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"The newspaper, with the law, should assume the accused innocent
until proven guilty; should be the friend, not the enemy of the
general public; the defender, not the invader of private life and
the assailant of personal character. It should be, as it were, a
keeper of the public conscience."—Henry Watterson.

DAILY EDITION.



TUESDAY, JULY 18

GARDENS FOR PRINCE RUPERT

The interesting story in yesterday's News of how two residents
near the General Hospital have succeeded in making a fertile and
useful kitchen garden on their lots, ought to stimulate a number of
other people to follow their example.

By the liberal use of elbow grease and a spade, many a sour
looking patch of muskeg might be turned into a pleasing garden,
producing flowers and vegetables. Drainage, air and a mixture of
sand and clay with the muskeg will accomplish wonders in the way
of making a garden.

Mr. George Naden last year experimented with potato growing
in the drained muskeg, and many people will remember the large
sized, tempting looking potatoes which later on were exhibited in his
window as an example of what could be accomplished.

Many people this year are noticing the changed aspect of the
townsite. The muskeg patches are drying up, and where moss banks
used only to grow, patches of thick grass, are appearing. This is a
direct effect of the wholesale clearing of trees, and the letting in of
sunlight on the townsite. The rays of the sun decomposing the muskeg
and turning it into soil again, are telling. They can be very much
helped by a little draining of wet spots and by turning over with a
spade.

An eminent journalist who toured the prairie provinces a few
years ago declared that the grandest work he saw was the tree-planting
on tiny townsites and on the prairie farms. He saw not only the value
of the growing trees as wind breaks for prairie storms and shade for
cattle on summer days; he realised the great value of the trees as a
relief to the eyes of generations to come, from the monotony of
featureless prairies.

There is a plentiful lack of flower gardens in Prince Rupert at present.
In showing what it is possible to get out of the muskeg, Mus-
sallam Brothers have done a good work. There is no reason why
a hundred other men at least, should not get busy with spade and
barrow and help turn the wilderness of muskeg into a flower or vegetable
garden.

A FIFTY YEAR OLD CRY

It is nearly forty-five years since Confederation, which is a form
of reciprocity between the Provinces of Canada. Prior to Confeder-
eration the provinces had tariffs against one another. It is interesting
to note that the same appeals to ignorance and selfishness that are
used today, were unsuccessfully invoked fifty years ago.

We read in Parkin's "Life of Sir John A. Macdonald." "In Nova
Scotia," Parkin says, "opposition was organized by a number of
prominent bankers and merchants in Halifax, who saw that the pro-
posed union would throw open the province, hitherto their preserve,
to commercial and financial rivals from Montreal and Toronto." They
prophesied ruin upon the removal of the customs barriers erected
in every province which checked the free interchange of products
and the full development of industry."

It is interesting and important to be reminded that less than
fifty years ago there were hostile interprovincial tariffs behind which
monopoly sheltered and grew rich at the expense of national welfare.
When the financial and commercial pessimist bids us see disaster in
the reciprocity pact, the optimist of history will help us to despise
the warning, for we know that as prosperity followed the sweeping
away of interprovincial restriction, so will progress attend the removal
of further trade obstruction.

ABOUT THE "OPTIMIST JOB"

Recently this paper changed its name from the Optimist
to the Daily News. Its job department, accordingly changed
its name from Optimist Job to News Job department.

Within the last few days, a new concern has started and
assumed the name of the Optimist Job. It is not the job depart-
ment of any newspaper, and its assumption of this misleading
title is an obvious attempt to infringe on the goodwill and
patronage of the job department of this paper, earned under
its former title.

In assuming the discarded name of this paper's job depart-
ment, the new concern may be within its legal rights. But
on the point of honor which lies behind it, the public is en-
titled to pass its own judgment.

The entire plant and equipment of the job plant of the
Optimist is in the News printshops, and is being operated
under skilled management. The youthful optimists who have
started operations, under the cast-off title, are in no way con-
nected with the original Optimist job plant.

