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MR. BORDEN'S TASK

Today Hon. Mr. Borden, the potential Premier of Canada, is in Ottawa for the purpose of selecting men to aid him in his great task of carrying on the government of Canada. A great task it undoubtedly will be. Sir Wilfrid Laurier's was a great task to hold the two races of Canada together, and arouse a temporarily united people to enthusiasm for the Imperial ideal. Mr Borden's will be greater.

Let it be admitted frankly, so that if he succeeds his credit may be the greater, that Hon. Mr. Borden has a more difficult task than had Sir Wilfrid. He inherits a condition of prosperity, which to a political leader on trial is a handicap. The two races of Canada have come to the parting of the ways helped thither by Mr. Borden's own party. He can hardly acknowledge the support of his Nationalist allies in Quebec without offending his Orange supporters in Ontario, or vice versa. To either alter or accept Canada's present naval policy portends trouble. Above all is he handicapped at this period of prosperity by his pledges to tax imports still more highly, while his known personal leanings toward reciprocity can hardly hope to find expression or acceptance after his leadership of the anti-reciprocity campaign.

Mr. Borden has before him a course beset with difficulties, which should procure for him the sympathy of men of all parties during the time that it remains the will of the Canadian people that he should be their leader. Towards this end, Mr. Borden's unsullied reputation and exemplary personal character will go a long way to win the confidence and sympathy, if not the support, of all parties. It must be a matter for congratulations among all Liberals to know that as the country had to have a Conservative government, that its leader is a gentleman deserving of the honor, and in his personal life fully worthy to be its first citizen.

Who will be the men he will select to be associated with him on the Executive Council? That is the impatient enquiry in every mind. That is the first of the great tasks to confront Mr. Borden. Like the other tasks previously enumerated it will be fraught with risks. For many of the "eligibles," the question in the premier's mind may well be, "Will they be more dangerous in or out?"

Hon. George E. Foster, for instance despite his personal unpopularity, is still the ablest financial head in the Conservative ranks. Once his colleagues laid a pit for him to fall into in the hope of getting rid of him. Mr. Foster fell into the pit all right, but he got out of it and seems to have lived down the past. Mr. Foster is clearly Cabinet timber. The portfolio of Finance which he held for a brief time under Sir Mackenzie Bowell seems likely to pass into his custody again.

Henri Bourassa too, is entitled to Cabinet rank. The leader of twenty-one Nationalist votes in the House, and the party's greatest orator cannot be left out in the cold without risk of forfeiting his support.

Clifford Sifton is another who must be reckoned with. He has great genius for organization. He was a tower of strength in the late campaign. Every place he spoke at returned majorities. He is ambitious too. Many of his oldest friends are convinced that personal ambition lay at the root of his recent change of political faith. Will he be safer inside or outside the Cabinet fold?

And among the other doubtfuls must be reckoned our own provincial Premier. The usually well informed Ottawa Journal suggests that he will be offered the portfolio for the Interior. Mr. McBride was supposed to be playing for higher stakes. His refusal to enter the campaign has certainly cost him his chances for the Federal Premiership, and it seems doubtful whether Mr. Borden after fifteen trying and difficult years of opposition leadership, would row in the moment of success, take chances on admitting to the Cabinet one who might at any time become a rival for the party leadership.

Then there is the other question, as to whether Mr. McBride in spite of his desire to enter the larger field of Federal politics, would not prefer to be a Provincial Premier than a Federal Minister. Mr. Borden's task at Ottawa this evening in selecting his ministers will not be an easy one.

BE FAIR, GENTLEMEN!

In the good-humored fun making of the Conservative parade on Saturday night, there was one little bit of unkindness that would have been better left out. It was the banner inscribed:

"Hush, little Manson, don't you cry You'll be happy by and by."

Although he failed to deliver the Skeena district, and failed badly, Mr. Manson did his best for his Conservative friends. He even deserted his Mayoral duties, and tied up the work of the License Board while he was out campaigning. It seems rather mean for his friends to rub his defeat in his face.

