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DAILY EDITION.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 20

LOOK OUT FOR TORY BOGIES

Tomorrow is election day. Don't forget that. You have got it straight what reciprocity will do for you and your personal interests; what it will do to cheapen living; what it will do to build up Prince Rupert industries, and make labor in demand at higher rates. Don't be scared off by any Tory bogies. Vote straight for Ross and reciprocity.

It might be worth while to catalogue some of the Tory bogies that Clements has been trying to scare you with, so as to have them for handy reference.

Bogey No. 1.—Reciprocity will mean ruin to Canadian prosperity, home markets and farm industry, and make the tie with the Motherland till more imperceptible. That is a peculiarly comprehensive bogey, disposing of a quartette of subjects at one fell swoop. In some senses it is the dreadfulness of all, and that is saying much.

Bogey No. 2.—Reciprocity is going to turn the Grand Trunk Pacific into two streaks of rust instead of lines of steel. This is an awful specter by itself, and enough to chase sleep away. What would become of Prince Rupert then? It would please Clements, of course, because he has always been a knocker of Prince Rupert in behalf of "my beloved Vancouver."

Bogey No. 3.—Reciprocity is going to destroy Montreal's export shipping trade, close the factories of Ontario, wipe the twin cities at the head of Lake Superior off the face of the map, and make Winnipeg a backyard suburb of St. Paul. The exact kind of dire results that will surely overtake the halibut fisheries of Prince Rupert, Vancouver, and Victoria await the prophecy of Tory orators. But Clements has nothing but good to prophecy for his beloved Vancouver.

Bogey No. 4.—Reciprocity is going to undo the Empire work of the Victorian and Edwardian eras and throw us back to the pre-Corn Law days. This again is a fine line of hogboblin, and when uttered is accompanied by moving references to the flag and to the fact that it belongs to one party which is responsible for its safety.

Bogey No. 5.—"Any trade at all with the United States is dangerous," by a frightened man by the name of Dick McBride, down Victoria way. Isn't that delicious, if a bogey may be so described, and what a lively time this funny politician must have in dodging in his own life and practice "trading or trucking at all with the United States!"

Bogey No. 6.—Canada's nationhood and independence are going to be sacrificed. Now isn't that dreadful, too! No more "O Canada" or "Maple Leaf Forever." They will be gone forever. No more Dominion Days—no more nothing. Eternal eclipse! Frightful bow-wows!! Everlasting smash!!!

These bogies comprise the whole stock in trade of the Tory party. They are the whole lock, stock and barrel of the Tory campaign platform. Do they scare you real bad? It is to laugh. Common sense will walk with you to the ballot box tomorrow and see that you vote straight for Ross and reciprocity.

THE MARKET IS READY

The United States market is ready and all that Canadians have to do is to pass the reciprocity agreement, walk in and take advantage of it. If the market conditions are not satisfactory after a trial of a year or so, or any time, Canada has merely to make a change in its tariff and conditions are changed.

And the question is whether or not we shall walk in and take advantage of this great market. It will be of the greatest advantage to all to accept it. If we reject it, we shall not have another opportunity for many years to come.

The United States has given us this opportunity because it is rapidly becoming an importing nation, and it is anxious about its food supply. If it does not make arrangements with us, it will look for its market in other places. Do we want these advantages?

WHY THEY WANT RECIPROCITY

Is it because the politicians of the United States have entered into a conspiracy with the Government of Canada to compass annexation that the United States offers to let Canadian wheat, barley, butter, cream, milk, cheese, cattle, sheep, hogs, vegetables, fruit, and many other food products into that country duty free?

What started the cry in the United States for reciprocity? It was the high cost of living, and the fact that the meat trade and the canning business and the supply of prepared foodstuffs generally had fallen into the hands of rings and trusts. Here is an illustration from a Cleveland paper of the way in which food taxation was hammered in the United States during the elections of last November:

"When ma has the Sunday dinner ready and rings the good old dinner bell, tariff-taxed 45 per cent, the hungry 'tribe' hustles for the dining-room.

