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DAILY EDITION.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 26

CELEBRATING THE VICTORY

Today, according to the telegraphic despatches from the capital, the Conservative leaders intend to celebrate their great victory in a fitting manner. They have the right to celebrate. No one will begrudge them the joys of victory, or doubt that the Conservative leaders will use the occasion in a manner befitting their dignity.

The following is the kind of telegraphic despatch telling of the celebration at Ottawa, that the News does not expect to receive tomorrow:

(Special to the Daily News)

Ottawa, Sept. 27.—The Conservative leaders celebrated their victory last night with a tin can parade. Nothing like it has ever been seen in Ottawa before. It was a revelation of statesmanship, and showed that the new government is keenly alive to the responsibilities of being selected to guide the affairs of the country.

The Premier cut a dignified figure at the head of the procession, mounted on a cart horse, and carrying a card in his hand. He was accompanied by members of the Cabinet holding flaming brooms, and by a large number of small boys beating empty gasoline cans.

The party walked through the mud for several blocks, and stood cheering outside the residences of members of the late Cabinet. After their throats were tired, and the brooms had burned out, the procession walked to Rideau Hall, where a harangue was delivered by their leader. The harangue was to the effect that all jobs were to be filled by Conservatives, and that a Liberal applying for a job would require to have his credentials passed by himself. He also announced that he would make it his business to see that all Liberals who had had the audacity to oppose his election, were made to walk out of town on the railroad ties before the year was over.

The statesmanlike sentiments were on a par with the dignified nature of the celebration, and have done a great deal to inspire public confidence.

This as we said before is the kind of telegraphic despatch we do not expect to receive tomorrow.

WILL THE NAVY DISAPPEAR?

Now that Henri Bourassa has succeeded in securing a strong party in the new House, some of his declarations of intention assume an enlarged interest. At his big meeting at Three Rivers in August he told an audience of seven thousand people that Sir Wilfrid Laurier was too Imperialistic to suit him. Speaking of his own intention he said that if returned to the House with a strong following, "if Quebec so declares, the navy will disappear."

It will be interesting to wait and see what happens to the navy.

Political observers are now recalling Armand Lavergne's statement to an interviewer early in the campaign, "It is to obtain the balance of power we are working for."

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A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

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

"Let him alone where he is," urged Ed. "He won't understand now."

"Wahah, understand, wahah, he? You think he's gone away. Nonsense; he's here all right. He'll understand, you bet."

The idea was too grisly. That any poor devil should be condemned even after death's release to hang round the ideal, struck Jim as the climax of horrors to which hell itself would be a mild punishment.

But he saw in the set's determination his own opportunity. Going up to the only man in the place who was still sober, he touched him on the shoulder. "Bill, would you do something for a woman?"

The big man, who was still drowsing by the stove, started from his apathy. "A woman? There ain't no woman here. It's only whiskey and hell."

"But there's women elsewhere, down to the Risky Ranch, for instance. Will you do something to help one of them?"

"Anythin'," he said, rising. "Then go up into that fellow's room," pointing to the doctor, "and corral all his outfit, instruments and grip-sack, whatever he takes along with him when he goes visiting. No one will notice you as you live here, and if they do they are too drunk to mind."

"What do you want it for?" "There's a woman dying down to the Risky, and I've got to get that little hog and his fixin's to save her. You heard him say he wouldn't come."

"I did, curse him; but he won't be any good like that. They never are any good when you want them," and he sank back into his dreams.

"He won't be like that when I get him to the Risky. Will you do it?"

"All right; if it's for a woman," and he stretched out to the part of the house where his boarders slept.

Meanwhile Jim Combe went out to secure his own horse and another. The latter part of the business was horse-stealing, almost the worst offence in Cattleland, but he had died already to a friend, and was meditating a worse offence than horse-stealing.

When he had tied the two horses at the back of the empty house, which old man Hayes lay, he returned to the bar room.

There he found his ally, Bill. "Have you got the things?"

"Yes."

"Then sneak out and cinch them on tight behind the saddle of my horse, a big red roan, tied up behind the house where Hayes' body lies, and wait there for me. Don't make any mistake, and don't speak to a soul."

Bill took his orders in silence, and whilst he slipped out at the back, Jim Combe went up to the bar, and called for drinks for the crowd.

"Thought you was going to take a drink with the old man," he said to the doctor, who was now half asleep.

"So I wash, but I can't get any fellow to go along."

"And you're too scared to go alone? I thought you were a scientific joker, who didn't believe in ghosts or spirits, or any of them things you can't see or stick a knife into."

"Don't know what I believe, and I don't know what blanked business it is of yours, anyway, but I'm not scared of anything. Mishter Jim Combe, if you are a foot taller than me."

Jim laughed aggressively. He knew the man's capacities. "Why, you're afraid right now. I'll bet you the next round of drinks that you dare not go alone to take a glass with old Hayes."

The bet just suited the humor of the crowd, besides the form of settlement touched their personal interest.

"It's up to you, doc," they cried. "You're the little man to win his money."

To go to the doctor's justice, he was no coward, drunk or sober.

