

THE DAILY NEWS

Formerly The Prince Rupert Optimist

THE WEATHER
Twenty-four hours ending 5 a.m.,
July 17.
MAX. TEMP. 51.0 MIN. TEMP. 30.109 IN. RAIN 79.0

NEXT MAILS
FOR NORTH
Seattle, Wednesday, p.m.
FOR SOUTH
Prince Rupert, Tonight 6 p. m.

Library Legislative Assembly
JUL 21 1911
VICTORIA, B. C.

VOL. II, NO. 159 PRINCE RUPERT, B.C., MONDAY, JULY 17, 1911. PRICE FIVE CENTS

AUTHENTIC RAIN FIGURES FOR YEAR MADE KNOWN

GOLD STRIKE IS MADE ON NINTH AVENUE LOT

In Grading his Lots Mr. Thomas Sproatt Ran Into a Vein of Quartz—Some "Dirt" That Was Panned Proves Very Rich—An Interesting Story

An interesting gold strike was made on Ninth avenue on Saturday afternoon, by Mr. Thomas Sproatt, while he was at work grading his lots. Whether the "strike" will turn out to be of commercial value or not remains to be seen. At present it is being regarded more as a scientific curiosity, though experienced miners who were called in and who assisted in panning some of the dirt, agree that it made a richer showing than anything they had seen in the mining camps.

Will Investigate Further
On an adjoining lot, where the owner was building a garden, some indications of gold were previously found. The suggestion was made by a miner that, the "strike" was worth investigating further, on the chance that a sufficient quantity of the precious ore might be found to make it worth while for the neighbouring lot-owners to enter into a co-operative mining scheme. The annals of mining contain instances of rich deposits being found within very limited areas. In the meantime, the "Ninth Avenue Gold Strike" while rich enough and genuine enough, is still within the stage of a neighbourhood joke.

May Have Assay Made
The gold is showing in the blue and also in the decayed conglomerate rock. About a ton of quartz was taken from the bank on Saturday afternoon, all of which shows minute particles of free gold under the microscope. It would undoubtedly assay high, and the owner is being urged to have some of the ore properly assayed, "just for the fun of it."

MADE BEAUTIFUL GARDEN OUT OF THE RAW MUSKEG

Wise Work of Mussallem Brothers on Fourth Avenue—Are Now Growing All Kinds of Vegetables Where Only Skunk Cabbage Bloomed Before Anyone Can Do It

To turn the sour muskeg into a smiling green garden, rich in all the vegetables, has been the work of the brothers Mussallem, who run a store on Fourth avenue near the General Hospital. Their work is a lesson, and an encouragement to any lot owner who is ambitious to have a garden.

A Fertile Patch
A news reporter who walked that way recently was pleased and delighted with what he saw. The patch of about fifty by fifty feet is crammed full with all the kinds of vegetable produce. The level is that a piece of earth so small could grow so much.

All Kinds of Things
There are innumerable rows of growing lettuce and radishes in various stages of growth, but all growing well; potatoes, cabbage, cauliflower, rhubarb, spinach, carrots, onions, beans, corn, and some other vegetables from their own country of Syria, which the brothers are trying to raise in Canada.

Grapes Look Good
The content with vegetables alone, the brothers are trying what fruits will grow here. Some apples and pear trees imported from Vancouver have died, but some apple seedlings look promising. Several grape vines are planted and appear very healthy. The brothers are experienced in vine-culture and quite expect to be gathering grapes off their little vines next year.

Any One Can Do It
The experiment shows what can be done with the muskeg patches. The ground was prepared by digging a trench alongside to drain the excess water. The muskeg was turned up with a spade and mixed with sand and cow manure. Now it looks like a strong loam, and the strength of the vegetable growth is wonderful.

VANCOUVER'S BIG STRIKE IS NOW FIZZLING OUT

Structural Steel Workers Went Back to Work This Morning and the Carpenters Are Negotiating For Terms to End the Disastrous Labor War

(Canadian Press Despatch) Vancouver, July 17.—All the unions now appear that the strike is broken, and that the other strikers will follow the example of the structural steel workers soon. The Presbyterian Young People's picnic will be held on Wednesday evening. Launches will leave at 6.15 p.m.

On Three Weeks' Trip

G. R. Naden and Dr. Kergin have left for Alice Arm in the launch Sambeam. They have gone to attend to business relating to some claims there, and will be away some three weeks or more.

