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DAILY EDITION.

MONDAY, SEPT. 18

PREFERENCE AND RECIPROCITY

A Conservative contemporary quotes Sir John Macdonald as opposed to unrestricted reciprocity because it involved discrimination against the Mother Country. The quotation is correct, but it is no argument against the kind of reciprocity that does not discriminate against the Mother Country, the kind of reciprocity that is perfectly consistent with the existing preference to the Mother Country.

British preference and reciprocity are parts of the same policy. The platform adopted by the Liberal convention of 1893 declared that the tariff should be so arranged as to promote freer trade with the whole world, and more particularly with Great Britain and the United States. So far as Great Britain was concerned, the Liberals carried out their policy as soon as they obtained power. Their first tariff, that of 1897, was based on the principle of reciprocity. It was in effect a British preference, because Great Britain was the only country which gave Canada the favorable treatment necessary to secure the preference; and it was afterwards specifically confined to British countries.

The fact that the market of the United Kingdom was free made it easy to carry out one part of the Liberal policy. The fact that the United States maintained very high duties against Canadian products was an obstacle to carrying out the other part of the Liberal policy. That obstacle is now removed. The United States removes many high duties altogether, makes sweeping reductions in others, on condition that we remove or reduce our lower duties. Laurier and Fielding, therefore, say that the time has arrived to carry out the second great feature of the Liberal policy.

Reciprocity with the United States and preference for Great Britain are not inconsistent or conflicting, because they cover two different fields. The British preference affects manufactures almost entirely, because we buy no food except a few delicacies from Great Britain. Reciprocity applies mainly to food and natural products. Sir John Macdonald favored reciprocity in food and natural products; he opposed unrestricted reciprocity because it covered manufactures and might have involved discrimination against Great Britain. The present agreement is entirely free from the objection to which Sir John Macdonald referred.

STOP AND THINK

The Tory party is asking for your support upon a basis of higher protective duties. What does this mean? It means higher cost of living.

The leaders of the Conservatives tell us that we want no trade arrangements with a nation in the present condition of the United States, but they nevertheless ask us to perpetuate in Canada the very tariff which has brought about existing conditions in the United States, a tariff the folly of which the United States are at last themselves recognizing as highly iniquitous and designed solely to make a few men rich at the expense of the many.

The Conservative party is absolutely committed to higher duties and it is well known that the campaign today is being financed, not by the honest manufacturer who is ready to live and let live, but by the greedy and avaricious, heartless and moneyed aristocracy, who are determined to increase their wealth and their power by compelling all the people to pay tribute to them.

YOU HAVE TO CHOOSE THURSDAY

At the head of the Liberal party is the political Bayard of the age, without fear and without stain, a leader of personal magnetism unapproached among living statesmen, and a political general whose peer is not living at this moment. A Fabius in biding his time, a Napoleon in the comprehensiveness of his strategy and a Marlborough in battle, his party are ready to follow as one man wherever his white plume leads. Like Napoleon too, he has surrounded himself with men of the first calibre, ablest among whom is our own W. S. Fielding, the greatest master of finance Canada has ever produced and a diplomat of many and greatest triumphs; a man who never entered a battle, he did not win, who never tackled a problem which he did not solve, who never feared a foe or deserted a friend, a parliamentary debater of the first order, and who, through the vicissitudes of a long and strenuous career, never made a personal enemy. Such are the Liberal accomplishments, such are the Liberal policies, such are the Liberal leaders. They are now appealing to the people for a mandate to set the seal of completion upon an agreement which at one stroke of the pen doubles our markets and provides opportunities for commerce whose profits shall stimulate this country to a development which shall make even the progress of the past ten years seem like a snail's pace.

Opposed to all this, what do we find? We find a leader dissatisfied with his followers, and followers dissatisfied with their leader. We find a condition of incipient rebellion and reluctant subordination among the rank and file of the Opposition. We find a party differing as the poles asunder on almost every question of importance during the past fifteen years and split and rent by jealousies, envies and mutual distrust today. An unpopular captain and a mutinous crew would be a poor outfit indeed with which to man the ship of state, and the Canadian electorate know this.

THE WORD OF THE WORKER

During the tour of the Prime Minister a deputation representing the workmen of the country waited upon him bearing two banners with the following devices: "Reciprocity is endorsed by twenty thousand labor union men of Canada" and "Thou shalt not tax the food products of mankind." In Toronto the candidates for Parliament are being asked the question: "Are you in favor of untaxed food for the masses? Anyone who can't answer this question in the

affirmative will not get the workmen's vote." Nine-tenths of the workmen I know, says a labor leader in the East, are in favor of reciprocity because it involves the removal of all taxes from food. This is not a party fight by any means. "It is an issue far broader and deeper than politics; it is a question of humanity."