To The Ladies of Prince Rupert

Did you ever stop to think how much easier it would be for
you, if at the end of each month, you could pay all house-
hold bills by check. We solicit your account and have special
facilities for handling it. Private writing rooms are provided
for the use of customers and individual attention is given each
depositor. We allow 4 per cent. on deposits and use of checks.

The Continental Trust Company, LIMITED
2nd Avenue

Advertise in The Daily News

A REMINISCENCE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

THE ADVENTURE OF THE DEVIL'S FOOT

BY ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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Synopsis

Brenda Tregennis is found dead
in her chair at her home in Corn-
wall, stricken dead with horror.
Her two brothers, Owen and
George are found insane from hor-
ror. What has caused it? The
remaining brother Mortimer Tre-
gennis calls in Sherlock Holmes to
investigate "the Cornish Horror?"

Continued from Yesterday

I had hoped that in some way
I could coax my companion back
into the quiet which had been the
object of our journey; but one
glance at his intense face and
contracted eyebrows told me how
vain was the now expectation.
He sat for some time little in
silence, absorbed in the strange
drama which had broken in upon
our peace.

"I will look into this matter,"
he said at last. "On the face of it,
it would appear to be a case of a
very exceptional nature. Have
you been there yourself, Mr. Ro-
undhay?"

"No, Mr. Holmes. Mr. Tre-
gennis brought back the account
to the vicarage, and I at once
hurried over with him to consult
you."

"How far is it to the house
where this singular tragedy oc-
curred?"

"About a mile inland."

"Then we shall walk over to-
gether. But, before we start, I
must ask you a few questions,
Mr. Mortimer Tregennis."

The other had been silent all
this time, but I had observed that
his more controlled excitement
was even greater than the ob-
trusive emotion of the clergyman.
He sat with a pale, drawn face,
his anxious gaze fixed upon Hol-
mes, and his thin hands clasped
conclusively together. His pale
lips quivered as he listened to
the dreadful experience which had
befallen his family, and his dark
eyes seemed to reflect something
of the horror of the scene.

"Ask what you like, Mr. Hol-
mes," said he, eagerly. "It's a
bad thing to speak of, but I will
answer you the truth."

"Tell me about last night."

"Well, Mr. Holmes, I supped
there, as the vicar has said, and
my elder brother George proposed
a game of whist afterwards. We
sat down about nine o'clock. It
was a quarter-past ten when I
moved to go. I left them all round
the table as merry as could be."

"Who let you out?"

"Mrs. Porter had gone to bed,
so I let myself out. I shut the hall
door behind me. The window of
the room in which they sat was
closed, but the blind was not
drawn down. There was no change
in door or window this morning,
nor any reason to think that any
stranger had been to the house.
Yet there they sat, driven clean
mad with terror, and Brenda
lying dead of fright, with her head
hanging over the arm of the chair.
I'll never get the sight of that
room out of my mind so long as I
live."

"The facts, as you state them,
are certainly most remarkable,"
said Holmes. "I take it that you
have no theory yourself which
can in any way account for them?"

"It's devilish. Mr. Holmes,"
he said. "It is not of this world.
Something has come into that
room which has dashed the light
of reason from their minds. What
human contrivance could do that?"

"I fear," said Holmes, "that
if the matter is beyond humanity
it is certainly beyond me. Yet
we must exhaust all natural ex-
planations before we fall back
upon such a theory as this. As
to yourself, Mr. Tregennis, I take
it you were divided in some
way from your family, since they
lived together and you had rooms
apart?"

"That is so, Mr. Holmes, though
the matter is past and done with.
We were a family of tin-miners
at Reduth, but we sold out our
venture to a company and so
retired with enough to keep us.
I won't deny that there was some
feeling about the division of the
money and it stood between us
for some time, but it was all
forgotten and forgotten, and we
were the best of friends together."

"Looking back at the evening
which you spent together, does
anything stand out in your mem-
ory as throwing any possible light
upon the tragedy? Think care-
fully, Mr. Tregennis, for any clue
which can help me."

"There is nothing at all, sir."

"Your people were in their
usual spirits?"

"Never better."

"Were they nervous people?
Did they ever show any ap-
prehension of coming danger?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"You have nothing to add, then,
which could assist me?"

