

The Nugget Circulates From Skagway to Nome

Vol. 1—No. 293

THE DAILY KLONDIKE NUGGET.

DAWSON, Y. T., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1902.

Nugget Advertisements Give Immediate Returns

PRICE 25 CENTS

IN THE HANDS OF FRIENDS.

Candidates Who Are Being Groomed for Two Next Contests—Dr. Thompson the Only One to Publicly Announce Himself—Other Candidates.

The campaign for the territorial election opened this morning when Dr. Thompson threw his castor into the ring in this modest way:

"Dawson, Y.T., Dec. 5, 1902.

The Nugget.

I beg to inform the public through your columns that I shall myself as a candidate for the territorial council at the coming election.

Some time ago a petition signed by a number of electors was presented to me, asking me to run, but as the territorial election overshadowed the contest at that time, I did not reply. Now that election is past, however, permit me to inform my friends that I am in the field.

I do not intend to do more at this time than to announce the fact that I am a candidate, and that, if my efforts will be directed towards a progressive policy for the territory.

Alfred Thompson.

It will be remembered that after the convention over which Dr. Thompson presided, and which culminated in the selection of a man named Clarke as the candidate for the territorial council, a large body of representative citizens waited upon Dr. Thompson and requested him to come forward as an independent candidate. To the arguments which were used at that occasion the doctor replied that he could not afford it. That he had a large and growing practice in the profession which he could not afford to give up for the emoluments of a number of parliament, for doctor others might see in such a thing he could see nothing but a fight for a salary which was commensurate with the time and labor he would put into it.

Dr. Thompson generally acknowledged that Dr. Thompson had accepted to the wishes of his political friends he had made a better running of his friends met today on the job, in front of the post office.

"Do you know that Dr. Thompson would for the territorial council?"

"I don't believe the doctor is running at all."

"But I tell you that he is."

"I still say that he isn't. He has to run. It will be a walk-over."

Dr. Thompson himself came up just this moment, and he said that it was not wise to take too much for granted in any election.

"I am a candidate settled for the coming council. As to the others, I am interested in the matter will be to read the Nugget day by day to keep track of them, as we are bringing the new ones who come among these is Dugald McMurray, who will be a candidate for the territorial council. He belongs to the McMurphy who made such a fight with the Hudson Bay Company in the old days, and he is one of the sourdoughs of the Yukon. He is likely to have a large following on the creeks, for he is an indomitable fact that the people have given a large patronage to the drug store run by him and his partner, Norway.

Dr. Thompson is a miner from the creeks that his friends are pushing forward for a nomination for the territorial council. He is a young man, native of Nova Scotia, and said to be a politician.

Robert A. Craig, the big Scotchman, is also announced by his friends as a candidate, but it is presumed that Robert will think over the mat-



GUSHER SHAFT CAVING

Force of Water Thawing Out the Sides and Allows the Gravel and Muck to be Torn Loose—Parts of the Cribbing Are Forced to the Surface.

The gusher on 3a Eldorado is developing a new freak and the miners in that vicinity like Micawber are waiting for something else to turn up, wondering what new surprise is in store for them. It appears that the action of the water rising through the shaft to the surface with such velocity is causing the gravel and muck adjoining the cribbing to thaw with the consequent result that cave-ins are becoming numerous. How extensive they are no one can tell, but from the amount of cribbing that has been torn loose and came to the surface the indications are that a hidden force little suspected has been at work and may have wrought a havoc with the shaft not contemplated by the delvers after the second bedrock.

So far as can be observed there has been no diminution in the volume of water, and it would appear that the caving in of the sides has not been so extensive as to interfere with the flow. The water today is very muddy which may be accounted for by the disintegrated muck coming to the surface in the form of a liquid solution instead of frozen as hard as granite.

One of the workmen on the ground was questioned by a representative of the Nugget as to what the result would be in the event of a mass of earth caving in so large as to choke up the shaft. His reply was that he did not know, but supposed the water would still find its way to the surface in one way or another. It is quite improbable that the flow could be stopped by any mass of unbroken gravel falling into the shaft as such at the best would afford only a temporary resistance. It is equally impossible that should the water become confined either by natural or artificial means, as in the proposed capping, it would break out at some other point. It would take Niagara even a long time to eat and force its way through 300 feet of frozen earth.

The government still has 40 men employed in caring for the water and directing it through the channel that has been cut for it in ice of the creek bed. Thirty are employed on the day shift and ten on the night. The cost to the government for such will approximate \$350 a day.

Brown on "Equality."

The absurdity of insisting on the principle of only one representative from a town, which is called the "equality" principle, and then attaching to it an amendment giving additional representatives to four arbitrarily named cities, thus destroying the equality idea, is pretty well illustrated in the humorous remark of Delegate Brown of Norwich, in which he told the convention that he wanted it to understand that "the town of Norwich is as equal as any other town."

For Canada

Toronto, Nov. 15.—For the purpose of organizing and giving practical effect to the growing sentiment in favor of giving preference to Canadian goods and industry, the Canadian Preference League is being formed. Already the membership is numbered by the hundreds, and is spread all over eastern Canada.

for low prices to private parties or given away altogether. There also is a suspicion that the mails have been tampered with. The finding on the shore near St. Ann's, C. B., of a bag of Newfoundland mail with its contents riddled goes to strengthen the suspicion with regard to the robbery of the mails.

REPORTED FIRE

Believed to Be a Steamer in Steamboat Slough.

A report was telephoned to the Nugget office as we were going to press that there was a fire over at Steamboat slough. Klondike city was telephoned to but they had not heard of any fire, and they could not see whether there was one or not owing to the heavy fog. At neither of the fire halls had any report of the fire been received, so perhaps it was, after all, a false alarm.

The Bohemian Girl

The box plan for the forthcoming production of "The Bohemian Girl" to be given by the Dawson Amateur Operatic Society in the Auditorium theatre on Thursday, Friday and Saturday next, is now open at the Auditorium box office. The final preparation for the representation is almost completed, and a most finished production is assured. It was originally intended that the representation of grand opera by Dawson amateurs was rather a difficult undertaking, but judging from last night's rehearsal next week's production would do credit to any town on the outside. The opera will doubtless be a great financial as well as a social and artistic success.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50. At Auditorium—"Niobe."

DISCUSSES HIS INTENTIONS

Dr. Alfred Thompson Talks to Nugget Representative in Regard to the Territorial Election—Will Work in Harmony With Present Members.

J. Mackay of 16 below on Bonanza is sick at the Regina.

And Very Nearly Lost Their Lives Coming From Stewart.

J. W. Richardson and another man whose name is unknown, started from Stewart crossing for Dawson five days ago and have had a terrible journey. In crossing the divide they were lost and wandered around without food for two days and two nights. They at length struck an empty cabin on Australia creek, where they rested one night, and made their way to Sulphur. This afternoon they struck a cabin near the mouth of Sulphur, where they are being cared for. Both men were at the last extremity from lack of food and from exposure to the intense cold.

Mr. Richardson is a son-in-law of Mr. Harris, the proprietor of the coffee house on First avenue.

Coldest of the Season.

Last night was the coldest so far experienced this winter, the mercury falling a half degree lower than the day before when 49.5 was marked. The maximum for the twenty-four hours was 50 below; minimum, 45. The thermometer showed 47 below at noon today.