Ross & Reciprocity

Liberal Rally

in the Committee rooms

.TO-NIGHT...

at 8 o'clock

Prominent Speakers Will Address the Meeting.

The Graham Island Oil Fields, Limited

CAPITAL STOCK \$1,000,000

We are offering for sale a very limited amount of shares of stock at 25c per share; par value \$1.00. These shares are going quickly and will soon be off the market :

THE MACK REALTY & INSURANCE COMPANY

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HEAD OFFICE: MONTREAL. Capital, \$6,200,000. Surplus, \$7,200,000. Total Assets, \$100,000,000.

Savings Bank Department, \$1 will open an account.

Branches throughout Canada and Banking Connections with all parts of the United States.

Agents throughout the world.

H. P. WILSON, Manager, Prince Rupert Branch.

LAND PURCHASE NOTICE

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that Sarah E. Alton, of Prince Rupert, occupation nurse, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted at the North-west corner of Lot 1116 (Harvey Survey) Coast District, Range V, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south, thence 40 chains west, thence 40 chains north, thence 40 chains west, thence 40 chains north to point of commencement, containing 480 acres more or less.
Dated July 14, 1911. SARAH E. ALTON
Fred Bohler, Agent
Pub. July 15.

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that Linford Sewall Bell of Prince Rupert, B. C., occupation locomotive engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of the Zimogottz River about three (3) miles distant (upstream) in a westerly direction from the junction of the Little Zimogottz River and the main Zimogottz River, thence north 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.
Dated June 7, 1911. LINDFORD SEWALL BELL
Geo. R. Putnam, Agent
Pub. July 8.

Casalar Land District—District of Skeena
Take notice that L. Thomas Freer, of Skeena, occupation broker, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted on the shore in a northerly direction from Port Nelson Cannery marked L. F. S. E. Corner, thence 20 chains south, thence 20 chains east, thence 20 chains north to point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.
Dated June 10, 1911. LEMUEL FREER
J. M. Collison, Agent
Pub. July 8.

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range V
Take notice that Jesse M. Tallman of Cedar Rapids, Iowa, occupation lawyer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted on the southerly shore of Kutzemeyer Inlet on the right bank of a small stream, 80 chains east of Crow Lake, thence south 20 chains, thence west 20 chains more or less to the shore line of Crow Lake, thence northerly and easterly following the shore line of Crow Lake, the line to Crow Lake and Kutzemeyer Inlet to the place of commencement, containing forty acres more or less.
Dated Aug. 9, 1911. JESSE M. TALLMAN
Pub. Aug. 12.

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that R. F. Miller of Tipton, England, occupation farmer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted about 60 chains west from the N. W. Corner of Lot 4406, thence north 40 chains, thence west 20 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence east 20 chains to point of commencement, containing eighty acres more or less.
Dated August 19, 1911. R. F. MILLER
P. M. Miller, Agent
Pub. Aug. 26.

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that E. H. G. Miller of Falmouth Eng., occupation surveyor, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted at the N. W. Corner of Lot 4406, thence west 80 chains, thence south 20 chains to the point of commencement, containing 320 acres, more or less.
Dated August 15, 1911. E. H. G. MILLER
P. M. Miller, Agent
Pub. Aug. 26.

Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands
Take notice that Austin M. Brown of Prince Rupert, B. C., occupation real estate broker, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:
Commencing at a post planted at the S. W. corner of pre-emption record 412, thence east 80 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 80 chains to shore of lake, thence following shore of lake in a northerly direction to point of commencement, containing 320 acres, more or less.
Dated Sept. 9, 1911. THOMAS MCCLYMONT
Ernest Cox, Agent
Pub. Sept. 9.

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P. M. Miller, Agent
Pub. Aug. 26.

Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands
Take notice that Austin M. Brown of Prince Rupert, occupation saddler, intends to apply for a license to prospect for coal, oil and petroleum 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. 4472, thence 80 chains east, thence 80 chains south to point of commencement.
Dated August 1st, 1911. AUSTIN M. BROWN, Locator
Pub. Aug. 17.

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A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

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

How do women telegraph to one another? Have they some subtler sense which we male things have missed, or is it that, through much practise, they can really speak with their eyes?

This deponent knoweth not, but this he knows, that when the four horses were steaded to a walk, the natural tendency of them was to come together, but at a glance from the girl, Anstruther found himself in some unexplained manner, attached quite against his will to Mrs. Rolt and riding ahead, whilst Kitty and Combe followed them.

When Mrs. Rolt had taken Anstruther far enough ahead, Kitty Clifford's cold sidled up to Jim's cayuse, and putting her hand timidly on the man's arm, the girl said:

"Jim."
"Yes, Miss Clifford."
"Why not Kitty, as it used to be?"
He flushed to the roots of his yellow hair.

