

# The Daily News

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DAILY EDITION.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 21

## Ross and Reciprocity for Rupert

Electors this is YOUR day.

Prince Rupert Expects Every Man This Day to Do His Duty.

Your duty to your Country, to your City, and to yourself your home and your family is to return Duncan Ross.

You have heard the for and against of the great issue over which today rages the biggest battle of the ballot ever waged in the Great Dominion of Canada. Today YOU are in the midst of the fight. Today YOU strike your blow hard and straight for Reciprocity and the right policy for Prince Rupert. Today you vote for Duncan Ross.

With two strokes of your pencil in the polling booth today you make your choice between Duncan Ross and H. S. Clements. You make your choice between Reciprocity and High Protection. You choose between low prices and high prices for food. Your vote for Duncan Ross helps your own pocket and helps Prince Rupert prosper.

This is the greatest issue that ever came before Canada. It is not a choice between Liberal and Tory, but a choice between expansion of prosperity or restriction of prosperity. It is a battle between the unbiased Canadians who want the Great Dominion to grow, and the enslaved adherents of the Conservative protectionist party under whose policy the few fatten at the expense of the many. No wage-earner dare vote for Clements and increased cost of food.

A vote for Ross is a vote for Rupert. Duncan Ross stands firm for Reciprocity, and Reciprocity means progress and prosperity for Prince Rupert. Duncan Ross is no carpet-bagger, no knocker from Vancouver. His business is based on Prince Rupert's progress. He boosts Rupert because he believes in Rupert, because he likes Rupert. WHO quit Rupert with a wry face, and went to Vancouver to knock Rupert with ugly epithets? NOT Duncan Ross! Ask Clements for the answer when you have voted for Ross and Reciprocity.

Give Duncan Ross your vote today, and give him more, give him your voice and influence amongst your fellow citizens. Never was there a time when you could do more for Prince Rupert, for your own prosperity, and the prosperity of the Dominion than you can today. Give Duncan Ross your vote. Do your part to help on Reciprocity. Then get busy and gather in votes for Ross as fast as you can. Every vote counts in this community today. Prince Rupert wants to return Ross with a majority worthy of candidate and cause.

Remember the issue—Reciprocity. Don't think that party is all you need care for in this election. Your vote today counts, and counts high in the struggle of the purchaser who pays, against the ring of interests that enrich themselves at the consumers' expense. Vote for Ross, Reciprocity, and fair prices for food, fair profits for the producer, fair play for the consumer—yourself.

Vote for Ross, and Vote Early. Don't delay because you have made up your mind from the first, and want to be wheedled a bit by Clements just to tease him. Get your vote in early for Ross and Reciprocity, and there will be even more spice for you in the Clements canvassing. Meanwhile, do all the canvassing you can for your own candidate. Remember Ross returned means a record rise for Rupert in all that means the prosperity of a Pacific Coast city.

Citizens of Prince Rupert—Men who have stayed with the city and are staying with it today—respect and support a big straight man like Duncan Ross whose good word for Prince Rupert is never stinted wherever he goes. Record your vote for Ross and Reciprocity. Both are Right for Rupert. And remember that a vote for Clements is a vote for Vancouver. Revenge those calumnies of Clements' against Prince Rupert by refusing to vote for a quitter, a carpet-bagger, and a knocker from Vancouver. VOTE EARLY TODAY FOR DUNCAN ROSS AND KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK TILL THE POLLS CLOSE.

REMEMBER—THE BALLOT IS SECRET

The efforts of the provincial government to defeat reciprocity by machine politics is apparent all over Queen Charlotte Islands and also in the mainland, in Comox and in Atlin, but more especially in the Skeena district.

Great activity is being displayed on the construction of roads and trails, and the provincial Conservative machine is operating through this work to get hold of the country voters. In little places where there are only ten or a dozen voters a party worker is sent to act as road foreman. Out of the public funds these voters are given employment during election time, the obvious intention being to influence their votes by this bribe in favor of the machine candidate.

An old time politician once remarked that it was easy enough to buy voters but the important question was whether they would stay bought. They are a fine class of men, those pioneers on the Skeena, and can be trusted to vote according to their honest con-

victions. Most of them appreciate the manifest advantages to the farmer and consumer to be found in the reciprocity pact and—the ballot is secret.

### THE DANGER OF A LIGHT VOTE

When vital public issues are pending there is genuine danger in a light vote. The stay-at-home vote is a public menace.

The people take a long chance when they fail to go to the polls on election day. The fact is that many evils against which the people constantly complain owe their existence to the indifference of many citizens to their political obligations; and strange as it may seem the very citizens who complain loudest are the fellows who remain at home on election day.