Outside of that, the fun in the parade was real good, and in the best of spirits.

GOOD PRINTING Is a Persistent "Influence" Exerted in Your Behalf! Every bit of printing that goes out to serve you makes "Some Kind of an Impression." Poor printing will leave a poor impression of its user as surely as would poor clothes, or poor store or shop or office. "Good" printing will leave upon every mind an impression wholly favorable to its user. Even if but one in a thousand of these "Impressions" really tips the scales for business, for orders, for you "Good Printing" will have thus paid for itself! FOR HIGH CLASS PRINTING OF ALL KINDS SEE THE "NEWS JOB" Daily News Building PHONE 98 Third Avenue

A TENDERFOOT'S WOOING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

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

CHAPTER XI

Soda Creek

"You think you hear savvy Indiana. You dam fool. I fix you 'fenty." As they made for their horses, Kincaid took his bleeding hand at Combe, and that was his last message. He knew that at a hundred yards a revolver was practically useless, and though when Jim picked up the Winchester the five hurried to horse and galloped swiftly away, at the clank of its pump, he almost wished that he had fired.

"As well now as later," he mused, "and I'm not to come." It is pretty near a blood feud between us now. If they had a gun amongst them I'd have let them have it." As he tightened the cinches of the roan, it worried him to remember that these five red devils had ridden off in the direction of the Risky Ranch. They meant mischief, of that he felt sure, but after all they were only five, Indians and unarmed, and he had left more than that on the ranch, white, and well armed.

It was his business to go and fetch the doctor. That was what Kitty wanted him to do, so he swung himself into the saddle, and rode steadily east. Twice that morning he saw Indians, in small bands, but on both occasions he thought that he had been seen before he saw them, and was uncertain of the direction in which they were heading, and once, just before reaching the Fraser, he came across a large camp of Chilcotens, just preparing to move.

To his questions they replied that they were en route to Tatlo Lake, but they struck him as unfriendly, and lying for some set purpose. If such things had ever happened in B. C. he would have suspected that an Indian was lying, but that was not practically impossible, and Jim dismissed the idea as born of fatigue and an empty stomach.

And then he heard the voice of the Fraser, and presently came over grey bluffs to that great river. It is never a pretty river, not even in spring-time, when the patches of white flowering oall bushes do their best for it. Grand as it is at times, and at Hell's Gate and other places, picturesque, a show for the C.P.R. and a pleasing resort for tourists who ride safely along its precipitous banks in a luxurious Pullman car, its waters are too turbid, and its strangely shaped mud cliffs too weirdly colored with mineral matter, to be more than grotesque and uncanny. At the crossing where Jim struck it, the river was certainly not looking its best. Like the whole country it seemed in evil mood. The river had already felt the first touch of winter, small flakes of ice were thickening its dun-colored waters, grinding against one another, and rendering a crossing a matter of some difficulty.

However, the ferry man made light of it. "It's all right, sonny, for twenty hours yet, and maybe for a week after that, but it's coming sure, and if I was you I wouldn't get on no day. See, in Soda Creek, you'll keep you more'n a week. If you do, you may have to wait there until you can walk across. A week on bug-jug ought to do you, though you punching does seem to make man powerfully dry." The ferryman was new to Caribou, and did not know Jim Combe, but he spoke from a long experience in other parts of the North-West, where prohibition had mightily increased the thirst of the people.

"All right, Cap." Everyone is a captain who owns anything bigger than a canoe in Canada. "I'll see to that. You be on hand in an hour's time." The man laughed good-naturedly. "Sure," he said, "I will, but you won't be. I never knowed a man yet as didn't calculate to do his business in half an hour, nor one as did it in a day. See, you'll see these metropolis had ought to be called Whiskey Creek 'stead of Soda."

Jim laughed at the old joke. There were many worse towns than Soda Creek, but of course there was whiskey in it. "Do you know where I can find the doctor?" "In the bar of the Ideal. Or no, stay! You won't get the doctor there for a feather. He's away up to Snow Gulch."

