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DAILY EDITION.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 22

EXIT THE LIBERAL PARTY

The country has spoken. After fifteen years of unexampled prosperity it has decided to change governments. Under the democratic rights which Liberalism in the last hundred years has succeeded in securing for the people, it is the people's privilege to so act. No Liberal can deny the right of the majority to express their sovereign will, however much he disbelieves that the popular judgment is right.

What the extent of the Conservative majority actually is, at the time of writing cannot be definitely established. There are contradictions in the reports. But all agree that the Conservative majority is a large one, totalling with the Nationalist seats in Quebec close on to forty seats. It is a victory far in advance of all Conservative estimates, and probably surprised the Conservatives as much as it did the Liberals.

The turn-over is admittedly hard to account for on rational grounds. When the Laurier Government came into power fifteen years ago Canada was practically bankrupt. Her two races were at war with each other. The National Policy of high protection had proved itself a failure. The country required a change of policy.

But in the present case, the country is prosperous. Sir Wilfrid's change to low protection has relieved taxation, and secured larger markets. The fiscal year just ended showed the lowest rate of taxation, and the largest surplus, in the history of the Dominion. It showed Canada with larger autonomous powers, and with her rankling racial wounds practically healed. The trade agreement which both parties for forty years had sought was now within grasp—a better agreement than that which Hon. George E. Foster went to Washington to seek a few years ago.

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What is the situation that now confronts Canada?

By their determination to make the reciprocity agreement a party issue, the Conservatives have cut themselves off from the measure which for forty years they have sought. They cannot now, or within measurable time, accept it. They have torn open Canada's healed up racial wounds, and revived for a party triumph, the old time hatred of Great Britain in Quebec. They cannot now deny a place in the Cabinet to Henri Bourassa, or ignore the demands of the French Nationalists to break down the Imperial bond which Sir Wilfrid Laurier had woven.

Their pledge to oppose the building of a Canadian Navy, and instead make a contribution to Great Britain, is a pledge to delete one of the marks of Canada's full autonomy, and reduce it from the rank of a Dominion to the rank of a colony. A Conservative Cabinet may balk at fulfilling Conservative promises. Their pledges to the manufacturers of Canada to increase the protective tariff, will be robbed of its glamor to the voters of Ontario, when they realise that it means an intention to increase the taxation on imports. It is one thing to accept the campaign contributions of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and of the American trusts. It will be another thing to fulfil the implied pledges of support which the acceptance of their money means.

"Roll up the map of Europe. We will not need it again for another hundred years," said William Pitt when the news of Austerlitz reached England. Austerlitz—and three bottles of port a day—broke Pitt's heart. But after Austerlitz came Waterloo. Now that the Conservative party has carried the country, it has to carry on the affairs of the country. It will have to form a Cabinet. Portfolios can hardly be denied to Hon. George E. Foster, Clifford Sifton, Henri Bourassa and Colonel Sam Hughes. Even Mr. Borden's leadership is not an assured thing. It will be difficult to prevent disruption among the leaders of so many diverse opinions.

But having sown the wind of discord in Quebec, the Conservative party may now prepare to reap the whirlwind. With twenty Nationalist seats in the House, and a total Government majority estimated at forty, the Nationalists will hold the balance of power. Under their gifted leader they may be trusted to exercise it, to exact all the pledges that the Conservatives gave to them. Having ridden into power on the back of Henri Bourassa and the French Nationalists, the Conservatives will be under his tyranny. He will be the Alderman Newton of the Canadian Parliament. After Austerlitz, Waterloo.

Fielding, Paterson, Graham and Mackenzie King are reported to have fallen in the onslaught against the Ministers. Hon. William Templeman is returned, redeeming the Victoria seat three years ago. That to him will be a source of personal satisfaction.

The Comox-Atlin seat is still in doubt, with the odds in favor of Duncan Ross, but special circumstances which made it desirable that Mr. Ross represent Prince Rupert at Ottawa largely disappear with the passing of the Government. With no prospect of the reduction of the cost of living, with no immediate hopes for the opening of the United States markets to our natural resources, with the offer of Alaska's market now taken away from Prince Rupert, the constituency may almost as well be represented from Vancouver as from Prince Rupert.