Promptly this morning three D. and D. cases were disposed of. Joe Langly, and H. Kargila forfeited bail of \$8 and \$2 costs each. A man named Caruso (not such a warbler as a former prisoner in spite of his name) for his second offence paid \$5 and \$2 costs.

WANT BARRIERS TO BE REMOVED

Saskatchewan Wants to Bring in Harvesting Help from the States—Afraid of a Shortage

(Canadian Press Despatch) Regina, Sask., July 17.—Owing to the scarcity of help the Saskatchewan government has taken up with the Dominion Government the question regarding the amount of money immigrants must have under the regulations to enter the Dominion. The matter is expected to be settled within a short time, as negotiations are under way between the government and the railways practically assuring a sufficient supply of harvesters if the monetary barrier can be removed.

PASSED THROUGH FIRE ON SALVATION ARMY WORK

Captain Kerr of Prince Rupert S.A. Citadel Returns to the City After Three Week's Trip to Hazelton—Had Thrilling Experience on the Trail

After a three weeks' visit to the Salvation Army station beyond Hazelton, where the army has been located for over ten years, Captain Kerr of the Citadel here, has returned to Rupert. He had a very successful trip, "mushed it" all the way from this city to Hazelton, and returned by boat and train. Hazelton, he reports, rather quiet now, and he gives good accounts of the district generally from his personal, and the Army point of view. The kindest of welcomes always greeted him at the various camps where he stopped and held services on the way up.

COCHRANE STARTS TO REBUILD HER TOWN

Relief Committees Do Splendid Work—Danger is Now All Past and Work of Rebuilding Commences—Relief Fund Grows

(Canadian Press Despatch) Cochrane, Ont., July 17.—Here in the heart of the fire zone of a few days ago a hundred people are now sleeping on the bare ground or hard floor but there is no lack of food. A carload of supplies from the Toronto Board of Trade has been distributed. The Government, the railway officials, and the contractors for the Transcontinental have all done splendid work. The settlers in this district are reported safe with only three fatalities reported. Business men are starting business up anew undismayed.

One enterprising Italian merchant has opened up a small stock. The publisher of the Northland, the local newspaper, has started on the erection of a new building. He is getting his paper printed in Toronto in the meantime.

RAILWAY BOARD ISSUES TWO DRASTIC ORDERS

Railway Companies Have to File Statements Showing How Their Engines Are Equipped—All Crossings Where Accidents Have Occurred To Be At Once Protected

(Canadian Press Despatch) Ottawa, Ont., July 17.—The Railway Commission has issued two drastic orders, one for the protection of railroad employees and the other for the protection of the public. The first requires all railways to file with the Board within sixty days a statement showing the number, class and weight of each locomotive, and to state whether they are equipped with dump ash pans to avoid the necessity of men going beneath the locomotive. In the past there have been a number of accidents from this cause. The second order is that at every crossing where an accident has happened since January 1st, 1905, or hereafter happens by a moving train to any person using the crossing, such crossing is to be immediately protected by a watchman until the Board has had the accident investigated and the crossing examined.

SCOTCHMAN MET DEATH IN WATER

John T. Regbie of Chilliwack, Got Beyond His Depth and was Drowned—Boys Start a Destructive Fire.

(Canadian Press Despatch) Chilliwack, July 17.—John T. Regbie, a Scotchman aged twenty-eight and a resident of Chilliwack for the past four years, was drowned here yesterday while bathing in the Semiault River. Regbie got beyond his depth and was unable to swim. His body was rescued too late for resuscitation.

A fire in Chilliwack broke out last Friday night and destroyed two dwellings valued at \$2000 each and seriously threatened three others. It is believed to have been started by boys playing with matches in a vacant house owned by Joseph Sanford.

FOREST FIRE IS RAGING FIVE MILES EAST OF YALE

Four Hundred Million Feet of Standing Lumber is Imperilled and Fire is Making Rapid Headway—Outbreak Near Lake Coquitlam on Saturday is Extinguished

(Canadian Press Despatch) New Westminster, July 17.—According to a report made to Crown Timber Agent Walmsley, a serious bush fire is raging five miles east of Yale, which endangers four hundred million feet of timber. Several acres of heavy timber are already burned over, and the flames are spreading rapidly.