"You and Willie and Lucy are

5 cents a gallon in the tariff bill because two or three monster dairy concerns in the United States needed protection against the pauper cows of Canada.

"Maybe ma and you will take buttermilk, and there's a tariff on that, too—2 cents a gallon.

"Then the real business of the hour begins in earnest.

"Scattered in tempting display over the laden table, your roving eye finds bread, taxed 26 per cent, through the flour in it; butter, taxed 6 cents a pound;

beets, 25 per cent, beans, 2 1-2 cents a pound; pickles and sauce, 40 per cent; cabbage, 2 cents a head; honey, 20 per cent; potatoes, 25 cents a bushel; onions, 40 per cent, and cranberries, 25 per cent.

"Between bites Willie tries to decide whether to take a double helping of the rice pudding, tariff-taxed 2 cents a pound for the rice; sugar, taxed 19-10 cents a pound, and raisins, 2 1-2 cents a pound, or one helping of the pudding and a piece of peach cobbler—peaches tariff-taxed 25 per cent.

"When hunger is finally appeased time can be taken, while chewing the toothpick, taxed 2 cents per 1,000 and an added 15 per cent on their wholesale value, to gaze at the flowers, taxed 25 per cent, which ma bought at the corner florist's, to make this Sunday dinner a little different from the weekday affairs.

"While Willie and Lucy are calmly munching their candy, taxed all the way up to 50 per cent, Pa makes for his briar pipe, taxed 35 per cent, and fills it with scrap tobacco, taxed 55 cents a pound, and ma cleans up the table.

"Oh, yes; to go back to the beginning of this Sunday dinner, the blessing that Pa asked on the tariff-taxed food was not taxed in the Payne-Aldrich bill."

That article shows why Uncle Sam is now offering to throw off the duties on Canadian foodstuffs, but Mr. Clements wants high tariffs to raise the cost of food.

The men who are opposing reciprocity have no argument other than annexation. That argument is a sad reflection on the quality of Canadian citizenship.

Will Not Buy Launch

Ald. Douglas reported to the council last night that the committee to which was referred the question of purchasing a launch to tow the sniff yacht out to sea, had figured it out that about a couple of trips a week would be sufficient for the present, and that for this amount of work it would be cheaper for the city to hire a launch. The report was adopted.

If the farmers are to be benefited all sections of the community will be benefited, because agriculture is the foundation of Canada's prosperity.—Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

TURN THEM OUT

All over the Comox-Atlin district the provincial authorities are swearing in special constables at act at the polling booths on election day. This action is illegal and uncalled for. It may be an attempt at intimidation or an effort to get party workers at the expense of the people of the province.

The Dominion Elections Act, Clause 137, says that only candidates, their agents, the deputy returning officer, and the poll clerk, "and no others," are to be allowed in the polling booths.

All deputy returning officers in fulfilment of their duty must turn out any provincial constables who attempt to force their way into the polling booths.

CHAPTER VII. The Storm

Kitty sailed out of the ranch drawing-room with her head in the air. Only to Frank Anstruther she unbent in the sweetest of smiles. She came down next morning white-faced, the sparkle of her dimmed, and all the self-confidence gone; her spirit only returning when Anstruther made an

effort to cheer her. Then the little vixen turned upon him and made him wish himself a thousand times one of Dick Rolt's avenging posse.

There had been tears in the night; tears: confession and penitence, and between the two women there was peace again, but there was no peace for Anstruther. With Jim before her, Kitty had been a small angel to his rival, but Jim had gone at early dawn; there were no longer and loud men's voices about the corals. The quiet of the place invited meditation, and the little woman fit to succeed his mother at Bilbury Park was the girl he had been singing to, and he had decided that he would put his fortunes to the test before he was a day older. Kitty would not say "no" to him, of that he felt sure. She was not one of those women who would willingly spend all their lives in an humdrum Canadian ranch.