The great satisfaction in the campaign is that Prince Rupert and the Skeena and Atlin districts endorsed the Liberal policy and the Liberal candidate. Whatever the rest of Canada did, Prince Rupert and the north did their duty. The Liberals of Prince Rupert and district need have no reproaches. They did their part nobly and well.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A pleasing testimony to the strong fight waged by the Daily News in the campaign in the interests of progress occurred in the wee sma' hours this morning, when a band of enthusiastic citizens armed with tin cans and other musical instruments, paid a visit to the editorial mansion, interrupting our slumbers with cheers and a tin can serenade. To which we can only reply in the language of Hamlet—or was it John Gilpin?—

"Beggart that I am, I am even poor in thanks,
But I thank you, gentlemen."

The general expressions of regret that at the close of a life devoted to the service of his country, Sir Wilfrid Laurier should experience the bitterness of defeat, do justice to the hearts of our loyal citizens, and an injustice to our greatest citizen. No one who knows the serene philosophy—the "sunny ways" as Mr. Clements once phrased it—of Sir Wilfrid Laurier will imagine him as feeling bitter. He has known too many successes and too many defeats in his life to be unduly elated at the one or unduly depressed by the other.

If the truth were known, Sir Wilfrid probably is today feeling a sense of relief, at the prospect of laying down his sword and armour and enjoying in his last years that peace and rest he has often expressed a desire for.

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G.T.P. WHARF

A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

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

One glance at that strained white face on the pillow banished Jim's devil for good. Here was a comrade down, and all the woman in the big fellow's heart came to the surface at once.

It was a marvel how his long loose limbs moved now. Even his great Mexican spurs ceased to clank by the sick bed.

"What's the trouble, partner. Been riding for amusement?"

The sick man's eyes smiled, but the involuntary effort to turn sent a spasm of pain across his face.

"Lie still, old chap, and let me see what the trouble is. Would you ladies mind leaving the room. I won't be rough on him, Kitty," and he pushed her gently before him to the door.

When they had gone Jim stripped off the bedclothes and, as tenderly as might be, felt for the injuries he could not see.

"How did it happen?" he asked.

Anstruther told him.

"I see, I see," he muttered. It was a foolish thing to do to go to that brute when the trees were tumbling. But then he would have done it himself for Kitty. That made all the difference.

"Don't hurt any whilst you lie still, does it? Hurts considerable when you move."

The sick man nodded. To turn did hurt "considerable."

"Well, so far as I can see, there ain't no great damage done. It's a bad smash up. Three ribs, or it may be four, stove in, but so long as the inside machinery ain't injured you'll be about again in a week. We'll have to get Protheroe from Soda Creek to splice you up a bit. You can come in, ladies."

They came in followed by Dick Rolt. "Is it, is it anything very bad, Jim," whispered Kitty, taking both his hands in hers.

"It ain't no undertaker's job, if that's what you mean, Miss Kitty," laughed Jim. "T'won't take so long to mend as a broken heart, and they mend easy. It's just three or four ribs stove in. If you'll get me some linen bandages and something stiff to make a waistcoat of, I'll clinch him up so as he can't do no harm until we get Dr. Protheroe to fix him up properly."

Your job is to keep him still if you want him well again soon, and still holding both her hands in his, he led her to the chair by his rival's bedside and left her there.

It was Jim's act of renunciation and he did it, as he did everything, quietly and without protest.

CHAPTER IX.

A Ride for Life

"Where are you going to, Jim?" asked the Boss, who had followed Combe out of the sick room.

Jim came back from his dream with a start and turned a very white and haggard face to his old friend.

"To Soda Creek to fetch Protheroe if you can spare me."

"But you can't go yet. You haven't had a bite of food to-day, and after all, Anstruther's injuries do not appear to be so very serious."

"Can't tell. She might lose him."

There was something strangely pitiful in the way in which all Jim's mind turned upon what she might suffer, the woman who had just dealt him the hardest blow of his life.

"Oh, nonsense, man. She has got to take her chance like the rest. I insist on your having something before you go."