Another forest fire broke out west of Lake Coquitlam on Saturday, but was got under control after several hours hard fighting by men employed on construction of the power dam there. The week of hot weather has greatly increased the risk of forest fires.

For row boats and launches telephone 320 green. Davis' Boat House. Pantorium Pioneer Cleaners, Phone 4

"RAINY RUPERT" SLANDER IS NAILED DOWN TIGHT

Dominion Government Officer Frank Dowling Issues his Figures For the Year—Prince Rupert Had Less Rain Than a Host of Places in England, Sunny Japan, Hawaii and Mexico Was Only 128 Inches in a Whole Year

At last the lie about Prince Rupert's rainfall has been nailed to the counter. No longer can dwellers in rival cities trade upon the fact that no authentic figures are in existence to correct their stories of the rains in Rupert. For a year past, an officer of the Dominion Government, Mr. F. W. Dowling, manager of the Dominion Government Telegraph service, and meteorological recorder, has been patiently at work. Morning after morning on the stroke of five, he has trudged to the weather station on the hill, and there measured the rainfall for the previous twenty-four hours. And his records for the year just completed since July 1st, 1910, till June 30th, 1911, show that exactly 128.86 inches of rain fell in Prince Rupert.

How This Compares
How does this compare with the reports? A gentleman writing to Mr. David H. Hays last week, said he wished precise information on the rainfall as he had heard that the rainfall in Prince Rupert averaged 247 inches, and that it was far too rainy for anyone to live there in comfort.

With Other Places
As compared with the rainfall in other places—which is the only way most of us can make any comparative judgment—the Prince Rupert rainfall is nothing at all to be afraid of. There are places in England where the rainfall is much heavier. At Seathwaite, for instance, the records there showed a rainfall of 145 inches. On the coast of "Sunny Japan" a rainfall of 115 inches is a common one. In some parts of Japan it reaches 170 inches.

In Sunny Mexico
The man who would be frightened away from Prince Rupert by reports of the rainfall, and go to Mexico instead would be badly mistaken, for in Vera Cruz, Mexico, the rainfall is nearly fifty per cent greater than in Prince Rupert. The actual figures for both places are Vera Cruz 183 inches, Prince Rupert 128.86 ins.

Hawaii is popular as a pleasure, tourist and health resort, but the rainfall of Hawaii is 216 inches, which makes Prince Rupert look like a dry climate. Indeed the further south one goes, the heavier the rainfalls become.

The Worst Yet
Maury in his Physical Geography of the Sea gives the rainfall of Cherraponju, a mountain in Southeastern Assam as 605 inches, all of which falls between the months of April and October, during the South Western Monsoon. But the worst yet is given by Captains Fitzroy and Hall of the British Navy who measured on the West Coast of South America, near Cape Horn, an annual rainfall of 1,368 inches.

There is another advantage about Prince Rupert rain. It does not come in deluges creating havoc and floods as rain is apt to in some parts of the world. It divides itself into moderately monthly quantities. The exact figures month by month as they will appear in the Government reports are as follows:

July	4.50
August	4.85
September	8.60
October	18.15
November	9.17
December	24.65
January	15.50
February	5.22
March	5.22
February	5.22
March	20.01
April	8.39
May	4.53
June	5.29
Total	128.86

An Exploded Story
These figures finally and forever explode the absurdly exaggerated reports of the rain in Prince Rupert. Like all places near the sea, and backed by mountains, Prince Rupert has a free rainfall, but nothing more. The city is indebted to the Dominion authorities for taking steps to counteract the injurious stories which had been circulated about the rainfall in Prince Rupert, by supplying authentic figures of the actual rainfall during the year.

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Formerly The Prince Rupert Optimist

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"The newspaper, with the law, should assume the accused innocent until proven guilty; should be the friend, not the enemy of the general public; the defender, not the invader of private life and the assailant of personal character. It should be, as it were, a keeper of the public conscience."—Henry Watterson.

DAILY EDITION.

MONDAY, JULY 17

ELECTION INDICATIONS

Two candidates in the field in the Middle West, is an indication that Manitoba—as befits a province which will be hugely affected by the passage of the reciprocity bill—is preparing for the possibility of an early general election.

The nomination of candidates, however, is not a certain evidence of an early election. It is an evidence only of prudence, and of an earnest desire to get into the contest early.

Mr. Borden, it may also be assumed, is alive to the hopelessness of deferring the elections until a Redistribution Bill is passed, and will do all he can to force an election upon the public at an early date.

