

The Daily News

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

Published by the Prince Rupert Publishing Company, Limited

DAILY AND WEEKLY

SUBSCRIPTION RATES—To Canada, United States and Mexico—DAILY, 50c per month, or \$5.00 per year, in advance. WEEKLY, \$2.00 per year. All Other Countries—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, SEPT. 12

PARTIES AND PATRIOTISM

The Reciprocity party in this election asks for a straight, open, full, complete and exhaustive discussion of the question of reciprocity and a decision upon its merits. With such a decision the party will be satisfied, knowing well the result of such an appeal to the people.

Unfortunately the Borden party is not inclined to discuss the question upon its merits, and some members of the party, including Mr. Clements, insist upon questioning the loyalty of the Canadian people, and insisting that trade means treason, and a reciprocity agreement will loosen the bonds of empire.

The Borden party advances no reason for suspicion of loyalty of the Canadian people. The speakers simply make the assertion and repeat it with painful regularity.

There was a reciprocity agreement between Canada and the United States in 1854. That agreement was brought about through the assistance of Great Britain because the Canadian people were dissatisfied, and a large part openly discussed annexation. At that time reciprocity did not lead to annexation, but really killed all agitation for annexation.

In 1865 Sir John Macdonald sent Sir A. T. Galt to Washington to renew the treaty. In 1869, the same premier sent Sir John Rose to Washington to secure a reciprocity treaty similar to the agreement before the public now. Did any person suggest annexation to them? Was the treason cry raised at that time?

In 1871 Sir John Macdonald, himself, went to Washington seeking such a reciprocity agreement. Did any person at that time say that Sir John Macdonald was upon a treasonable errand?

In 1868 Sir John A. Macdonald made a standing statutory offer of reciprocity to the United States.

In 1870 this offer was repeated. No person ever whispered that we could not sell our natural products to the United States without sacrificing our birthright. That statutory offer was on the statute books until the day of his death, in 1891.

In 1888 Sir Charles Tupper went to Washington to negotiate a reciprocity treaty similar to that which is before the Canadian people at this very minute and Conservative party and press alike saw no annexation scheme in the journey.

In the election of 1891, Sir John Macdonald promised to send a commission to Ottawa to negotiate a reciprocity treaty. He fulfilled his promise, and in 1891 Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson, and Mr. Foster went to Washington to negotiate a reciprocity treaty similar to that before the Canadian people. They failed in every case because the American people were unwilling at that time for reciprocity in natural products alone.

And the Laurier government in 1898 made such an effort without success, for the same reason. There was no cry of treason then.

There was no cry of treason when Mr. Paterson and Mr. Fielding started out last spring, and there would have been no word of it if they had failed. It was only when they had secured what all political parties in Canada have been trying to get for forty years that Mr. Borden raised this unfair and unreasonable objection to the best commercial bargain that any country has ever secured in North America.

And there is no reason or meaning to the senseless objection. The Liberal party has always been the strong British party. It inaugurated the British preference, despite the bitter battle of the opposition. It increased the preference. Through the Liberals the British preference will be increased again.

Great Britain is not alarmed. Read the speeches of the leaders. Mr. Balfour, the leader of the opposition, said: "I do not doubt that Sir Wilfrid Laurier is quite glad to have good commercial relations, and properly desired to have good commercial relations, with the United States. I do not quarrel with that at all."

And no person else quarrels with it. The Borden party cannot be sincere in raising such a foolish objection. It is senseless as every good Canadian feels.

THE ANNEXATION BOGEY

"Nothing more clearly shows the weakness of the case against reciprocity than the fact that our opponents have to resort to the device of waving the British flag and accusing the advocates of reciprocity of disloyalty. It is an old and well-worn trick which will not deceive intelligent people. The glorious flag of the Empire was never intended to be used for so mean a purpose. Never were the people of British North America more loyal or more contented with British institutions than during the period of the old reciprocity treaty. It was in the very midst of that period that His late Majesty King Edward, then Prince of Wales, visited British North America and received everywhere such splendid evidence of the loyalty and devotion of our people. Sir John Macdonald, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir John Thompson, Mr. Foster and other public men of the Conservative party were not deemed disloyal when they labored without success to obtain a reciprocal trade arrangement with the United States. It will be difficult to persuade anybody that the Canadian ministers of today are disloyal when they have carried on reciprocal negotiations which have been crowned with the success that was denied to their predecessors. No Canadian who is trading today with citizens of the United States, in money or in merchandise, feels that he thereby in any way compromises himself as a loyal citizen of Canada and a loyal subject of the king, nor will any feeling of that kind be experienced by other citizens of Canada who will avail themselves of the larger opportunities of trade which we believe will be opened up to them by the reciprocity agreement. The pretence that the Canadian farmer, fisherman or lumberman who sells his products in the United States impairs his loyalty to his Majesty is an insult to loyal Canadians, and will, I feel sure, be resented by them."—Hon. W. S. Fielding.