BOY ACQUITTED.

Was Arrested as an Accessory to—Murder.

Buffalo, N.Y., Oct. 17.—John Richards, the Toronto boy arrested as an accessory to the murder of Austin Crowe on June 25th, was set free yesterday by Justice Kenefick, the indictment against him being dismissed upon motion of Assistant District Attorney William H. Ticknor. In discharging Richards, Justice Kenefick said: "Richards, it is fair to say to you that the evidence tending to implicate you in the killing of Austin Crowe was very slight. The evidence brought out that you were in Toronto at the time was very convincing, and the court has no hesitation in discharging you." Richards thanked Justice Kenefick, and walked out of the court with his sister, Mrs. Mary Downing of Toronto. Many of his boy friends from Toronto, who were to have been witnesses at his trial, were present, and he was congratulated by all.

Scarcity of Meat.

The matter of the scarcity of meat in the local market was called to the attention of Major Wood this morning, and he said that the only thing which suggested itself to him was for the Yukon council to suspend the laws as to the killing of game, which might tend to lessen the scarcity of meat, and he would be pleased to recommend this.

BOUCHER RETURNS

Add Another Five to the Majority for Ross.

Joseph Fagnant, deputy returning officer for Boucher creek, arrived from his district last night with the ballot box and returns of the election from Boucher. But fifteen votes were cast, 10 for Ross and 5 for Clarke. In giving the returns yesterday evening from All Gold the Nugget inadvertently got the figures transposed giving Ross a majority of 1 for that district. It should have been the reverse, Clarke receiving 18 and Ross 17. The official returns are not yet in from Indian river, though the Morning Joke published such as being 21 to 1, the same as the Nugget last night stated it was reported to be.

In the event of the returns not being all in by the 22nd, the date set for the vote to be canvassed, and it is not at all likely they will be, the date will be postponed from day to day until such time as the returns are complete.

The majority of Mr. Ross to date is 471.

It may seem funny, but the fellow who pays cash is a man of no account.

NEWSPAPER MAIL

Some Yesterday and More Expected on Sunday.

The Merchants' Mail Stage got in last night with about 350 pounds of second-class mail matter. This was all there was at Whitehorse when the stage left, owing to the fact that the postmaster at Skagway not yet having received his instructions from Washington to forward on the American newspaper mail. The consequence was that all the newspaper mail received yesterday was from the Dominion. The wire not being up Postmaster Hartman is unable to say anything about it, but it is believed that the next second-class mail stage, which will be here Sunday morning, will bring the United States newspapers.

The Merchants' line will send out a stage tomorrow, and among those who have already secured passage is the well-known sourdough George Appel.

The next first class mail will be here at six o'clock this evening, it having been announced by telephone to the Nugget as having passed the Forks at 3:30 this afternoon.

The finest office stationery may be secured at the Nugget printers at reasonable prices.

Send a copy of Goetzman's Souvenir to outside friends. A complete pictorial history of Klondike. For sale at all news stands. Price \$2.50.

DR. THOMPSON A CANDIDATE.

Editor Nugget:

Dear Sir,—I beg to inform the public through your columns that I shall offer myself as a candidate for the Yukon council at the coming election.

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I do not intend to do more at this time than to announce the fact that I am a candidate, and that, if elected, my efforts will be directed towards a progressive policy for the territory.

ALFRED THOMPSON.

Dawson, Y.T., Dec. 5th, 1902.

YOUNG MEN'S CLUB

Rooms on Second Avenue Ready for Sunday Meeting.

A meeting of the Young Men's Institute is called for two o'clock on Sunday afternoon, and all the charter members are requested to be present as there may be a formal installation. The hall over the grocery store of Mr. Timmins has been fitted up for the rooms of the institute, and a 25 foot addition has been made to it. This will give a hall of 25 feet by 60 feet, which will comprise club rooms, reading and card rooms and billiard room.

"Niobe" at Auditorium.

Job Printing at Nugget office.

AS TO PLATFORM

Dominion Creek Miners Preparing for Election.

The miners on Dominion are the first to show any outward and visible signs of their interest in the election of a representative miner to the territorial council. They have already posted notices calling for a meeting to adopt a platform, and for a candidate who will faithfully support such platform.

Last Chance Road.

Good progress is being made on the new winter road from Last Chance and also on the one to Gold hill, and both will be completed by the end of this week.

At Auditorium—"Niobe."

...Warm Coat Sale...

20% DISCOUNT

On all Fur Coats, Fur Lined Coats, Fur Trimmed Coats and Cloth Overcoats. Not a slaughter sale of old stock but

A Quick Turn In New Goods.

Sargent & Pinska,

118 2nd Avenue
Mail Orders Promptly Attended To. NO CREDIT.

The Ladue Co.

FULL LINE OF

Roast Beef, Mutton, Sausage, Lunch Tongue, Chipped Beef, Pork and Veal Cuts, Chicken (Roast and Deviled.)

Get Our Prices

The Klondike Nugget

Telephone No. 14 (Dawson's Pioneer Paper) Issued Daily and Semi-Weekly. GEORGE M. ALLEN, Publisher

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. Daily. Yearly, in advance \$30.00 Per month, by carrier in city, in advance 3.00 Single copies .25

NOTICE. When a newspaper offers its advertising space at a nominal figure, it is a practical admission of "no circulation."

LETTERS. And Small Packages can be sent to the Creeks by our carriers on the following days: Every Tuesday and Friday to Eldorado, Bonanza, Hunter, Dominion, Gold Run.

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1912.

\$50 Reward.

We will pay a reward of \$50 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any one stealing copies of the Daily or Semi-Weekly Nugget from business houses or private residences, where same have been left by our carriers.

KLONDIKE NUGGET.



AMUSEMENTS.

Auditorium—"Niobe" Standard—Vaudeville.

NO PARTY POLITICS.

The attempt of the Sun to inject party politics into the election for the territorial council should be discontinued and condemned.

Partisanship was entirely eliminated from the recent campaign, and it would be an exceedingly bad blunder to depart from that precedent in the contest for the territorial council. The Yukon needs the best brains that can be secured irrespective of party affiliations, and, particularly, in view of the splendid support given to Mr. Ross by leading Conservatives and Independents it would be an unwise and ungracious act to place a straight Liberal ticket in the field at this time.

DR. ALFRED THOMPSON.

Elsewhere in this issue of the Nugget will be found an announcement from Dr. Alfred Thompson of his intention to stand as a candidate for the Yukon council.

It affords pleasure to the Nugget to tender the support of this paper to the doctor, and we have no doubt that his candidature will meet with popular approbation and endorsement.

He is a man of staunch integrity, is thoroughly informed as to the needs and requirements of the territorial and as a member of the territorial legislative body his views will command the respectful attention that is invariably given to a man of sincerity and honesty of purpose, and who vital possesses a proper appreciation of his own dignity.

The Nugget commends Dr. Thompson to the voters of the district with the conviction that his services in the Yukon council will be of the utmost value to the community.

MISING MEN WANTED.

