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THE DAILY NEWS

Formerly The Prince Rupert Optimist

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Comox... Sunday, a.m.
FOR NORTH
Princess Rupert... Monday, p.m.

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PRINCE RUPERT, B.C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1911.

CANADA TURNS CONSERVATIVE BY 42 MAJORITY

LONG WAIT LAST NIGHT FOR ELECTION FIGURES

Break-down in Telegraphic Wire Supposed Cause by Malice Kept Prince Rupert Political Enthusiasts Out in the Cold—Tin-pan Parade For Liberals Livened up Small Hours

Waiting for election results in Prince Rupert proved rather an ordeal last night, for some supposed malice had cut off communication with the southern centres, and only dribbles of results trickled in from up river, and northerly polling places at long and tedious intervals. A considerable crowd assembled early in the evening at the corner of Sixth street and Third avenue, where from the window of Messrs. Williams and Manson's offices an electric lantern threw the figures on a screen on Frank Keeley's drug store opposite.

To fill in the long gaps in communication with the few accessible polling places from which results could come certain wild and woolly news "cartoons" most uncomplimentary to Mr. Clements appeared spasmodically upon the screen. Evidently those in the lantern room also felt the tediousness of the wait for one of the final spasms of the cartoonist represented a somnolent physiognomy emeshed in cobwebs, and was entitled "Waiting for Election Results in Rupert." It was long after midnight when the information came briefly by wireless

that the battle was going against Laurier.

The news induced a hasty rally of the last live spirits left on the streets, and quite a numerous gang gathered together with empty gasoline cans with which to celebrate the occasion by holding a tattoo serenade outside the homes of several of Rupert's leading Liberals. The awful army awfully arrayed marched, making a noise like a boiler works broken loose, out by seventh avenue to the house of a certain editor, and there kicked up a din like an avalanche of empty cream cans coming down the rocky road to Dublin. Less musical than the tintinnabulation of the cans, cans, cans, were the raucous lays of the jubilant performers upon them, but after a few minutes the pandemonium parade betook itself by devious ways to the home of another prominent Liberal where another appalling racket rang out. Content with the satisfaction afforded by simple sound the procession presently retired to sleep and silence, as the poet puts its "stole once more like a healing balm upon the troubled night." Thus ended Election Day in Prince Rupert.

VENTURE GROUNDED Struck on Sunday Night in Seymour Narrows

The steamer Venture of the Boscowitz Steamship Company, struck the rocks when entering Seymour Narrows northbound from Victoria for northern British Columbia ports on Sunday night during heavy fog. Accounts of the accident are very meagre. The place where the steamer struck was not clear, it being given as near Seymour Narrows. The hull was damaged, but the extent of the damage will not be known until the steamer is docked on her return.

The Venture is well provided with tanks and has a double bottom and consequently can continue her voyage to Neas and way ports without danger. It is an-

ticipated, if the damage sustained as a result of the accident is not extensive, that the steamer will continue her schedule and repairs will be effected when the vessel is withdrawn at the end of the season. The Venture was late, having been delayed on her last trip as a result of rain interfering with the work of discharging her cargo of canned salmon at Vancouver and she did not get away on her trip north until Saturday afternoon, being two days behind her schedule.

An unconfirmed rumor has been going the rounds that the Stewart Land Company, Ltd., had sold out their holdings to Sir D. D. Mann. Inquiry at the local office of the company failed to elicit any confirmation, and as the wires were down no information could be obtained from the outside.

RUPERT'S ELECTION DAY WAS VERY UNEVENTFUL

In Glorious September Sunshine Electors Went to Poll—Youngster's Monopolised the Excitement—Candidates and Canvassers Covered the City Thoroughly—Curious Conveyances

Election Day in Prince Rupert was remarkably uneventful. Under perfect weather conditions canvassing could be carried on effectively by both candidates and their supporters. Repeated exhortations on the part of the organisers of the campaign to electors to vote early, had the desired effect, and there was a heavy run on the polls at nine a.m. and up to ten-thirty.

