

# The Daily News

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

Published by the Prince Rupert Publishing Company, Limited

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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.

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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.

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DAILY EDITION.

SATURDAY, OCT. 7

## A TRIBUTE TO THE OLD BRIGADE

Now that the election is won and there is no further need for extreme and unjustifiable criticism of the Liberal leaders, the Conservative press is paying in some instances generous tributes to the defeated. The Ottawa Journal (Conservative), which led a very bitter campaign against the Government, now makes amends to Sir Wilfrid Laurier by saying editorially:

"No political leader ever went down to defeat more gallantly than Sir Wilfrid Laurier did this month. At the age of seventy he made a campaign which for vigor, eloquence and courage was a marvel. That sometimes his good temper failed him, as it had never before done, was no wonder, in view of the peculiarly harassing nature of the contest to him. Subjected on the one hand to attack because of being insufficiently British in sympathy, he was assailed on the other by the charge that he was aiming to butcher French-Canadian youth in British wars; and both extremes joined to denounce him as aiming to risk Canadian autonomy by the reciprocity proposition. Human nature would need to be angelic to be free from restiveness under such mixed prodding as all that.

"Mistaken in his indifference to the British sentiment of Canada, incompetent in big business questions such as the Grand Trunk Pacific and the Quebec bridge, and deaf to criticisms of the management of Government departments, Sir Wilfrid Laurier nevertheless ranked and still ranks as a great Canadian and a great man. His grasp of constitutional principles, his breadth of mind, his eloquence, courage and kindness, his personal honor and integrity, his political shrewdness and picturesqueness have justly made him a notable figure on the world's stage."

In regard to the defeated Ministers The Journal says: "A good thing for Canada it would be if the eight Liberal Cabinet Ministers who fell in Thursday's battle could be in this Parliament in place of lesser men of their party. The exceptional ability and the great Parliamentary experience of Mr. Fielding, Mr. Graham and Mr. Fisher were very valuable assets to Canadian public life. Sir Frederick Borden unquestionably possessed a valuable knowledge and keen interest in military affairs. Messrs. Paterson, Templeman, King and Bureau each had qualifications to be especially useful in Parliament. The new House is the worse of the absence of such experienced public men so long as a sufficient majority on the other side insures a new Executive regime on the hill.

"The absence of Mr. Fielding and Mr. Graham must be particularly deplored. Both were of the finest type of Canadian public men. We doubt if Mr. Graham was much in sympathy with the reciprocity idea. He said comparatively little about it. That his heart is in the right place was illustrated by his splendid saying at the banquet of the Ottawa Board of Trade this year: 'The Empire is my country; Canada is my home.' Mr. Graham in office showed himself unspoiled by power; he retained the confidence of the country in his honesty, fairness and ability, and he increased its liking for himself personally by his good temper and kindly humor.

"Mr. Fielding, similarly, leaves office with the absolute confidence in his integrity and personal clean ideals of the people of Canada. His political acumen was great; his first real mistake in fifteen years was the reciprocity proposition. To that we fancy he was predisposed by his long training in free trade ideas. We do not believe that prior to the opening of the debate in Parliament he ever dreamed that the reciprocity proposition could be supposed likely to seriously affect this country's political destiny. Mr. Fielding is a loyal Canadian."

## PASSING COMMENT

A journalist in Paris who criticised the suffragette movement

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has been given his choice of swords or pistols by one of the suffragettes. This while it removes the foolish old argument that women should not get votes because they were not able to fight, adds one more difficulty to the lot of the modern newspaper slave.

Oddly enough, a Canadian bishop some time ago preached a sermon to women in which he claimed that women were not entitled to vote because they could not be called upon to go to war.

For a bishop to put legalised murder as the test of citizenship was odd enough. But his reverence also appeared to forget that he himself was numbered among those who could not be called upon to go to war, and that the soldier class whose business it is to go to war, are among those who are deprived of the franchise.

This recalls Sir William Clarke's remark "an ignorant person, such as a bishop or a member of parliament," etc.

After being without a Gladstone in the British House for about a year, the historic name is once more added to its membership roll. William Glynn Charles Gladstone, son of the late W. H. Gladstone, M. P., and grandson of the great W. E. Gladstone having just been elected for Kilmarnock.

Genius is not always hereditary, but in addition to inheriting his illustrious grandsire's estate at Hawarden, the young man—he is just twenty-six—is said to have inherited a number of his rare gifts for leadership and debate. At college he was President of the famous Oxford Union, and since then he has been on the Vice Regal staff in Ireland as secretary to Lord Aberdeen, and on the Embassy staff at Washington under Mr. Bryce.