Mortimer Tregennis considered
earnestly for a moment.

"There is one thing occurs to
me," said he at last. "As we
sat at the table my back was to
the window, and my brother Geor-
ge, he being my partner at cards,
was facing it. I saw him once
look hard over my shoulder, so
I turned round and looked also.
The blind was up and the window
shut, but I could just make out
the bushes on the lawn, and it
seemed to me for a moment that
I saw something moving among
them. I couldn't even say if it
were man or animal, but I just
thought there was something there.
When I asked him what he was
looking at, he told me that he had
the same feeling. That is all that
I can say."

"Did you not investigate?"

"No; the matter passed as
unimportant."

"You left them, without any
premonition of evil?"

"None at all."

"I am not clear how you came
to hear the news so early this
morning."

"I am an early riser, and gen-
erally take a walk before break-
fast. This morning I had hardly
started when the doctor in his
carriage overtook me. He told
me that old Mrs. Porter had sent
a boy down with an urgent mes-
sage. I sprang in beside him
and we drove on. When we got
there we looked into that dreadful
room. The candles and the fire
must have burned out hours be-
fore and they had been sitting
there in the dark until dawn had
broken. The doctor said Brenda
must have been dead at least
six hours. There were no signs
of violence. She lay just across
the arm of the chair with that
look on her face. George and
Owen were singing snatches of
songs and gibbering like two great
apes. Oh, it was awful to see! I
couldn't stand it, and the doctor
was as white as a sheet. Indeed,
he fell into a chair in a sort of
faint, and we nearly had him on
our hands as well."

"Remarkable, most remarkable!"
said Holmes, rising and taking
his hat. "O think perhaps we
had better go down to Tredannick
Wartha without further delay.
I confess that I have seldom known
a case which at first sight pre-
sented a more singular problem."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

PRAYER OF A HORSE

Lovers of the Noblest of Man's
Dumb Helpers will Like This

By direction of Acting Police
Commissioner Bugher there was
posted the other day in every
stable where police horses are
kept in New York a card bearing
a copy of "The Prayer of a Horse."

This is it:

"To Thee, My Master, I

offer my prayer—

"Feed me, water and care

for me, and when the day's

work is done, provide me

with shelter, a clean, dry

bed, and a stall wide enough

for me to lie down in com-

fort. Talk to me. Your

voice often means as much

to me as the reins. Pet

me sometimes, that I may

serve you the more gladly

and learn to love you.

"Do not jerk the reins,

and do not whip me when

going uphill. Never strike,

beat, or kick me when I do

not understand what you

mean, but give me a chance

to understand you. Watch

me, and if I fail to do your

bidding, see if something is

not wrong with my harness

or feet.

"Examine my teeth when

I do not eat. I may have an

ulcerated tooth and that,

you know, is very painful.

Do not tie my head in an

unnatural position or take

away my best defence against

flies and mosquitoes by cut-

ting off my tail.

"And, finally, O my master,

when my useful strength is

gone, do not turn me out

to starve or freeze, or sell

me to some cruel owner to

be slowly tortured and starv-

ed to death; but do thou,

my master, take my life in

the kindest way and your

God will reward you here

and hereafter. You may not

consider me irreverent if I

ask this in the name of Him

who was born in a stable.

Amen."

The Acting Commissioner found

the prayer in Pittsburg recently,

and it struck him so forcibly that

he obtained a copy, and arranged

to have it reproduced for the

police department. He thinks it

will serve to obtain better treat-

ment of the horses by men who

sometimes lose their tempers and

abuse them.

At the Fountain

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TO SAVE DISAPPOINTMENT AND ERROR

Will our customers please notice that the Job Plant of the Prince Rupert Publishing Co.,
formerly the Optimist Job, is now operated under the name of the "NEWS JOB." It is
in no way connected with a company now soliciting business under our discarded name.

Under the superintendence of Mr. S. D. Macdonald, our plant is turning out better work than ever

For high-class printing that has style and character to it, see the News Job. Our prices are right too

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to the highest grades of multi-color printing consult the "News Job"

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