It is essential that the mining industry should be well represented in the Yukon Council. With the extension of increased powers to the local legislative body, which may be anticipated within the near future, the latter will exert a far more important influence upon the fortunes of the miners of the district than has been the case in the past. The time will come when the territorial council will be charged with the duty of enacting all the laws for the government of the territory and for the regulation of its chief industry.

The increase in the number of elective members is a preliminary step, in that direction and it is therefore highly essential that men who are directly interested and concerned in mining should be represented on the councils.

Pending such time as the territory is vested with full provincial powers the federal government will be guided largely by recommendations made from the Yukon Council. Mr. Ross as our representative at the federal capital will look to the

council for advice and assistance, and it behooves the people to place on the council men who are best informed as to its wants. The mining districts came forward nobly to the support of Mr. Ross and the same good judgment displayed in the late campaign should be continued in the contest for the Yukon Council. A good, strong, level headed mining man is wanted by all means, and it will afford the Nugget the utmost satisfaction to assist in the election of such a man.

Little Children in Japan.

The little children in Japan are fearfully polite. They always thank their bread and milk. Before they take a bite, they say, "You make us most content, O honorable nourishment!"

The little children in Japan don't think of being rude. "O noble dear mamma," they say, "We trust we don't intrude. Instead of rushing into where all day their mother combs her hair."

The little children in Japan wear mittens on their feet. They have no proper hats to go walking in the street. And wooden stilts for over-shoes. They don't object at all to use.

The little children in Japan with toys of paper play. And carry paper parasols. To keep the rain away. And when you go to see, you'll find it's paper walls they live behind. —Caroline MacCormack in Harpers.

Managing of Husbands.

There is a positive exhilaration to be derived from bringing all one's efforts to bear upon a husband whose business worries have pursued him from the office. There is a genuine delight to fight with the unknown anxieties which his love will not permit him to unburden at home. It brings out all the tact and patience and diplomacy, all the charms and graces, of a woman's character to transform a cross, tired, worn-out husband into a new man—just by a good dinner and a little tact.

But to manage a husband when there are so many kinds of husbands requires, more than any other one thing, a thorough study of your subject. To "meet your husband with a smile," which is the old-fashioned rule for all ills, is enough to make a nervous, irritable man frantic. Look him over before you even smile. You ought to know how to treat him. Don't sing or hum if he has a headache, or begin to tell him the news before you have fed him. If there is one rule to lay down—which there is not—or if you're giving automatic advice—which I am not—I should say that most men come home like hungry animals, and require first of all to be fed.

New Building Idea.

Santa Maria, Nov. 12.—J. H. Roemer, a retired blacksmith, has been notified that a patent will be granted him on building houses out of lime. The patent is expected to be granted as applied for, and it may be important to the building art. The patent applied for secures the right to construct buildings out of lime and sand, without the use of any other material excepting wire. A building was constructed on the principle of this patent a year ago and has withstood all tests very successfully. It is fire and weatherproof, solid, and cannot be affected by earthquakes. The cost is far less than for building out of wood or stone.

The New Mini-ter.

Ottawa, Nov. 12.—The Hon. Louis Philippe Brodeur, speaker of the house of commons, is generally spoken of as the most likely to succeed Mr. Tarte in the government. Mr. Brodeur is a young man, who has just turned forty, but has an enviable reputation at the Montreal bar and as a writer on political affairs. He was elected first as a member of the house of commons in 1891, and from 1896 until the session of 1901 occupied the deputy speakership, succeeding Hon. Thomas Bain when that gentleman retired from the speaker's chair. Mr. Brodeur is a man of great executive ability and of very high ideals.

"What did the deacon say when you sent him the branched peaches?" "He said he didn't care so much for the peaches as he did for the spirit in which they were sent." —Judge.

- FEATHER FANS, GAUZE FANS, KID GLOVES, SILK GLOVES, KID SLIPPERS, SATIN SLIPPERS.

J. P. McLENNAN, 233 FRONT ST. Phone 101-B. Agent for Standard Patterns.

Stroller's Column.

Two or three fellows have written to the Stroller from the creeks in regard to the electoral divisions for the election of members to the Yukon Council. They say there ought to be five divisions instead of three, and the Stroller is inclined to agree with them. But why, didn't they take up this matter before? It was certainly the idea of Commissioner Ross that there should be five districts, each electing a member, and he had the idea that four out of the five elected ought to be men particularly interested in mining matters. But it cannot be altered now and ought not to make so much of a difference after all, as the representation in Dawson can be divided between a representative of the municipal interests and one of the mining interests, and the creeks can elect their own men.

Of course there may be a couple of doctors and a couple of lawyers running for the membership of the city, but then it will depend on the good sense of the people who are elected, and the creeks can at least elect three members of the council who are miners, so they will have a majority anyway. But who is running this, or who thinks he is? So far as the Stroller is concerned he has heard nothing about this territorial election except what is contained in those kicking letters from the creeks. Dawson does not seem to have awakened up to it as yet.

It is curious how every word, even every whisper over the telephone, may be twisted into a mysterious political significance. As an instance of this take the innocent Her Stewart, as innocent of any political guile as a Chinaman. He has lately gone into the wood business, and one of his wood-bede customers lately called him up by the telephone. It did just happen that there was a meeting of Ross supporters in Her's office at the time. The message over the phone was: "What is Woodworth?" and the answer, after a pause and a general scrutiny of those present was, "That is what we are trying to find out." "Don't you sell wood?" was asked.

"Why, yes, of course." "Well, how much is it worth?" "Is this Mr. Blank? Excuse me. I thought he was somebody talking politics. Yes, we will have your wood up there this afternoon." "But," says Her, as he sat down, "where is Woodworth, and what is he worth?" At which there was a gentle laugh.

Mr. Nels Mason, of Caribou, came in when the Stroller was writing this and wanted something said about a telegram which appeared in the News yesterday to the effect that all Clarke's American sympathizers there were surprised at the big vote polled at Caribou Crossing for Ross. But there is nothing at all surprising about it. The vote is given in the dispatch at 125. The Stroller is well acquainted with that part of the country, and can say that in the Big Horn and all that country about Windy Arm and Toochi lake there are more than that number of miners whose voting place is Caribou, and it is to their honor that so many made the long trip to vote for Mr. Ross. It would only be one-half of them anyway. It is said that sev-

eral who were registered at Whitehorse voted there. What if? If there was a chance that they would not be able to reach Whitehorse before the polls closed there, why should they not vote at Caribou? It was within their rights.

It was a kind of double-bitted joke which was handed to Dr. Robinson, the mining inspector from the Forks, when he came in last night. "How do you account for the big vote you scored for Ross?" he was asked. "Oh, charge it to the gusher," he said. "We put everything down to that now, even the weather."

The Stroller desires to present his most distinguished considerations to his talented conferees on the famous Parisian journal "Le Matin," which has for the past three months been addressing its journal to him in this fashion: "Klondike Nugget, a Dawson City, Yukon Territory, Canada."

And it speaks something for the intelligence of the international post office clerks that the newspaper reaches him regularly. Perhaps the mailing clerk of our contemporary will take a tumble to himself if he happens to read this paragraph.

One of our most distinguished orators—if silence is golden—received a letter last week addressed: "Mister Calley McGerger, Licen in Speke, Dawson." It was from an old friend of his who had returned to her home in the Norseland.

A Matter of Advice.

