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DAILY EDITION.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 14

THE HISTORY OF RECIPROCITY

In 1878 Sir Charles Tupper, speaking in the House of Commons on the tariff, said:

"I think the hon. gentleman will find that, as far as the agriculturists are concerned, they understand this perfectly well. They would be quite satisfied with a reciprocity treaty that would give them free access to the markets of the United States for their products, but they are not believers in one sided free trade."

This shows fairly the view held by the protectionists who framed the National Policy. It is in line with Sir John Macdonald's National Policy resolution of 1878, in which the hope was expressed that the adoption of a protective tariff by Canada would eventually bring about reciprocity. It is in line with the bill embodying the protectionist tariff of 1879, which contained an offer of reciprocity in natural products with the United States.

As a matter of fact, reciprocity has been until only a few months ago the policy of both parties in this country. Both parties united in the efforts which resulted in securing the old reciprocity treaty of 1854. Both joined in seeking to prevent its abrogation. Alexander Mackenzie's Government sought to make a new treaty in the seventies. The National Policy of Sir John Macdonald, introduced in 1879, contained a statutory offer of reciprocity. In the last appeal made by Sir John Macdonald to the Canadian people in 1891, the desire to obtain a mandate for negotiations with the United States was given as the reason for a premature dissolution of Parliament. The Laurier Government, shortly after obtaining power, tried in vain to secure reciprocity.

We are told by the opponents of the reciprocity now before the people of Canada for their verdict, that the conditions have changed. But the changes that have occurred have made reciprocity not less, but more, to be desired. In 1879, when Sir John made his statutory offer of reciprocity, the population of the United States was 40,000,000. Today the population of that country is over 92,000,000, and the proportion of food consumers has increased more rapidly than population.

We are told by the opponents of the reciprocity that increase of trade with the United States will imperil British connection. But the huge increase in Canada's trade with the United States since 1891 has not imperilled British connection. On the contrary, annexationist sentiment, of which there was some in 1891, has absolutely disappeared. Sir John Macdonald, by taking his stand in 1891 on the policy of the present reciprocity agreement, gave conclusive proof of his belief that the present argument against reciprocity, that it will pull Canada out of the Empire, is simply bosh.

VALUE OF RESOURCES

There appears to be a somewhat prevalent impression that the wealth of natural resources of which Canada is possessed is real wealth and a valuable asset to the nation. This is undoubtedly true, but the form in which the truth finds expression often leads to an erroneous conviction. Natural resources are real wealth only when they are converted into marketable commodity which can in turn be converted into the medium of exchange. A mountain of gold is of no value to anyone until the ores are mined, reduced, refined and made convertible into bills of exchange. The already enormous but ever increasing wheat crop of central Canada is of little use as mere wheat. Excepting for the amount necessary for milling into flour for domestic consumption it is of no value at all unless it can be exported. Forest areas of incalculable density are an asset only because they can be converted into the products of the mills and made useful in the many industrial pursuits of mankind.

Undoubtedly the most prosperous nations are those which possess the greatest natural resources and are most productive in the conversion of these into the finished articles of commerce, but where natural resources and raw material abound to the extent that obtains in Canada the industrial value of raw material is likely to lag behind its export value for many years. Those who possess the raw materials, whether grain, timber, fruit, fish, pulpwood, minerals or crude products of these, are more than likely to realize upon their values long before the industrial development of the country can catch up with the business opportunities afforded by traffic in the raw materials.

It is a mistake to suppose that because raw materials are being exported from the country that the country is being thereby despoiled of its wealth. Where value is obtained for those they are as true an asset and of as much worth to commerce as when manufactured at home. To lock them up until the industrial development of the country can be brought to keep pace with the demand for the finished products is to block the way to prosperity.

The laws of industry and commerce compel the manufacture and finishing of raw materials into artificial products as near the base of supplies as nature will permit. The whole system of commercial economy turns on this principle. But to try to force the manufacture of crude materials at home against the laws of economy is a wasteful method and whatever monetary results accrue in one direction do so because of the robbing of Peter to pay Paul.

The whole system of protective tariffs exists because of an effort to force industry and commerce into artificial channels. Though there is no doubt that those immediately concerned in these protected enterprises prosper, it is always at the expense of some section of the community. Thus the farmers of Canada have been paying for many years for the prosperity of the manufacturing industries. Now that they have struggled out of these kindergarten experiences and have become producers themselves to an extent that demands an open market in the commercial channels of the world the Conservative party of Canada insists on shutting the door against them and compelling them to trade at home. They ask for no protection; what they desire is a chance to sell what they produce where they can obtain the most for it, and we believe that Canada is intending to give them their chance. She will be unjust to her best people if she does not and will be guilty of the murder of her own prosperity.

