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DAILY EDITION.

TUESDAY, AUG. 8

SUIVEZ LE PANACHE BLANC

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, en arrivant a Montreal de la Coronation, dans un discours qui fut marque d'applaudissements spontanés et termine avec les fanfares eclaterent et bruyantes, notre chef a conclu:

"Messieurs les electeurs, j'arrive devant vous plein de courage et de zele pour defendre la cause du peuple canadien tout entier.

"Je n'ai plus longtemps a vivre mais je soutiendrai la lutte jusqu'au bout. Quand je ne serai plus, ce sera a mes jeunes amis d'accomplir ma tache.

"Je dis aux vieux comme aux jeunes ce que disait Henri IV:

"SUIVEZ MON PANACHE BLANC, VOUS LE TROUVEZ TOUJOURS SUR LE CHEMIN DE L'HONNEUR ET DE LA GLOIRE."

"SUIVEZ MON PANACHE BLANC: C'EST MA CHEVELURE DE 69 ANS."

THE MAN WITH THE KNIFE

There is a certain member of Parliament at Ottawa—we need not harry him by bringing in his name—who in public poses as a particular champion of public rights. But among the members of the house he is known by the nickname of "the man with the knife."

No one fears him so much as his friends. He knives them all in turn, the minute they stand in the way of his ambition. Like Brutus, after each political assassination he tells the public:

"T was not that I loved Caesar less

But only Rome the more."

But his friends watch him, and between themselves refer to him as "the man with the knife."

There is a man in Prince Rupert who poses as a particular champion of public rights, who is fast qualifying for the title of "the man with the knife." One by one he knives all his friends, the moment they stand in the way of his ambitions. Then he turns a dolorous countenance to the public and explains that he is a great moral hero, making great sacrifices for the sake of the public. Nature has well fitted him to assume the role of the dying martyr.

But his friends are learning to watch him. They are beginning to realise that the dying martyr is a pigmy with ambition—and a knife.

When he first came on the scene he announced himself as an "independent." That was until he picked Mr. Fred Stork as a winner in the first municipal election in Prince Rupert. Then he turned in to laud Mr. Stork to a point of absurdity, and to abuse Mr. William Manson—Mr. Stork's opponent—in a manner that was both cruel and extremely coarse.

That was in May 1910. A few weeks later the man who boasts that his newspaper has "sacrificed its business interests for the purpose of battling for the rights of the masses" discovered that Mayor Stork would not give out city advertising patronage except by open competition.

So Mayor Stork and the members of his council were promptly knifed.

Last January the streams of absurd laudation and coarse and unwarranted abuse were turned on again, but in different directions. The despised Mr. Manson got the laudation; the old council got the abuse. And the moral hero who has always been ready to sacrifice his business interests, etc., got his disputed account paid, in face of the fact that the city's legal advisers declared that it was not collectable at law.

After having saddled the city with a council, which—to put it mildly—is not so competent as the previous council, our moral hero discovered that he had got in wrong. He probably saw trouble ahead at the next election for Mr. Manson and his friends. So with a great profession of super-righteousness, he proceeded to knife his colleagues in the council.

Mr. Manson himself was spared. Mr. Manson has in his gift the advertising patronage of the Provincial Government.

The next to be knifed was Magistrate Carss. It is an open secret that Mr. Carss along with other gentlemen in the Conservative party was looked on as a possible nominee for Comox-Atlin. So on the eve of the campaign Mr. Carss' political chances were assassinated by the moral hero who heretofore had kept discreetly silent on the subject of Mr. Carss.

Then after going through the solemn burlesque of announcing that he had given way to "strong pressure" brought to bear upon him to stand as candidate for Comox-Atlin in opposition to the reciprocity agreement, this moral hero is caught in the act of wilfully mutilating press despatches so as to mislead his readers on the reciprocity question.

The facts are too damning to be explained away. They show this self-announced moral hero up in a different light.

Instead of being a man of superior virtue, they show him to be but a cheap trickster; instead of a man of iron, just a painted lath; instead of a moral hero, just a pigmy with ambition—and a knife.

A man in private life may pose and profess to his hearts content. It is his own private business, and no newspaper has any right to refer to it. But when a man poses before the public as a man of superior righteousness and seeks public office on the ground of his special honesty and zeal for the public welfare, he makes his personal character a public issue.

The people of Prince Rupert will not be satisfied until Alderman Newton admits he is a discredited candidate by retiring forthwith from the contest.

:: A Reminiscence of Sherlock Homes ::

The Adventure of The Red Circle

BY ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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"He told me, and my own heart grew cold as ice as I listened. My poor Gennaro, in his wild and fiery days, when all the world seemed against him and his mind was driven half mad by the injustices of life, had joined a Neapolitan society, the Red Circle, which was allied to the old Carbonari. The oaths and secrets of this brotherhood were frightful; but once within its rule no escape was possible. When he had fled to America Gennaro thought that he had cast it all off for ever. What was his horror one evening to meet in the streets the very man who had initiated him in Naples, the giant Gorgiano, a man who had earned the name of 'Death' in the South of Italy, for he was red to the elbow in murder! He had come to New York to avoid the Italian police, and he had already planted a branch of this dreadful society in his new home. All this Gennaro told me, and showed me a summons which he had received that very day, a Red Circle drawn upon the head of it, telling him that a lodge would be held upon a certain date, and that his presence at it was required and ordered."