By W. R. Rose.

He back in twenty minutes. Make yourself comfortable. And he was gone before I could get my mouth open. Two minutes later the clerk slipped away, to, and here I am in charge of the shop.

He scowled a little and compared his watch with the clock and picked up a pamphlet and flung it down. "Ten o'clock," he muttered, "and he's been gone only six minutes. Hanged if I don't feel lonesome."

"There was a light rap at the glass doors as he flattered the last word. "Come in," he said. The door was opened and a young woman entered. She was neatly and tastefully garbed from her pretty hair to her pretty shoes, and the effect, from the point of view of the man at the table, seemed to emphasize the prettiness of her face. She passed inside the door with her hand on the knob. The man at the table arose with a bow and a smile and pointed to a chair on the opposite side of the table. "Will you be seated?" he said. The girl, with a pretty bow and a slightly heightened color advanced and took the chair. "I am glad to find you alone," she said, and the man at the table observed that her voice was low and pleasant. "Thank you," he said, and waited. This certainly was much better than remaining alone. "Perhaps I did wrong to come here," said the girl. "I think not," said the man with his pleasantest smile. "It took a great deal of courage," said the girl. "Even at the last moment I felt like giving up the idea."

If I hadn't written that I would come I certainly would have stayed away. "But of course you will stay now that you are here," said the man. "The worst was the coming," said the girl. "Your kindly face reassures me. I know what your reputation is. I have heard of some of the generous acts you have done. I feel sure you will not laugh at me." The man's face seemed unusually flushed but he did not waver in his unconscionable course. "This is all Castle's fault," he thought to himself. "Let him take the consequences. After getting this praise under false pretenses I'll be hanged if I reveal myself as an impostor. Besides, who knows but I can give the girl just as good advice as Eph could—and it isn't going to cost her a cent, either."

He looked at the young woman with his gentlest expression. "Laugh at you?" he echoed. "Certainly not. The law is not a laughing matter. At least, I have never found it so."

"But this is not a matter of law," said the girl. "That is, unless it is the higher law."

"You shouldn't come to a lawyer's office for that," interrupted the man, with a little smile.

"I have come to you because I think you are a true friend of all concerned," said the girl gravely, "and because I feel sure that you will use your influence in the right way when you have heard both sides."

"Thank you again," said the man. The girl leaned forward on the table. "I will tell you first who I am," she said. "As you know, my name is Amy Sefton. I am a stenographer with Burdick & Frothingham. I live with my widowed mother. My father, Richard Sefton, a merchant here for many years, died suddenly leaving us quite destitute."

"I knew your father," interrupted the listener. "He was an honest man."

"Thank you," said the girl. "If you wish to know more about me I can refer you to the firm that employs me—I have been with them three years."

"Go on," said the man. "Then that is enough about myself," the girl continued. "And now about my mission. You are the legal adviser of Mr. Richard Clayton."

"Eh?" ejaculated the man with a little start. "He is coming here today to have you alter his will," said the girl. "What's that?" cried the man. "He means to disinherit his son," said the girl.

The face of the man was quite purple and he breathed hard. "How do you know this?" he asked.

"Wait, please," said the girl. "This is what makes it hard. And, oh, I want you to understand that I have come here entirely on my own responsibility. George does not dream I am coming. My mother knows nothing about it. It is all my own idea. Please bear this in mind."

Her face was flushed, her eyes were moist, and she threw a look of appeal into the gaze she fastened on the man. "But you have not explained your interest in this matter," he said. The girl's flush grew deeper. "I am the cause," she said. "The cause?"

"I am the cause of this unhappy quarrel between George and his father. I am the girl George wants to marry." She paused and drew a long breath. "George's father objects to me because I am poor, because I work for a living, I do not blame him," she added hastily. "There is a wide gulf between the stenographer and the millionaire. And then George is fery and hasty and obstinate. I fancy he has no tact. He could not put himself in his father's place. And when his father spoke harshly of me—he called me a fortune hunter. I believe—George flared up and there were bitter words, and his father told him he would cut him from his will, and George scornfully swept from the house. He was very wrong."

"Who was wrong?" replied the girl. "And so was his father."

"Indeed," said the man. "Yes," said the girl. "George was very wrong to quarrel with his father. What he said about me didn't count. He doesn't know me. They were but words of anger. They couldn't hurt me. And George forgot all the gratitude and obedience he owes his father. His father—who has been both father and mother to him since he was a very little boy. George was quite wrong."

"Yes," said the man. "And his father was wrong," said the girl. "He should have remembered that George is but a boy, and that he has indulged and spoiled him all his life. And now, when for the first time the boy asks for something and is for the first time refused, the father should take into consideration all the conditions and hold himself responsible for his share in the revolt."

"Fathers are not all philosophers," said the man a little dryly. "But the girl did not heed him. And George's father is forgetful, too," she resumed. "He forgets that when he was a young man, younger than George, and with his way to make in the world, he ran away with the girl he loved and they were married, and lived in two little rooms

PROVINCIAL AUTONOMY

Niggardly Granted to Northwest Territory

How it Compares With the Measure of Self Government Given to the Yukon.

In discussing Mr. Borden's ready promises of provincial autonomy in the Northwest territories, the Manitoba Free Press gives a brief history of the development of government institutions in the west, pointing out the difficulties experienced in the past in wrenching even niggardly instalments of self-government from Conservative administrations.

In 1871 the territories were governed by the Mounted Police, acting under orders from Ottawa. On the following year Alexander Mackenzie gave the west the Hon. David Laird as governor, and a Northwest council consisting of appointed members. This council had legislative as well as administrative powers, though within narrow limits. The Northwest council thus established lasted five years, and laid an excellent foundation for future legislation. The Conservative government in response to a strong agitation, gave the semblance of representation by a change, allowing an area of 1,000 square miles, having 1,000 population, to send a representative to the council, which was an assembly of officials.

Mr. Lawrence Clark was the first, and for some time the only, member elected, but very soon Frank Oliver, J. H. Ross, and later J. G. Thibault found themselves in the council. In 1875 the council consisted of three appointed members and one others, but in 1887 there were six appointed and thirteen elected members. The struggle for constitutional rights had already begun. In 1882 Ross and Oliver were fighting against the principle that the lieutenant-governor was irresponsible to the council for the expenditure of money. The division lists in the journals of the House show that in 1884 Oliver, Ross, Turfitt and Geddes stood alone on the question, yet in the following year the "hopeless minority" had

the unanimous support of the House. As a result of a succession of resolutions passed in 1884 establishing an elective chamber, with a speaker, the cabinet being formed by the lieutenant-governor calling four of its members as financial advisers. It was not till after the elected assembly, led by Haultain, Oliver, Ross and Turfitt, had left the lieutenant-governor without an advisory council and broken up without passing any resolutions, that the Northwest Assembly was given full control over the expenditure of its funds.

One step more was necessary, the establishment of a cabinet responsible to the constituents of its members, and possessing the confidence of the chamber. That change the Conservative government at Ottawa refused persistently to make, and it had to wait the accession of the Liberals to office. In fact, the Northwest made its own constitution, and the great obstacle in its way was the objection of the Conservative party in power at Ottawa.