Men who are not patriotic enough to vote when they are capable of qualifying as voters ought to be stopped from any criticism of the government, or of men in the public service, for if they are not interested enough in government to seek to make it better, more efficient and more economical, by active participation in political contests, then it would seem that they should have no voice whatever in the matter. Men who don't vote ought to keep quiet.

Indeed it is a question whether the state ought not to go further, if possible, and disfranchise men who fail to vote, except in cases of sickness or absence from the state. Men who without good excuse fail to vote in some of the old countries are disfranchised, and if the principle cannot be introduced into our system we should work out some other plan either of penalizing the non-voter, or of inducing or forcing men to exercise their electoral rights. Indifference to political obligations is as dangerous as it is discreditable, and some day it is likely to lead to trouble.

Vote early today. Forget party prejudice. Spurn party coercion. Use your own mind for your own good and the good of your own country, Canada, and your own City, Prince Rupert. Vote early and vote straight for Ross, Reciprocity, and the return of Sir Wilfrid Laurier to the helm of the Dominion. He captained Canada to her present prosperity. You can trust him.

## SAVINGS TO HOUSEWIFE PROMISED BY RECIPROCITY

During the past few years there has been a constant cry from the housewives that the cost of living has been going up. Every housekeeper knows that for one reason or another the expense of maintaining a table has seemed to steadily increase. General prosperity has led to some extravagance, and as a philosopher of the day put it: "It is the cost of high living rather than the high cost of living." At the same time, it would be easy to name dozens of daily necessities that are more expensive in Canada today than they were ten years ago. Trade combinations and agreements have had not a little to do with this.

One of the features of the reciprocity agreement now before the country is the reduction of duty on a number of staple articles of food. The reduction is not large in any instance, but the protest that has come from the manufacturers of some of the items in this country shows that they expect to have to make a cut in price, and perhaps lose a little of the large profit they have been able to exact under the existing tariff. Some of the items affected, and the tariff reduction made, by the reciprocity agreement with the United States are as follows:

Articles	Present Duty	Duty Under Reciprocity
Cheese, pound.....	3c	Free
Sweet potatoes, bushel.....	10c	Free
Salmon, prepared.....	30 p.c.	Free
Oysters, in bulk, gallon.....	10c	Free
Lobsters, fresh.....	25 p.c.	Free
Meats, fresh or refrigerated, lb.....	3c	1 1/2 c
Bacon and hams, lb.....	2c	1 1/4 c
Beef, salted, in barrels, lb.....	2c	1 1/4 c
Pork, barrelled in brine, lb.....	2c	1 1/4 c
Meats, other, salted, lb.....	2c	1 1/4 c
Canned meats and canned poultry.....	27 1/2 c	20 p.c.
Lard and compounds thereof.....	2c	1 1/4 c
Tomatoes and other vegetables in cans.....	1 1/2 c	1 1/4 c
Oatmeal and rolled oats, per 100 lbs.....	60c	50c
Prepared cereals and foods.....	25 p.c.	17 1/2 p.c.
Macaroni and vermicelli, lb.....	1 1/4 c	1c
Biscuits, wafers and cakes, sweetened.....	27 1/2 p.c.	25 p.c.
Pickles, sauces and catsups.....	35 p.c.	32 1/2 p.c.
Sardines, 20-36 oz. boxes.....	6c	5c
Condensed milk, lb.....	3 1/4 c	2c
Biscuits, without sweetening.....	25 p.c.	20 p.c.
Fruits, in airtight tins, lb.....	2 1/4 c	2c

Every housekeeper knows the burden of an added few cents per pound when counted by the week or the year. If reciprocity is adopted the relief given will, in no small degree, compensate for the climbing prices of the last few years.

Under reciprocity the consumer, as well as the producer will get a square deal.

### SAWLE ON SALMON

#### Ross Promises to Give Us Free Fishing

To the Editor of the News.—A Conservative Pamphlet designated as Pamphlet No 2, has been issued over the signature of G. R. T. Sawle called the "Government and Salmon."

Mr. Sawle is the paid secretary of the Conservative campaign committee. He is also a job printer and runs what he calls the Optimist Job printing establishment. He was never known to do any job printing for nothing. His pamphlet bears the name of the "Optimist Job." Therefore, it must be very apparent to everyone that Mr. Sawle, the paid secretary, in getting up pamphlets for Mr. Sawle's job printing establishment, is strictly following out the Sawle traditions of making everything pay.

But when Mr. Sawle appears in the role of a critic of the fishing business he seems to have forgot many things. He is quite at sea when he goes where the salmon

are. He states that a monopoly of the salmon trade has been established. But he fails to state that this monopoly is chiefly sustained by the B. C. Government or Mr. Bowser, which is one and the same thing.