Handing the bottle, he said, rallying in the most extraordinary manner, and speaking quite soberly, "And one of those glasses. See you again, gentlemen," and he walked towards the door.

"I guess it's my money that's up, so if no one has any objection, I'll still hunt the doc and see that he goes right to it. That's the bet, isn't it?" asked Combe.

"Nobody else leaves the room until we come back. I don't want the doctor's friends handy to keep his courage up."

"He don't want any. Don't you worry. The doc's got as much grit as the next man."

"Appears like it," said Jim, and stole out, shutting the door noiselessly behind him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Abduction

Very solemnly and placing each foot with carefully calculated precision, the little doctor made his way from the ideal to the place where old man Hayes had been stored out of the way of the dogs.

The awful heat and closeness of the bar room which he had left, made the chill of the night air more noticeable. It struck him like a bar of cold iron across the forehead and made him catch his breath with a gasp. But his errand had no terror for him. He was one of those who, having learned a great deal about the mechanism of the human body, looked upon it as an indifferent piece of machinery capable of many improvements, and having about it nothing of the supernatural.

As a locomotive he considered it beneath contempt. Walking was at best but a succession of falls avoided. That had always been his opinion, but he had never known so much difficulty before in getting up that hind prop in time to save a collapse.

Before starting from the bar room door he had taken a line upon the house which he wished to reach, and he had contrived not to lose sight of his point, but it was difficult to keep them, moving as he felt compelled to do, as a knight moves at chess.

Earth seemed for once to have no solidity; the laws of gravity in his particular case seemed to have been suspended; his feet would not keep down and he suffered from an almost irresistible temptation to allow his legs to collapse altogether, a temptation which arose from a growing conviction that they really had nothing whatever to do with him, and that he could move perfectly well by the mere exer-

tion of will power. But he was not sufficiently drunk yet to yield to this temptation. He still had some control over his memory, and he remembered that he had tried that game before, and had been found in the street very cold indeed the next morning.

Dr. Protheroe had a considerable knowledge of the many intricacies of the flesh, but his knowledge of the different expressions of alcoholic dementia was comprehensive. He even diagnosed his own case accurately as he staggered along.

"Drunk," he said, severely; "very drunk. It's the cold air has done it. Always does it; but I'm not 'frail.' Who said Doctor Protheroe was frail?"

He stopped, swaying dangerously in the middle of the dark street to think out that problem, but even his mind could only move now as the knight moves. It would not go straight.

"Doctor Protheroe 'frail'?" he repeated this two or three times in a sort of sing-song, and then, suddenly: "Dr. Protheroe," he said. "Doctor Protheroe—of, Thomas's—London—England. Not Ontario! None of your bloomin' Canadiana about me. Doctor Protheroe, Thomas's, London, England. Gentleman; professional man," and then he burst into peal upon peal of derisive laughter, in the midst of which he fell flat upon his face in the mud.

After lying there for a few minutes chuckling still to himself, he rose upon his hands and knees, reached for his hat, put it rakishly upon the back of his head, and continued his journey upon all fours.

"Varicose veins," he muttered, as he went. "Syphatic gout, notin' to do wi' whiskey. All rot. Cause—abshurd attempt violate laws of nature. Man dam fool; meant to walk on four legs, tries to walk on two. Posterior limbs over worked; painful shuffling followeth. Of course."

But in spite of the excellence of his reasoning he was obliged at a time to conform to custom, and finished his journey in a wild burst upon two legs, which landed him in a heap at the old man's door.

The violent exercise did something to counteract the effects of the chill air upon his heated brain, but not enough. He could remember that the door fastened with a latch; he could even repeat to himself the necessary instructions for lifting the latch; but for the life of him he could not find it.

Sitting upon the ground with his eyes carefully shut, and talking rapidly but incoherently, he explored the whole door from the mud to within six inches of the lock half a dozen times, and at last concluding that he must have reached the wrong side of the house, began to crawl round it, until utterly weary, he sank despairingly into a peculiarly cold puddle, from which lowly station he beat intermittently upon the solid pine logs of the wall, imploring old man Hayes to "get up and let a fellow in." At last oblivion came to him, but not in the kindly fashion to which he had grown accustomed. There was a difficulty about his breathing which he did not remember to have noticed on previous occasions. It was quite natural that he should have turned over on his back, but his head was rolling about in an unusual way, and there seemed to be an obstruction in front of his mouth.

"Asphyxiation," he decided. "Unusual symptom, rather think unnatural. Not had enough whiskey for that," and then he went out into space where nothing mattered, and thought itself became mere suggestion of vague and disconnected suggestions.

One of these, the most persistent, was that he was flying. He remembered, as you do in dreams, that he had done this before. He had never been quite certain whether it was in dreams that he flew, or in waking life. The dream had always seemed so real, but he knew that he was flying now. He felt himself going up and up, and it was only with a suppressed motive power. He knew that because he tried to flap his wings and could not. They were tied to his sides.

"Heave him up on to the pinto, Bill. He's dead to the world."

"How is he going to stick on?"

"You heave him up," insisted Combe from the other side of the stolen horse. "I'll fix that. He'll ride as well as the pinto's last passenger."