The question of provincial autonomy is one of terms and conditions, and it must be remembered that while the Conservative government at Ottawa was niggardly in coming power and authority to the elected representatives of the west, it was lavish in giving away the land that might have supported western governmental institutions. —Toronto Globe.

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A Missouri Compromise

By Edward B. Clark.

Bud Jackson lived near the mountains of Missouri. Bud had lived there for sixty-five years. That was just his age. His habits were rude but comfortable and his daughter Bess tended it with her motherly care. Bess was Bud's only child. She was a coy mountain girl of 20, and as pretty as one of the wild flowers that peep from the ground in the Big Black Valley in Missouri. Bud had a neighbor, Si Withers. Si lived down the stream a ways, and the holdings of the two men adjoined. Si had a son Bill. Between the two mountain farms over in a corner lay a triangular piece of ground not more than two acres in extent. Outside of the woodland this was the only piece of land on the Jackson-Withers holdings that was not cultivated. It was weedy, and though it would have supported a goodly crop of grain, no one sown by the hand of man ever had there. It was known for miles around as the Debatable Ground. Bud and Si both claimed the place, and had wrangled over it for years before the feud became deadly. At the present status of things if either could set his foot on the strip the other would have shot him. Bud Jackson had a hobby. He was a collector of birds. Scientists from St. Louis and from the western states came to his place every summer to look at his collection. He never would add a bird to the lot unless it had been killed in the state of Missouri, provided always of course that the bird was known to have been seen in the state. Bud didn't expect to get any flamingoes in Missouri, but if he should have heard an Indian tradition that 500 years before a flamingo had been seen on the Big Black, he would not have added the bird to his collection until some one had sent him one with the proper attestation that it had been killed inside the limits of his native state. What a collection that was! There was pretty near everything in it from the ruby-throated hummingbird to the big bronze wild turkey. Bud had to build an addition to his house to store his birds. Some people said that Bud cared more for the birds than he did for Bess, which was a fact. For years Bud had scoured the woods of the Ozarks, extending his trips to the adjoining counties for the purpose of getting one bird, the ivory-billed woodpecker. He knew that the ivory-bill was a dweller of the mountain United States, but he also knew that straggling birds had been seen in the deep woods of the mountains of Missouri, and so he kept up his search with his shotgun over his shoulder year after year. He had purchased an ivory-billed woodpecker, killed somewhere else, for something like \$20, but he would have a Missouri bird or none. He shot out nights in the woods and stars and thirsted on the trail of reports that the big bird had been seen. Generally it turned out that those who told of the appearance of the woodpecker, not knowing much about birds, had seen the big "log neck" and had taken him for his still bigger brother. One day in the summer Bud noticed that Bess had something on her mind. She started suddenly when he spoke to her and more than once blushed vividly. The old man didn't say much, but just thought that the thing came out by itself. It didn't come out. Bess just kept on acting as though she were off somewhere in the clouds. One day as the old man was coming back from a collecting trip he could have sworn he saw Bill Withers, old Si's son, making off across the brook toward the direction of the Jackson house. Bud gripped his gun tightly and felt a lump come up in his throat. He thought he knew now how to account for Bess' blushing. He kept his own counsel, however. He knew that if old Withers knew of it he would be just as hot about it as he was. Bud eyed Bessie curiously when he entered the house and when asked if there had been any news while he had been away. "Nothing," stammered the girl, and she blushed directly. "Nothing," said her father. Three days later Bess went out to pick blackberries. Half an hour after her father followed in her trail. The blackberry patch lay in the direction of the Debatable Ground. Bud stepped to a rise in the land and looked toward the triangular bit of ground in dispute. By the Great God, what was that he saw? There in the center of the Debatable Ground were Bill Withers and Bess Jackson holding hands, and Bess' hand was pushed away back. Bud recovered sufficiently to stand beyond the patch and there stood old Si Withers grasping a gun and looking at the pair of lovers. There couldn't be any shooting that day on either side, and both old fellows turned and went home. It was a pleasant evening that was that night in either the Jackson or the Withers households. Bud turned and fumed and told Bess she was being everlasting distant to him by taking up with the son of that old thief, Withers. Bill Withers said a good deal of the

REMAINS UNCHANGED

Market Unusually Quiet This Week

High Price of Meat Still the Bone of People in Moderate Circumstances.

Another quiet week has been characteristic of the condition of the market since the last report of the Nugget. There have been all kinds of rumors afloat the past few days, some of which have been given publicity through the press, relative to the shortage of this and that article, but a careful investigation has failed to reveal any real cause for alarm except in the case of fresh meats and it seems difficult to say when the top notch of the latter will be reached. Several commodities are beginning to run low, and they will undoubtedly be exhausted by the opening of navigation and the arrival of fresh stock, but there is no reason to apprehend any material advance in price, particularly as long as the large companies have a supply. A corner on any of the staples of life is an impossibility as long as the N. C., N. A. T. & T., Ladue and Ames Co. have any of the article on hand for the simple reason that forged advances in prices is contrary to the practice of the large institutions. About the only things in the way of necessities that it would appear would be likely to reach almost prohibitory prices are meat and fuel. It has been known for a month that practically all the fresh meat in the market, with the exception of that held by the Standard Meat Company, is in the possession of the Pacific Cold Storage Company, and they have put the screws on to such an extent that people in moderate circumstances are now feeling the effect. Wild game is slow in coming in and hunters will not dispose of their moose and caribou for but a shade less than beef commands and there has not been enough offered to warrant any cutting. There are some 50 or 60 hunters up the Klondike, Chief Isaac has a number of his tribe out in the same region and also in the Twelvemile district, and there are the Peel river Indians who may be relied upon as steady producers as long as there is any game in the country, so the indications are that in a comparatively short time the stringency in the wild game market will be relieved. Let a hundred carcasses arrive here within a day or two of each other and prices will go tumbling. This is particularly true if a large amount should be held by the Indians and they should be the last arrivals. The dusky Siwash wants to turn his stock into cash just as soon as he gets in and if he can't sell at one figure he will at another. Cured meats are bound to be stiff before the season is out. Bacon of the choice variety is scarce and the stock of ham is but a shade more plentiful. The former is now jobbing at 40 and the latter at 35, both retailing in the markets at 50. Canned meats will command a good figure, particularly the standard American brands. The only advance during the week worth mentioning was that of beef from 25 to 37 1/2 by the side, and eggs from \$18 to \$25 a case. The latter are now retailing at \$1 per dozen. Hay and oats have not changed, the price now being practically the same as it was at the close of navigation. Potatoes are stiffening up and may reach 15 cents before the close of the season, but that is considered the maximum figure. General quotations for the week are as follows:

STAPLES	
Flour	\$ 3.25 33.50
Sugar, per 100	6.50 7.00
Beans, per 100	5.00 7.00
Beans, Lima	3.00 10.00
Roll'd Oats, per 100-10.00	12.50
MEATS	
Beef, pound	27 1/2 25.65
Veal, pound	35 35.75
Pork, pound	35 35.60
Ham, pound	30 50
Bacon, fancy	32 50
Mutton, pound	25 35.60
Moose	25 25.50
Cariboo	35 25.50
BUTTER, EGGS, CHEESE	
Agan's butter, 60-lb. \$30.00	\$ 1.00can
Elgin butter, 60-lb.	25.00 1.00can
S. & W., 48-lb.	30.00 1.50can
Hills Bros.	26.50 1.25can
Victor	26.50 1.25can
Eggs, fresh	25.00 1.00doz
MILK AND CREAM	
Eagle, case	\$12.50
Highland, case	9.25 9.50
Carnation Cream	9.75 10.00
St. Charles	8.00 8.00
CHICKENS, FISH AND GAME	
Broilers, pound	45 60
Chickens	40 60
Turkeys	50 60
Ducks	40 50
Geese	40 50
Parmigan	50
Grouse	75
Rabbits	50
Halibut	27 1/2 40

Table listing market prices for various goods including Salmon, Canned Goods, and Miscellaneous items.