All day the interest concentrated about the polling booth. Here all the best known men in the city met at different times as they dropped round to see "how she was coming." Wiseacres gave vague prognostications and the

numerous men with money to burn made extravagant bets generally at slight odds on the Government. Local election betting was in favor of Ross, and there were none too many takers of terms against his being elected and scarcely any against his securing a majority in Prince Rupert.

Duncan Ross drove around the city during the day, and covered all the centres of population thoroughly. There was a welcome for him everywhere, but no attempt at demonstration was made.

H. S. Clements with the Mayor, and one or two of his best support-

(Continued on page 4.)

JUST ONE FIGHT Not a Single Drunk in Court This Morning

Magistrate Cars had no cases this morning that might be attributed to election excitement or to the over indulgence in the liquid stimulation of party loyalty that sometimes marks a day of election. There was only one case before him, that of two foreigners who took no interest in election matters but who had endeavored to settle a personal difference with their fists. Their names are John Millich and Sam Gyrikich. Both pleaded guilty and paid fines of \$8 and costs.

AGAINST BOY SCOUTS Trades Congress Unanimously Condemns Movement

The boy scout movement was condemned by unanimous vote at the trades congress recently held at Calgary as being wrong in principle, giving boys wrong ideals and constituting a menace to the working classes teaching boys that the proper caper is to shoot down toilers on strike. It was charged that Baden-Powell takes boys to slaughter houses to let them become familiar with the sight of blood. Only one man said a good word for the scouts.

ATTRACTIVE "BOX" SOCIAL Baptist Church Ladies Aid Plan a Real Good Time

A "Box Social" on Monday 25th inst., in the McIntyre Hall at 8 p.m. Everyone invited. The ladies are requested to bring a box with good things to eat for two. The gentlemen will purchase the boxes. Mr. Frank Ellis, known as "The Popular Auctioneer" will have charge of the sale. Games and a general good time are on the programme for the evening. Your presence is requested.

Pantorium Pioneer Cleaners, Phone 4

MOST TEMPTING LAND OF ALL IS UP THE NAAS

Five Days Canoe Trip by Sergt. Phillipson Reveals to him a Fair Agricultural Territory, But Much Good Land is Lost to the Small Settler by Speculator Purchases

Up in the Naas River district is the finest agricultural and garden land of the whole coast country around Prince Rupert. "Here will be the garden of Prince Rupert," said a Prince Rupert man the other day after visiting the Upper Naas Valley. That Prince Rupert man was Sergeant Phillipson whose work in looking after the Indians and the liquor traffic of the outlying districts as well as of the nearer places to Rupert takes him far afield sometimes. The sergeant was five days in a canoe going up the Naas to this new district, and his remark regarding that canoe trip tells most eloquently of the tempting nature of the land there.

"Every mile I went I wanted more and more to own a little of it," said the Sergeant. Efforts he did make too to get a pre-emption there; but he found that the land was set apart by the Provincial Government for pre-emption is by no means the best. It is in fact a stretch of land lying over hard lava beds where long ago there was a downflow of molten rock from some tremendous burning mountain in the interior. The land is not rich and sweet for agriculture like the

alluvial land not far from it on which the Indians have their reserve.

"That Indian reserve is the finest land of all," said Sergeant Phillipson. "It is flat like a billiard table, and the mountains are away back from it in the distance. It is covered with trees, not thick coast brush, but kindly inland trees standing amongst soft green pasture land on which a herd of some forty or fifty fine cattle fatten to perfection. I never saw such fine cattle since I left the old sod."

Sergeant Phillipson had photographs of the land and of the cattle to prove his words. The Indians have some fine houses on their land, but do not make by any means the most of it agriculturally.

Bonded His Claims

George Bruggy, who returned to Stewart this week has confirmed the information that he had bonded his silver-lead claims on Salmon River on the basis of \$150,000. He received a substantial cash payment. Development is proceeding on the property and winter quarters have been erected.

DETAILS OF YESTERDAY'S VOTE

[Special Wireless]

Victoria, Sept. 22---The latest computation of results on the country fix the Conservative and Nationalist majority at 42, with seven seats yet to hear from. The standing of parties is Conservatives and Nationalists 128, Liberals 86. The Nationalists number 21.

