

The Daily News

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DAILY EDITION.



MONDAY, AUG. 7

A HYPOCRITE UNMASKED

On many occasions since the question of reciprocity came before the public, the Daily News has presented editorial articles dealing with the subject. In every instance personalities were avoided. Our object has always been to appeal to the reason of our readers by a logical presentation of facts and figures.

Many of our readers have expressed their appreciation of our handling of the subject. Several of the leading newspapers in the Dominion did us the honor of reprinting some of the articles. It is our intention throughout the present campaign to continue to avoid personalities and let the facts about reciprocity make their own appeal.

But there are times when a newspaper owes it to its readers to deal with personalities. Such an occasion for instance is when a candidate for electoral honors, makes the supposed probity and excellence of his personal character the basis of his appeal to the public. When cant and hypocrisy parade themselves before the public, it is the newspaper's duty to tear the mask away, and let the public see the real character of the person behind the mask.

In Saturday's issue of the Evening Empire a long editorial article appeared, explaining how Alderman Newton, editor of the Empire and writer of the article came to nominate himself for Comox-Atlin.

It represented that the recent Conservative Convention held in the city was packed by "tin horns, blacklegs and gamblers," sixty-two of whom were in the pay of a man whom it says: "if he had his just deserts would be breaking stone down at New Westminster."

Claiming that it was only as a sacrifice on the altar of morality that he offered himself, Alderman Newton explains his remarkable action in nominating himself for Comox-Atlin, and his efforts to secure the party's support.

The News is not authorized to answer the accusations made against Mr. Goodman. Nor has the News any authority to speak on behalf of the local Conservative party.

The News has never professed to speak for the local Conservatives. It has strong differences with them on the question of the Provincial land laws and on the question of reciprocity. But those questions it is prepared to debate in a manner becoming gentlemen. And the News—however strongly it may fight against Conservative political theories—knows the members of the local Conservative party only as gentlemen. So far as we know, Alderman Newton is the only ingrate and political assassin amongst them.

But in the very issue of the newspaper in which Alderman Newton parades his incorruptible virtue, are two clear evidences of Alderman Newton's real character. The public may read for themselves, and decide whether the Incorruptible One is an honest man or not.

On the front page of the Empire are two stories. One is headed "Unfair Tactics by Laurier Government," and the other "Attitude of Premier McBride." Both are despatches from the Canadian Press Corporation, of which the Daily News is a charter-member. The identical despatches came to the News and Empire offices alike.

The first story reads in the original despatch "Laurier Government made strategic move in the interests of reciprocity, etc." In that form it appears in the News.

In the Empire office the story was wilfully altered to read "Laurier Government made unfair move in the interests of reciprocity," and on the lying alteration, the lying headline was built.

The second story was even more artistically treated. The Empire gave the original despatch telling that the Liberals regarded Premier McBride's action in declining to enter the Federal field, as indicating his belief that there was no chance of defeating the Government on the reciprocity issue. But it added a paragraph to the Canadian Press Despatch which was not in the original. It is the paragraph sub-headed "Conservative Explanation." This paragraph is a fake from start to finish. It is not a part of the original despatch, and was never sent out by the Canadian Press Corporation. It probably was concocted in the Empire office.

An individual who lies commits a contemptible enough act, but it is not nearly so contemptible as the newspaper that lies. A newspaper is under a solemn obligation to its readers to print the truth. To alter a despatch is to poison the well of truth at its source. It is an act of treason against its readers.

The crime is the greater because Alderman Newton is a candidate for Comox-Atlin as an opponent of reciprocity. The Incorruptible One has been caught at the game of trying to get into office by subverting the truth about reciprocity in his newspaper. He is a political gambler—playing the game with a stacked pack.

Alderman Newton has presented an ultimatum to the Conservative party. He has threatened that unless they do certain things satisfactory to him, he will continue his candidacy.

The News offers an ultimatum to Alderman Newton. In our office window is pasted a large sheet of paper containing the original Canadian Press Despatches, and the false stories which Alderman Newton's paper concocted out of them. They are there for the public to see and judge.

When Alderman Newton admits that he is a discredited candidate, by withdrawing from the field the News will withdraw the evidence of the manner in which he sought to trick the public of Prince Rupert.

A REMINISCENCE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

THE ADVENTURE OF THE RED CIRCLE

BY ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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"It was I who called," said Holmes.

"You! How could you call?" "Your cipher was not difficult, madam. Your presence here was desirable. I knew that I had only to flash 'Veni' and you would surely come."

The beautiful Italian looked with awe at my companion.

"I do not understand how you know these things," she said. "Giuseppe Gorgiano—how did he?" She paused and then suddenly her face lit up with pride and delight. "Now I see it! My Gennaro! My splendid, beautiful Gennaro, who has guarded me safe from all harm, he did it, with his own strong hand he killed the monster! Oh, Gennaro, how wonderful you are! What woman could ever be worthy of such a man?"