But though she suffered without protest, as a man must, by midday Frank found himself wondering whether after all a world without women would be so utterly unendurable.

As for Mrs. Rolt, she had privately vowed that her favorite should have a fair chance, and that to prevent poaching in his absence, she would haunt the two young people like their shadow until Jim's return.

No self-constituted duenna ever found her duties less exacting than did Mrs. Rolt; no pair of reputed lovers less anxious to be alone than Kitty and Frank.

Indeed, to such a pitch of misery was that unfortunate young man reduced before evening, that Mrs. Rolt found herself trying to make some amends to him for the girl's perverse temper. In her heart she began to hate "young people." Without them there had been peace at the ranch, whereas now it was almost as bad as being in love again herself.

But this thought brought a smile to her sweet face. There had never been any rival in her case to big Dick Rolt. She scarcely thought the man existed who could have been in love with her. The night after Jim's departure there was no music at the ranch, and the music next morning was neither of man's making nor to his liking. For days past the great red "Herefords" had been crowding in closer and closer round the corals, and for five days the clouds had grown more and more murky overhead, whilst a bitter wind kept whining unceasingly amongst the sage brush and the willows. Perhaps the absence of the men really accounted for the gloom which seemed closing round the ranch, and yet there seemed more than mere loneliness in the depression which took hold on those who had been left behind.

The last golden leaf had fallen from the cottonwoods along the creek bottoms, and now and again dry balls of sage brush would race and bound along upon the uplands, driven by unseen wind devils, or the trees in the recently burnt patch of pine timber just beyond the corals would for minutes break out with a great groaning and grinding of limbs. But these things only occurred by fits and starts. The strangeness of them was due only to the fact that there seemed to be no storm to account for them. Such winds as there were, were purely local and short lived until the Wednesday morning.

Then the dawn broke in weird fashion, with such devilish storm lights, such unearthly and terrifying shadows as were only seen on the sea or the prairies, and the first act of winter began.

In half an hour every loose thing about the ranch had been blown from its position. A wagon which the Indians had left out was lifted right over and lay bottom upwards in the yard.

Fences which the biggest of the bulls had respected, were laid flat as if they had been bent card houses.

The little creek which a week before had threatened to run dry, became a swollen torrent. Pieces of board and tin cans whirled along in the wind, battered and rattled against the walls, whilst the old house itself throbbed and hummed like an organ, and from time to time an earth-shaking report announced the downfall of some great Douglas pine in the slashing. Whilst the storm lasted there was no sun. The racing clouds blotted him out, so that a vague dull light prevailed, such as might have existed when the Spirit moved on the face of the waters.

The three in the house cowered at the windows, and watched the desolate scene with that feeling half of pleasure, half of awe, which is natural to human beings safely entrenched in a cosy, storm-proof house when storms rage without, until a miserable looking object with lowered head and streaming hair came trembling past the window towards the barn.

"Oh, my poor little Mawitch. Mary, look. There is my fawn. Those idiot Indians must have let it out."

"Well, she can go into the barn if she wants to. I think she is going."

But the fawn, like other only half-civilized things, had lost its wild wits, before it had acquired the sense of the domestic beast, and now stood shivering in the very eye of the wind, looking in some human being to take care of it, instead of taking care of itself.

"Mary, I must let it in, poor, miserable beastie. Do you mind, dear?"

"No, of course not; though I don't suppose that it will come in. Try if you can tempt it, Mr. Anstruther."

With a piece of bread in his hand to entice the fawn Anstruther went to the back door, and to do anything to win a smile from his offended lady, but the very elements warred against the unfortunate lover that day. As soon as the latch gave under his hand the great door burst inwards with such a noise that the fawn fled, whilst Anstruther himself was sent reeling before the blast, and pictures, stick racks and hearth-hides clattered and careered along the floor.