Snow Gulch was fifteen miles outside Soda Creek, and Jim fretted at this new delay. "What is he doing up there?" "Guess he's gone as one of a reception committee to old man Hayes' place. The old man's got a raise." "I thought he always was mine manager. Is he owner now? Got the mine for his wages?" "No, thought that wouldn't make him a bloated millionaire by all accounts. The old man raised himself, sort of informal, with a stick of giant."

"Blown himself up? Is he much hurt?" "Don't complain any, and I don't know as he ought to. He's only blown the roof of his head, and that was never any good to him, even for carrying his liquor."

"Do you mean to say he's dead?" "Dead as a mutton." "Then why has the doctor gone out?" "Give that chunk of ice a boost with the pole will you? That's the bully," as the great cake slid down the side of the boat with a dull rasping sound. "Well, I don't know, I'm sure, why the doc's gone, 'cept that Soda is slower just now than a funeral. It's nothing here now but bug juice all day, and more bug juice all night, with interludes for crib. Not as a man really tired of bug juice, but it's monotonous even the way as the doc fixes it."

"How does the doctor fix it?" asked Jim, humming him. "Wall, the doc, he's got a sort of lay helper, what the gospel sharks back east call a deakin, and they've arranged to make what the doc calls a concession to the conveniences. They does it this way—doc he takes morning watch and the bottle, deakin, he takes the patients. Then doc and the deakin take dog watch together, both drunk for a spell. Then doc comes in for night watch, and in general manages to sober up before any of the boys get around. Drunk or sober, he's better for the lay helper, so I guess your friend had better hit him a lick in the night watch."

"Cheerful for an invalid," commented Jim, as the ferry touched the bank. "Oh, it's all right. This country ain't meant for cripples. I'll come along."

and the philosopher who had really hit the nail on the head, tied up his boot, and landed after Jim for his morning eye-opener.

The town (alone among its peers it never aspired to be a city), had once in the good old days of the Caribou excitement, been a place of some importance. Its grass-grown streets worn bare by many feet, but since then it had fallen a prey to stagnation.

The houses were mean and far apart, and except for stray dogs, and one or two melancholy looking horses tied to a rail, there was no outward visible sign of life.

As the horses were tied in front of the Ideal, Jim followed the ferryman's advice, and made his way into that high-sounding hostelry, a wooden building apparently of two stories, though its appearance was as deceptive as its name. Closer inspection revealed the fact that its top storey was a "bluff," being only a board extension of the front with nothing but the free air behind it.

But if the outside of the Ideal was dull and gloomy, inside the gloom was intensified. A more sordid interior than that of this saloon no man ever saw. A great stove which made a red glow in the middle of the bar room, and raised the temperature to something nearly tropical, was the only apparent apology for any man's comfort inside.

The floor, which had not been swept for weeks, was a chaos of dead cigar ends, and a table at which three men sat thumping down their aces in a game of Steamer whist, was foul with kerosene oil, whilst the small windows were blinds to keep out any ray of sunlight, which might be deluded into entering the place.

A drowsy bar tender leaned on his elbow across the bar, watching the game listlessly, spitting and encouraging the players by turns, and in front of the stove a middle-aged man of immense brown, sat hunched up, looking wearily into the glow. "Well, I'm blanked, if that don't beat everything. The old man always was pig-headed, but who'd have thought he'd have kicked like that at being packed, and he's a corpse!"

"Guess he thinks he can take care of himself now same as he alius did. He's crossed this trail many a night when he hadn't any more sense than he has now."

But the stillness of the body brought back some of the old feeling of awe. "Hush!" said one. "What are you giving us? That ain't no way to talk before corpses."

"Corpses or no corpses," said a bolder spirit, "it's a long time between drinks, and this burying is a mighty dry entertainment. Doc! Let's have a look at that bottle."