His career will be looked on with expectant interest.

## ITEMS OF SPORT

J. Bender, right fielder in the Edmonton ball team and a brother of Big Chief Bender of the Philadelphia Athletics, dropped dead in a restaurant at Edmonton the other day from heart failure.

Jimmie "Buzz" Baillie, the star quarterback of the Montreal team, announces his retirement from football. He has had long experience on the gridiron, having been quarterback on the Westmount team, when Art Ross was captain, for several seasons. He was a valuable ground gainer.

Bro. Florman, representative of the Swedish touring club, has written President Forsyth, of the C. L. A., intimating his intention of gathering together two champion lacrosse teams to compete in the Olympic games in Sweden next year, and then to tour Europe. He has already obtained a list of dates in the old country, and the tour is assured. From the tenor of his letter, or rather letters, he has written Pres. Forsyth before on the subject, his intention is to take a team from the west, probably the Vancouver Mann Cup team, and the champion C. L. A. team.

It took less than a round for Kid McCoy in a "come-back" trial at Brown's gymnasium recently to stop Kid Elle, of Brooklyn who had been announced from the ringside as "no joke." McCoy landed on Elle so frequently and so hard that he was wobbly in almost no time, and after one minute and four seconds of punishment for the Brooklyn man, the referee stopped the bout. As McCoy was leaving the ring Bob Fitzsimmons, once heavyweight champion of the world, scaled the ropes, seized the gloves from Elle's seconds, and invited McCoy back into the ring. McCoy accepted the invitation, and the two noted fighters of former days battled vigorously for twenty seconds before the referee again intervened.

Maurice McLoughlin of San Francisco and Beals C. Wright, who in the event of the failure of National Champion William A. Larned, to go, will compose the American team in the international tennis matches for the Davis Challenge Cup in Australia, will sail from Vancouver on November 1 under the direction of President Dwight of the United States Lawn

Tennis Association. It had been planned that the team should sail October 4, but with the withdrawal of Larned, Mr. Dwight has advised McLoughlin that the original date of the contest, December 30, would not be changed. Larned had objected to that date as he did not desire to remain in training beyond the early part of December.

Dutch Barton, a former star of the Hamilton Tigers, is back again in football and is holding down the quarterback position. He is known as the "Wee Iron Man." The Jungle Kings, however, will lose the services of George Smith, one of the best fullbacks in the Canadian game. He injured his knee last year and states he will be unable to play.

## LOVELY AT FORTY

Spanish Danseuse Maintains Middle Age Surpasses Youth in Woman.

La Belle Otero, the world famous Spanish beauty who dances where she has nothing else on her mind, declares, and the discriminating section of New York agrees with her, that a woman does not touch the zenith of beauty until she is forty years of age. Incidentally, Otero, like every other siren sure of her charms, is not ashamed to tell her age, and frankly admits to forty-one.

"Every woman of middle age and ripened beauty," may choose between the "splendid fories" and the "terrible forties" according to the Spanish dancer. "Loveliness" she defines as "a living thing made of beauty, charm, grace, physical attractions—yes, and of the way to use them."

Here is the triumph of the woman. Why, the intuitions of the very young man are unerring in this matter. The youth of seventeen, says the Otero, begins with a grande passion for the woman of forty. Instinct tells him that she is the loveliest. Girls of twenty-five are still getting the sand out of their eyes, according to Otero.

At thirty they are still repeating to themselves, "I am a young thing." At thirty-five a woman has known no emotion save the satisfaction of ruling, and it is only at forty that she wakes completely to the puzzling life of things.

The Ladies' Aid of the Prince Rupert Methodist Church will hold their annual banquet on Thanksgiving evening.

## A TENDERFOOT'S WOOLING

By Clive Phillips Wolley

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

"Now get back, and don't pull up the barricade till I come."

As the others obeyed Jim went on his knees and laid a fire with more rapidity than he had ever laid one in his life.

Another man might have struck match after match and trusted to chance, but even then Jim was methodical, breaking the little twigs and laying them in closed packed bundles, so that when the small star of light appeared it grew steadily, and still the watchers could see Jim feeding his fire and making sure that the flames had made good their hold.

Then a shot was fired from the fog, the faggots rattled and flew in all directions, and Combe came running, almost on his hands and knees, to the barricade. But the fire had caught hold, and as soon as the men in the excitement replaced the furniture and made good the gaps, great tongues of flame roared as they climbed upwards.