Hon. W. S. Fielding, Sir Frederick Borden, Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, Hon. Wm. Patterson and Hon. George Graham are among the defeated candidates.

The results known include:

Quebec	Con.	21	Lib.	37
Ontario	-	69	-	14
Nova Scotia	-	9	-	8
New Brunswick	-	5	-	4

Victoria, Sept. 22---Latest returns from Comox-Atlin are:

Port Alberni	Lib.	63	Con.	87
Cumberland	-	131	-	112

The above results leave Duncan Ross with a majority of 187. The results at Bella Coola will not be known till tomorrow.

The figures for Victoria are Barnard 2966; Templeman 2633. In Vancouver Stevens is elected by 2748 majority.

THE SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATES

- St. John, N. B.—County, Daniel, Cons.
- Queens and Shelburne—McCurdy, Cons.
- Antigonish—Chisholm, Liberal.
- Cumberland—Rhodes, Cons.
- Kingston—Nichols, Cons.
- Hants—Black, Lib.
- Hamilton, East—Barker, Cons.
- West Hamilton—Stewart, Cons.
- Ontario, South—Smith, Cons.
- Winnipeg—Haggart, Cons, large majority.
- Winnipeg—McDonald Staples, Cons.
- Ontario Centre—Bristol, Cons.
- Ottawa—Fripp and McCullum, Cons.
- Cape Breton, North—McKenzie, Gov't elected.
- Bonaventure—Marcil, Lib.
- Chateau—Brown, Lib.
- Cape Breton, South—Carried, Lib.
- Kings, N. S.—Foster, Cons.
- Lincoln—Lancaster, Cons.
- West Huron—Lewis, Cons.
- St. Hyacinthe City—Gauthier, Lib.
- Glengarry—McMillan, Lib.
- Brent—Fisher, Cons.
- Peel—Blain, Cons.
- Dufferin—Best, Cons.
- South Grenville—Reid, Cons.
- Brockville—Webster, Cons.
- Point Neuf—Delisle, Lib.
- Frontenac—Edwards, Cons.
- Lewis—Roy, Lib.
- Kamouraska—Laponte, Lib.
- Beauce—Beland, Lib.
- Napierville—Lancelot, Lib.
- Montreal—Stantoin Div., Ames Cons.
- Wright—Devlin, Lib.
- North Wellington—Clarke, Cons.
- Brant—Paterson, Lib, defeated by 20 majority.
- Selkirk—Bradbury, Cons.
- Russel—Murphy, Lib.
- Edmonton—Oliver, Lib., large majority.
- Brome—Baker, Cons.
- South Waterloo—Clare, Cons.
- Pontiac—Brabazon, Cons.
- North Renfrew—White, Cons.
- South Perth—Steele, Cons.
- North Essex—Wilson, Cons.
- Kent—Robideau, Cons.
- Montigny—LeuPrans, Cons.
- West Middlesex—Ross, Lib.
- North Simcoe—Currie, Cons.
- Victoria—Michaud, Lib.
- West Hastings—Porter, Cons.
- Brantford—Cockshutt, Cons.
- Champlain—Blondin, Cons.
- Ducham—Thornton, Cons.
- Drummond, Athabasca—Grouillard, Lib.
- Richmond and Wolfe—Tobin, Lib.
- Lunenberg—Stewart, Cons.
- Lotbiniere—Fortier, Lib.
- West Peterboro—Burnham, Com.
- Charlevoix—Forget, Cons.
- Two Mountains—Ethier, Lib.
- Terrebonne—Nantel, Cons.
- Muskoka—Wright, Cons.