The Sailing of the Galley.

Written by Frank Little Dollock and Sent to His Intimate Friend, Dr. Brown, the Correspondent Secretary.

Oh, gaily went the galley out of Sidon in the morning; All the crowded jetties cheered her as she passed them one by one. Manned by dark Sidonian seamen, rowing slaves and fighting freemen, Through the thunder of the oar-roll thrilled the harping of the gleemen, As bravely went the galley in the shimmer of the sun. Sinking swiftly into distance faded faint the shipping city; Granite column, brazen temple of the gods that guard the quay. Hearts adventurous aboard her, dreams the merchandise that stored her. Oh, the gallant freight she carried when the galley went to sea! They clef the seas of sapphire where the Syrian summer slumbers. They passed the purple islands where the Greek romances grew. Far to southward Egypt lured them, crimson mystery immured them. Gold and death and sun and spirit, but the keen wind reassured them. And they steered unwavering southward for the sources of the New Day by day the splendid sunrise flared from home across the ocean; Day by day the blood-red sunset beamed with enchantment vast; Tiresmes passed and traders hailed them, still the east wind never failed them. Grim they grappled bow and bulwark when the buccaners assailed them. And they left the rover blazing, sinking, when the galley passed: They passed the promontories of Sicilia giant-bulld; They saw the red volcano flaming into deadly bloom; With the car-strokes' measured beating, pulsing, straining and repeating. And the his of waters parted and the crash of waters meeting. Still they drove the galley westward into mystery and gloom. Far ahead a giant shadow lowered and loomed across the water. Menacing the sail aspiring to the flameless outer seas. Demon-haunted, dim, romantic, where in wastes of fog gigantic Roared in bitter exultation the immeasurable Atlantic. Beating at the gates of sunset, pillars twin of Hercules. By the bows the crested chieftains clustered brown undaunted faces. Peering forward into distance with unflinching youthful sight. While the plunging prow thereunder smote the shivering seas asunder. And the minstrel's sang of action, of the western worlds of wonder. Of the seas beyond the sea-line, and the Islands of Delight. Every warrior at the deck-head, every rower on the benches Shouted at the nearing vision of the dreamlands to be won; Crimson canvas thundered o'er them, thrilling through the keel that bore them. As they burst the guarded gateway into seas none dared before them. And they swept the galley westward on the seawake of the sun. So they sailed her into silence: Do they sleep beneath the surges, Finding in the green abyss solace from the burning quest. On the slow deep currents shifted, on the kind sea's bosom lifted. Ah, no word came back or token, swimmer spent or wreckage drifted. Since the galley vanished cheering through the curtain of the west. Did they sight the gold Atlantis, summer worlds of western wonder? Are there dreams of far Phoenix in the Caribbean main? Or, in undismayed endeavor, though the fog-bank open never, Youth undying, glorious galley, beat they the weird seas for ever. Eyes and hearts strained ever onward through the spindrift and the rain? Never word came back or token, but the sailing of the galley Beacons the adventure-spirit quenchless with heroic glow. Hope forever flying, strength of spirit doom-defying. Still it flares across the ages, daring dream of youth undying. When the unreturning galley sailed from Sidon, long ago. To Blow Up President. Budapest, Hungary, Nov. 1. — A workman having informed the police that a plot is on foot to blow up the president of the lower house of the Hungarian parliament by placing a bomb beneath his chair, the detective force on duty at the house has been increased. Best hot-drinks in town.—The Side-board.

Pacific Packing and Navigation Co. Copper River and Cook's Inlet. YAKUTAT, ORCA, VALDEZ, HOMER. Steamer Newport.

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BOTH WERE COMMITTED

Two Insane Patients in the Asylum

Delusion of one is the Presence of His Wife the Other Imagines the World Upside Down

There was nothing doing in police court this morning with the exception of two insanity cases and these were examined in the asylum to which the court adjourned. It was a most pathetic scene to see two strong, well built men from whom all reason had fled, one of them groveling on the floor of his cell on his knees, his hands, arms and body being continually in the motion of a miner at work at the windlass. It was George S. Baker who raised such a row in the Monte Carlo office building a week or so ago. He imagined the world is upside down and by means of a windlass he is endeavoring to reverse it to its original position. As he works he talks incessantly, his chatter being disconnected and totally without reason. In the Baker case Constable Wright was first examined. He told of having arrested Baker on the 28th of last month at the Monte Carlo where he was creating a disturbance. "Kill that man first before you go any further," interrupted Baker through the bars of his cell. Sergeant Hildyard, provost sergeant of the jail, testified of receiving the prisoner on the 28th and of him being under his care ever since. The day following his arrest Baker had become violent and he was transferred to the asylum. "Water front" Brown has known Baker for the past fifteen years. He has a brother-in-law in Chicago and some other relatives in Butte, Montana. Baker lived at the Chicago hotel while in Dawson. Again were the proceedings interrupted by the unfortunate man under examination who yelled to Brown to "take that axe and kill that man." Dr. W. F. Thompson, assistant surgeon of the police, stated that the prisoner had been suffering from mental aberration since November 28, since which time he has become worse until his malady has developed into an acute mania. The doctor has hopes of restoring Baker to his right senses with proper treatment and recommended that he be detained at the asylum for the time being. His honor ordered the prisoner committed to the asylum to await the pleasure of the commissioner of the territory.

LAST WAS FIRST

Strange Story of a Staking Proposition.

Stakers have begun to get back already from the stampede to Arizona creek, which is 125 miles up the Klondike river. It transpires that the men who made the discovery there were staked by a certain man in this city, and that after they had made the discovery they attempted to "hold him up" when he expressed the desire to send out other stakers. They said he could not possibly find the creek by the description given but as a matter of fact stamperers who went out there on the description published in the Nugget got back yesterday afternoon and recorded claim No. 1 below discovery, and another man got in this morning and recorded No. 3 below discovery. It does not always pay the prospector to be so confident in such matters.

Remove the Governor.