"Well, if you insist, Boss," replied Jim, with a queer laugh, "you can put some cold grub and a little whiskey in a cartridge bag for me. I can eat when the horse plays out."

"What do you mean to ride? We've ridden the tails off the best of the stock. Will you take that big hunter? Anstruther?"

"No. I'll take the young roan. He's the only horse that could make it."

"That devil! He isn't broken and never will be."

Jim grinned. "May be," he said, "this will break him. I'll break him or me, and he went over to the stables calling to the men to help him saddle a beast which no one else had attempted to handle, a young stallion as beautiful as Lucifer and as tractable.

When Rolt hurried out to him with the cartridge case and the flask, four men were trying to hold as perfect a demon as ever wore hide.

The wild shriek around them, the loose litter of the yard rattled about the frightened horse's feet, and the rain lashed his blood red flanks.

Within a radius of twenty or thirty feet of his flying heels it was unsafe for any living thing to come, but the men held on to the ropes, hoping that in time he might quiet down a little.

Cinch the bag on for me good and tight, Boss. It might get shook off."

Rolt obeyed, and Jim shook himself to try the fastenings.

"Nothing loose there? Now, steady, you devil," he went to the horse's head, which bared its teeth, laid its ears down, and backed away from him across the corral, dragging the four men with it.

For a quarter of an hour Jim tried in vain to approach near enough to mount the roan, but by striking, biting and kicking, the savage brute frustrated every effort.

"Guess we'll have to throw him after all, but it's a pity to take anything out of him that way," and then suddenly Jim's voice came from a higher level.

"Gee whiz! Let him go."

The chance had come what whilst he was speaking, and with a tiger-like spring the cowboy had taken it, dodging the flying heels like a miracle.

It was done so quickly that no one had time to see how Jim scrambled into the saddle, and after that there was not enough time for the spectators to seek shelter in the first doorway that offered.

But it was a magnificent sight for those who were safe from the mad beast's heels.

In spite of Jim, the horse had got its head down. Its back was arched so that there seemed nothing in front of the saddle except space, and even that receded as soon as the brute shot up into the air, coming down again stiff legged and sudden at every point of the compass in turn. But this was not good enough to shake off Jim Combe.

"Them's baby tricks," he muttered, and as if the roan heard him, it reared until those at the window saw nothing in the driving rain but the vast figure of a horse rampant, like the supporter of an heraldic shield.

The man was invisible until the great beast, jerked backwards by its rider, crashed heavily to earth.

Then, for a moment, they saw Jim on his feet, his cigarette, one only sign of his horseman's vanity, still between his teeth, the next he was again astride of the rising beast.

Then he vanished from the corral with a crash.

As the roan rose again on its hind legs, Combe drove the long wheels home with all the cruel force that there was in him, and the panic stricken beast rushed blindly from the corral.

There was a fence at the far end of it, luckily only of light poles, set up to keep in young calves.

It never seems to occur to a prairie horse to rise at a fence. Certainly it never occurred to that maddened roan.

With a rending crash he went through the young pine poles, shattering them like match stalks, and so was gone, the rain-lashed ocean of dim prairie swallowing up horse and man.

In winter upon the northern ranches evening comes early, and on this day of storm it seemed to come upon the heels of midday, so that as Jim Combe dashed out of the corral it was already dark.

For the first half hour of his ride he had no time to think. Nature provided him with that panacea of man's pain, action.

The storm swallowed him up; so drove against him that he sat bowed low in his saddle, so drenched him that it seemed to flow through him. Yet he had no time to feel the misery of it all. He was riding it seemed in a great void, out of which from time to time huge beasts loomed uncertainly.

He knew them for the Herefords which moved lumberingly and unwillingly out of his way, and alongside him, though he could barely see it as he raced past it, ran three and twenty miles of the fencing of the winter pasture.

Twice he grazed it, so dark had the day become, and each time he left a fragment of his clothing behind him to mark his course. On the second occasion he struck hard against a projecting bar, and his left leg seemed to lose consciousness. But he sat down and rode as steadily as ever. He could not afford to worry about trifles, and as it grew darker every minute, he realized that there were no precautions that he could take to minimize his risk. He had to stop or chance everything.