The doctor produced the medicine, which was labelled Scott and Mackay's Special, and in turn each of the mutes drank to their old companion. "Guess he'll travel more sociable now," said Al, wiping his mouth with his coat sleeve. "But we'll have to pack him ourselves. Got to take off our frills for that business," and with a sigh of relief every man took off his coat, and tied it in a back on his back.

At this point Jim Combe joined them, was given a drink and solemnly introduced to the corpse.

In return he lent a hand at bearing it, and abandoning all ideas of a professional pace, or the decorum of silence, the party in his shirt sleeves, trotted to within sight of Soda Creek before dark. Here, however, the professional passed, reformed, put on its coats and funeral face, and marched with great pomp to the door of the Ideal.

Here, again, an unexpected difficulty met them. The Ideal was the only place to which any one went on arriving at Soda Creek, but in spite of the former habits of their charge, it was evidently now no place for Mr. Hayes. "A poor old boss, I guess you ain't allowed in here now. Where'll we take him to, doc?"

An empty house was suggested where the body would be safe from the dogs until the clergyman came for it next day, and there it was locked up for the night. But even then the doctor was not ready for his patient at the Risky Ranch. By unanimous consent it was held fitting that Soda Creek should celebrate old man Hayes' reception in due form, and no protest on Jim's part was of any avail. The men had had enough whiskey to make them as stubborn as mules. Jim Combe was in despair. Every drink that the reckless crowd took made it more noisy and more quarrelsome, whilst the doctor was rapidly progressing from the drunkenness to the maudlin stage of drunkenness.

Finally Protheroe declared his intention of going to take one drink with the old man.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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Dishonest people become scarcer every day and your "Lost" ad is almost sure to lead to the recovery of the lost article.

Pitcher Pisel of the Fostorio Ohio, team twirled a no-hit, no-run no-man-reach-first game against the Cleveland Northern Ohio League team.

Put a touch of "salesmanship" (you have it) into a For Sale ad, and sell that used article for its value, in cash.

Notice Notice is hereby given that George H. Almon is no longer in our employ and persons are warned to pay no money to him on our account, nor will we be responsible for bills contracted by him in our name. MUSSALLEM & CO.

horse's head did their best to undo the tangle, then the horse plunged forward, the blanket tore, some of the lashings gave, and old man Hayes rolled out with a thump, brandishing one stiffened limb in ghastly fashion as he fell.

The doctor's mate swore, and his lips quivered as for his former silence. "This is a positive scandal, boys. It's irreverent to the dead," Jim heard the doctor say.

"It's blanked poor packing, that's what it is," retorted one of them. "Ed don't know enough to the a granny knot let alone the diamond hitch."

"You tie it better yourself, you web-footed blue nose."

"That's dead easy, and I'll be the first to blame you in a knot when I'm through with it," said the other angrily, taking off his coat to work and swear more easily. But he did not find it "dead easy."

"Clinch the beggar good and tight," suggested one. "Corpses ain't got no feelin's," and putting his foot against the horse he threw his weight into the rope.

"Hold on, Mo; you'll break him all up."

"Not much. He's stiff enough. There, git up now," and he gave the horse a slap on its quarter.

Frightened by its mishap, or more conscious of the dead nature of its burden than its masters thought, the horse bolted, galloped through the range of timber, and on to the open hills, where Jim was standing, and there with two or three vicious bucks sent the body of Mr. Hayes rolling down the slope.

This denouement evoked a volley of imprecations from the mutes, but even that had no apparent effect upon the gravity of the late Mr. Hayes.

Never in his life had he proceeded with more deliberate dignity than he did then in his death. The pitch of the hillside was only just steep enough to induce a bale of goods to roll, so that the swathed body went down it in slow time, with grave pauses, whilst the limbs of it, which had broken loose, swung in solemn mockery as the body rolled over.

In spite of pauses, it would not stop. As soon as one moved to catch it, it swung its arms and started again, recovering its momentum sufficiently to elude its would-be captors.

It was as if the dead man was playing a grim game with his old cronies. At last it reached the road, which would round the base of the hill.

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