WARK'S CLOSING JEWELRY SALE

During the past six days many customers have visited our closing sale and were completely surprised at the rare bargains we are offering on every line of merchandise we carry. Many of them have purchased their Christmas Gifts because they fully realize the great saving of about one hundred percent they are making. Such an opportunity cannot come to the citizens of Rupert again this season.

TODAY IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY

Specials for Friday and Saturday

\$30.00 Ladies' Hand Bags \$18.00
13.50 " " " 8.90
9.00 " " " 5.00
9.00 " " " 4.90
6.00 " " " 3.90
.75 Men's Purses .35

\$16.50 Umbrellas \$10.90
10.00 " " " 6.00
5.00 " " " 3.25
4.00 " " " 2.40

\$72.50 8-Day Chime Hall Clock for \$44.00
\$38.50 8-Day Chime Library Clock for 23.50
\$12.50 8-Day Mantle Clocks for \$7.50
\$7.50 8-Day Mantle Clocks for \$4.50
\$7.50 8-Day Office Clocks \$4.50
\$1.50 Watches .95
\$2.00 Razors .95

We are displaying the newest and prettiest line of Brass Goods in our East Window, that has ever been shown in Prince Rupert. Just the thing for Wedding Gifts.

Our Cut Glass, Silverplate and Sterling Silver, is being sold at about HALF PRICE.

Watches, Chains, Locketts, Pins, and all lines of Small Jewellery are going at cost.

Do you intend buying a diamond?

Come in and save for yourself the dealers profit

One New Heintzman Player Piano, regular \$900.00, to be sold for \$710.00
One Second-Hand Bell Piano, like new \$275.00
One Second-Hand Furnace.
One New Kitchen Range.

C. B. Wark & Co.
[THIRD AVENUE]

A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

(AUTHOR OF GOLD, GOLD IN CARIBOO, ETC.)

CHAPTER IV.

It was a glorious and memorable day for all of them. Four perfect horsemen in a horseman's country. Such a taste of paradise as, in this weary old world, generally precedes trouble.

"How much of this belongs to the Risky Ranch, Mrs. Rolt?" asked Anstruther.

"All of it as far as you can see."

"None of it," corrected Jim, "except a few meadows and some water front on the Fraser as you can't see."

"How annoying you are, Jim. You know what I mean perfectly well."

"Only you don't say it, and he doesn't know."

"Well, if it isn't yours," persisted the puzzled Anstruther, looking from one to the other, "why should not anyone run their cattle over it?"

"They might if they did not need water or hay. These two Harrison boys are trying it now."

"What Jim means, Mr. Anstruther, is that we have corralled, oh, I beg your pardon, Kitty, secured the exclusive right to all the water and all the hay meadows in the district, and without these the run would not be worth anything. Stock must have water, and in winter must sometimes have hay."

"I see, but how do you keep your cattle. I don't see any fences."

"We don't keep them, they keep themselves, in summer, and in winter—" she broke off abruptly, and pointed to where a number of slow-moving beasts were strung out in line of march towards the river.

"Do you see that band? Those are the first of our beasts coming in. For the next fortnight you will see them wandering in by hundreds. They know the seasons as well or better than we do."

"Do you mean that they have been out all the summer and are coming in now of their own accord?"

"Just that. In all sorts of beautiful little parks islanded in that black timber; in groves shady and deep, and the streams have hardly seen they have dreamed away their summer undisturbed and now they are coming home with their calves behind them, our income."

"It seems easy. Where does the work come in?"

Mrs. Rolt turned laughingly in her saddle to Jim.

"Isn't any work, is there, Jim?"

Jim, who was riding in his shirt-sleeves, with his coat in a roll at the back of his saddle, looked meditatively at his own bare corded arms.

"Might be some in the meadows in 'zkeeter time," he suggested.

"Rounding up the strays keeps a man in the saddle quite a while, and there's some don't hanker after too much branding and such like, but it's all in a lifetime. If it is work it is better than any play I ever heard tell of. Guess if I was the boss of the Risky, I wouldn't change places with anyone."

"That is pretty of you, Jim."

He looked at her smiling, no ways abashed.

"I guess the boss agrees with me, and he knows England as well as he knows B.C., and has sampled the best there is to be had pretty nigh all over."

"Yes, but he had his fill of England first, Jim, and he is older."

Her eyes followed the laughing couple which preceded them, as her thoughts followed Combe's, and the pain in his honest grey eyes was reflected in hers. She was sorry for her old friend, and knew that it was useless to explain. The old world had called its own, and both knew that Kitty had listened to its call.