- South Wellington—Guthrie, Lib.
- Lennox and Addington—Paul, Cons.
- York Centre—Wallace, Cons.
- Carleton—Kidd, Cons.
- Battleford—Champagne, Lib.
- Wellington, South—Evans, Cons.
- North Perth—Murphy, Cons.
- London—Beattie, Cons.
- Halifax—Borden, Cons, small majority.
- Yamaska—Mondeux, Cons.
- North Oxford—Nesbitt, Lib.
- Soulanges—Laurier, Lib.
- Richillieu—Cardin, Lib.
- Iverness—Chisholm, Lib.
- Quebec, West—Power, Lib.
- Wentworth—Wilson, Cons.
- East Elgin—Marshall, Cons.
- West Elgin—Carathers, Cons.
- Quebec Centre—Laciance, Lib.
- Digby—James, Cons.
- Gloucester—Tourgon, Lib.
- Westmoreland—Emerson, Lib.
- Annapolis—Pickup, Lib.
- Norfolk—Charleton, Lib.
- Gaysboro—Sincclair, Lib.
- Quebec County—Pelletier, Cons.
- Charlotte—Hart, Cons.
- North Oxford—Nesbitt, Lib.
- South Huron—Herner, Cons.
- Prince Edward—Hepburn, Cons.
- East Grey—Sproule, Cons.
- South Ontario—Smith, Cons.
- Kootenay—Goodeve, Cons.
- South Bruce—Donnelly, Cons.
- South Grey—Miller, Lib.
- Vancouver—Stevens, Cons.

WIRE WAS CUT

Believed to be Malice Work of Discharged Employee

Great inconvenience and much disappointment was experienced last night owing to the telegraph wire being down. It was discovered to have been cut at Mile 134, and not merely severed but a length cut out and removed. The portion so removed was later found coiled up and concealed under a rock.

The evidence shows that it was no accident but a dastradly trick, and the peculiar manner in which the wire was cut and coiled lends strong suspicion to its having been revenge work on the part of a discharged employee.

For row boats and launches telephone 320 green. Davis' Boat House.

TOUR OF EXPLORATION

Natural Resources Between Stewart and Edmonton

Sir D. D. Mann has announced his intention to place in the field an exploration party which will cover the territory between Stewart and Edmonton, via the Peace River country, with a view of making an exhaustive report on the mineral, farming, timber and ranching possibilities of the hinterland. It is probable, too, that request will be made to the Provincial Government to send a similar expedition into the field.

Just Arrived

Our new Fall stock of suitings just arrived. It is full of new and nobby patterns.

It will pay you to see us before ordering your new suit.—Sweder Brothers, Helgerson Block. 21

CONSTABLE CANVASSER ARRESTS HIS OWN MAN

Charge of Impersonating at Port Es-ington—John Chapman One of Constable Forsyth's Gleanings Arrested by Order of Deputy Returning Officer Noble

John Chapman, fisherman, Port Essington, was arrested during the election there yesterday, charged with personating. He was one of a group of voters brought up to the polls by Provincial Constable Forsyth, and when Deputy Returning Officer Noble ordered the constable to arrest Chapman, Forsyth at first refused. On being warned that he would himself be reported for neglecting to do his duty unless he affected the arrest, Constable Forsyth took in charge the man he had brought himself up to the polls from Kirby's Hotel.

Accused, who has not a vote in Essington, represented to the Dep-

uty Returning Officer that he was John Chapman, blacksmith, Prince Rupert, whose name is on the Electors' List. It happens, however, that Deputy Returning Officer Noble knows Mr. Chapman of Prince Rupert, well by sight, and so he refused to allow the Essington John Chapman to record a vote. Accused insisted persistently that he was the Prince Rupert blacksmith and demanded a ballot paper.

At this the Deputy Returning Officer peremptorily ordered Chapman out of the polling place, and called on Constable Forsyth to arrest him, with the result stated above.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

The Daily News

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DAILY EDITION.

FRIDAY, SEPT. 22

EXIT THE LIBERAL PARTY

The country has spoken. After fifteen years of unexampled prosperity it has decided to change governments. Under the democratic rights which Liberalism in the last hundred years has succeeded in securing for the people, it is the people's privilege to do so.

What the extent of the Conservative majority actually is, at the time of writing cannot be definitely established. There are contradictions in the reports. But all agree that the Conservative majority is a large one, totalling with the Nationalist seats in Quebec close on to forty seats.

