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DAILY EDITION.



TUESDAY, OCT. 10

WHY PUNISH PRINCE RUPERT

Yesterday the Vancouver Criminal Assizes opened with a large number of cases on the docket. About ten cases come from Prince Rupert and district, and will take much of the time at disposal down below. Over and over again efforts have been made by those in authority here, and others having influence in the community, to have the Criminal Assizes held in Prince Rupert to serve the district, which is busy, and grows more populous every month. But so far Attorney General Bowser absolutely flouts the suggestion, though it has been urged upon him by city council members, by leading lawyers, by the Mayor, and by many prominent men of his own political persuasion as well as by men of the opposition party.

Roughly it has cost the Province nearly ten thousand dollars to have Prince Rupert cases sent down below, and the cost of holding the Assizes here would be far less. A civil assize court will certainly be held here shortly, and the citizens naturally ask "Why not also a criminal court?" The reply lies with Attorney General Bowser.

THE NEW CABINET

In raking the Provincial Cabinets from one end of Canada to the other in seeking able lieutenants, Mr. Borden is aiming to secure a ministry of all the talents, or at least of all the Conservative talent.

There are several surprises in it, though none of them startling. The chief surprise is in the admittance of Hon. J. D. Hazen, Premier of New Brunswick. His name had scarcely been mentioned in the discussions, whereas that of Mr. E. N. Rhodes, member for Cumberland, N. S., had been freely mentioned for the Solicitor-Generalship, and that of Mr. Oswald Crockett member for York, N. B., had been mentioned in connection with the portfolio of Inland Revenue. However, unto him that hath shall be given, and Premier Hazen enters Mr. Borden's Cabinet, while the two faithful retainers from the Maritime Provinces will continue to serve the House as ordinary members.

The personnel of the new element was briefly reviewed in the news columns of yesterday's News, after word of their selection arrived. With one correction that stands, namely, the case of Hon. Mr. Pelletier, who, it transpires, is Hon. L. P. Pelletier, an ex-member of the Taillon and Boucherville governments, instead of Hon. Jean Pelletier, the Speaker of the Quebec House. Hon. L. P. Pelletier is one of the most brilliant of platform speakers among the French Canadians, and captured Quebec county from J. P. Turcotte. The Postmaster Generalship will probably be his reward.

With five Ministers, Quebec is very well looked after. Four was considered to be the limit by many competent observers, but the decision to leave Saskatchewan and Alberta without Cabinet representation had left Senator Lougheed without an expected portfolio, and gives Quebec her chance. With Mr. Monk, Mr. Wilfrid Nantel and Hon. Mr. Pelletier in charge of portfolios, the French in Quebec should be well satisfied. If the analysis of Quebec ministers be on the ground of faith instead of race, French sentiment will be even more satisfied, for Hon. Charles Doherty is a co-religionist of Messrs. Monk, Nantel and Pelletier.

Mr. Rudolphe Forget was supposed to have ambitions on a portfolio for himself, and was one of those called to Ottawa to consult with Mr. Borden. But neither he, nor Mr. Casgrain are in the honor list.

The selection of Mr. W. T. White means that he will preside over the department of Finance, hitherto supposed to be Hon. George E. Foster's special reserve. Mr. Foster will probably be given the portfolio of Trade and Commerce.

Hon. Frank Cochrane, with an excellent record in Ontario as

an organizer will probably receive the portfolio of Railways and Canals, and his confrere from Manitoba, Hon. Robert Rogers the portfolio for the Interior.

A well deserved honor is that done to Dr. Roche of Marquette. He is the ablest of the Western Conservatives, and has served the House since 1893. He is a keen debater and has an unblemished reputation.

Although no official statement has been made on the matter it may be not unfairly assumed that Hon. Richard McBride had the refusal of a portfolio. An honor shown to Whitney, Hazen, Rogers and Cochrane could not be denied Hon. Mr. McBride without giving offence. Apparently British Columbia's Premier decided his political chances were better at home than as a mere lieutenant in Mr. Borden's Cabinet. This has given Martin Burrell his chance. Though an agriculturalist by calling, it would not be unusual for Mr. Burrell to be given the portfolio of marine or militia or mines, with the probability that it will be the latter.

The News expects to see the portfolios distributed somewhat as follows:

President of Council, Hon. R. L. Borden.
Finance, Minister Mr. W. T. White.
Minister of Justice, Hon. Charles Doherty.
Minister of Agriculture, Mr. Andrew Broder.
Postmaster General, Hon. L. P. Pelletier.
Trade and Commerce, Hon. George E. Foster.
Minister of Customs, Mr. George Perley.
Minister of Interior, Hon. Robert Rogers.
Solicitor General, Mr. W. S. Middlebro.
Secretary of State, Hon. J. D. Hazen.
Inland Revenue and Mines, Mr. Martin Burrell.
Minister of Labor, Mr. J. E. Armstrong.
Minister of Public Works, Mr. F. D. Monk.
Minister of Militia, Dr. W. J. Roche.
Minister of Marine, Mr. W. B. Nantel.
Minister of Railways, Hon. Frank Cochrane.