"The old man in there," replied Bill, looking over his shoulder nervously, and speaking in a hushed voice.

"Yes. Can you steady him like that whilst I throw a hitch around him. Don't let him roll."

"I'll try, Jim; but his legs are like water. You can't hold them. They slip all ways to once."

"They won't do that long. Now! How's that?"

Combe had taken the tie rope from the pinto's saddle, and with it had lashed the doctor's feet together under the belly of his horse, after which he had passed the light of the rope round his victim's waist and secured him firmly by it to the horn of the saddle.

"I guess he'll ride like that for a bit," he said, looking critically at his work. "Seems pretty well packed, doesn't he?" and taking the doctor by the shoulder he swayed him tentatively in the saddle.

"Yes, he'll stay there till you untie him, but what are you going to tell the ferryman?"

"That's my trouble. I'm blanked if I know how I'm going to fix that unless I gag him, too. I wish the doctor was not too drunk to sit on by himself."

"If he wasn't he wouldn't go."

"Yes, he would, with this," and the light flickered on a barrel hardly harder than the speaker's face.

Bill looked at Combe, doubtfully. He had known Jim many years, but had never seen the man he saw now. The tight staggered him, and he made him doubtful of the share he had taken in the proceedings.

"You don't mean no foul play by him, do you?"

"No, of course not. A dead ass ain't no good. Hand me his bridle," and Combe reached for the saddle for it. But Bill held on to it.

"See here, Jim, this is a mighty ugly business. It is for a woman?"

"For a woman, sure. Hand over, or they'll be after us."

Still the man doubted, and Combe

saw a bar of light in the front of the ideal. Some one had opened the door to look out. The crowd was growing impatient for its drinks.

There was no time to be lost. It was cruel, but he had to do it.

"Bill," he hissed, "when she died, wouldn't you have done this or any other blanked thing to save her?"

"My God, yes," was the startled answer. Without further demur Bill handed over the bridle and Jim, turning the horses sharply down hill, disappeared into the night, whilst the widower slunk through the back premises into the ideal.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

WOMEN IN WALL STREET

Financial Success in the Feminine World

Rumors have been spread about lately of a housecleaning in Wall street, and the financiers are reported to be perturbed. It is the latest phase, apparently, of the feminist movement, and is not to be sneezed at when it is remembered that Mrs. Harriman, Mrs. Russell Sage, Mrs. Gates, Mrs. Pullman, Mrs. Marshall Field, Mrs. Huntington and half a dozen other women are now in control of some of the biggest fortunes which have been accumulated in America in the last twenty-five or fifty years, the era of the making of huge fortunes. Mrs. Hetty Green is an active power already; Mrs. Elkins is another woman to whom a vast fortune has but lately come under her control. The making of great wealth does not seem to be generally conducive to long life, or at least, so it would seem from the above quoted examples of the wives of rich men who have survived their liege lords. It is now proposed that these women and others, who are estimated to be the holders of well over a billion dollars, should combine and dictate terms to the men who at present pull the strings for most of the financial moves. A ban on stock juggling and general jockeying of the market would be the object of such a combine, and the establishment of a sounder credit system, with the consequent lessening of liability to panic. It would scarcely be surprising if the women did not come to the rescue; the Treasury Department has had its hands full for a good many years. And most of the money held by these rich women was made by proper manipulation of the market, so there would be some ironic justice in the move. What the casual onlooker would take most interest in, however, would be, not the financial uplift movement, but the possibility of war to the knife between, say, Hetty Green and J. P. Morgan. It would be an exciting spectacle, and many would regret that Russell Sage had not lived to take Morgan's place, as a more fitting opponent. In an age when money rules, here is a distinct menace to masculine superiority.

IF I WERE LOVED BY THEE

If I were loved, as I desire to be, What is there in the great sphere of the earth,

And range of evil between death and birth

That I should fear—if I were loved by thee?

All the inner, all the outer world of pain

Clear love would pierce and cleave, if thou wert mine,

As I have heard that, somewhere in the main,

Fresh-water springs come up through bitter brine.

'Twere joy, not fear, clasped hand-in-hand with thee,

To wait for death—mute—careless of all ills,

Apart upon a mountain, tho' the surge

Of some new deluge from a thousand hills.

Flirt' leagues of roaring foam into the gorge

Below us, as far as eye could see.

—Tennyson

Tom Murphy bought R. T. C. last fall after the recommendation of the well-known Eastern breeder Dr. J. C. McCoy, who was very much impressed with the plow horse when he saw him step a half close to a minute over the home track at Kirkwood, Del.

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Take notice that thirty days from date, I, C. E. Bainter, of Prince Rupert, B. C., by occupation bookkeeper, intend to apply to the Chief Commissioner of Lands for a license to prospect for coal and petroleum on and under 640 acres of land on Graham Island described as follows:

Commencing at a post planted five miles east of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 4, marked S. E. corner of C. E. B. Coal Lease No. 4, thence north 80 chains, thence east 80 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to place of commencement.

Dated Sept. 11, 1911. C. E. B. BAITER, Locator Pub. Sept. 23.

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