The method of obstruction employed, is for the Opposition to take advantage of the rule which allows any member of the House while sitting in committee on supplies, to speak as many times and on as many topics as possible.

If this is done, Sir Wilfrid Laurier has intimated that he will at once take steps to prorogue the House, and appeal to the country, without waiting for a redistribution of seats.

The choice is in Mr. Borden's hands. A few hours now will make it clear whether we are to have an early election or not.

One thing the recent policy of obstruction will bring about, is a revision of the Parliamentary rules to make it impossible for any future Opposition, either Liberal or Conservative, to tie up the machinery of government again.

ABOUT THE "OPTIMIST JOB"

Recently this paper changed its name from the Optimist to the Daily News. Its job department, accordingly changed its name from Optimist Job to News Job department.

Within the last few days, a new concern has started and assumed the name of the Optimist Job. It is not the job department of any newspaper, and its assumption of this misleading title is an obvious attempt to infringe on the goodwill and patronage of the job department of this paper, earned under its former title.

In assuming the discarded name of this paper's job department, the new concern may be within its legal rights. But on the point of honor which lies behind it, the public is entitled to pass its own judgment.

The entire plant and equipment of the job plant of the Optimist is in the News printshops, and is being operated under skilled management. The youthful optimists who have started operations, under the cast-off title, are in no way connected with the original Optimist job plant.

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A REMINISCENCE OF SHERLOCK HOLMES

THE ADVENTURE OF THE DEVIL'S FOOT

BY ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

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In recording from time to time some of the curious experiences and interesting recollections which I associate with my long and intimate friendship with Mr. Sherlock Holmes, I have continually been faced by difficulties caused by his own aversion to publicity. To his sombre and cynical spirit all popular applause was always abhorrent, and nothing amused him more at the end of a successful case than to hand over the actual exposure to some orthodox official, and to listen with a mocking smile to the general chorus of misplaced congratulation.

It was, then, with considerable surprise that I received a telegram from Holmes last Tuesday—he has never been known to write where a telegram would serve—in the following terms: "Why not tell them of the Cornish horror—Strangest case I ever handled." I have no idea what backward sweep of memory had brought the matter fresh to his mind, or what freak had caused him to desire that I should recount it; but I hasten, before another cancelling telegram may arrive, to hunt out the notes which give me the exact details of the case, and to lay the narrative before my readers.

It was, then, in the spring of the year 1897 that Holmes's iron constitution showed some signs of giving way in the face of constant hard work of a most exacting kind, aggravated, perhaps, by occasional indiscretions of his own. In March of that year Dr. Moore Agar, of Harley street, whose dramatic introduction to Holmes I may some day recount, gave positive injunctions that the famous private agent should lay aside all his cases and surrender himself to complete rest if he wished to avert an absolute breakdown. The state of his health was not a matter in which he himself took the faintest interest, for his mental detachment was absolute, but he was induced at last, on the threat of being permanently disqualified from work, to give himself a complete change

of scene and air. Thus it was that in the early spring of that year we found ourselves together in a small cottage near Poldhu Bay, at the farther extremity of the Cornish peninsula.

It was a singular spot, and one peculiarly well suited to the grim humour of my patient. From the windows of our little whitewashed house, which stood high upon a grassy headland, we looked down upon the whole sinister semicircle of Mounts Bay, that old death-trap of sailing vessels, with its fringe of black cliffs and surgeswept reefs on which innumerable seamen have met their end. With a northerly breeze it lies placid and sheltered, inviting the storm-tossed craft to tuck into it for rest and protection. Then comes the sudden swirl round of the wind, the blustering gale from the southwest, the dragging anchor, the lee shore, and the last battle in the screaming breakers. The wise mariner stands far out from that evil place.