As usual in this confounded country he had made a mess of it. No one but a fool, he reflected, would have tried to open a door on the weather side of the house, when it would have been much easier to have brought the deer round to the sea side, but it was too late to think of that now. He had to

A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

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

It was a "one man's show," to Jim's mind, when he did enter that dainty room in which Mrs. Rolt had gathered round her all her treasures, a room almost startlingly in contrast to the rest of the house, and its surroundings. One of those rooms which many up-country people have left behind them.

It was not only the photographs, framed and otherwise, with which the room was littered, which called to you, nor the two or three exquisite landscapes of Old Country scenery; not even the little cabinet with its collection of miniatures, Rolts and Vernons, bewigged, ununiformed, or powdered and powdered, after the various fashions of their set, and of the days in which they had lived; not these, nor even the great bowls of flowers which it was Mary Rolt's labor of love to raise with infinite trouble in her greenhouse in spite of the elements; rather was it the pervading atmosphere of the room, the visible expression of a loyal loving heart, which, whilst it would tolerate no word against the new house, sweetened all things with its memories of the old.

It has been the work of such women as Mrs. Rolt to keep alive the spirit of England on the wildest and most ragged edges of the earth, and it may even be that for those who love England and the children of England, find more of it in the distant colonial homes than they would to-day within the sound of Bow Bells.

Conditions change, but memory is faithful.

When he entered it, that room was almost too full of English memories for poor Jim Combe. The women were tired, and a little rift had appeared within the lute which had temporarily marred the harmony of their friendship, and Anstruther, seeing this, was busy charming them back to their most sweet natural selves.

Unasked and without any preface, he had seated himself down to the piano, and sometimes playing, sometimes singing softly to himself, he led them from gay to grave, from Sullivan to Beethoven, from "Little Yum-Yum" to "Douglas, tender and true, but never once away from that holy of holies, which the English call Home.

And as he played or sang, he talked to his lady, not in the foolish modern phrases, but in the music of the masters, and the words of love's great poets, until Jim, hating him the more, the more he recognized his mastery, felt hope fading very far away.

"What a fool I have been," thought Jim. "I have it all now. Why do not I mate with hawks, and what possible use is my brute strength and woodcraft against this man's magic."

Such skill as Jim had might have made a ranch wife happy, might lighten the labors of a working woman; but the dainty thing upon whom he had set his heart was never meant for the stress of hard living.

The voice of her own world was calling to her, and of course she would go back to it, and he could not blame her; but how he hated the other fellow.

"Thank you, Mr. Anstruther," said Mrs. Rolt, at last, as he paused for a moment. "You have been to use what David was to Saul, I think. But we must not make you do all the work. Won't you give us one song, Jim? Sing 'Somebody's a-calling.' Mr. Anstruther has it all in his head, doesn't he, I think, and I want somebody to call me home again."

Her hand was lying on the little Japanese table by the side of her chair, and in the firelight the Boss's great fist closed over it.

He appreciated his mate's loyalty to himself and his chosen profession. Before the advent of Mr. Anstruther, Jim had whittled away many a long evening for the ranch folk with his mellow baritone, untrained it is true, but full and sweet as a thrush's voice, so that he could hardly refuse Mrs. Rolt's request.

"The herds are gathered in from plain and hill."

"Who's that a-calling?"

"The boys are sleeping and the ranch is still."

"Who's that a-calling so sweet?"

he sang, and the old days came back to him. In spite of herself Kitty's face softened, and beneath her closed lids she saw pictures in which the stranger had no part.

"Yes, that is pretty," said Anstruther critically, when the song had come to a close, "especially the air and that verse, but the rest of it is a bit weak, isn't? It seems to me that fellows don't think the words matter nowadays."

"Especially in your favorite comic opera. There is not much poetry about the 'Colonel on his little tin gee,' or your 'Singularly deep young man,' is there?" asked Mrs. Rolt.

"I did not think that people went to the comic operas for poetry?"

"Those seem to be about the only things they do go to."

"Perhaps, and yet you know we have some songs in the Old Country which hardly need the music to make them beautiful."