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THIRD AVENUE

A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

(AUTHOR OF GOLD, GOLD IN CARIBOO, ETC.)

With infinite toil he trimmed it, cut it into lengths, and then packed it back in three trips to the cabin.

Jim had been waiting for the last two trips, and as soon as Anstruther put his axe down, he took it up and disappeared for five minutes, bringing back a huge burnt "stick" on his shoulder.

There was rather more wood in that burnt "stick" than Anstruther had brought in his three trips.

With half a dozen dead strokes the cowboy cut two short lengths from Anstruther's green pine, for fire-dogs, tossed all the rest of that gentleman's hard-earned loads out of the way, chopped, split, and kindled his own dry log, hunted the billy on an improvised gallows, and began to cut the bacon.

It was all so simple and so quickly done when you knew how to do it, but it was annoying to have worked for half an hour to no purpose.

"I don't seem to be much good," said Mr. Anstruther.

Mrs. Rolt laughed and shook her head at the cowboy.

"Jim," she said, "you are an old bear. Why didn't you tell Mr. Anstruther what kind of sticks to cut?"

Jim grinned. "I guessed he'd have known that much."

"How should he? He has not had to chop wood before."

"You don't say! Is it all coal over there?"

Mrs. Rolt ignored the question.

"You play fair, Jim. You've got to show Mr. Anstruther how to do things. If you don't, I'll go home."

"Right away!"

"Yes, right away."

"Stop and have your dinner first," he said, with impudent bearing, and handed her a dish of bacon, the rashers cut as thin and as daintily as toast as if they had been prepared by a professional cook.

"Won't you have some, Miss Clifford?"

Too the younger woman his manner was deferential, if not nervous, and, seeing her advance, womanlike, Miss Kitty looked at the bacon and sniffed.

"It's too greasy, Jim. I wonder if you would toast some of it a little more for me, Mr. Anstruther?"

Frank hurried to obey her, but the fire had been knocked together to make a blaze, and the little flames which shot out, burned his fingers and smoked the bacon, but would not toast it.

"Half a shake, partner. Let me fix that fire for you. Now go ahead."

A couple of touches in the right place from Jim's toe had created a glowing hollow, over which the bacon curled and sizzled merrily, but again it was Jim's doing and not Frank's, so that Kitty's pretty brow was bent, and though she laughed, there was a strong under-current of annoyance in her laugh when Mrs. Rolt began innocently to hum that popular American air—

"You ain't no good, you ain't no good, just kiss yourself good-bye."

The slight upward curl at the corners of Jim's mouth did not mend matters. He knew the air, though Anstruther did not.

"Now, I'm going to be lazy and have a good time," declared Mrs. Rolt, putting away her plate. "I know that women ought to wash up—"

"I'll do that, Mrs. Rolt."

"No, you won't. Instead of will you, Jim. Just put that plate down instantly. I know your idea of washing up. Do you know, Mr. Anstruther, when he batched, lived alone, I mean, Jim had more crockery than all the other ranchers in the neighborhood put together. Fifty plates I think he had. Kitty counted them one day when she was in short frocks, and we never knew what he wanted so many for until that poor young Webster took his 'back for a winter shoot. Then I found out. Shall I tell, Jim?"

"Makes no odds," laughed Jim, "so long as you ain't what Mr. Anstruther calls too poetic."

"Kitty knows it's true, and you dare not contradict her. When we went to see how Mr. Webster was getting along, we found him eating his food off the kitchen table."

"Good place, too," chuckled Jim.

"Hasn't Jim left any plates for you?" we asked.

"Fifty-three, Mrs. Rolt; that's the trouble. I've not had luck enough to tackle them yet. Come, and I'll show you," and he took us to a pile as high as that, all dirty on both sides.

"Jim had had a clean side for one hundred and six meals. After that he let the house and the crockery. Here, Pretty Dick, wash these things, please, and make them good and clean."