"That was bad enough, but worse was to come. I had noticed for some time that when Gorgiano came to us, as he constantly did, in the evening, he spoke much to me; and even when his words were to my husband those terrible, glaring, wild-beast eyes of his were always turned upon me. One night his secret came out. I had awakened what he called 'love' within him—the love of a brute—a savage. Gennaro had not yet returned when he came. He pushed his way in, seized me in his mighty arms, hugged me in his bear's embrace, covered me with kisses, and implored me to come away with him. I was struggling and screaming when Gennaro entered and attacked him. He struck Gennaro senseless and fled from the house which he was never more to enter. It was a deadly enemy that we made that night."

"A few days later came the meeting. Gennaro returned from it with a face which told me that something dreadful had occurred. It was worse than we could have imagined possible. The funds of the society were raised by blackmailing rich Italians and threatening them with violence should they refuse the money. It seems that Castalotte, our dear friend and benefactor, had been approached. He had refused to yield to threats, and he had handed the notices to the police. It was resolved now that such an example should be made of him as would prevent any other victim from rebelling. At the meeting it was arranged that he and his house should be blown up by dynamite. There was a drawing of lots as to who should carry out the deed. Gennaro saw our enemy's cruel face smiling at him as he dipped his hand in the bag. No doubt it had been pre-arranged in some fashion, for it was the fatal disc with the Red Circle upon it, the mandate for murder, which lay upon his palm. He was to kill his best friend, or he was to expose himself and me to the vengeance of his comrades. It

was part of their fiendish system to punish those whom they feared or hated by injuring not only their own persons, but those whom they loved, and it was the knowledge of this which hung as a terror over my poor Gennaro's head and drove him nearly crazy with apprehension.

"All that night we sat together, our arms round each other, each strengthening each for the troubles that lay before us. The very next evening had been fixed for the attempt. By midday my husband and I were on our way to London, but not before we had given our benefactor full warning of his danger, and had also left such information for the police as would safeguard his life for the future.

"The rest, gentlemen, you know for yourselves. We were sure that our enemies would be behind us like our own shadows. Gorgiano had his private reasons for vengeance, but in any case we knew how ruthless, cunning, and untiring he could be. Both Italy and America are full of stories of his dreadful powers. If ever they were exerted they would be now. My darling made use of the few clear days which our start had given us in arranging for a refuge for me in such a fashion that no possible danger could reach me. For his own part, he wished to be free that he might communicate both with the American and with the Italian police. I do not myself know where he lived, or how. All that I learned was through the columns of a newspaper. But once, as I looked through my window, I saw two Italians watching the house, and I understood that in some way Gorgiano had found out our retreat. Finally Gennaro told me, through the paper, that he would signal me from a certain window, but when the signals came they were nothing but warnings, which were suddenly interrupted. It is very clear to me that he knew Gorgiano to be close upon him, and that, thank God, he was ready for him when he came. And now, gentlemen, I would ask you whether we have anything to fear from the Law, of whether any judge upon earth would condemn my Gennaro for what he has done?"

"Well, Mr. Gregson," said the American looking across at the official. "I don't know what your British point of view may be, but I guess that in New York this lady's husband will receive a pretty general vote of thanks."

"She will have to come with me and see the Chief," Gregson answered. "If what she says is corroborated, I do not think she or her husband has much to fear. But what I can't make head or tail of, Mr. Holmes, is how on earth you got yourself mixed up in the matter."

"Education, Gregson, education. Still seeking knowledge at the old university. Well, Watson, you have one more specimen of the tragic and grotesque to add to your collection. By the way, it is not eight o'clock, and a Wagner night at Convent Garden! If we hurry, we might be in time for the second act."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

STANDING OF THE BALL CLUBS

Percentage of League Clubs Calculated up to Last Sunday Night.

(Canadian Press Despatch)

National League		
Club	Won	Lost
Chicago	57	35
Philadelphia	56	38
New York	57	38
Pittsburg	58	38
St. Louis	54	41
Cincinnati	40	53
Brooklyn	36	59
Boston	21	75

American League		
Club	Won	Lost
Philadelphia	63	35
Detroit	64	36
Boston	53	49
New York	51	58
Chicago	50	48
Cleveland	52	51
Washington	38	62
St. Louis	30	68

Pacific Coast League		
Club	Won	Lost
Portland	66	52
Vernon	70	56
San Francisco	72	64
Oakland	68	62
Sacramento	60	64
Los Angeles	52	75

Northwestern League		
Club	Won	Lost
Vancouver	68	43
Tacoma	62	48
Spokane	59	51
Seattle	57	51
Portland	54	54
Victoria	29	81



DRENA MACK

Who plays the role of Miss Society in "The Follies of 1911" at the Empress, tonight

WATER IN CANYONS

Very High—Steamers on Skeena Can't Get Through.

Owing to the exceptionally hot weather up in the interior which causes the snow on the mountains to melt, the water in the Canyons on the Skeena River is very high. This morning it was three feet four inches above zero and rising. All the river steamer boats are the other side of the canyons from here, with the exception of the Hazelton and until the water lowers they will be unable to get through.

Taking Advantage

Many people are taking advantage of the grand fifteen days' sale of furniture at F. W. Hart's store, corner Second avenue and Sixth street. Some good bargains from the big stock are being offered.

Dripping Tip

Mutton dripping will not set hard and suety, as it usually does, if directly the fat is poured from the baking tin, the vessel containing it is put at the back of the stove and allowed to stop there until the stove itself cools.

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