

SEATTLE-Puget Sound News Co.

DAILY EDITION.

Charlie," for a British admiral made some startling charges against the British government, one of the most serious of which G. VUKOVICH, is that they furnished dreadnoughts when they ought to furnish public had been hypnotized by the huge dreadnoughts, and the British government, yielding to the craze, built the monster] sea-fighters and then were unable to properly man them. it was, was to add another dreadnought to the British fleet of course, with Mr. Bourassa's kind permission. He wanted to give money to a nation well supplied with money, but declined to furnish men to the mother country which needed men. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's naval policy, which was thoroughly endorsed by the Dominion at large, was to furnish men to a nation that needed men, and not to furnish money or ships to a mother country which was well supplied with money and ships. than the Borden policy that used to be. Everybody can see this. The mother country saw it and took that rod out of pickle nobody seems to be able to predict-not even Bourassa.

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being something to worry about it rather inclined us to feel good; because the wire told us where this same storm, possibly, in Ontario had played havoc, had tied up railroads and street cars, broken the telegraph and telephone wires and unsettled conditions generally. But the big flakes of yesterday did not even make a coating on our sidewalks, not a wire was broken or a street car stopped.

has given us, so don't be cross about it. February is the general who is chosen to end Winter's forlorn hope. He knows he is fighting a losing battle, especially in this benign climate. "As the days begin to lengthen, the cold begins to strengthen" is an old saying, but has not other reason for appearing in a Prince Rupert almanac. When it is daylight from seven to six, the reign of Winter is coming to an end. Soon his grip will relax. The imprisoned waters of the Skeena River are already beginning to move. Little brown buds, all glossy and sticky with sap, are appearing: you will notice during your ramble in the bush on Sunday little green things and even flowers timidly poking their heads above the sod. was coming, and that makes him all the more grim and determined. He has been marshaling his battalions of wind and frost and hurling them, in Ontario, against the advancing hosts of our acting mayor: "I might state that you have not yet seen those seed catalogues Sheriff Shirley has."

whipper-in of the McBride dispensation, Mr. T. Wadham, left on the Prince Rupert this morning. He is sad because of the report to the premier which he carries, as Bunyan carried his load. It is to the effect that the insurgent Conservatives of Prince Rupert still insist on insurging; that the Progressives are still determined to progress and protest. All of which is too sad for utterance.

sympathetically shares, but that it has to admit that The Daily News was right when it said the government wharf was a public

matter and not a private McBride enterprise. And this is the
jam it spreads over its own dose of medicine: "After pursuing
a most presumptious course by intruding itself into the private
business of the Property Owners' Association, the Liberal
organ," etc. Why does the Trombone not ask why a public body,
associated for public good, should have butted into such a
sacredly private concern as the McBride wharf?