"We can't help that. They can see to shoot now as well as we can, but they won't come close whilst we have that light. Tell the women to keep away from the windows, and let each man watch from behind something solid. Don't spare the cartridges, Al?"

"I'm here."

"Get round to the back and watch out there. I guess you can see in the dark better than most. Where's the doctor?"

No one answered.

"Doc! Ho! Doc!" Jim cried, but there was no reply.

"Did any of you see him outside?"

"We haven't left him out, have we?"

"He wasn't outside. Perhaps he knew enough to keep in out of the rain," sneered Fairclough, who detested the doctor, whose butt he had always been.

"He knows a good deal now, 'mongst other things, what a blanked fool you are! Poor old chap!"

There was a curious choking sound in Jim's savage voice, as he groped about in the dark and turned something over on the floor.

"Thank you, Anstruther. Will you take his feet? Here, Rolt, strike a light. We've got to chance the night shooting."

Rolt struck one, and in the short gleam of it the others saw Jim and Anstruther lift the body from the floor and put it upon the table where the red fire had been.

"That's the first to go," muttered Jim. "Always wanted the lead and would have it. Shot through the head from behind. Some of the devils must have been behind when he lit his fire."

"I heard no shot."

"Not likely to with the noise we were making. What's wrong with your neck, Anstruther? Cut it!"

"Just touched, I fancy. I got it when they hit him. Shall we take him into the house?"

"Beard not, and better say nothing about it to them upstairs. We can't do any more for him now, Boss," and Jim drew a large worked table-cover over the dead man's face and turned to see that the barricade were as strong as they could be made.

When he was at his post again he drew from his pocket that which the doctor had given him. It was a common playing-card and on it was written in pencil a London address. Beneath this the doctor had written in big letters which wandered uncertainly over the blank space: "So long, Jim. See you again some day."

"So he knew it was coming, did he?" mused Jim, "and he took it all back at the last, his last talk about science and annihilation of matter. Well, I guess the Handicapper knew the Doc's handicap, and will be the best judge of his running."

And then, as he looked out in the reddened gloom, whilst his eyes tried to pierce through the fog, his mind tried to peer into that Next Room where the doctor now was, and if he failed to place the doctor, he at least managed to place himself. He saw the triviality of the things which had so embittered him for the last few days, and even confessed to himself that when it came to fighting, his rival was not much of a muf after all. If that which had made the scratch on Anstruther's head had been an inch or two to the left Jim Combe felt that his memory of the last few days would have been a load for him to carry all the rest of his life. But the first grey light of the morning brought Jim back from the Unknown to the present with a shock. As the mists rolled away the temporary absence of the Indians explained. They had withdrawn to gather force for their real attack. Whatever answers to the fiery cross amongst the red men had been flying around the country in the last two days, and Jim Combe had never known until that moment how many Indians there were scattered through the timber of British Columbia.

The hog's back was dotted with their camp fires and tents; a line of them stretched across the big meadow; another body of them held the road to Soda Creek. The ranch was as regularly invested as if its foes had been European troops instead of mere Redskins. With infinitely more cunning than even Combe had given them credit for, the Chilcats had allowed the white men to return unmolested to their lair, only to find themselves in a trap from which there appeared to be no escape unless Toma or Fairclough had won through and could bring help.

Until this last morning Jim had felt certain that one or other would succeed in getting through; but now, seeing the methodical way in which the Indians had conducted the campaign, he not only doubted, he disbelieved it, and when he met Kitty a little later, her pretty face pale and troubled, a great wave of pity and remorse almost unmanned him.

In his anguish of mind he tried to speak to his little friend in the old way that had been so dear to both of them, but his tongue failed him, and she, not realizing that it was the old Jim, treated him with the coldness he had been at such trouble to teach her.

CHAPTER XXV.

You cannot hide death any more than you can escape it. There is a subtle influence which spreads from a dead man so that even the dumb beasts feel and acknowledge it, and this atmosphere of horror had spread through the ranch house in spite of the men's reticence.

The women knew, though they asked no questions. Their eyes counted the men as they gathered for their morning meal; but if they guessed they said nothing.

Indeed, scarcely a word passed between them until the men gathered in the long room after the meal, and even then for a while no one spoke. Though for the moment the besieged were unmolested, everyone knew that the ring which surrounded them was intact, and their destruction but a question of hours.

