

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.

SUBSCRIBERS will greatly oblige by promptly calling up Phone 98 in case of non-delivery or inattention on the part of the news carriers.

DAILY EDITION.



WEDNESDAY, OCT. 4

ABOLISH THE WARD SYSTEM

The division of the city into wards aroused a great deal of adverse comment at the time of the division. The criticism was quite justified. The only fault to be found with criticism was that it was directed at the heads of the wrong people. It was the council of 1910 who were criticised instead of the Provincial Government who by their Municipal Clauses Act forced the council against the council's own wishes to divide the city into wards.

But now that the city is divided into wards, it can qualify for the operation of Clause 1 of Section 24, which provides that having fulfilled the law, a council can then seek to have the ward system abolished by a petition signed by the owners of more than one-half of the assessed property within the city limits, according to the last revised assessment roll.

It may be assumed that all of the present council are in favor of abolishing the wards. Alderman Newton is on record in the most violent terms of opposition to the ward system, and many of his colleagues condemned it during the last municipal campaign. Now that they have an opportunity to take steps to abolish the system, they will probably be glad to avail themselves.

It is questionable whether any city in the world is so great that it can be artificially divided up into sections with separate representatives, and not suffer in consequence. Certainly it is beyond argument that a city so small in population as Prince Rupert cannot divide its interests up arbitrarily by a line drawn down Fulton street.

Every citizen, whether he lives east or west of Fulton street is vitally interested in the personnel of the city council. Every alderman elected to serve on the council ought to be interested in the whole of the city, and not in half of it. Every alderman ought to be accountable at election time to the whole of the city. A city's interests—ever the largest of cities—are so consolidated that they cannot properly be made the subject of division.

Outside of all this, the ward system is a protection for many kinds of municipal evils. The cities that are making greatest strides in municipal progress are abolishing the ward system. With many of them, indeed, that was the first stride.

Prince Rupert is not to be blamed for possessing its wards today. The ward system was forced upon it by a government that still clings to archaic and antiquated forms. But now that we have filled the statutory requirements, there is no reason why we should not take advantage of the statutory mode of relief. In this progressive step the present council may either lead or follow. The News invites them to lead. The requisite petition should secure the assent of every property owner in town.

WAKE UP! THE ELECTION'S OVER

Although the election is over, and most of the Conservative press has got back to facts again, the Journal is still campaigning in its news columns. This is wasted effort. Last night it had a politico-news despatch purporting to come from Ottawa. It was headed "Last Fight for Spoils of Office," and told of how contracts for millions of dollars were being let.

Only two cases were quoted with definite figures. One was the contract for \$600,000 for the Quebec terminals of the G. T. P.; the other was an order for 2,000 tons of rails, presumably for the National Transcontinental. Added together the whole does not come to anything near one million, and both are perfectly proper items of expenditure.

The truth of the matter is, however, stated in one paragraph which tells the whole story. It says: "The government is attempting to let all the contracts for which tenders have been received and money voted." Why, to be sure. That is their business. It is their duty to finish up the work they had on hand. Had they done anything else, then the Journal would have had ground for complaint.

The election germ takes a lot of killing in some people.

A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

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

Al's ejaculation was the result of a perfect blizzard of bullets which suddenly burst upon the cherry patch, cutting the feeble brush into ribbons and tatters and making the defenders crouch in their lairs like frightened rabbits.

"Fire a good many shots for fifteen minutes," growled Al. "Liker fifty. It's the hull Chilcoteen tribe, blank 'em," and then rising recklessly to his knees, he roared, "Turn it loose, boys. Don't let the beggars get away," and he emptied the magazine of his repeater with a rapidity which would have done credit to a machine gun.

Five minutes earlier the Boss had tired of watching the motionless sage brush over which the hawk had swung and from which that coyote had retreated so promptly, and now whilst the rifles rattled and the smell of powder tainted the air, there were a dozen wild figures dashing from it for the pine belt.

Only two of them fell, and one of these got to his feet again and was hauled into cover by his fellows. "Blanked bad shootin'," Say Boss, that shot of yours turned on the hull bloom'n' orchestra. How many did you get?"