Kingstown, St. Vincent, B.W.I., Oct. 18.—The public meeting held here yesterday to discuss the alleged misgovernment and maladministration of relief funds was both enthusiastic and orderly. A resolution, which was unanimously adopted, contained in the strongest terms the alleged actions of Sir Robert Llewellyn in regard to relief measures for sufferers through the recent eruption, and continued: "Resolved, that this meeting protests against the compulsory emigration scheme contained in the governor's minute to the administrator as a monstrous violation of the rights and liberties of these loyal subjects of King Edward, as an inequitable attempt to deprive them of their rightful share in help from the relief fund, thereby frustrating the intentions of the generous contributors of this fund. This meeting flatly contradicts the governor's statement in the minute above referred to that the government cannot find homes for these people. The government is holding in trust for these people a very large sum of money sufficient to acquire the lands necessary to assist in restoring the industries of the colony; and resolved, that this meeting hereby calls upon the imperial secretary of state for the colonies to intervene between these people and the obstinate, cruel and arbitrary policy of the governor of the islands, and to direct that the sufferers be located in their own colony and homes without further delay." The meeting further appealed to the colonial secretary to relieve Sir Robert Llewellyn of the government of this colony, to send a commissioner to replace A. M. Ashmore, government secretary to Demarara, and to appoint a competent administrator to deal direct with the imperial colonial office.

Determined Suicide.

Winnipeg, Oct. 17.—A man named Doris jumped from the first story window of O'Connor's hotel early yesterday to the sidewalk below, and has since been missing. Traces of blood were found on the sidewalk along the street to the banks of the Red River, into which stream Doris probably jumped. Friends are dragging the river for the body. Two men were rather seriously injured by the collapse of a scaffold at the Ogilvie mill elevator.

Mrs. Arthur Braden returned to Toronto with the body of her husband, who was killed in the Winnipeg railway yards about two weeks ago. J. A. Fraser, ex-mounted policeman, a Battleford pioneer, was found dead last night. He was formerly a resident of Halifax.

Woodsbrook, Oct. 17.—The mail train from the west struck Edwin Cuthbertson, a carpenter, in front of the platform, throwing him some distance. Two hours later he died. Mr. Cuthbertson resided with his family on King street.

Hamilton, Oct. 17.—Willie Cross, son of Mr. Wm. Cross, grocer, corner of York and Inchbury streets, was shot in the arm while standing on the high level bridge. Whether he was accidentally peppered by some careless duck-shooter or was wantonly wounded is a question that the detectives are trying to solve. The injury is not serious, as only a few shots entered the wrist and arm.

Homes in Dawson

Mrs. White Fraser, so well known in Toronto society, writes in glowing terms of the charms of life in Dawson City. Brick houses are going up, and if only good servants at reasonable wages would emigrate everything would be delightful. Many nice English people are settling there, and soon Dawson will be probably the new Ultima Thule of a wedding journey. India is getting quite passe now, but Dawson as yet is rather out of the beaten track. Toronto Globe.

Eye Disease.

New York, Nov. 1.—Commissioner Ledele of the health department reported to the board of estimates that he had examined, with the aid of two eye experts, thousands of school children in the city, and found that 18 per cent. of them were afflicted with a contagious disease known as trachoma, a granulation of the eyelids. "We think this disease was introduced by immigrants," said the commissioner. It is estimated that there are 600,000 children of school age in the city, and that 100,000 are afflicted with the eye disease.

DEAD MAN EXEMPTION

Protest As to Representation Work

Gold Commissioner Senkler Decides the Protest as to No. 29 Above on Hunker.

Gold Commissioner Senkler today handed down his opinion in the case of Charles M. Lockhart and Thomas Gardner against Harry P. Minto, James H. Johnson and W. E. Kenney, which was a conflict in regard to claim No. 29 above on Hunker held by the administrator of the estate of the deceased owner, and involved some fine points of law. The commissioner says in his judgment: "The claim in question was first recorded on the 27th day of November, 1896. William Campbell became the owner of the whole claim on the 10th of November, 1899, and died on July 20th, 1900. The claim was then exempt from representation for one year, under the regulations in force at that time. In April, 1901, the regulations changed in that respect, reading as follows: 'In case of the death of any miner who entered as the holder of any mining claim, the provisions as to abandonment shall not apply either during his last illness or after his decease.' On July 14th, 1900, Mr. Minto, as administrator for the estate of Mr. Campbell, sold the claim to James H. Johnson and W. E. Kenney, who worked the ground from July 17th until the middle of October. The plaintiffs relocated the upper and lower halves respectively of this claim on July 9th, 1902. Before the expiration of one year from Campbell's death the new regulations cited above came into force. At the time the ground was relocated it was still held by the administrator of the Campbell estate. I think that on the coming into force of the new regulations in April, 1901, the claim in question would not be open for location as long as it remained in the hands of the administrator. The ground therefore was not open for location when the plaintiffs staked." "The protest is dismissed with costs."

Organ Recital

There will be an organ recital given at St. Andrew's church this evening commencing at 8 o'clock. The admission will be only 50 cents, and the proceeds will be devoted to the organ fund.

HOCKEY MATCH

Play at the Rink Unless Weather Is Too Severe.

Should the weather not prove too severe there will be a warm game of hockey tomorrow evening at the rink between the Civil Service and D. A. A. teams. The latter has had the advantage of considerable practice and has also been strengthened by Watt and Miller, both crackerjacks. The Civil Service will miss Captain Bennett, who has been advised by his physician not to play last Saturday one of the captain's ribs was cracked by a collision, and while the injury is causing him no inconvenience another good healthy bump might prove serious. The loss of the captain will be largely made up by the arrival of Randy McLennan, who is expected from Stewart, a whirlwind in the forward line.

Desper. Ohio Foiled

Cleveland, Ohio, Oct. 18.—Last night four or five desperadoes undertook to rob the three aged Meach brothers, who reside in a secluded farmhouse near the village of Rochester, Lorain county. As a result two of the desperadoes were killed and one fatally and one seriously wounded. The latter two are under arrest. The brothers, who are rejoicing at the successful foiling of the would-be robbers' plans, are Loren, aged 80, decrepit and bed-ridden; John, 70; and Jarvis Meach, aged 65. John was in the barn when the desperadoes appeared. They overpowered and bound him, and going to the house knocked Jarvis into insensibility. John managed to work himself loose from his bonds, and secured two guns loaded with buckshot, which were hanging in the barn. Stealing cautiously to the house, he found three of the men working at the safe. Without a word of warning he began to fire, with the result that two men were killed and two wounded. It is supposed that a fifth desperado escaped. Jarvis Meach, having recovered from the treatment accorded him, went out and summoned neighbors to the scene, while John kept guard over the two wounded men, who are now in jail.

To Settle in Mexico

El Paso, Texas, Oct. 17.—Commandant J. D. Snyman, a noted Boer fighter, is here en route to Mexico City to confer with President Diaz relative to a large tract of land in Mexico to be colonized by Boer refugees. He was accompanied by E. Reeve Merritt, secretary of the Union Trust Company of New York, and Marshall Bond of the same city. General Snyman said he was going to Mexico at the suggestion of Dr. Muller, enjoy of the Orange Free State, who visited Mexico about five months ago.

DARK AND DISMAL

Worst Kind of Weather We Have Had

No Change Expected Before the Change of the Moon on the 14th.

Dawson has had cold snaps before, but as a rule they have not lasted with the thermometer about the fifties for more than a day or two. But here we have had it now for three or four days and no signs of a let up until the next change of the moon on the 14th.

What is more disagreeable than the intense cold, which people soon get accustomed to, and do not seem to mind, is the fog Dawson has been doing business in a fog which would compare with those of the great metropolis of the world for the past few days. It seems that the extreme cold prevents the smoke from the numberless wood fires from ascending, and this mingles with the fog and makes the air almost too thick for breathing.