When the laugh against Jim had died out, and the Indian had carried off the crockery, Mrs. Rolt drew them all round the fire. The hall had stopped for a little while, and no wind touched them under the fly which Jim had rigged up on the lee side of the hut. With a good bed of pine brush on the ground, and a great fire of logs in front, there is no place cooler than a fly. Like a great reflector it catches all the light and heat, and yet gives you all the benefit of the sweet fresh air.

That interior made a pretty contrast to the drear and lonesome uplands, in which there were nothing but grey shadows and silence, the ruddy glow of the firelight throwing out the pre-figures of the women, and the smokers prone at their feet, in strong relief.

Handsome as Polly Rolt was in a half-boiled, half-matronly way, the go and dash of the sportsman tempered by a few years of happy married life, it was no wonder that the men's eyes passed her pure profile to dwell on bonny Kitty Clifford. Even the Chinaman, who cooked for the ranch, worked

shipped her. She had been worshipped by everyone all her small, spilt life. From the crimson Tam o' Shanter, which she had unearthed from her saddle bags, to her gleaming gum boots, she was as dainty a little apple of discord as ever fell between two men.

On anyone else, gum boots would have been a horror, shapeless, huge, mud-bespattered. On her they only made you wonder where gum boots so astoundingly small and smart could have been made. Besides, they suggested an apology, if one were needed, for the extreme brevity of Kitty's skirts.

The fire was the most daring gallant in that crowd. It was he who touched Kitty's white throat with his rosy fingers, he who lit the deep blue of her laughing eyes, who threw that velvety shadow which so emphasized the full curve of her saucy chin, and, because even he became timid and uncertain in such a place, made you wonder whether that was a dimple just beyond the curve of those sweet red lips.

Yes, Kitty was pretty, and knew it perhaps too well, pretty with that face, which has haunted England for so many happy centuries, going a Chris-massing on the pillow behind old-fashioned fathers long ago, looking down perhaps as Guinevere or Gwendolyn upon the mailed knights of the tourney, or to-day making young men's pulses beat as they pass through the Army and Navy Stores, where perhaps one meets more pretty women to the acre than in any other space on earth.

"Now sing, some one," ordered Mrs. Rolt.

"You don't mind my tobacco, do you?"

"No, of course not."

Taking his pipe from his mouth, Jim had started at Anstruther's words, and looked a surprised question at the Boss's wife. He had never dreamed that a man might not smoke in camp.

"All right, Jim, it's only Mr. Anstruther's English frills. Where we breathe we smoke in B. C., my husband says. He is my law. But must I give you a lead?" and without waiting for an answer he began to sing the "Old Swanee River" in a rich contralto voice, which gave to the words an infinite grace as they died away in that homely waste.

By a camp fire a song must have a chorus; without it the gregarious instinct of man is unsatisfied. Perhaps man sings, in part, because he is a little afraid of nature's silence, and of all choruses those French-Canadian choruses, roaring, rollicking, boating ditties, of which Jim sang one or two, have done more to hunt the blue devils from the rivers of lower Canada than anything else in the world.

They are full of a spirit of a recklessly daring people, and Jim sang them with the spirit of an old-time voyager, and an accent which if not Parisian, was at least not London. It was noticeable in Jim that though his English was apt to stumble and wonder into all sorts of by-ways of slang, his French was good enough, and his English vocabulary at least as ample as an Englishman's. It was only with the constantly recurring phrases of every-day life that he and those of his kind played the mountebank. It was well for the more scholarly Anstruther perhaps that he did not follow the cowboy in any foreign tongue. Instead he sang them "The Hounds of the Meynell," and for the first time during that picnic Frank Anstruther placed himself, and was at home.

As he sang you knew what that spare horseman's figure meant; you realized where that lean high-bred face would seem a true type, and to Kitty, dreaming as she sang, came a vision of an old, many-gabled house, set, as one's ancestors loved to set them, in a wooded hollow, all the lawns of it alive with hounds, and round the porch of it a group of such men and horses as only England can turn out. Amongst them all that duffer who could do nothing right in Canada, had been the best man in the country.

"Say," said Combe, when the song was finished, "ain't it pretty hard to find a fox nowadays in the Old Country?"

Anstruther came back from the Vale with a start, and perhaps because you cannot adjust yourself to your environments in five seconds, answered a little superfluously.

"No, why should it be. People don't shoot foxes there."

"They are wild, Jim, like our Coyotes," put in Mrs. Rolt.

"There ain't no bounty on them then. Don't they play old Harry with the ranchers?"

"If they do we pay for it."

