arrive in Dawson with heavy machinery to work out the ground.

Ed Serrill and party are taking out some large dumps on 14 below upper,

burning the ground and hoisting some good dirt.

Wissing brothers are doing a little work on 16 below upper and will do extensive summer work.

Messrs. Nicholson, Foley and McRae have out good dumps on 18 below upper. They are burning the ground and hoisting with a horse. Dan Nicholson was the lucky man who at a musical raffle recently won Miss Butler's box, a fine Regina, playing all kinds of dancing music as well as popular airs. The boys are now taking lessons in dancing from Prof. Tygelson.

James Kelly, of 22, has resumed work after two weeks' delay pumping out water from flooded drifts. Mr. Kelly reports better pay than ever. His dumps are the largest on the creek.

Sullivan and McGonigle have out good dumps on 21 above. They have worked on the pay since the freeze up and are well pleased with the results.

Smith, McNeil and Wilkenson are working a thawer on 24 and the dumps are growing like mushrooms. They will work the claim extensively the coming summer.

A Biting Cold.

The fact that the indicator in the weather gauge has once more dropped down in the neighborhood of 50 degrees below has brought to the attention of the public a realization that winter is not yet a thing of the past in this portion of the kingdom. People who were out yesterday assert that the cold although but little below 40 degrees, was much more biting and chilling than a few weeks ago and when it was fully 20 degrees colder. Stage passengers between Dawson and the Forks yesterday declare that even fur robes lost their efficiency on the trip and they were forced to patronize roadhouse stoves at intervals along the route.

This morning was several degrees colder than yesterday, the cold still being of a very penetrating and biting quality. However, this will be the last severe cold weather of the season; at least "Old Probability" says so, and he bases his assertion on observations covering a period of more than 20 years. Yesterday was a quiet day in Dawson, very few people being outside. Walking parties to Moosehide and up the Klondike were all postponed for the day and until some future Sunday. It was an inning for "Old Bory," who well and faithfully held the boards.

Miss Tracie's Benefit.

The entertainment given for the benefit of Miss Marion Tracie at the Savoy theater last Saturday afternoon was the best that ever took place in Dawson. A larger lady audience never was assembled before in this or any other local theater than appeared at this entertainment. The affair was a success both from a theatrical and financial standpoint. The program opened with an overture rendered by Prof. Freimuth and the Savoy orchestra. Post and Maurettus in "Irish Aristocracy" were very funny and the piece lasted one hour, which was full of fun and created many a laugh and smile. The entire company did well in this roaring comedy. Miss Cecil Marion's singing was heartily appreciated. Mr. Sutherland did well. Miss Kate Rowckell in her buck and wing dancing and cake walk, assisted by the little pianinny, was a treat. Bryant and Onslow in their knock-about act did nicely and created many a laugh. Madam Lloyd was up to date and sang two songs which pleased the audience. The Wilson children, Claire and Irene, sang and scored an encore and the little children in the audience were well pleased. Miss Edith Montrose sang a parody on "On the Wabash," taken from the Transvaal, and also sang Miss Marion Tracie's composition, "God Save the King," which brought long applause. Misses Walther and Forest responded to three encores and their singing on this occasion was highly appreciated. Prof. Parkes gave a long series of pictures.

Ben Ferguson appeared on the stage and thanked the audience, actors and actresses, musicians, help, Savoy management, newspapers, etc., for their kind help and assistance. The gross receipts were \$436.75; expenses \$121.25, leaving a net profit of \$315.50. Miss Tracie is still confined to her bed. The success of the entertainment was due to the untiring efforts of Ben Ferguson, who took hold of the work with a vim and brought the enterprise to a successful termination.

Best assortment of Klondike views at Goetzman's the photographer.

Rex hams and soft wheat flour; job lots, at S. Archibald.

Choicest eggs in Dawson at Meeker's.

Special Power of Attorney forms for sale at the Nugget office.

Shoff, the Dawson Dog Doctor, Pioneer Drug Store.

VAST FIELDS OF RICH ORE

Now Known to Exist Near Whitehorse.

Mr. J. A. Christie now in Dawson is Heavily Interested in the Property.

William Bauman, a well known mining expert, has just returned from a trip of inspection of copper deposits on Whitehorse and Five Fingers, on the Lewes river, in Yukon territory. He gives a glowing account of the country, and says some shipments of ore are ready now to be sent to the Sound smelters.