"Yes, and modern songs, too. Is there no dignity in this?" and rising, he went again to the piano and sang Pollock's noble song, in which a modern has for once caught the chivalrous spirit of the past.

"It is not mine to sing the stately grace. The great soul beaming in my lady's face. But mine it is to follow in her train, Do her best in pleasure or in pain. Burn at her altar love's sweet frank-incense. And worship her with distant reverence."

Nature had been kind to Frank Anstruther. There was no startling beauty in his face, but he had in an altogether uncommon degree that highly-bred grace, without which no man should dare to sing those courtly words. When his song closed, even Mrs. Rolt could not help admitting, "Yes, that is best."

Whatever Kitty thought, it was left unsaid, but there was no reassurance for Jim Combe in the cold bow with which she bade him good-night.

It was "another victory for the Old Country."

bring that beast in. He simply dared not face those two women without it, so, with a glance at the damage he had done, he plunged recklessly into the storm bareheaded, dragging the great door to behind him.

It required all Anstruther's strength to shut the door, and for a moment he had to cling to the handle of it for support before he could make good his footing against the wind. Like most newly-arrived Englishmen he was still peculiarly about his attire, but in less time than it takes to write it, the glory of his boiled shirt and smart collar had gone, his riding breeches, built wide in the latest fashion, were clinging to him like the skin of a fish, his long coat-tails were performing like a giddy wind-mill, and his whole appearance was such as to justify his belief that the ladies at the window were convulsed with laughter. As he crossed the paddock it occurred to him that Mrs. Rolt was signalling to him to come back, but he was uncertain, and in any case he did not mean to go back without that infernal little beast which tempted him yard by yard across the corals, and towards the patch of shrieking and growling timber.

Surely, he thought, the ladies were signalling to him, but he could not understand what they meant. They were calling, but the wind was closed, which in itself would have been enough to drown their voices, without the deafening din all around him.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

BOUNDARY WORK BEYOND RUPERT

First Rough Division Line Between Alaska and Canada Laid Out for Entire Length.

Dawson, Sept. 19.—The advance party of the international boundary survey expedition has reached the Arctic coast, completing all helicopter work between Alaska and Canada. The members did not expect to finish this part of the work until late next season.

Next season's work will be greatly reduced from what was previously calculated.

It is believed that there will not be need for more than half the estimated force.

Such a quantity of supplies has been landed already at the distributing center on the Porcupine river that very little more will be needed next year. Dr. Cairnes, the Canadian geologist, who is attached to the party, has arrived here with advices. Others are expected here soon on their way out for the winter.

Conservative Policy

(Calgary Herald, Jan. 21, 1909)

The reciprocity treaty proposed by the present Liberal government in its careful regard for the integrity of Canadian industry within fair limits is a vindication of the wisdom of the national policy inaugurated by Sir John A. Macdonald that believed it wise to contemplate a reasonable reciprocity.

YUKON RIVER TRAFFIC STOPS

Last Steamer of Year from Dawson to Fairbanks Sails September 25.

Dawson, Sept. 20.—The last steamer of the year from Dawson for Fairbanks will sail September 25. The last steamer from Fairbanks for Dawson this season possibly will leave there by September 21.

So far ideal summer weather has prevailed, but the fall is so late advanced that a sharp drop of the temperature within two weeks may put a stop to navigation in the lower river. However, the river is sometimes open to the middle of October.

The last boats from Dawson for White Horse probably will leave October 10. The last boat down from White Horse also is likely to leave about that time. Thirty-five hundred tons of fall freight for Dawson is now starting from Vancouver and Seattle. The White Pass company is increasing its river fleet to handle the business. The usual fall exodus from Fairbanks and Iditarod to Dawson via the Upper Yukon is now well under way. Thousands of Yukoners and Alaskans will pour into Seattle with hundreds of thousands of gold in the next six weeks.

A man named O. H. Hell asked a New York court to change his name. Probably he was tired of hearing people repeat his name.

Vote for Duncan Ross and a bigger market basket.



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