The muggy weather is said to prevail for a radius of nearly one hundred miles from the city, and the stories of men lost on the trail which reach us today will probably be added to by others in the course of the next few days. But Sergeant-Major Tucker, the only reliable, says there may be a change at any time, and that he does not expect this extreme cold weather to last more than a day or two longer. He bases his expression of opinion upon past experience.

Taxes in France

Paris, Oct. 15.—The Chamber of Deputies reassembled yesterday. Finance Minister M. Rouvier, after introducing the budget, showing that the revenue was estimated at \$715,000,000 and expenditures at \$715,000,000, explained that in order to effect an equilibrium it has been necessary to create new taxation amounting to \$41,400,000, which amount is included in the estimated revenue.

A mining deputy, M. Dasly, presented a proposition for establishing old-age pensions, which the chamber agreed to discuss at the first opportunity, and M. Baudry d'Asson submitted a demand for an arrangement of the government for violating the law by closing schools conducted by the congregations, and asked for its immediate discussion, which was fixed by 414 to 53 votes.

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ELDORADO AND BONANZA.

Mr. Farrer of Oro Fiao hill will close down his big mining plant for a couple of months. Herman Haas of No. 40 above Bonanza had a very narrow escape from instant death last Wednesday. While working in a shaft one of the buckets fell from the top, a distance of twenty feet, striking Mr. Haas squarely on the head and cutting a very deep gash. It might have called a miracle that he escaped death. He is again at work. Last Tuesday evening while Mr. Johnson and partner, Jaymen on No. 41 above Bonanza, were at work, fire broke out inside the cabin. The gentlemen were away only a short time and when they returned the cabin was filled with smoke. Remembering where their purse was left one of them crawled in on hands and knees and secured it. Everything else was lost with the exception of one robe. Four or five months supply of provisions, clothing and everything was lost. The cabin belonged to Mr. Cameron of No. 41.

Father-Libert from Grand Forks will hold services on Sulphur next Sunday. The dance given last Friday night on No. 30 below Bonanza by Mrs. Davis was largely attended. From early in the evening until a good share of the next morning had passed, the merry crowd of dancers kept the musicians busy playing the merry waltz, the merry two-step or the amusing quadrille. The supper was the best that the experienced chef could provide.

Their Own Cotton

London, Nov. 12.—A determined effort is being made by the cotton industry of England to obtain a large part of their supply of raw material from British territory alone. The government is aiding the movement with advice and with money. The magnitude of the task which the spinners and manufacturers have set themselves may be gauged from the fact that at present five-sixths of the cotton supply comes from America. The partial failure of the cotton crop during the last three years and the speculative manipulation of prices have produced an alarming shortage, and the already serious situation in Lancashire is aggravated by the possibility of an American cotton trust.

English manufacturers and spinners have accordingly formed what is called the British Cotton Growing Association, which is making strenuous efforts to promote the production of cotton in British colonies. Mr. Newton, of Oldham, the chairman of the association, has been in London during the present week interviewing various colonial governors and the leading officials at the colonial office and the foreign office with regard to the movement.

Leave the Island

St. Thomas, D. W. I., Nov. 12.—Danish West Indies are emigrating in large numbers to the United States in consequence of the depressed state of the islands. It is now several years since natives have sought employment in America, and it is only of late that this has revived. A certain importance has been attached to it. In the petition recently sent to the minister of finance in Copenhagen setting forth the grievous state of affairs in the island of St. Croix, this subject occupies an important place and is as follows: "Another evil which is now severely felt, and will be more severely felt in the continually increasing emigration to the United States of the best of the young generation owing to the depressed state of affairs here."

At one of the public receptions at the White House during the second Cleveland Administration, Mr. Sam'l Clemens (Mark Twain) was presented to Mrs. Cleveland. On shaking hands with her he gave her a card, asking simply: "Will you please sign that?"

Mrs. Cleveland glanced at the card to find nothing but the words: "He has not," written across it. She looked in amused perplexity to Mr. Clemens for something further, when the latter explained: "My wife said if I came here I would be sure to come with my goggles on; but I haven't, have I? So I wish you would sign that for me to give to her."

Mrs. Cleveland looked down at his feet, and then laughingly wrote her name on the card.—New York Times.

Rushing the Railroad

The work on the new government railway from North Bay, according to advices from that point, is being pushed forward as fast as circumstances will permit. The contract with Mr. A. R. Macdonnell was signed on Monday, October 6, and on the following Friday the first gang of men was sent in to cut a tote road through for the carrying of supplies. The work was commenced at a point near Trout Lake, three miles out from North Bay, for it has not yet been decided whether the southern terminus will be at North Bay or Nipissing Junction, four miles east. The latter point is the terminus of the Grand Trunk Railway, that road running from Nipissing Junction to North Bay over Canadian Pacific rails. The commissioners will pay a visit to North Bay next week to examine the situation and settle the question. It is the intention to cut the tote road through for about fifty miles, rush what supplies can be got through this winter, and then the contractors can work from the south end and from two points in the center.

Gangs of graders started in to work on Wednesday morning, and men are being placed on the construction as fast as they can be secured. It is not a very easy matter to obtain labor. At the present time men are being offered \$1.50 to \$1.75 a day and board themselves, and all over North Bay are struck notices of "men wanted."

The contractor has sub-let the first fifteen miles already, the sub-contractors taking sections of three and four miles each, and they are all at work. It is not expected, however, that the laying of the rails will commence before May 1, next, but work will be continued on the earth till frost comes and on the rock all winter.

The contract calls for the completion of the first sixty miles by the 31st of December, 1903. This would bring the road about to the lower end of Rabbit Lake, and touch the northeast arm of Temagami Lake. It will then have nearly fifty miles to go before it touches the settled country to the north, the district around the head of Lake Temagami. On the former project the line to James Bay, for which Messrs. Mackenzie & Mann had the charter, and which the new road parallels, those gentlemen had graded about three thousand feet, work which is rendered useless by the construction of the new line.

Mr. W. B. Russell, the engineer in charge for the government, has at present an engineer and staff on Lake Temagami to locate the line through. At present only the first city limits has been put through, although the general direction of the line was located. Another locating party is to be placed in the field, and government parties are also out representing the work of construction. Each of these parties takes charge of eight miles.

All this work is making progress at North Bay, and there is a veritable boom on there. The hotels are filled with railway men and contractors, the boarding houses are hardly accommodate any more, while it is almost impossible to obtain a rented house, although new building is going on actively. Every day brings in fresh supplies, construction material and more laborers, and North Bay has made up its mind that several years of an overflowing dinner pail are ahead of it.

Turk y and Bulgari

Constantinople, Oct. 15.—The powers have notified the Porte of their compliance with Turkey's request to make representations to the Bulgarian government urging a better surveillance of the Turk-Bulgarian frontier. The Salonica-Monastir Railroad has been ordered to hold cars in readiness for the transportation of troops and military stores. A detachment of 2,500 soldiers left Salonica Sunday for Dede Agach, a seaport of European Turkey, 92 miles from Adrianople. A Bulgarian band has been dispersed near Florin, seventeen miles from Monastir. Some of them were killed.

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