The copper mines on or near Whitehorse rapids are mostly owned by Victoria and Vancouver parties; one grant of 3000 acres is controlled by F. Burnette, Senator Templeton and others. Seattle parties, Josiah Collins and others, own a large interest.

The next big copper town is about five miles above Five Fingers, between Whitehorse and Selkirk. This is a most massive and enormous deposit, and will be a large producer when in working order. The ore is a carbonate copper glance and oxide of high per cent copper and high values in gold and silver. This large property is controlled by Mr. J. A. Christie, of Vancouver, and Carl Kleinschmidt, of Seattle. It contains about 3000 acres of land in a government grant. This is the most convenient copper property on the Lewes river, on account of the ore product, which assays from 15 to 65 per cent copper and \$9 to \$12 gold. They dump onto the boats, without necessitating any working by trains or wagons.

Coal mines now producing coal for shipment to Dawson are close to the Five Finger copper deposits, and will furnish fuel for a reduction plant.

At Rink rapids is a new discovery of a large copper vein now under development.

At Morris creek the Yukon Company is developing also a large copper deposit of rich ores.

"In all my examination of copper mines in North and South America," says Mr. Bauman, "I have never seen such formidable copper formation and assurance of big copper output as I inspected on the Lewes river and Whitehorse rapids. Very soon this will be a large producing territory of copper, as well as of gold. Seattle should be the point where these rich ores should be reduced to fine copper, ready for the market, including a rolling mill for copperplate and copper wire, which is bound to be one of the greatest industries in the Northwestern hemisphere. The Skagway Whitehorse railway is a perfect success in all its departments."

J. A. Christie mentioned above is now in Dawson and at the Nugget office today confirmed the statement of Mining Expert Bauman to the Seattle paper.

Dog Runs Amuck.

About 2 o'clock this afternoon the Aurora saloon was the scene of considerable consternation all on account of a medium sized brown dog which, when the door chanced to be open for an instant, entered the room and proceeded to make things very lively. The poor brute which was crazy with rabies ran higher and thither over the floor of the big rooms and bit a number of other dogs which chanced to be there at the time. Men climbed on chairs, black-jack tables, stoves and on each other's

shoulders; Andy McKenzie grabbed the deadly fizz syphon, took hasty aim and shot—himself in the eye. It is hard to say what amount of damage would have been done but for the presence of mind and heavily ironed boot of a miner who watched his chance and when the dog was rushing by him, delivered a kick on the canine's head which temporarily knocked the frothing, blood-flecked animal out. Another blow to the head from a heavy stick of wood caused that dog to have had his day and the remains were carried out and deposited on the ice of the river. There were half a dozen or more dogs in the saloon at the time and nearly all of them were snapped by the diseased crazed brute before it was killed.

The Weather.

Beginning Friday night, at which time and during the 24 hours previous, the temperature had not been below zero, there was a general decline and last night the minimum point reached was 45.5 below zero. At no time within the 24 hours previous to 9 o'clock this morning had the maximum temperature been higher than 36 below.

Mail Expected.

There is a mail due to reach here tomorrow afternoon or evening, having passed Selkirk on the way down Saturday evening. The mails from Whitehorse are now making the schedule time, six days being allotted for the trip. A small mail arrived from Eagle City and Fortymile yesterday.

To sell oats, hams and flour for cash see S. Archibald.

Sour Dough Was On.

Hop Yeaster—Say, come let's send out for a suit.

Sour Dough—Not me; last suit I sent for didn't fit. No, I'd sooner have a suit made here; got just as good tailors. I saw a suit made here in Dawson that beat anything made outside. I made my stake here; I'll spend it here; take another smile. Say, I know a tailor (Brewitt) that's got a fine stock. Let's give him our orders.

Hop Yeaster—Well, I guess that's right; take another smile.

WANTED.

WANTED—Engineer—Wages \$6.00 a day and board. Must be a good machiner. Apply at Fairview Hotel; Tuesday after noon at Nugget office.

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THE REGULAR COMMUNICATION of Yukon Lodge, (U. D. A. F. & A. M.), will be held at Masonic hall, Mission street, monthly, Thursday or before full moon at 8:00 p. m. S. H. Wells, W. M. J. A. Donald, Sec'y

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