"I'm afraid I did not touch one of them."

"Guess you're better at sitters. Didn't you spot any of 'em before I did you that occasional twig? Lord! I've been watching that fellow over there for nigh on to an hour. It's lucky as I didn't wait for him to come in range of my old shootin' iron."

"Why, what difference would it have made?"

"All the difference between living and dying. They'd have rushed us in another ten minutes, and shooting as we did, they would have got in. But I'm sure they won't try that game any more for awhile."

Rolt sincerely hoped that they would not, or that if they did Al's eyes would keep watch for them. In his own eyes he had lost all confidence.

For a long time silence fell again between the pines and the cherry trees. There was no sound, but for the crack of an occasional twig as one of the defenders moved under cover of his narrow shelter; no movement except that that twisted figure by the sage brush.

It was a long time before that became quite still, and Rolt was thankful when that time came.

Before the attempted rush the sage brush had been equally still, and the memory of that fact was a warning to him now began to imagine enemies in the most ridiculous grass patches. He was beginning to lose his sense of proportion and imagination magnified the most absurd trifles.

It was a relief when a single shot broke the strain of long waiting. The bullet dropped about a couple of hundred yards from the cherry patch and ricocheted through the highest branches of it. There was a slight pause and then a second shot from the same spot in the timber, the bullet dropping this time a hundred yards nearer Al's screen.

"Just so," muttered Al, who had again crawled to Rolt's side, "and the next will be the concentrated fire, they're getting our range now. Had you better have done that the first go off. I guess there'll be no room here for two now. Lie low, boys, it's goin' to storm again," and he crawled back to his own position just as it began again to hail bullets.

For a good quarter of an hour the Indians in the timber kept up a steady stream of independent firing, as if they would fill up that little hollow with lead or reap the thin cover in it with their concentrated fire. They were getting our range now. Had you better have done that the first go off. I guess there'll be no room here for two now. Lie low, boys, it's goin' to storm again," and he crawled back to his own position just as it began again to hail bullets.

"Don't stir, boys, and don't shoot back," commanded Al. When they think they're killed every insect in this bloom'n' brush patch, they'll maybe try some other racket. Then we'll get our work in."

CHAPTER XXI.

The Indians were very thorough in their work of destruction, and thanks to the looting of Rolt's store-house they had plenty of ammunition to spare, but at last even they were satisfied.

The cherry patch looked like a field after a Manitoba hail storm, and there could have been little doubt in the Chilcoteen's minds that anything that had sheltered in it was as dead as Julius Caesar. But being Indians the elected to run no risks. When the firing ceased a sound of chopping began, and Rolt who should have been a hunter, imagined that the cold-blooded brutes were going to feed by pine picking up their birds, but he misjudged them. An Indian is sufficiently cold-blooded, but not on the hunting trail or the war path. Then he thinks a great deal less of his belly than does a white man under similar circumstances.

Before long a great tree crashed down, and before the sound of its fall had died away, they saw the top of another lean slowly over, hang for a moment, and then disappear in a spray of shattered boughs and pine needles.

Three fell in all, and still the chopping went on. Then for the first time Rolt noticed what looked like a great saw log just outside the line of the pine trees, lying parallel with that line, and as he noticed it two more came to join it.

There was no doubt that they came; he saw them emerge slowly, like some footless monsters, moving sideways down the hill.

"Ah, here they come! They're gettin' down to business at last. That's more like Cree fightin'! I wouldn't have thought that they knewed so much," muttered Al.

But at first Rolt, who had not Al's experience, did not understand, and the sight of those three great pine logs creeping down abreast, apparently by their own volition, was very bizarre.

From time to time a rifle snap redly from the timber, but for the most part the slow progress of the logs down the sloping prairie was made in absolute silence. The sun creeping across the heavens seemed to move faster than they did.

"We've got to get them other two over this side," said Al. "We can't

stop them," pointing to the logs, "and when they get here there'll be a blanked hot time in the cherry patch."

"Can we spare them? Won't the Indians sneak round from behind?"

"Not likely, and if they do we've got to risk it, I guess they'll wipe us out this time," with which cheering remark he crept away, returning with Toma.

