

The Daily News

The Leading Newspaper and the Largest Circulation in Northern B. C.

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DAILY EDITION.



FRIDAY, AUG. 4

WHAT RECIPROCITY MEANS TO THE PEOPLE

Under the reciprocity agreement, Canada and the United States agree to mutually abolish taxes on food stuffs crossing the boundary line, and to reduce and standardise the taxation on many other articles. It is worth while to study the list of articles which will be affected, and thus clearly understand the real benefits which the ratification of the reciprocity agreement will bring.

In the first place are the following articles produced in Canada, for which the Canadian farmer and fruit grower wants to find a market. They are:

Cattle	Apples
Horses and Mules	Pears
Swine	Peaches
Sheep and Lambs	Grapes
Poultry	Onions
Wheat	Butter
Rye	Cheese
Oats	Milk
Barley	Cream
Beans	Eggs
Potatoes	Hay
Corn	Straw

This will be a great boon to the farmers of Canada, who will have a market of ninety million people opened to them.

In British Columbia where we have to import large quantities of eggs, meats, wheat and vegetables, we will be able to import from our nearest neighbors without paying taxation on our food. Whether we are buyers or sellers there is a clear advantage.

In the second place there is a long list of products of the Canadian fisheries, at present barred from the United States by their tariff, which will be admitted to the United States market by the passage of the reciprocity agreement.

These include:

Mackerel	Salmon
Cod	Halibut
Herrings	Oysters
Lobsters	Salted Fish

This means a great deal for the fisheries of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and a great deal more for the fisheries of British Columbia. The thirty per cent ad valorem duty on canned salmon meant that last year the B. C. salmon pack was only 738,458 cases to the 2,391,000 cases of the Alaskan salmon pack. The cent a pound duty on halibut means that the market of the United States is open to the Seattle fish poacher, and closed to the Canadian fisherman who owns the halibut banks. Reciprocity will remedy this.

Then there is the third list of products of the mine and forest, at present barred out of the United States market, which will enter free of duty after reciprocity passes. These include:

Hewn Timber	Mica
Railroad Ties and Poles	Salt
Sawed Boards	Asbestos
Wooden Staves	Feldspar
Pickets and palings	Talc

This will mean prosperity for the miners and lumbermen of British Columbia.

There is no occasion to more than briefly state the facts to demonstrate that the reciprocity proposal is the best piece of prosperity making legislation that has ever been brought before the Canadian Parliament.

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A REMINISCENCE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

THE ADVENTURE OF THE RED CIRCLE

BY ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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PART II.

As we walked rapidly down Howe street I glanced back at the building which we had left. There, dimly outlined at the top window, I could see the shadow of a head, a woman's head, gazing tensely, rigidly, out into the night, waiting with breathless suspense for the renewal of that interrupted message. At the doorway of the Howe street flats a man, muffled in a cravat and great-coat, was leaning against the railing. He started as the hall-light fell upon our faces.

"Holmes!" he cried.
"Why, Gregson!" said my companion, as he shook hands with the Scotland Yard detective. "You meet me with lovers' meetings. What brings you here?"

"The same reason that brings you, I expect," said Gregson. "How you got on to it I can't imagine."

"Different threads, but leading up to the same tangle. I've been taking the signals."

"Signals?"
"Yes, from that window. They broke off in the middle. We came over to see the reason. But since it is safe in your hands I see no object in continuing the business."

"Wait a bit!" cried Gregson, eagerly. "I'll do you this justice, Mr. Holmes, that I was never in a case yet that I didn't feel stronger for having you on my side. There's only the one exit to these flats, so we have him safe."

"Who is he?"
"Well, well, we score over you for once, Mr. Holmes. You must give us best this time." He struck his stick sharply upon the ground, on which a cabman, his whip in hand, sauntered over from a four-wheeler which stood on the far side of the street. "May I introduce you to Mr. Sherlock Holmes?" he said to the cabman.

This is Mr. Leverton, of Pinkerton's American Agency.
"The hero of the Long Island Cave mystery?" said Holmes. "Sir, I am pleased to meet you."