Meanwhile the others had ridden ahead, and were now holding up their hands to keep the stragglers back. They left their horses, and stole quietly on to some tall trees which fringed a small lake, a blue turquoise set in the red gold of the reeds, and islanded amongst the grey green of the sage brush.

For the last fifty yards the boy and girl, they were little more, crept on their hands and knees, and when they raised their heads above the reeds there was a sudden splashing and scurry as a bunch of mallards sprang quacking from the water. In quick succession four reports followed one another, and out of the ducks tumbled back headlong into the lake. For a moment the rest of the birds looked as if they were going straight away, but some foolish prompting of curiosity brought them back, swinging in a circle high overhead.

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"Stand still, Miss Clifford," they heard the Englishman say, "now let them have it," and again there were four flashes, but even to the onlookers it was almost impossible to distinguish more than two reports.

Again two birds came down, not all aslant on struggling wings, but with their heads under them, dead in mid air, killed instantly, as if by lightning.

"That's a fine performance, Miss Clifford. Very few girls at home could beat that," they heard Anstruther say. "You were too quick for me."

"What! didn't you shoot?"

"No," he lied gallantly. "See, my gun is loaded still, and he threw open the breech, showing the two cartridges which had slipped in with the rapidity of an old hand almost as he spoke."

"Then I killed those two myself."

"Unless they died for love of you."

"And who killed the others?"

"I suppose that you did."

"Oh, nonsense; I'm not going to believe that."

"Well, we'll take one each then if I can get them. Give me your hand, please, for a moment," and under the transparent pretext of wanting support whilst he balanced himself upon a partially submerged pine pole, Anstruther managed to retrieve his game.

Perhaps he held the little warm hand a trifle longer and pressed it a trifle harder than the circumstances warranted, but the girl's rosy face registered no serious protest.

"He's a very fluent liar," muttered Mrs. Rolt half to herself as they rode up.

"Bags his game very neatly," answered Jim.

"And she's a little fool," said the lady viciously, but Anstruther neither heard the criticism nor the praise any more than did Kitty.

In their veins the young blood was beating so that their ears were deafened to everything except the measure of one old song, which once truly learned becomes the music of a lifetime.

For them the scent of the sage brush, the hurry and roar of rising wings, and the blue of lonely upland lakes, would be as the keys of paradise as long as they both should live, bringing back dreams with which duck-shooting should have little enough to do.

Unfortunately that song is a duet, and gives pleasure to two only, so that though the pools seemed innumerable, and the glory of the day unstinted, an end came to Jim's loquacity. He was all eyes, but his tongue had failed him.

Suddenly as Jim and the boss's wife followed soberly behind the younger couple they were now skirting the timber.

The two in front had pulled up, and were waiting for Mrs. Rolt to join them. When they came alongside Anstruther asked:

"Did you hear that owl, Combe? Isn't it early in the day for him to be calling? There do you hear him? He must be quite close to us."

"That ain't no owl."

"What is it, then?"

"A Chilcooten telling his pals that there are white men coming. You'll see the smoke of their camp as soon as this lumber opens up again. I guess I'll ride on ahead," and so saying he put his horse into a gallop.

"I expect he wants to get a glimpse of their camp before they have had time to cache anything," replied Mrs. Rolt. "Jim is looking for things not mentioned in the game list."

But when the three reached the Indian camp they found Jim Combe sitting loosely in his saddle, the bridle thrown carelessly on his horse's neck, talking with the utmost good temper to a grey-haired old mummy, as if he were enjoying a gossip in his native tongue.

"Says that the tribe is hungry, that the wolves have grown numerous, and the deer all gone back away off," said he as the others came up, mimicking the old woman's manner. "Seems like it doesn't fit," and he pointed to a great square stack of fresh hides.

"There's another stack just back of that, under those trees. They must have killed forty or fifty deer. How many sons have you been hunting?" he asked, turning again to the squaw.

"Ten sons," showing the number on her bent claw.

"And how many men stop here?"

"My son, his fader, and two more."

"Who is your son? What you call him?"

"Kineeshaw," whined the old hag in a curious sing-song.

"Oh! Cultus Jack, eh?"

"Nawitka, white man's name Cultus Jack."

When his father is Kheleowna. You Kheleowna's wife, Emma?"

"Nawitka, me Emma."

"You don't mean to say that awful old woman is the chief's wife," whispered Mrs. Rolt.

"Yes. She's the princess. Nice princess, isn't she? Well, we're going to camp here, Emma."

