

The Daily News

Formerly The Prince Rupert Optimist

Published by the Prince Rupert Publishing Company, Limited
DAILY AND WEEKLY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—DAILY, 50c per month, or \$5.00 per year, in advance.
WEEKLY, \$2.00 per year. OUTSIDE CANADA—Daily, \$8.00 per year; Weekly,
\$2.50 per year, strictly in advance.

TRANSIENT DISPLAY ADVERTISING—50 cents per inch. Contract rates
on application.

HEAD OFFICE

Daily News Building, Third Ave., Prince Rupert, B. C. Telephone 98.

BRANCH OFFICES AND AGENCIES

NEW YORK—National Newspaper Bureau, 219 East 23rd St., New York City.
SEATTLE—Puget Sound News Co.
LONDON, ENGLAND—The Clougher Syndicate, Grand Trunk Building, Trafalgar
Square.

DAILY EDITION.



TUESDAY, JULY 25

SOME TARIFF ECONOMICS—BRITISH COLUMBIA VS. WASHINGTON

One unanswerable reason why British Columbia needs reciprocity, is because the tariff has proved a failure to prevent British Columbia and the Pacific States from trading.

Above all it has prevented British Columbia from selling to the Pacific States as much as we purchase from them. It has prevented the possibility of our exports equalling our imports. The tariff has proved a boomerang. It has recoiled on British Columbia and hit her hard.

Figures published earlier in the week showed that goods to the value of over \$7,000,000 were purchased by British Columbian buyers from the State of Washington during last year, while Washington purchased a little over \$4,000,000 worth of goods from British Columbia.

The tariff was put in force with the object of keeping purchases at home—to ensure that our imports were less than our exports. The fact, that as between the Province of British Columbia and the state of Washington, our imports were nearly double our exports, proves that the tariff is ineffective to accomplish its object. Every purchase made abroad is an evidence of the failure of the tariff to prevent trade from following its natural channel.

But who pays the penalty for this breach of the tariff's object? It is the people who purchase the goods. It was the people of British Columbia who paid the taxes on that \$7,000,000 worth of Washington goods last year—not the people of Washington who sold them to us.

Like Napoleon who after issuing the Berlin Decree forbidding trade with England, had to purchase British knapsacks and British footwear for his troops to march to Austerlitz to defend the Berlin Decree, so the people of British Columbia after placing a penalty upon Washington goods, go and buy \$7,000,000 worth of them—and pay the penalty themselves.

Why is it that British Columbia did not sell to Washington last year as much as British Columbia bought from Washington? The

reason is because the two chief commodities required by Washington from British Columbia, lumber and fish, are both taxed by the tariff makers.

The Seattle fishermen find it cheaper to steal our fish, rather than pay a cent a pound duty. The Canadian fisherman cannot sell it there in fair competition. Our lumber too is heavily taxed.

Reciprocity will abolish the duty on British Columbian fish, open the markets of the United States, and build up a big fish industry around Prince Rupert. It will also create a great demand for the products of our forests.

After reciprocity passes, we will buy such foods as we need from Washington at reduced prices. We will sell them increased quantities of lumber, and enormous quantities of our fish.

After reciprocity passes, British Columbia will export more to Washington than she now imports from Washington.

That means prosperity for us in two ways.

FIAT JUSTITIA RUAT COELUM

Not only half the world, but half of Olympus as well must be laughing over the story of the Saskatchewan wheat loaves which some hungry varlet ate while on their way to England as a present for King George's breakfast table.

The joke consists in the fact that on the outside of the twelve pound solid silver basket with golden wheat decorations which conveyed the loaves, was an engraved tablet with the Grain Growers' motto "Fiat justitia ruat coelum." (Let justice be done though the heavens do fall). That hungry sailor who did justice to Saskatchewan's loaves must have been a Latin scholar and a wit to boot.

According to Alderman Newton he knew all about the water-shortage a year and a half ago. Then he ran for office and forgot all about the water shortage until reminded a week ago. More laughter for the gods.

After changing his side almost as many times as Alderman Newton, George Morrow announces that he will run as an independent Liberal. An independent candidate is one who is not afraid to stand alone. Mr. Morrow evidently knows what's coming to him.

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The Continental Trust Company, Limited, SECOND AVENUE... PRINCE RUPERT, B.C.

A REMINISCENCE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

THE ADVENTURE OF THE DEVIL'S FOOT

BY ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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"Well, Watson, it is on the face of it a not impossible supposition. The man who had the guilt upon his soul of having brought such a fate upon his own family might well be driven by remorse to inflict it upon himself. There are, however, some cogent reasons against it. Fortunately, there is one man in England who knows all about it, and I have made arrangements by which we shall have the facts this afternoon from his own lips. Ah! he is a little before his time. Perhaps you would kindly step this way, Dr. Leon Sterndale. We have been conducting a chemical experiment indoors which has left our little room hardly fit for the reception of so distinguished a visitor."