"Kitty then."
"Why did you get in front of me when that Indian shot the dog?"
"Did I, Miss Kitty? I beg your pardon. Did you want to see him do it?"
"Don't be stupid. Why did you do it?"
"Didn't know as I did do it."

"Didn't you, Jim? I think you did, old friend, but I wasn't worth it, Jim. I wasn't worth it."

What he answered or what more they said, the prairie breezes may know. This only Mrs. Rolt told me: that Jim did not say then what he might have said, and what Mrs. Rolt hoped that he would say, because when they reached the ranch that night she did Kitty's hair for her, and the girl had no secret to confide.

Perhaps Jim had scruples about hitting a man when he is down, as he would have put it, or may be did not want any mistake made between love and gratitude.

He was always a good sportsman, Jim.

CHAPTER VI.

A ranch house in the Far West is not quite the same thing as a country house in England, though even that is not always as luxuriously comfortable in small details as many of the middle class town houses of Canada. If we take the beginning of things out of the way, we grow fast and solid comfort is not an English monopoly.

What ordinary manor house in England has a bath room attached to every bedroom, electricity ready to be turned on at every possible point where light could be wanted, its even temperature assured by a furnace in the basement, its labor-saving appliances so complete that one Chinese factotum can perform all the domestic labor which machinery will not do for him.

The want of domestic servants has made western men use their brains for the abolition of labor, and one of the results has been small houses so compact, so well arranged, that servants can almost be dispensed with.

But a wide gap divides the town house of Canada from the ranch house. That perhaps is more like a very early edition of the English manor house. Like it in its ample rooms where many men may gather together o' nights when the work is over; in its solidity, which gives it warmth in the long days of winter; and in its frank kinship to the Great Out-of-Doors, which alone makes it habitable for men who must be in and out all day long, and cannot spare the time to "change" every time that they are hungry. But after the day's work is over, on such ranches as the Risky at any rate, the cowboy, if he lives in the house, is supposed to shed his working dress, so that when the lights from the great log house streamed over the weary hunting party, the first to greet them was a dapper English squire in his evening kit of old pumps and a smoking jacket.

"Why, my girl," he cried, "what brings you home in this fashion?"
"Didn't you want to see us, old man? Yes! take the horses, Jim, and let some one else look after them. Don't stay to change. Come in to-night as you are. We've ridden all day, Dick, and most of the time at a gallop. Help Kitty upstairs. I believe she is too tired to walk."

"Shall we carry her, Anstruther?" asked Dick Rolt, helping his wife down first, "or do you think you are man enough to do that yourself?"
"I think I might just manage it, sir, if Miss Kitty will allow me."

But Kitty was not minded to give him the chance. Her eyes followed the "bird man" somewhat wistfully for a moment, and then putting her arm through Mrs. Rolt's, she climbed the stairs with her friend.
"I can't understand him," she whispered, "and he has changed. What have you done to him while I've been away?"

"Do you think that he is so much changed?" I thought it rather like the old Jim to-day, when he put himself between trouble and our little mad-cap."

"Yes; but Polly—"
Mrs. Rolt saw that the girl was over-tired and all but crying.

"But me no buts," Miss. There's your room and the old man has lighted the stove for you, which means that they saw us coming and that there will be a fire in my room, too, bless him. Go in and hurry, and don't keep dinner waiting. No man cares two straws how a woman looks when he is hungry."

Outside, in the corral, Jim Combe led the tired horses slowly to their stables, and though he had been asked to hurry, dwell unconsciously on the stoves for you, which means that they saw us coming and that there will be a fire in my room, too, bless him. Go in and hurry, and don't keep dinner waiting. No man cares two straws how a woman looks when he is hungry."

He had to adjust himself to certain new phases of thought, and the operation was not easy to him.
Before Kitty Clifford went back to England, it had not seemed unreasonable that she, the forerunner of the Risky Ranch, should aspire to her hand. She was of the ranch, a part of those wild plains which it dominated and had no other world to conquer. Neither did she seem to need any.

The ranch language was her language, its happiness her happiness; to her as to him there had been nothing worth having beyond it, and as far as it was man's life had roughened him a little, he was as well-born as she was.

So that there had seemed no reason why he should not love, and by and by marry Kitty Clifford.

There was no reason now, he almost believed, why he should not propose and be accepted.

But was it fair?

It was this thought that made him so rough with the colt that that indignant youngster hunched his back and drew up a threatening hind foot.