Anstruther smiled at Kitty. Combe's seemed a somewhat informal manner of addressing a princess.

"Not much wood," grumbled the crone.

"Oh, the wood's all right. It's a warm night and we shan't want much."

"Water very bad, makes men sick."

"That is why you have camped by it. All right, old Loveliness. I'm on to your curve. Doesn't seem to hanker much after our society, does she, Mrs. Rolt?" he said laughingly, as he took the horses, and led them away.

Returning in a little while, his axe chopped out the roots at which Anstruther had been vainly tugging, cut down a dozen trees and stripped them whilst he whistled, so that the beds were heaped high with sweet-smelling hemlock; the fly was tightened and set firmly between its guy, and the fire made to leap and glow like a merry heart in the gloom.

It is not a bad thing for other people to have one man amongst them who knows how to help himself.

And now as the afternoon waned, an Indian appeared dragging the first deer into camp.

In the course of the next hour he and four others returned at one time, bringing with them seven deer in all, enough meat to last them with ordinary care for a month or six weeks.

"I wonder if it is too dark to take a photograph," asked Anstruther, who had grown tired of doing nothing.

"Just think what a ripping picture all those solemn-looking beggars would make, squatting by the fire, with the princess grubbing in the ashes."

"It's much too dark, and, besides, I don't think that they would like it," replied Mrs. Rolt.

"Like it. It can't hurt them. They ought to feel flattered that any one cares to preserve their awful faces," and so saying, he strolled nonchalantly over to the neighboring camp.

"I wish he would not do it," muttered Mrs. Rolt, undecidedly.

"Oh, what nonsense, Mary," replied the girl, "you really are too absurd about those Indians. I've photographed

ed them before and they did not mind a bit, but he will come back if you call him."

Unfortunately, Mrs. Rolt wavered and neglected her opportunity.

With perfect assurance Anstruther strolled up to the four sullen figures who glowered at him as he came, but did not move a muscle.

"Nice evening," he said. "Isn't it. I don't happen to speak your lingo but hope I see you well. Ever had your pictures taken?"

Still the four remained motionless.

"Not in a conversational mood, eh? Well, perhaps that is better. Mustn't talk whilst the operation is being performed. Put your head a little on one side, sir. No savvy, eh? Well, think of 'er, old chappie," and he pointed to Emma with a grin, and kneeling down adjusted his camera, aiming it right into the faces of the silent group.

"As he did so Emma disappeared into the tent."

"Whoop! Gons to ground," he shouted with a laugh, and the four, rising with a growl, turned their backs upon him.

For a moment he was nonplussed, but the devil of island insolence had possession of him, and he knew that Kitty was watching him. Still on his knees he reached for a long stick from the fire, and bending forward, tossed it so the hot end of it fell upon the nearest Indian's bare foot.

Quick as thought the Chilcooten turned, and for a moment the women drew their breath and feared for what was to come, but the camera clicked and the fire still divided the aggressor from his victim.

"Got you, my beauty," said the unconscious artist, "with quite your most engaging smile on," and utterly careless of the dumb wrath in the man's eyes, he put his camera into its case, and walked back, laughing, to his friends.

Mrs. Rolt and Jim, who had returned too late to interfere, did not join in his laugh, but the sullen faces of the outraged four, and the sight of Emma, the beautiful, peeping out to see if all was safe again, were too much for Kitty, who laughed till the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, surely, Mrs. Rolt," protested Anstruther, between his peals of laughter, "there is nothing to look so serious about. One would think that you had been photographed. I didn't hurt the sulky brutes, and if they didn't like being photographed, what matter. You aren't afraid of Indians in this country, are you?"

"No, but we don't want enemies. At any rate, for goodness' sake, stop laughing. You can see how they hate it."

It is a curious trait of the Indians, at any rate of the Far West, that they themselves seldom or never laugh, whilst the merest hint that you are laughing even in the mildest way at them, puts their backs up immediately.

Like the vast plains and dumb forests through which they roam, they are by nature sombre, and a laugh is as much of an outrage to them as a shrill's song would be to the forest silence.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

New Knox Hotel

BESNER & BESNER, PROPRIETORS

The New Knox Hotel is run on the European plan. First-class service. All the Latest Modern improvements.

FIRST AVENUE, PRINCE RUPERT

COAL NOTICE

Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands

Take notice that Austin M. Brown of Prince Rupert, occupation saddler, intends to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works on and under the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted three miles east of the northeast corner of C. L. No. 4473, thence 80 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 80 chains north, thence 80 chains east to point of commencement.

AUSTIN M. BROWN, Locator
Located August 1st, 1911.
Pub. Aug. 17.

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