He ought to have been fair enough to state that it was first established by Mr. Bowser, and his limiting of the canneries and fishing licenses was in force for a year and a half before the Ottawa Government ever took a hand in the matter.

Everyone knows—who knows anything about the salmon business—(this does not include Mr. Sawle) that these is a joint control over that business by the Dominion and Provincial governments. This is caused by the fact that these two governments are in litigation over their rights in controlling these fisheries. They have agreed to leave the matter to the courts to settle and in the meantime both are exercising a joint control.

In the limiting of canneries and fishing licenses a cruel monopoly has been created. The Dominion

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## A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

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

He was within arm's length now, and he made a spring at the fawn's collar, touched it, but could not secure his hold, so that he only frightened the beast, which in a few bounds reached the timber. But here it paused, as if it was as much afraid to go forward as to come back. Of course, Anstruther followed it. As he reached the edge of the brush a dry bough no thicker than his little finger, whirled out of one of the tops and struck him across the hand. The force of that blow from so small a thing should have warned him, but at this moment victory seemed within his grasp. The fawn, frightened by something the man neither saw nor understood, hesitated, until with a quick leap Anstruther sprang in and gripped the leather collar round its neck.

It would be a curious thing, the man thought, which would loosen his grip now until the provoking pet was safely in its mistress's keeping, and as he thought formed itself in his mind something happened.

To him it seemed that a terrific crash was followed by instant and complete darkness, accompanied by a curious sensation of numbness and a letting go of all things, all things except that leather collar. To that he clung instinctively, even when everything rose and went away from him, feeling and thought, wind and rain, and even the crashing of the brush, and the anger at Kitty Clifford's laughter.

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### Jim to the Rescue

"Put it out of its misery; it's back is broken."

Anstruther recognized Mrs. Rolt's voice, and wondered in an idle dreamy fashion whose back was broken, and whether if its back was broken it would wish to be put out of its misery. His back was not broken nor was he in any misery. He wondered who was, and turning to see was struck by a hideous shock of pain, after which it was night again.

When he came to himself he knew that he was dead. He knew more than that. He was lying in his coffin; he could smell the new boards of it, and they were nailing down the lid, but this strangely enough did not worry him a bit. Death was a silly painless thing after the very much like sleep. How even their strokes were. There were two of them at work, one on each side of him, beat, beat, beat! The ring of their hammers was rhythmic; rather good dream music he thought, but how hard they worked, and what a lot of nailing up that coffin required. He wished that they had not thrown the earth in before they nailed him down, the weight of it above him was so great that he could not move his limbs. And then quite suddenly the weight was lifted, and he drew a great breath, and again the fierce pain came and took him away into the cool dark where there was no trouble.

Reckless of falling limbs and risking, with eyes open to their danger, a fate similar to that of the man below them, two of the half-breed boys of the ranch had been swinging their axes as they had never swung them before, and as the blades bit and the white chips flew, two pale faced women, drenched with rain, and wild with grief and terror of the storm, pleaded with them to work "faster, faster, for God's sake, faster," clenching their feeble hands, and, yearning for something to do where there was nothing they could do.

Heavens! how long the time seemed. Surely between them they could lift the tree off him now, and they strained at a trunk, one limb of which was too heavy for their united strength. They might as well have tried to lift the ranch house. Those only who have handled a Douglas pine know what the weight of it is.

The Indians way was the only way, and there was no help but theirs, though by some miracle Frank Anstruther lived still. The hand that poor Kitty held in hers was limp and cold as a dead man's, but he was not dead yet. Not yet. Surely the men could work more quickly. Ah, if only Jim had been there.

At the very last the half-breeds stopped and consulted. Those two men, as if time was of no value, consulted and argued, and then one of them went to the house for a saw. That was the most inauspicious five minutes of all to Kitty, and even when the saw cut through, and the ends of the log were free, the log did not rise an inch. Another cut had to be made, and all the agony of waiting endured again. Even when a six-foot length had been sawn out of the pine those two imbeciles could not lift it, a log which Jim would have carried on his shoulders.

It was well for Anstruther that they could not. But for the broken limb on the underside which had buried itself many feet deep, and held now like a tap root, Anstruther would long since have learned the great secret.

Thanks to that bough he was held as in a vice but not crushed, as a Douglas crushes what it falls upon. With levers and bars and all the ingenuity of practised loggers the men at last pried up the log sufficiently for their purpose, and drew out their man, still uncertain whether he was dead or alive.

With gentle strength they unclenched the long white fingers from the fawn's collar. Poor beast. It at any rate would not come in again from that storm. The tree had broken in its back, and a merciful axe stroke had split its graceful head from end to end. And yet Kitty, who at another time would have wept for a day over her pet, had now no thought of it.