PASSING COMMENT

A local preacher has enunciated the quaint theory that war between nations is a God permitted feature of the world's life for the civilizing of peoples. In the same address he scored boxing contests. Logic was never a long suit with the theologians.

San Francisco society is deeply stirred over the great question as to whether the list of viands at the Taft banquet on the 13th shall be called "menu" or bill of fare. The snobs among them affirm that "bill of fare" is not countenanced in "the best circles" and can only be found at second class hotels and railroad stations.

Why not compromise by calling it the grub index?

It is not on record that French is Bill's strong point, and for safety's sake it would be wiser to stick to the English. What might happen for instance if Bill like another distinguished American were to take a chance and call for the "may-moo"? The San Francisco snobs should remember the fate of that distinguished Highland chieftain the Duke of Argyll tells of. At Inverary Castle for the first time in his life he slept in a house with sanitary conveniences, and he was critical over breakfast. "It's braw an' handy nae doot, but a fard it kin' o' low for washin' in masel," he remarked to the astonished household.

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A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

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

Anstruther's door was wide open, but from where he stood Jim could not see into the room, neither could he hear anyone moving in it, but to prevent accidents he sat down and took off his boots, and then with them in his hand, stole quietly along the passage and peeped through between the door and the jamb.

Anstruther had gone, but the room could not be said to be empty, for the floor of it was covered with mountains of clothes, as Jim had never dreamed of piled pell mell in a great heap, whilst, as he said afterwards, there were "boots enough for a battalion, and coats like blankets at a potlach."

As he looked he heard the horses stamping in the kitchen.

"Going, is he? I blanked if he shall!" he muttered, and without stopping to think, he ran down into the kitchen.

But the sight which met him there staggered Jim Combe, so that he stood gaping with his boots still in his hand.

Anstruther in full hunting costume—pink coat, immaculate leathers, top hat, and gloves—turned and faced him. His horse, looking enormous alongside the weedy country-bred, was standing as still as a sheep in the middle of the room, facing the window, from which Anstruther had contrived to take the sashes.

"What in—"

"Going to bed, Jim?" asked Anstruther easily, interrupting him and looking with a grin at Combe's boots.

"Sorry to bother you, but before you turn in, you might put those up again for me," and he pointed to the sashes.

"But—"

"Say I'll be back soon. So long!" and, before Combe had realized what was happening, Anstruther swung cleverly into his saddle and put his horse at the window.

Combe saw Anstruther touch the great horse with his heel, heard his "Up, boy," as they came to the low window sill, and then the beast's great quarters were gathered beneath it and like a cat or, to be more exact, a well-broken Heythrop hunter, Ruddy-gore reared and popped over into space.

The little cramped jump would have done more to unsettle Combe than the worst buck, but the man from Piccadilly sat as if he was in a rocking-chair.

So quietly had Anstruther made his preparations, and the Indians' faint had served him so well, that, with the single exception of Jim Combe, no one had any idea until they saw him from the windows, trotting quietly towards the Indians, who had just returned to their lines, their horses a trifle pumped by the wild gallop they had indulged in.

For a hundred yards he trotted quietly, and then stopping unconcernedly, as if he had been at a meet in his own country, he turned and uncovered to the ladies, smiling and calling a message to them, the words of which they could not catch.

Considering the probability of a volley it was very gallant fooling, and worthy of the good sportsman he looked, and at any rate it was better and more merciful to Kitty than a tearful leave-taking.

Perhaps he meant it so, but Anstruther was never one of those who parade their good intentions.

Replacing his hat and waving his hand to them, he turned in his saddle, and at a quiet trot rode steadily towards the Indian lines, the great horse reaching at his bit and showing plainly how good the turf felt under his feet after so many days on a boarded floor.

"Great heavens! The boy has gone mad!" cried Rolt. "Can no one stop him?"

"Best let him play his own hand now, Boss," growled Al, whose eyes were beginning to glitter with excitement and understanding. "He knows his long suit. None of us do. Maybe he's going to play peace-maker."

This may have been the idea which kept the Indians quiet, though that could hardly have been Al's reading of the riddle, or the old man's thin nostrils would not have been working so nervously, and though such an idea as Anstruther's would have been in keeping with the traditions of old time Hudson Bay factors when going to a solemn meeting, he carried no white flag or other wilfully misleading emblem.

But he rode unarmed. Except for his horn-handled hunting crop, he carried nothing, and in this fashion, restraining his horse to the steadiest trot, he advanced with the utmost unconcern to within fifty yards of the wondering Chilcotens without a shot fired or a word spoken, whilst his friends watched him with their hearts in their mouths.

At fifty yards from the Indian lines, a dozen voices challenged him, but he rode on as if he had been deaf, without haste or without pause.

Then there was a clank of Winchester pumps, and a rifle went up to a redskin's shoulder. Before the butt touched flesh, in the last second of grace, Anstruther spoke to his horse and touched him with his spurs, so that the gallant beast, unused to such treatment, sprang madly forward on the instant, whilst its rider bent over its shoulder and rode it headlong into the volley which belched out to meet him.