"Well, Mrs. Lucca," said the prosaic Gregson, laying his hand upon the lady's sleeve with as little sentiment as if she were a Notting Hill hooligan, "I am not very clear yet who you or what you are; but you've said enough to make it very clear that we shall want you at the Yard."

"One moment, Gregson," said Holmes. "I rather fancy this lady may be as anxious to give us information as we can be to get it. You understand, madam, that your husband will be arrested and tried for the death of the man who lies before us? What you say may be used in evidence. But if you think that he has acted from motives which are not criminal, and which he would wish to have known, then you cannot serve him better than by telling us the whole story."

"Now that Gorgiano is dead we fear nothing," said the lady. "He was a devil and a monster, and there can be no judge in the world who would punish my husband for having killed him."

"In that case," said Holmes, "my suggestion is that we lock

this door, leave things as we found them, go with this lady to her room, and form our opinion after we have heard what it is that she has to say to us."

Half an hour later we were seated, all four, in the small sitting-room of Signora Lucca, listening to her remarkable narrative of those sinister events, the ending of which we had chanced to witness. She spoke in rapid and fluent but very conventional English, which, for the sake of clearness, I will make grammatical.

"I was born in Posillipo, near Naples," said she, "and was the daughter of Augusto Barelli, who was the chief lawyer and once the deputy of that part. Gennaro was in my father's employment, and I came to love him, as any woman must. He had neither money nor position—nothing but his beauty and strength and energy—so my father forbade the match. We fled together, were married at Bari, and sold my jewels to gain the money which would take us to America. This was four years ago, and we have been in New York ever since."

"Fortune was very good to us at first. Gennaro was able to do a service to an Italian gentleman—he saved him from some ruffians in the place called the Bowery, and so made a powerful friend. His name was Tito Castalotte, and he was the senior partner of the great firm of Castalotte and Zamba, who are the chief fruit importers of New York. Signor Zamba is an invalid, and our new friend Castalotte has all power within the firm, which employs more than three hundred men. He took my husband into his employment, and showed his goodwill towards him in every way. Signor Castalotte was a bachelor, and I believe that he felt as if Gennaro was his son, and both my husband and I loved him as if he were our father. We

had taken and furnished a little house in Brooklyn, and our whole future seemed assured, when that black cloud appeared which was soon to overspread our sky.

"One night, when Gennaro returned from his work, he brought a fellow countryman back with him. His name was Gorgiano, and he had come also from Posillipo. He was a huge man, as you can testify, for you have looked upon his corpse. Not only was his body that of a giant, but everything about him was grotesque, gigantic, and terrifying. His voice was like thunder in our little house. There was scarce room for the whirl of his great arms as he talked. His thoughts, his emotions, his passions, all were exaggerated and monstrous. He talked, or rather roared, with such energy that others could but sit and listen, cowed with the mighty stream of words. His eyes blazed at you and held you at his mercy. He was a terrible and wonderful man! I thank God that he is dead!

"He came again and again. Yet I was aware that Gennaro was no more happy than I was in his presence. My poor husband would sit pale and listless, listening to the endless ravings upon politics and upon social questions which made up our visitor's conversation. Gennaro said nothing, but I who knew him so well could read in his face some emotion which I had never seen there before. At first I thought it was dislike. And then gradually, I understood that it was more than dislike. It was fear—a deep, secret, shrinking fear. That night—the night that I read his terror—I put my arms round him and I implored him by his love for me and by all that he held dear to hold nothing from me, and to tell me why this huge man overshadowed him so.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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BUILDING GROWS BRISK

Permits to Value of Over \$16,000 Issued This Week

Building permits representing work to the value of over \$16,000 were issued this week. Amongst the principal items are buildings projected by the following:

David H. Hays, stores and offices Second avenue, \$9,000.

W. J. Coley, residence Fourth avenue and Bowser street, \$1,000.

A. J. Lamphere, residence Ninth avenue, \$1,000.

J. L. Desertin, residence Bowser

street, \$2,000.

J. Postola, store ninth avenue, \$1,600.

Messrs. Lindsay's Transfer Co., stable, park avenue, \$1,000.

Minor alteration and small residences will be built to the value of almost another thousand dollars.

Some of today's store advertising is in the nature of real service to you—giving you timely information of value-giving "stunts" which the store is planning.

When camphor in the bottle is roily it betokens a storm.

Thousand Gallon Tank

To keep the hospital supplied with water in time of frost or drought a 10000 gallon tank was recently ordered. The material for this has arrived and the tank is to be erected at once under the supervision of Mr. Lucas of the city engineering department. The tank is a specially suitable one of very durable red-wood, and was selected by Mr. H. H. Clark. It will be built and placed in position either by days' labor or contract as decided by the executive committee.

Through the generosity of the Westholme Lumber Company the manager, Mr. Albert, was able to send to the secretary a cheque for \$100 towards the Hospital Funds. The gift was appreciated and will be acknowledged by the managing secretary. Hospital accounts for the month amounting to some \$800 were gone over and passed by the board for payment.

Mr. D. G. Stewart, President of the Hospital Board, presided over the meeting which was held in the police court room Friday afternoon.