"Oh, well you see, I ain't been in England myself. I was raised in Canada, and it is good enough for me. I knew there were plenty of foxes when my grandfather hunted the Old Larkshire, but I fancied that the people would have been too thick on the ground now for any wild thing to live. This country is big enough, you'd think, but the Yanks have killed out the buffaloes, and will kill out most other things before they are through."

"When my grandfather hunted the Old Larkshire. It was said in such a quiet, matter-of-fact way that it took Anstruther's breath away, and yet he, who knew the annals of fox-hunting better than he knew his Bible, remembered that one of the best masters the Old Larkshire had ever had was Sir Greville Combe.

Could this fellow in shape and flannel shirt, who spoke such appalling English, be grandson to Sir Greville?

A quiet smile on Mrs. Rolt's face told him that it was so. In after years Anstruther learned to look through the clothes of the West and see the men beneath, but at the moment a horror took him, and he wondered how long

it would take to make him a cowboy. That was what he came out to be, or so he had told his father and his friends, but looking up he caught Kitty's blue eyes fixed upon him, and knew that he had lied.

"Do you think that I should ever make a cowboy, Miss Clifford?"

The question was very direct, and merited a snubbing, but Kitty had been caught at a disadvantage. There had been more in her eyes than she meant to show just yet, so she stammered, and Mrs. Rolt answered for her.

"Oh, I suppose you would learn to ride."

"Thank you. I thought that was the one thing I could do."

"On schooled horses. You haven't tried a buck jumper yet."

"Yes he has, though," put in Combe, looking up from the plug he was whittling.

"And you did not give us a chance of seeing the show! That was mean, Jim."

"There wasn't much of a show."

"Well, I'm not sure that you would do much better yourself over a post and rails," said the girl hotly. "It all depends what you are used to. I suppose you put him on Job. That brute would throw anyone but a broncho buster."

"Didn't throw Mr. Anstruther away."

"What! Did not Job get him off?" The girl's whole face lit up with pleasure and pride in her friend.

"Wasn't to be done unless that cayuse had shed his hide," said Jim quietly. "Your friend can ride, and if Jim put a little too much stress upon 'your friend' the admission that he could ride was very hearty and generous for a cowboy who was jealous."

The girl knew it; knew, too, that horsemanship was Jim Combe's great gift, and for a moment her eyes dwelt seriously on that big loose figure in shape, that old friend who had taught her so much, and borne with her so long. If only he could speak English, if only he was not "so Canadian," would he not be the better man of the two?

A year ago, before she had been dazzled by the glamor and luxury of the Old Country, she would have been able to answer. Now she hesitated.

"After Combe's testimonial, which I appreciate, do you think I shall ever make a cowboy?" persisted Anstruther.

"Riding is not all. It may make a cowboy, I was thinking rather of a Western man."

"And your ideal of a Western man is a high one?"

"Just the highest. Your best Westerner is the best that can be made out of the best English material, tempered by such a life as man ought to lead."

"They were getting into deep water, and Mrs. Rolt was not sorry to see Combe reappear, carrying a huge load of brush, boughs of young pines, which he waved one at a time through the smoke of the camp fire, until most of the rain drops had left them."

With these he vanished into the cabin, and after a long absence, returned to announce, "bed time, ladies. I'm afraid that your bed isn't what it might be, but with your slickers over that brush and your blankets, it will be dry enough. Don't worry to turn out till I call you."

"Where are you going to sleep?"

"We'll sleep right here, if Mr. Anstruther don't mind, so as to be handy in case you want anything. Let's go and look at the horses. Anstruther, Good-night, and the two strolled away into the night whilst the ladies turned in."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Judge Ben B. Lindsey, the noted reformer of Denver, was lurching one day—it was very warm—when a politician paused beside his table.

"Judge," said the politician, "I see you're drinkin' hot coffee. That's a heatin' drink."

"Yes," said Judge Lindsey.

"O, yes. In this weather you want iced drinks, judge—sharp iced drinks. Did you ever try iced gin and ginger ale?"

"No," said the judge, smiling, "but I've tried several fellows who have."

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Skeena Land District—District of Queen Charlotte Islands

Take notice that Austin M. Brown of Prince Rupert, occupation saddler, intends to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands and Works for a licence to prospect for coal, oil and petroleum on and under the following described lands on the West Coast of Graham Island:

Commencing at a post planted three miles east of the northeast corner of C. L. No. 4473, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

AUSTIN M. BROWN, Locator
Pub. Aug. 17.

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