"Give 'em hell! Oh, give 'em hell!" screamed old Al at the window, losing all control of himself, his face working with excitement. "Didn't I say the colt was clear?" He's through 'em, I tell you, Miss Kitty, look. Don't shut your eyes, lassie. Your man's clear through 'em."

And he was.

A beast coming at you is the hardest mark to hit. A man in deadly earnest is even harder, especially when you don't expect him, and calculating upon this and timing his dash to a moment, the man from Piccadilly had ridden right over the nearest group of Chilcotens, knocking one down with his horse, and breaking off Khelowna's head with his riding-crop as he passed, and now he was going "lickety-bridle," as old Al would put it, on the far side of the enemies' lines, whilst they scrambled to their horses instead of stopping to shoot.

So far he had done well, but in a glance his friends realized that his gallant effort had been wasted. Instead of turning to his left and making for the road, in which case he would have had a clear course and

two hundred yards' start, he was heading for Soda Creek as the crow flies.

"He has forgotten the canyon," growled Jim Combe.

"He hasn't done no such thing," contradicted Al. "That's what he's a playin' for."

Jim looked at the old man and understood.

"He can't do it. No horse could." "He can. A buck couldn't. A horse couldn't, but he's a goin' to. Great Scott!"

Perhaps half a dozen Indians followed directly in Anstruther's footsteps like a pack of hounds running in view, but the main body of them, realizing their quarry's mistake, skirted, making for the dip where the road went through, to which they imagined he must eventually come, if he would cross the canyon.

For half a mile the going was good, firm, grass-covered cattle land, and over this the red coat sailed, going two lengths for every one covered by his pursuers. But beyond this for several hundred yards the land was boggy, and when Al spoke, Anstruther slipped out of the saddle and ran by his horse's side, whilst the Indians seeing this, made desperate efforts to overtake him, and played their horses clean out.

Once through the little bog, he was in the saddle again, cantering easily until, to those watching him, he seemed on the very brink of the canyon, with the broken pine close on his right.

Then he shook his horse together, crammed his hat on his head, and went at his death hands down.

To five people still alive, there is one second in their past lives which was more than a day long.

When it was over, a fair-haired girl sank quietly to the ground, and for the first time in her life Mrs. Rolt did not move to help her in trouble.

She could not. Her great eyes were wide with the hunger of seeing; her little hands clenched and her parted lips white; and when Al, speaking as if he were in church, whispered: "I take it all back about them duds. There ain't no files on fox-hunting," the others burst into hysterical laughter which was perilously near tears, for the red coat had cleared the canyon.

"Jumped it, by gum; jumped it clear!" as the old song says, and was sailing away, a dim pink spot, straight as the crow flies for Soda Creek.

Does the story want finishing? Before Anstruther had ridden for a couple of hours, a large posse of men came over a rise and were startled by the vision of a white-faced madman riding across the Chilcoten country in the uniform of the Vale Hunt; moreover, the madman was so mad that he could barely speak intelligibly, and he appeared to be swooning from pain, though on him was no trace of a wound.

They brought him back with them to the ranch, from which, at their approach the Chilcotens vanished like the mists of morning, and it was Horsey, the leader of the posse, who, a month later, talking to Jim Combe over a pipe, said:

"Like will to like, Jim. She'd never have made a wife for you, old chap. You'll have to plug along same as we all do until you find another Mrs. Rolt—if the world holds one."

The End.

TRUTHS BY SPURGEON

To be loved, be lovable.
Be hardy, but be not hard.
Maybees are no honey bees.

Play not with fire nor ill desire.
Pegging away will win the day.
Father's fraud drives sons abroad.

A maid's best dress is bashfulness.
Better be one-sided than two-faced.
Turn your backs on village clacks.

When wife will gad, husband is sad.
Desired things may not be desirable.
Fear of failure is father of failure.

Better single still than wedded fil.
Buy not silk while you owe for mink.
An untried friend is an uncracked nut.

She who buys "bargains" is often "sold."
Avoid what makes in thy pocket a void.
Sellers need tongues; buyers need eyes.

Why kill nettles if you grow this? If you can't be clever you can be clean.
It's risky riding when the devil is driving.
Better do than dream; better be than seem.

Add pence to pence, for wealth comes hence.

FOSSILS AND GOLD

In Alaska the bones, and often the entire bodies, of extinct animals, such as the mammoth, the mastodon, the reindeer, and the bison, are found most abundantly in layers of soil directly above gold bearing gravels.

So intimate is this association between fossil animal remains and auriferous deposits that one scientist, who has just been exploring Alaska, says fossils serve prospectors as indexes of the metallic richness of the soil.

In ancient times both the gold and the bones and the bodies of the animals were deposited at the bottoms of valleys by action of rivers and smaller streams, many of which have now disappeared. Consequently the appearance of fossils is, it is claimed, an almost certain indication that gold will be found in the neighborhood.

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