The American, a quiet, business-like young man, with a clean-shaven, hatchet face, flushed up at the words of commendation. "I am on the trail of my life now, Mr. Holmes," said he. "If I can get Gorgiano—"

"What! Gorgiano of the Red Circle?"
"Oh, we've learned all about him in America. We know he is at the bottom of fifty murders, and yet we have nothing positive we can take him on. I traced him over from New York, and I've been close to him for a week in London, waiting some excuse to get my hand on his collar. Mr. Gregson and I ran him to ground in that big tenement house, and there's only one door, so he came out since he went in, but I'll swear he wasn't one of them."

"Mr. Holmes talks of signals," said Gregson. "I expect, as usual, he knows a good deal that we don't."

In a few clear words Holmes explained the situation as it had appeared to us. The American struck his hands together with vexation.

"He's on to us!" he cried.
"Why do you think so?"

"Well, it figures out that way does it not? Here he is, sending out messages to an accomplice—there are several of his gang in London. Then suddenly just as by your own account he was telling them that there was danger, he broke short off. What could it mean that but from the window he had suddenly caught sight of us in the street, or in some way come to understand how close the danger was, and that he must get right away if he was to avoid it? What do you suggest, Mr. Holmes?"

"That we go up at once and see for ourselves."
"But we have no warrant for his arrest."

"He is in unoccupied premises,"

under suspicious circumstances," said Gregson. "That is good enough for the moment. When we have him by the heels we can see if New York can't help us to keep him. I'll take the responsibility of arresting him now."

Our official detectives may blunder in the matter of intelligence, but never in that of courage. Gregson climbed the stair to arrest this desperate murderer with the same absolute quiet and businesslike bearing with which he would have ascended the official staircase of Scotland Yard. The Pinkerton man had tried to push past him, but Gregson had firmly elbowed him back. London dangers were the privilege of the London force.

The door of the left-hand flat upon the third landing was standing ajar. Gregson pushed it open. Within all was absolute silence and darkness. I struck a match, and lit the detective's lantern. As I did so, and as the flicker steadied into a flame, we all gave a gasp of surprise. On the deal boards of the carpetless floor there was outlined a fresh track of blood. The red steps pointed towards us, and led away from an inner room, the door of which was closed. Gregson flung it open and held his light full blaze in front of him, whilst we all peered eagerly over his shoulders.

In the middle of the floor of the empty room was huddled the figure of an enormous man, his clean-shaven, swarthy face grotesquely horrible in its contortion, and his head encircled by a ghastly crimson halo of blood, lying in a broad wet circle upon the white woodwork. His knees were drawn up, his hands thrown out in agony, and from the centre of his broad brown, upturned throat there projected the white haft of a knife driven blade-deep into his body. Giant as he was, the man must have gone down like a pole-axed ox before that terrific blow. Beside his right hand a most formidable horn-handled, two-edged dagger lay upon the floor, and near it a black kid glove.

"By George! it's Black Gorgiano himself!" cried the American detective. "Someone has got ahead of us this time."

"Here's the candle in the window, Mr. Holmes," said Gregson. "Why, whatever are you doing?"

Holmes had stepped across, had lit the candle, and was passing it backwards and forwards across the window-panes. Then he peered into the darkness, blew the candle out, and threw it on the floor.

"I rather think that will be helpful," said he. He came over and stood in deep thought, while the two professionals were examining the body. "You say that three people came out from the flat while you were waiting downstairs," said he at last. "Did you observe them closely?"

"Yes, I did."
"Was there a fellow about thirty, black-bearded, dark, of middle size?"

"Yes, he was the last to pass me."
"That is your man, I fancy. I can give you his description, and we have a very excellent outline of his footmark. That should be enough for you."

"Not much, Mr. Holmes, among the millions of London."
"Perhaps not. That is why I thought it best to summon this lady to your aid."

We all turned round at the words. There, framed in the doorway, was a tall and beautiful woman—the mysterious lodger of Bloomsbury. Slowly she advanced her face pale and drawn with a frightful apprehension, her eyes fixed and staring, her terrified gaze riveted upon the dark figure on the floor.