On the land side our surroundings were as sombre as on the sea. It was a country of rolling moors, lonely and dun-coloured, with an occasional church tower to mark the site of some old-world village. In every direction upon these moors there were traces of some vanished race which had passed utterly away, and left as its sole record strange monuments of stone, irregular mounds which contained the burned ashes of the dead, and curious earthworks which hinted at prehistoric strife. The glamour and mystery of the place, with its sinister atmosphere of forgotten nations, appealed to the imagination of my friend, and he spent much of his time in long walks and solitary meditations upon the moor. The ancient Cornish language had also arrested his attention, and he had, I remember, conceived the idea that it was akin to the Chaldean, and had been largely derived from the Phoenician traders in tin. He had received a consignment of books upon philology and was settling down to develop this thesis, when suddenly to my sorrow, and to his unfeigned delight, we found ourselves, even in that land of dreams, plunged into a problem, at our doors which was more intense, more engrossing, and infinitely more mysterious than any of those which had driven us from London. Our simple life

and peaceful, healthy routine were violently interrupted, and we were precipitated into the midst of a series of events which caused the utmost excitement not only in Cornwall but throughout the whole West of England. Many of my readers may retain some recollection of what was called at the time "The Cornish Horror," though a most imperfect account of the matter reached the London Press. Now, after thirteen years, I will give the true details of this inconceivable affair to the public.

I have said that scattered towers marked the villages which dotted this part of Cornwall. The nearest of these was the hamlet of Tredannick Wollas, where the cottages of a couple of hundred inhabitants clustered round an ancient, moss-grown church. The vicar of a parish, Mr. Roundhay, was something of an archaeologist, and as such Holmes had made his acquaintance. He was a middle-aged man, portly and affable with a considerable fund of local lore. At his invitation we had taken tea at the vicarage, and had come to know also Mr. Mortimer Tregennis, an independent gentleman, who increased the clergymans scanty resources by taking rooms in his large, straggling house. The vicar, being a bachelor, was glad to come to such an arrangement, though he had little in common with his lodger, who was a thin, dark spectacled man, with a stoop which gave the impression of actual physical deformity. I remember that during our short visit we found the vicar garrulous, but his lodger strangely reticent, a sad-faced, introspective man, sitting with averted eyes, brooding apparently upon his own affairs.

These were the two men who entered abruptly into our little sitting room on Tuesday, March the 16th, shortly after our breakfast hour, as we were smoking together, preparatory to our daily excursion upon the moors. "Mr. Holmes," said the vicar, in an agitated voice, "the most extraordinary and tragic affair has occurred during the night. It is the most unheard-of business. We can only regard it as a special Providence that you should chance to be here at the time, for in all England you are the one man we need."

I glared at the intrusive vicar with no very friendly eyes; but Holmes took his pipe from his

lips and sat up in his chair like an old hound who hears the view-hallo. He waved his hand to the sofa, and our palpitating visitor, with his agitated companion sat side by side upon it. Mr. Mortimer Tregennis was more self-contained than the clergyman, but the twitching of his thin hands and the brightness of his dark eyes showed that they shared a common emotion.

"Shall I speak or you?" he asked of the vicar.

"Well, as you seem to have made the discovery, whatever it may be, and the vicar to have had it second-hand, perhaps you had better do the speaking," said Holmes.

I glanced at the hastily-clad clergyman, with the formally dressed lodger seated beside him, and was amused at the surprise which Holmes's simple deduction had brought to their faces.

"Perhaps I had best say a few words first," said the vicar, "and then you can judge if you will listen to the details from Mr. Tregennis, or whether we should not hasten at once to the scene of this mysterious affair. I may explain, then, that our friend here spent last evening in the company of his two brothers, Owen and George, and of his sister Brenda, at their house of Tredannick Wartha, which is near the old stone cross upon the moor. He left them shortly after ten o'clock, playing cards round the dining-room table, in excellent health and spirits. This morning, being an early riser, he walked in that direction before breakfast, and was overtaken by the carriage of Dr. Richards, who explained that he had been sent for on a most urgent call to Tredannick Wartha. Mr. Mortimer Tregennis naturally went with him. When he arrived at Tredannick Wartha he found an extraordinary state of things. His two brothers and his sister were seated round the table exactly as he had left them, the darts still spread in front of them and the candles burned down to their sockets. The sister lay back stone-dead in her chair, while the two brothers sat on each side of her laughing, shouting, and singing, the senses stricken clean out of them. All three of them, the dead woman and the two demented men, retained upon their faces an expression of the utmost—horror a convulsion of terror which was dreadful to look upon. There was no sign of the presence of anyone in the house, except Mrs. Porter, the old cook and housekeeper, who declared that she had slept deeply and heard no sound during the night. Nothing had been stolen or disarranged, and there is absolutely no explanation of what the horror can be which has frightened a woman to death and two strong men out of their senses. There is the situation, Mr. Holmes, in a nutshell, and if you can help us to clear it up you will have done a great work."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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