"Whos, boy, steady," Jim said, apologetically. "Am I too rough with you, little fellow, and wouldn't I be too rough with her?" he added to himself. Everything had changed since her visit to England. Before that she had been almost a child, now she was a young woman, who had tasted of the tree of knowledge, and knew, or thought that she knew, the good from the evil. Her eyes had been open so that she saw how rough and monotonous the ranch life was, and yearned after the brilliant life at home, of which she had not seen enough to tire.

Worse than all for Jim, she had learned to see his lack of polish and the discords in his speech, which at home would have meant want of caste.

No, Jim was beginning to think that even if she would be content with the ranch life now, her content would not last, and lives are long in the West.

When he went into the dining-room a little later, the long table was nearly full. As usual Rolt's family party sat at the top end of it, and below the salt, as it were, sat the white men of the establishment, the proper for a cowboy meal, by themselves elsewhere.

As friend as well as foreman, Jim Combe had been accustomed to sit where he pleased, one day with the men when he wanted to talk cattle, the next among the tyhees, as he called those who sat above the salt.

On this day when he came in there were two places vacant, one above and one below the salt, and he saw Kitty draw her delicate gown of some soft sage green stuff towards her as if she would make room for him. Her action was in itself an invitation, and the dress, a combination of colors of that great cattle country he loved so well, with its soft dominant tones relieved by a flash or two of the sumachs' fiery crimson, touched him. He himself had suggested the colors of it, on a rare long ago, as color proper for a "sage brush" girl, as he had called her.

As he had not seen the frock before, he argued that it must be one that she had brought from England, and that therefore some thought of this, if not of him, had been with her there.

But he took the other place half way down the lower table between old Al and Dan McGilivray.

That was a stupid thing to do of course, but it was done in obedience to a blundering instinct of his, which forbade him to force the running whilst she had that ridiculous idea in her head that he had risked his life for hers, but it hurt him to see the pretty face harden and then light up, as he had never seen it before, for that fellow from England. He knew nothing of women, how should he, and he misread the signs, and wondered what on earth those two could find to talk about. Of course Anstruther knew her in England, and that made all the difference. Loyal Briton as he was, how he hated England for the moment, and even if he had known her in England, surely that was no reason why she should treat Anstruther like a brother, or better.

Jim, better: a good deal better. Jim tried to break into the conversation, and did so clumsily.

"That's a bad racket, Boss, about those cattle thieves," he said, and his own voice seemed hard and unnecessarily loud. "They will be making a hole in your pile this season."

"Mrs. Rolt tells me that you found a branded hide in one of the Chilcooten's camps."

"Found an ear anyway, but I'm scared that that is not all. Davies' murderer is out again with Khelewna's band. It means mischief."

"What ought we to do about that?"
"If we want to stop it we've got to catch some of the thieves and make an example of them. You know what Indians are if you let them get away with you."

"Then you would organize a posse and hunt them. It might be as well, but could we leave the Indians to look after the ranch for a week?"

"Might as well. The work is pretty well forward, and Mr. Anstruther could look after the ladies."

"What do you say to that, Kitty?" asked the Boss.

"Certainly, if Mr. Anstruther's whole soul is not in the cattle."

Anstruther muttered something in his low drawing voice which the others did not catch, but Kitty's answer was sufficiently audible.

"Gh!," she laughed, "that is not manly, Mr. Anstruther. It's cattle first and cattle all the time with the men."

"Cattle are naturally rather important on a ranch, my dear," put in Mrs. Rolt. "We Western people have to work for our daily bread, and that is what the cattle mean to us."

"Some people work in England," retorted Kitty, tossing her pretty head, "but they don't bring their work to all their meals."

It was as near a slap in the face as Mrs. Rolt had ever received at her own table, and for a moment an uncomfortable silence fell upon them all, but Anstruther saved the situation.

"I don't think we should have done well on the prairie to-night, Mrs. Rolt. Do you hear how the wind is getting up?"

It needed no straining of ears to hear that.

For a spell there would be silence or only a thick whispering round the corners of the old house, and then an angry shaking of every casement in the building as if some strong man was trying to find a place to make an entry.

Again there would be a pause, followed by a long wailing cry, and the grinding and shrieking of the thousand branches of the pine around the house, while again would come that wrenching and straining at the casements.

"It's going to be an early winter," said Jim, "I guess that's why all the cattle are coming in."

No one heard her say anything, but Kitty's mysterious little face could speak without words.

"Let us have some music," said Rolt, rising and opening the door for the ladies. "It is stormy outside, and I fancy you ladies want your nerves

soothing after that hard ride." The two went out, and when they had gone the Boss stood pulling his long moustache in a way he had when he was annoyed. Then he went over to Jim and laid his hand kindly on his shoulder.

"Do you really think that we ought to go out?"
"I do, sure."

"And you think that it is safe to leave Anstruther only with the women?" He spoke in a low tone, and he seemed to be asking more than his words implied.

"That's his place, sir."