"You have killed him!" she muttered. "Oh, Dio, mio, you have killed him!" Then I heard a sudden sharp intake of her breath and she sprang into the air with a cry of joy. Round and round the room she danced, her hands

clapping, her dark eyes gleaming with delighted wonder, and a thousand pretty Italian exclamations pouring from her lips. It was terrible and amazing to see such a woman so convulsed with joy at such a sight. Suddenly she stopped and gazed at us all with a questioning stare.

"But you! You are police, are you not? You have killed Giuseppe Gorgiano. Is it not so?"

"We are police, madam."

She looked round into the shadows of the room.
"But where, then is Gennaro?" she asked. "He is my husband, Gennaro Lucca. I am Emily Lucca, and we are both from New York. Where is Gennaro? He called me this moment from this window, and I ran with all my speed."

(To be Continued)

CROSSES ATLANTIC IN SMALL YACHT

Capt. Thomas F. Day Reaches Gibraltar After Thirty-five Days' Trip.

Gibraltar, Aug. 1.—The yawl Sea Bird, which arrived from the Azores last night, is sailing late today for Italy. Captain Thomas F. Day of New York, and his companions, T. R. Goodwin and F. B. Thurber of Providence, R. I., report a pleasant trip across the Atlantic. In their twenty-five foot craft they left Providence, R. I., on June 10th, and arrived at Horta in the Azores on July 1. On July 5 they set sail for Gibraltar. From the Azores they experienced light winds and calm weather. They made the trip of approximately 3,300 miles in 35 sailing days.

A GREAT SCORE

Private Clifford Made 319 Marks Out of a Possible 350

The following is the record of Private Clifford in the match for the King's Prize:

First stage—	
200, 500 and 600 yards.....	93
Second stage—	
300 yards.....	47
600 yards.....	48
Total.....	95

Third stage—	
800 yards.....	5555455555 49
900 yards.....	5245455555 45
1,000 yards.....	5550254254 37
Total.....	131

Grand total, 319, out of a possible 350.

Sniff Yacht Shifted

Early this morning a city garbage wagon arrived at the waterfront to add to the cargo of the sniff yacht by the amount of one load of old bean cans, cabbage stumps and kitchen refuse. The teamster never dreaming but that the noble craft still lay at its accustomed moorings on the Davis wharf, or perhaps still dreaming of sweeter matters, just backed up to the wagon stops on the wharf and opened the wagon back door. A cataract of cans descended with a splash into the water. There was no sniff yacht there to receive them. The spicy Ocean Queen has altered her moorings to Cow Creek where she will be "at home" to the Commodore and city scavenging brigade at the usual hours.

How About the Dog?

Handwriting experts, concerning whom some hard things were said by counsel in the Plymouth society libel case, occasionally have an unpleasant time in the witness-box. A leading Irish barrister of days gone by once began his cross-examination of a handwriting expert by asking, "Where is the dog?" When the witness asked, "What dog?" counsel replied, "The dog which the judge at the last assizes said he would not hang on your evidence."—From the London Chronicle.

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Austria-Hungary	Finland	Italy	Philippine Islands	Straits Settlements
Brazil	Formosa	Japan	Portugal	Sweden
Bulgaria	France	Java	Roumania	Switzerland
Ceylon	Great Britain	Manchuria	Russia	Turkey
China	Germany	Mexico	Siam	United States
	Great Britain			Uruguay
				West Indies, etc.

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HE SWIMS AT 102

An Old Father Neptune of Real Life in New York

New York, Aug. 3.—John Costigan of No. 150 East 49th street, at the age of 102 years, amazes all who see him by his swimming prowess. When he appears each day on the beach at Rockaway, where he is spending the summer, he is received with cheers.

The beach was crowded yesterday when the old man waded into the water. As he swam out

a shout went up: "Oh, look at that old man swim!" "That is my grandfather!" cried little Arthur Stein, eight years old, who stood on the beach among the crowd. "My grandfather is a good swimmer. He can beat you all."

The old man made his way past the last pole, but "Ben" Johnson, one of the Rockaway Beach life guards, would not allow him to go farther. "Don't be afraid," he swam the East River at the foot of Market street when I was a little fellow," protested Costigan.