The turn-over is admittedly hard to account for on rational grounds. When the Laurier Government came into power fifteen years ago Canada was practically bankrupt. Her two races were at war with each other.

But in the present case, the country is prosperous. Sir Wilfrid's change to low protection has relieved taxation, and secured larger markets. The fiscal year just ended showed the lowest rate of taxation, and the largest surplus, in the history of the Dominion.

It is difficult to account on rational grounds for the turn-over.

What is the situation that now confronts Canada? By their determination to make the reciprocity agreement a party issue, the Conservatives have cut themselves off from the measure which for forty years they have sought.

Their pledge to oppose the building of a Canadian Navy, and instead make a contribution to Great Britain, is a pledge to delete one of the marks of Canada's full autonomy, and reduce it from the rank of a Dominion to the rank of a colony.

"Roll up the map of Europe. We will not need it again for another hundred years," said William Pitt when the news of Austerlitz reached England. Austerlitz—and three bottles of port a day—broke Pitt's heart.

But having sown the wind of discord in Quebec, the Conservative party may now prepare to reap the whirlwind. With twenty Nationalist seats in the House, and a total Government majority estimated at forty, the Nationalists will hold the balance of power.

Fielding, Paterson, Graham and Mackenzie King are reported to have fallen in the onslaught against the Ministers. Hon. William Templeman is returned, redeeming the Victoria seat three years ago.

The Comox-Atlin seat is still in doubt, with the odds in favor of Duncan Ross, but special circumstances which made it desirable that Mr. Ross represent Prince Rupert at Ottawa largely disappear with the passing of the Government.

The great satisfaction in the campaign is that Prince Rupert and the Skeena and Atlin districts endorsed the Liberal policy and the Liberal candidate. Whatever the rest of Canada did, Prince Rupert and the north did their duty.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

A pleasing testimony to the strong fight waged by the Daily News in the campaign in the interests of progress occurred in the wee sma' hours this morning, when a band of enthusiastic citizens armed with tin cans and other musical instruments, paid a visit to the editorial mansion, interrupting our slumbers with cheers and a tin can serenade.

"Beggart that I am, I am even poor in thanks, But I thank you, gentlemen."

The general expressions of regret that at the close of a life devoted to the service of his country, Sir Wilfrid Laurier should experience the bitterness of defeat, do justice to the hearts of our loyal citizens, and an injustice to our greatest citizen.

If the truth were known, Sir Wilfrid probably is today feeling a sense of relief, at the prospect of laying down his sword and armour and enjoying in his last years that peace and rest he has often expressed a desire for.

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S.S. Prince Rupert, S.S. Prince George For Vancouver Victoria AND Seattle GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC Mondays and Fridays, 8 a.m.

Princess John sails for Port Simpson, Naas River, and Stewart, Wednesdays, 1 p.m.; and for Masset and Naden Harbor Thursdays 12 p.m. For Skeidegate, Rose Harbor, etc., Saturdays 1 p.m. Railway Service to Copper River Mixed trains from Prince Rupert Mondays, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 1 p.m., returning Tuesdays, Thursdays and Sundays at 4 p.m.

The Grand Trunk Railway System connecting with trains from the Pacific coast operates a frequent and convenient service of luxurious trains over its double track route between Chicago, Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, Portland, Boston, New York and Philadelphia. Atlantic Steamship bookings arranged via all lines. Full information and tickets obtained from the office of

A. E. McMASTER FREIGHT AND PASSENGER AGENT

Prince Rupert Lodge, I.O.O.F. NO. 63

Meets in the Helgeson Block Every Tuesday Evening All members of the order in the city are requested to visit the lodge. J. P. CADE, N. G. J. W. JACKSON, Sec.

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A TENDERFOOT'S WOOING

By Clive Phillips Wolley (AUTHOR OF GOLD, GOLD IN CARIBBO, ETC.)

One glance at that strained white face on the pillow banished Jim's devil for good. Here was a comrade down, and all the woman in the big fellow's heart came to the surface at once.

It was a marvel how his long loose limbs moved now. Even his great Mexican spurs ceased to clank by the sick bed.