"I've left the other galoot where he was," he explained. "He ain't no account as a rifle shot, but he's so plump scared that he'll make a pretty smart looking man. Hullo! What's got that log?"

The centre log had reached the spot where Al's lay, and as it passed over it, possibly one of the hands which propelled the log reached for the derelict "Stetson" which had been the old man's pride. At the same time the slope of the prairie increased suddenly, and this particular log had been trimmed too fine. By nature it had grown absolutely round, it was a white pine and young, and therefore smooth and heavy, and the men who had trimmed it had taken all the limbs off close to the trunk.

The result was that though it had crawled as slowly as its companions up to this point, as soon as it felt the sharper incline it began to turn over more freely, each revolution giving additional impetus, until it was obviously rolling.

Al's eye was twenty feet ahead of its companions, and then for a moment a brown hand showed above it. Al's rifle came to his shoulder, but he was too slow; the hand disappeared before he could press the trigger.

"Look out, Rolt," he cried. "They can't hold it! It's got away with them! If they can't stop it, they're our meat, sure," and he stood up recklessly to get a better chance with his rifle.

Faster and faster came the log, and again a hand showed, and this time an arm and shoulder with it, and the old man fired, but the arm, broken at the wrist, had fallen behind the log, before his bullet chipped the bark of it.

"Bully for you, Rolt. I take it it's back about them sitters." But Rolt did not even smile. His lips were thin and set, and his eyes were glued to that log, whilst he held his rifle as men hold their guns at the pigeon traps at Hurlingham.

If the covering party in the timber had been able to hit a haystack at seven hundred yards, the fate of Al and Rolt would have been sealed, for in the excitement of the moment both men stood up, every eye turned upon their prey, utterly regardless of the leaden bees which hummed harmlessly past them.

And then the expected happened. Four men however desperate cannot hold a green pine tree from behind when it begins to roll, and realizing this, one of the Indians let go and bolted back towards the timber. He fell with Rolt's bullet between his shoulders and Al's through his thigh before he had gone a dozen paces. The others held on for one more breaking space, and then the log broke clean away from them, rolling merrily down the hill, whilst three miserable devils writhed in the sage brush in the vain hope of hiding from the white men's withering volley.

One wretch ran perhaps for fifty yards with an arm swinging helplessly from his shoulder as he ran, and they saw him wince and stumble as a second bullet touched him.

"Outer to me, Boss," shouted Al, pumping up another cartridge, "bull to you," he added, regretfully, before he could fire again, as his fellow-creature collapsed in a heap and lay still.

Men fighting for their lives have no room for sentimentality. They never much at any time. The sight of blood had roused all his fighting instincts, and for the moment he was as reckless as he was pitiless.

"Oh shoot, and be blanked!" he cried, as half a dozen bullets hummed past him. "It's our turn now. Pick them other raps, can't you?" But the other traps were not pulled. Whilst the centre log was betraying its masters, the two outside logs had come to a standstill, and so, in spite of Al's gibes and the bullets with which he made chips of them, they remained, great black bars on the prairie, three hundred yards from the cherry patch, whilst the November sun crawled down towards the horizon. Suddenly it dipped into a low lying bar of cloud and the light failed so suddenly that Al noticed it.

"We've got to hurry, Boss," he said, sinking into his place by Rolt's side, and shaking a spray of blood off his nose, where a bullet had skinned it. "We can't let them fellows stay there after dark."

"What are we going to do to prevent it? We have lost our horses."

"That's so, but if we stay here we'll be roasted as soon as it's too dark to shoot. They'll fire the bush on us, sure."

"Well, what is your plan?" asked Rolt, wearily. He was a brave man, but the fight against such odds, as he now realized that they had against them, seemed to him hopeless.

Only the boyish spirits of such a dare-devil as the old frontiersman could remain unbroken under such a strain.

"I ain't got no plan," he drawled, "at least no plan to speak of, but a Scripture saying seems to me to come in mighty handy: 'Do unto others the same as they'd do unto you,' only do it quicker. Now those Johnnies are calculating to rush us as soon as it gets good and dark. We've got to rush first."

"All right."