On a rude stretcher, improvised by the Chinaman whilst the Indians chopped, Mrs. Rolt and the three men carried Anstruther to the house and laid him in the warm, firelit room on the Boss's bed, and then the greater terror, the only one of ranch life, faced those women. As long as all goes well to those who are country bred, there is no hardship in the enforced separation from the town and its thousand and one conveniences. Every difficulty is a joke to be laughed at, a puzzle which natural ingenuity will do light in overcoming. You can do without the shops and the theatres, you can hold service if you want to, and the strong man needs no policeman to protect him; but the time comes when even he cannot do without the doctor, when he would give all that the world holds for someone who could tell him

what to do to save one dear life.

Anstruther might be dying for some little help which they could have given him if only they knew what was the matter with him, but they did not know.

There was no broken bone that they could find, no bleeding wound for them to staunch, and yet whenever consciousness returned to him, at the first effort to move or speak he fainted, and each faint seemed more and more like death.

The resources of the ordinary ranch in such cases as this are pitifully inadequate. As a rule the wife knows a little about the treatment of ordinary accidents and the simpler ailments, and in the house there is generally some book which professes to be a substitute for the physician. You have only to turn to it in an emergency to discover how little there is to justify its claims.

Mrs. Rolt read such a volume from cover to cover, only to fall back in despair upon such simple remedies as warmth and quiet. She could only give nature a fair chance. Probably she should have done no better, and half the doctor's success at least depends upon the patient's faith in him, but when you good folk at home boast yourselves of your many colonial possessions, in which you take only an occasional pride and a very little serious interest, allow something not only for the courage of the men who hew out fresh dominions for you all over the world, but something too for the martyrdoms of women, who watch through the long nights of lone lands, growing old between a sun's setting and a sun's rising, whilst all that makes life valuable for them is fading away under their eyes, for want of that which to you is but a natural accessory of your every-day life.

Through that long and wild night those two women watched; whilst it seemed to them that the winds clamored round the house for the prey which had escaped them.

Towards morning, Mrs. Rolt, who had been dozing in a chair by the fire-side asked:

"Is he sleeping now, Kitty?"

"No, he is pretending to, but I can see how his poor lips are pressed together. I don't believe he has slept once since they carried him in," she whispered.

"Oh, nonsense. He was sleeping nicely through the night while I watched."

"He was shamming, Mary, so that we should not worry. Isn't it brave of him?" and bending over her head, she pressed her fair head upon Mrs. Rolt's shoulder to smother the sobs which shook her.

Mrs. Rolt's arm wound round the girl, and drew her gently to her knee, soothing her quietly, whilst a very wistful motherly look came into her own steady grey eyes.

This woman had a right to know Love when she met him, for she had served him very faithfully, and she knew him now.

Whatever had been her dreams for Jim Combe she recognized that they had only been dreams. Whether he lived or died, the man lying there with strained pale face, would always hold the first place in Kitty Clifford's heart, so her arm held up her younger sister whilst she whispered to her, "Be brave, darling, and we will save him for you. If only God would send our men home."

Hardly were the words out of her mouth, when the girl sprang from her bed and stood with lips parted and head bent forward listening.

"He has, Mary," she cried. "He has. I can hear the beat of the hoofs."

But Mary Rolt, looking out into the blizzard, could neither hear nor see anything.

"Not yet, dear, I am afraid, but they cannot be far from another day now," and her own heart failed her, wondering whether it was all well with her own man.

But the great bounds, chained near the stables, contradicted her. First a low growl, and then a chorus: Glory, Lupus, and Venom, bayed their welcome as, dim and indistinct from the driving sleet, half a dozen horsemen emerged and dismounted in the corral, and before Mrs. Rolt could reach the door Kitty, all her waywardness forgotten, was clinging to Jim Combe's arm, and dragging him towards the house.

For the others she had no word, not even the Boss, but only, with wild hair flying in the storm, she clung to her old friend, crying:

"Oh, Jim, Jim; you dear old Jim; come quickly. I want you so badly."

And Jim fell into his old place at once.

It was so natural to him to serve this spoiled child, who always came to him in trouble, that he forgot himself and answered:

"What is it, dear? What do you want Jim to do for you. Can't it wait?"

"No, no, not a second. Come," and she drew him away from his horse, which he would have left standing in the storm for no other person on earth.

"Oh, Jim, he has waited so long. I thought that you would never come. He's almost dead, Jim," and her sweet mouth quivered in a way that made him wince.

"Who is nearly dead?" he asked, climbing the stairs three at a time with clanking spurs.

"Frank. Mr. Anstruther."

Jim's face contracted as with physical pain, but he controlled himself, and said no word until he was in the sick man's room, where Mrs. Rolt welcomed him silently.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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