I had heard the click of the garden gate, and now the majestic figure of the great African explorer appeared upon the path. He turned in some surprise towards the rustic arbour in which we sat.

"You sent for me, Mr. Holmes, I had your note about an hour ago, and I have come, though I really do not know why I should obey your summons."

"Perhaps we can clear the point up before we separate," said Holmes. "Meanwhile, I am much obliged to you for your courteous acquiescence. You will excuse this informal reception in the open air, but my friend Watson and I have nearly furnished an additional chapter to what the papers call the Cornish Horror, and we prefer a clear atmosphere for the present. Perhaps, since the matters which we have to discuss will affect you personally in a very intimate fashion, it is as well that we should talk where there can be no eavesdropping."

The explorer took his cigar from his lips and gazed sternly at my companion.

"I am at loss to know, sir," he said, "what you have can to speak about which affects me personally in a very intimate fashion."

"The killing of Mortimer Tregennis," said Holmes.

For a moment I wished that I were armed. Sterndale's fierce face turned to a dusky red, his eyes glared, and the knotted, passionate veins stared out in his forehead, while he sprang forward with clenched hands towards my companion. Then he stopped, and with a violent effort he resumed a cold, rigid calmness which was, perhaps, more suggestive of danger than his hot-headed outburst.

"I have lived so long among savages and beyond the law," said he, "that I have got into the way of being a law to myself. You would do well, Mr. Holmes, not to forget it, for I have no desire to do you an injury."

"Nor have I any desire to do you an injury, Dr. Sterndale. Surely the clearest proof of it is that, knowing what I know, I have sent for you and not for the police."

Sterndale sat down with a gasp, overawed for, perhaps the first time in his adventurous life. There was a calm assurance of power in Holmes's manner which could not be withstood. Our visitor stammered for a moment, his great hands opening and shutting in his agitation.

"What do you mean?" he asked, at last. "If this is bluff upon your part, Mr. Holmes, you have chosen a bad man for your experiment. Let us have no beating about the bush. What do you

mean?" "I will tell you," said Holmes, "and the reason why I tell you is that I hope frankness may beget frankness. What my next step may be will depend entirely upon the nature of your own defence."

"My defence?" "Yes, sir." "My defence against what?" "Against the charge of killing Mortimer Tregennis."

Sterndale mopped his forehead with his handkerchief. "Upon my word, you are getting on," said he. "Do all your successes depend upon this prodigious power of bluff?"

"The bluff," said Holmes, sternly "is upon your side, Dr. Leon Sterndale, and not upon mine. As a proof I will tell you some of the facts upon which my conclusions are based. Of your return from Plymouth, allowing much of your property to go on to Africa, I will say nothing save that it first informed me that you were one of the factors which had to be taken into account in reconstructing this drama—"

"I came back—"

"I have heard your reasons and regard them as unconvincing and inadequate. We will pass that. You came down here to ask me whom I suspected. I refused to answer you. You then went to the vicarage, waited outside it for some time, and finally returned to your cottage."

"How do you know that?" "I followed you." "I saw no one." "That is what you may expect to see when I follow you. You spent a restless night at your cottage, and you formed certain plans, which in the early morning

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LARKFORD

The First Permanent Townsite

To be put on the Market along the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway in the vicinity of Hazelton :-

The Lots were put on the market a few days ago without any advertising and twenty-seven lots were sold in Hazelton the first day. The following is a list of purchasers which shows the class of investors, and most of these have signified their intention to move their business houses to Larkford.

WILLIAM J. LARKWORTHY, General Merchant
C. G. HARVEY, Hotel
McDONELL & McAFEE, Hotel
HARVEY & McKINNON, Real Estate
R. S. SARGENT, General Merchant
J. C. K. SEALY, Hotel

STEPHENSON & CRUM, Contractors and Builders
S. B. SLINGER, Billiards and Pool, Tobacconist
J. W. DAVIS, Interior Lumber Company
C. M. MACKENZIE, Interior Lumber Company
L. H. F. Siefker, Tonsorial Parlors

This location will have the entire business of Hazelton and the vicinity established in Larkford by the day the Railroad arrives and the rest are bound to follow to the immediate neighborhood of Established Business.

We also have the advantage of being directly across from the mines, and the traffic will pass through our ground. Think this over and you will readily recognize the logic. Call at office of McCaffery & Gibbons, Third Ave., for plans and prices.

McCaffery & Gibbons, - Agents, Prince Rupert

Harvey & McKinnon, Agents, Hazelton.