"Hold on. 'Tain't time for the last act yet. We've got to play this game according to Hoyle, with all the frills as belongs to it. First there's slow music from the orchestra, then the light grows kinder dim and uncertain, then the ghost appears. See?"

Rolt did not see, and he never saw a half-hour in his long life so trying as that during which he and the other three men crouched, like sprinters, waiting for the start, whilst the silent logs lay motionless in front of them, and one by one the outlines of the prairie grew indistinct, the separate tree tops merged into each other, and night came.

"They might try to get back to the timber," whispered Al, "and come on all together later on. If they do, that'll be our time to rush them. Do you mind the scarlet pine?"

"That big one like a Scotch fir beyond their camp?"

"All by its lone on a bluff. Yes,

that's it. We've got to make for that."

"But we should have to go through the whole lot of them to get to it."

"That's so, but it's the only way as they won't expect us, and it's the short cut to supper. Are you scared to try it? Maybe the folk at the ranch want us as bad as I want my tucker."

"You choose your time and I'll follow."

"Won't do to bunch up, that's the trouble. We'll have to split like a band of prairie chicken, and I'm scared as you'll lose your way."

Rolt knew that in the darkness this was only too probable, but there were other lives to be considered, more precious to him than his own.

"Do you think I am a kid or a tcheetahako, Al?" he said, angrily.

"All right; I guess you ain't. If it comes to that; but keep your hair on as long as they'll let you. Mine tells almighty loose, I can tell you, and they'll sell upon them as they waited, whilst the dark came quickly, as it does in northern lands. First the bar of brown cloud turned to fiery crimson, then the crimson died to orange, that faded, and for a space the pines came out hard and clear cut against a pale green sky, and then the light faded and an owl hooted.

"That's the signal," Al was going back," whispered Al. "Are you ready?" and his voice had a shake in it. Even he was excited at last.

Before Rolt could reply the old man was on his feet.

"Come on," he cried, and then, as he told them afterwards at the ranch, "I'm blessed if I didn't think I was standing still."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

LAND PURCHASE NOTICE

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that Hiram Roy McTavish of Winnipeg, Man., occupation barrister, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the southwest corner of Lot 17, thence north 80 chains north from N. E. corner of Lot 1116, Harvey's Survey Coast District Range 5, thence 60 chains east, thence 80 chains west, thence 60 chains south, thence 40 chains west to point of commencement, containing 360 acres more or less.

Dated Sept. 18, 1911. HIRAM ROY MCTAVISH
Pub. Sept. 23. Fred W. Bohler, Agent

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that Lottie McTavish of Vancouver, occupation married woman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the north-west corner 100 chains east and 40 chains north from N. E. corner of Lot 1116, Harvey's Survey Coast District Range 5, thence 20 chains south, thence 80 chains west, thence 60 chains south, thence 40 chains west to point of commencement, containing 400 acres more or less.

Dated Sept. 18, 1911. LOTTIE MCTAVISH
Pub. Sept. 23. Fred W. Bohler, Agent

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that Frank S. Miller of London, Eng., occupation civil engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the N. E. corner of Lot 23, thence north 20 chains, thence west 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 20 chains to point of commencement, containing 40 acres more or less.

Dated August 15, 1911. FRANK S. MILLER
Pub. Aug. 26. F. M. Miller, Agent

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that Herbert J. Mackie of Pemberton, B. C., occupation lumberman, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the left bank of the Zymoitz or Zim-agot-tiz River, at south-west corner of Lot 1706, thence northerly, following the westerly bank of said river, thence 100 chains more or less, to the northwest corner of said Lot 1706, thence westerly and southerly, following the bank of said river, thence 100 chains to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

Dated August 19, 1911. HERBERT J. MACKIE
Pub. Aug. 26. Frederick S. Clements, Agent

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range V
Take notice that I, Peter Erickson of Prince Rupert, laborer, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the north bank of Williams Creek, thence back from the creek bank, thence south 30 chains, thence east 40 chains, thence north 30 chains, thence west 40 chains to point of commencement.