"The men had better sleep in watches during the day, Jim. We shall want all hands on guard to-night, if Toma does not bring help before then. Horribly and his posse could hardly get through by daylight if they came."

Jim made no reply.

"Don't you think that they will get here to-day?"

In spite of his courage there was a shake in Rolt's voice which he could not hide. For himself he cared little, but the thought of the sweet woman who was all the world to him broke the strong man's nerve.

"I hope not. He is a good man and I dare say that you are right, in which case we shall have help before nightfall, but we must not calculate upon that. We've calculated too much on such things already. We've got to do something for ourselves now, right away."

"The younger Fairclough turned very white, but he pulled himself together, and laughed bravely.

"You don't know my brother, Combe. There's no fear that any pack of niggers will wipe him out."

"What is that?"

"I dare say that you are right, in which case we shall have help before nightfall, but we must not calculate upon that. We've calculated too much on such things already. We've got to do something for ourselves now, right away."

"That's talking," assented Al, "and there's only one thing as we can do."

"Shoot the women, and die fighting, or save them."

It was brutally said, but it had the advantage of bringing the issue plainly before every one.

"How can we save them?"

"There's only one way. The Indians are all here now. If a man could get through the camp he'd have a clear course to Soda Creek. There's five horses in the kitchen."

"But we can't leave the place unguarded."

"No, of course not. It's got to be one at a time till we do get through, and if no one gets through—well, then, Boss, we'd most as well take a turn at praying."

For a moment there was silence, and then someone asked:

"Is it to be by daylight, or at night?"

"I guess it don't make no odds," replied Al. "We should have had a good show last night, but the fog has all gone. They won't do much attacking in broad daylight, our people shoot too straight, and the Indians know it, but they'll do mighty little sleeping at night. I'd leave that to the man as goes. Kin I have that roan as Jim rode for a first shot, Boss?"

It was said so quietly, that no one ignorant of the circumstances, would have guessed that the rough and grizzled old rider was offering his life, but the color came to the Boss's eyes as he answered:

"The stakes are mine, Al, and I play them."

"Pardon, sir, I think you forget," said Anstruther, courteously, "the stakes are not all yours. Volunteers for a forlorn hope should be unmarried men. The captain's duty is to stay by his ship to the last. Al and Combe have had their turn. You will let me go."

"Nonsense, boy, you couldn't sit a horse now."

"Nor couldn't find his way if he did get through. See here, Rolt. It's Al or me for this job, and Al's wounded, so it's me," and Combe turned to leave the room.

But Anstruther caught him by the arm.

"No, by heaven, you don't, Combe! It is for Mr. Rolt to decide. You are not master here. What do you say, sir? Will you shame me? Is it not my right? Combe went for me. The whole trouble is my fault. I can never hold up my head again if you don't let me go."

There was a genuine ring of entreaty in the young fellow's voice that Rolt, looking at him, wavered.

He understood that, to a man like Anstruther, there might be worse things than death.

"Couldn't we settle it by drawing lots? That's what they always do in books."

It was Fairclough who spoke, and in the impasse to which they had come the suggestion met with some favor.

"If I agree to Mr. Fairclough's suggestion," said Rolt, seeing that the feeling of the meeting was with the last speaker, "it will only be on the understanding that all draw. I will waive my right to go first if you will all agree to that. Otherwise I go."

For a few minutes Combe and Anstruther tried to argue with him, but though the easiest-going man in British Columbia as a rule, Rolt could be sufficiently resolute upon occasion.

"It ain't no use arguing," said Al, irritably. "Seems to me we had ought to know the Boss by now. He's that blanked contrary that if every one else was keeping Christmas, he'd put in the day hauling gravel. May as well cut for the deal if he says so."

This settled it, and Rolt, turning to Anstruther, asked him to get a pack of cards from Mrs. Rolt.

When Anstruther had gone to get the cards, Rolt turned to Combe.

"Is it any good keeping this from the ladies? They might prevent his going if the lot should fall to him. Nothing else will, and I don't believe that he could sit a horse for a mile. His ribs can't be knit yet."

"Don't you worry about that colt, Boss. He ain't used to our range yet, but he's a bit of good stuff and harder nor you think. Let him be and give him a fair show. It's five to one against his getting the deal anyway. But you kin tell the ladies. They aren't the sort to holler."

"Thank you, Al, old friend. I knew we might come in."

It was Mary Rolt herself who spoke, having come in quietly while the men were talking, with Kitty by her side, whose young beauty was woefully marred by the strain of the last few days.

If any one had had time to notice

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