He could not see where he was going, perhaps the roan could, and even if he could not, Jim was not going to take a pull at him yet. As long as the horse stood up and kept going, the miles were eaten under his feet. That was all that mattered. Time was of the essence of Jim's contract.

His partner Fate was playing his hand now for him, and he refused to interfere in the game. As long as it lasted it was excellent to fly through the dark stinging sleet, and as to the end he cared nothing. When the roan first bolted, the wildness of the storm, all the splendid energy of the crazy beast between his knees got into Jim's blood, and he became intoxicated with the madness of his ride.

He cannoned into the flank of one of the great Hereford bulls, half seen for a moment in the gloom, so that his horse reeled and slithered, and almost lost his feet, but the man only laughed as they staggered and went on.

It was absolutely immaterial whether he broke his neck or not at first, but as the pace and distance began to tell upon the horse, the beast's tamed mood began to communicate itself to the man, so that instead of the glory of the life, the misery of those infinite waste places through which he rode impressed itself upon him.

The homelessness of the prairie was revealed to him and almost frightened him. He had known the prairies all his life, but this aspect of them had never struck him before.

He had committed suicide, and he knew it, not an unjustifiable cowardly act, but the voluntary killing none the less of Jim Combe.

Henceforth the world as he now saw it would be typical of his own gray and barren life, without rest, without warmth, without the light of hope. But he had taken the plunge, and since it was too late to reconsider it, he made up his mind at any rate he would not be robbed of his reward.

She would be happy even if her happiness was bound up in that of another man, and therefore at last he took a pull at his horse and began to ride more cautiously.

It was then that he felt how much his own strength had waned. That day he had not far eaten nothing. He had done work enough to kill an ordinary man, and unless he was much mistaken the boot on his left leg was slowly filling with his own blood.

He could ride the roan with one hand now. With the other he contrived to extract the sandwiches and flask from the cartridge bag, which still rode securely on his back, and reducing his pace to a lope he ate and drank as he rode.

He supposed that the night must have commenced, though there were none of the ordinary signs of time to guide him, and he marvelled at the endurance of his horse.

Fortunately the savage wind had not suffered the sleet to lie sufficiently upon the plateau over which he rode to seriously deteriorate the going. The ground rang hard as iron and as the fever of excitement died out Jim realized that the night had turned bitterly cold.

For half of that night Combe hardly knew that he was riding. A man sat in the saddle in the heart of a great darkness, swaying in time to his horse's stride, and at the proper time lending such assistance as the rider can to the ridden, but that was not Jim Combe.

Jim himself was away, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. Now he was holding a yellow-haired child up on his shoulder so that she could see over the corral and watch old Al lancing a wild cow; now he was back in England in places of purely imaginary magnificence, where a young queen with that child's features was holding court amongst innumerable Anstruthers who moved slowly and spoke in Book-English with a low-pitched drawl; or again he was back in the sick-room looking into the heart of the girl he had loved since she had grown grass high and reading in it the name of another.

Twice the roan "pecked" badly, and the third time so nearly came down on his head that Combe came back from his mental wanderings, pulled up and dismounted. If he would ride far horse rest even if he needed none himself.

The fence of the pasture had long since been left behind; it was too dark to look for a stake; there was nothing bigger than a clump of sage brush to tie to, and tired as the roan was, he dared not leave him loose, as he would have done with any ordinary cow pony.

Taking out his jack-knife cow pony, deep hole in the hard earth, he dug a knot in the loose end of his rope, put the knot at the bottom of the hole he had dug, replaced the soil he had taken out and stamped it in firm and hard with his heel.

Then he lay down on the frozen ground to rest. Unless the roan could pull the weight with him, Jim had no fear of losing his horse so fastened.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Wharf at Port Inlet, B. C.," will be received at this office until 4:00 P. M., on Tuesday, September 26, 1911, for the construction of a Wharf at Port Inlet, B. C.

Plans, specifications and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at the Department and at the office of G. A. K. Egan, District Engineer, New Westminster, B. C., and on application to the Postmaster at Prince Rupert and Victoria, B. C.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and place of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. of the amount of tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he completes the contract. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order, DESROCHERS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 25, 1911.