Dated July 7, 1911. PETER ERICKSON
Pub. July 25. Fred E. Cowell, Agent

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range V
Take notice that I, John Evenson of Prince Rupert, laborer, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the south-east corner of Lot 4484, thence north 80 chains, thence east 60 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 80 chains to point of commencement.

Dated July 12, 1911. JOHN EVENSON
Pub. July 25. Fred E. Cowell, Agent

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that Percy M. Miller of Prince Rupert, occupation Civil Engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted on the left bank of McNeil River at north-west corner of lot 4409 R.V., thence east 20 chains more or less to westerly bank of said river, thence 100 chains (4061) thence northerly following said westerly boundary of timber limit 60 chains more or less to north-west corner of said timber limit, thence westerly 20 chains more or less to left bank of McNeil River, thence southerly following said left bank of McNeil River, thence 100 chains to point of commencement, containing 100 acres more or less.

Date June 3, 1911. PERCY M. MILLER
Pub. July 19, 1911. E. Flexman, Agent

Skeena Land District—District of Cassiar
Take notice that I, Thomas Carter, of Prince Rupert, occupation carpenter, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted about one mile south from the mouth of Falls creek and about 150 feet back from the beach, thence 80 chains north, thence 40 chains west, thence 80 chains south, thence east 40 chains to point of commencement, containing 320 acres more or less.

Dated July 7th, 1911. CHARLES WEBSTER CALHOUN
Pub. Aug. 5th. Agent.

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range V
Take notice that I, George Kime of Towson, North Dakota, U. S. A., farmer, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the south-west corner of Lot 2257, thence east 80 chains, thence south 40 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 480 acres more or less.

Dated July 15, 1911. GEORGE KIME
Pub. July 25. Fred E. Cowell, Agent

Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 5
Take notice that I, Christopher James Graham of Prince Rupert, B. C., occupation locomotive engineer, intend to apply for permission to purchase the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the south-west corner of Lot 1739, Lakelse Valley, Coast Range 5, thence east 40 chains, thence south 80 chains, thence west 40 chains, thence north 80 chains to point of commencement, containing 160 acres more or less.

Dated Sept. 22, 1911. 11.65 A.M.—Witnessed T. D. Land.
Pub. Sept. 29. CHRISTOPHER JAS. GRAHAM, Lessor
STANLEY GREEN, Lessor

Dominion Fish Market

FULTON AND SIXTH AVENUE

Dealers in Fresh Fish,
Oysters and Game in
Season. Fresh Poultry,
Vegetables, Butter and
Eggs

PHONE 117

P.O. BOX 150

W. J. McCUTCHEON

Carries complete stock of Drugs. Special attention paid to filling prescriptions.

Theatre Block Phone No. 79 Second Ave.

PHONE 301

P.O. BOX 804

PONY EXPRESS

SYSTEMATIC MERCHANTS' DELIVERY SERVICE

Baggage, Storage and Forwarding Agents. For Rigs or Motor Car day or night

Seventh Ave. and Fulton Phone 301

Gasoline Launches, Row Boats

For Hire by Hour or Day
—BOATS BUILT AND REPAIRED—

H. Johnston Cow Creek P.O. Box 187
PHONE 259 GREEN

FRED. STORK

General Hardware

Builders' Hardware
Valves & Pipes Oxford Stoves

Graniteware Tinware

SECOND - AVENUE

..For Sale..

Level lot near Seal Cove at \$350. \$50 cash and \$25 a month.

Two level lots near corner of Eleventh Avenue and Conrad Street. \$600 pair. Easy cash and terms.

Two double Lane corners on Eleventh Avenue and Donald Street at \$650 pair. Easy cash and terms.

Lot 19, Block 26, Section 5. Easy terms.

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance

JOHN DYBHAVN

Pattullo Block.

First Avenue, PRINCE RUPERT

BESNER & BESNER, PROPRIETORS

The New Knox Hotel is run on the European plan. First-class service. All the latest modern improvements. BEDS 50c UP

Mussallem & Company

Good Fresh Groceries at City Prices.

We have just put in a complete stock of groceries and will be able to give our customers the best of results.

A call at our store will be appreciated.

Mussallem & Company

Phone 228 Black 5th Ave., East of McBride