"What's the trouble, partner. Been riding Job for amusement?" The sick man's eyes smiled, but the involuntary effort to turn sent a spasm of pain across his face.

"Lie still, old chap, and let me see what the trouble is. Would you ladies mind leaving the room. I won't be rough on him, Kitty," and he pushed her gently before him to the door.

When they had gone Jim stripped off the bedclothes and, as tenderly as might be, felt for the injuries he could not see.

"How did it happen?" he asked. Anstruther told him.

"I see, I see," he muttered. It was a foolish thing to do to go into that barn when the trees were tumbling. But then he would have done it himself for Kitty. That made all the difference.

"Don't hurt any whilst you lie still, does it? Hurts considerable when you move."

The sick man nodded. To turn did hurt "considerable." "Well, so far as I can see, there ain't no great damage done. It's bad smash up. Three ribs, or it may be four, stove in, but so long as the inside machinery ain't injured you'll be about again in a week. We'll have to get Protheroe from Soda Creek to splice you up a bit. You can come in, ladies."

They came in followed by Dick Rolt. "Is it, is it anything very bad, Jim," whispered Kitty, taking both his hands in hers.

"It ain't no undertaker's job, if that's what you mean, Miss Kitty," laughed Jim. "T'won't take so long to mend as a broken heart, and they mend easy. It's just three or four ribs stove in. If you'll get me some linen bandages and something stiff to make a waistcoat of, I'll cinch him up so as he can't do no harm until we get Dr. Protheroe to fix him up properly."

Your job is to keep him still if you want him well again soon, and still holding both her hands in his, he led her to the chair by his rival's bedside and left her there. It was Jim's act of renunciation and he did it, as he did everything, quietly and without protest.

CHAPTER IX. A Ride for Life

"Where are you going to, Jim?" asked the Boss, who had followed Combe out of the sick room.

Jim came back from his dream with a start and turned a very white and haggard face to his old friend.

"To Soda Creek to fetch Protheroe if you can spare me."

"But you can't go yet. You haven't had a bite of food to-day, and after all, Anstruther's injuries do not appear to be so very serious."

"Can't tell. She might lose him."

There was something strangely pitiful in the way in which all Jim's mind turned upon what she might suffer, the woman who had just dealt him the hardest blow of his life.

"Oh, nonsense, man, she has got to take her chance like the rest. I insist on your having something before you go."

"Well, if you insist, Boss," replied Jim, with a queer laugh, "you can put some cold grub and a little whiskey in a cartridge bag for me. I can eat when the horse plays out."

"What do you mean to ride? We've ridden the tails off the best of the stock. Will you take that big hunter? Anstruther's?"

"No. I'll take the young roan. He's the only horse that could make it."

"That devil! He isn't broken and never will be." Jim grinned. "May be," he said, "this will break him. I'll break him or me, and he went over to the stables calling to the men to help him saddle a beast which no one else had attempted to handle, a young stallion as beautiful as Lucifer and as tractable.

When Rolt hurried out to him with the cartridge case and the flask, four men were trying to hold as perfect a demon as ever wore hide.

The wild shriek around them, the loose litter of the yard rattled about the frightened horse's feet, and the rain lashed his blood red flanks. Within a radius of twenty or thirty feet of his flying heels it was unsafe for any living thing to come, but the men held on to the ropes, hoping that in time he might quiet down a little.

Cinch the bag on for me good and tight, Boss. It might get shook off."

Rolt obeyed, and Jim shook himself to try the fastenings.

"Nothing loose there? Now, steady, you devil," he went to the horse's head, which bared its teeth, laid its ears down, and backed away from him across the corral, dragging the four men with it.

For a quarter of an hour Jim tried in vain to approach near enough to mount the roan, but by striking, biting and kicking, the savage brute frustrated every effort.

"Guess we'll have to throw him after all, but it's a pity to take anything out of him that way," and then suddenly Jim's voice came from a higher level.

"See whiz! Let him go." The chance had come what he was speaking, and with a tiger-like spring the cowboy had taken it, dodging the flying heels like a miracle.

The man was invisible until the great beast, jerked backwards by its rider, crashed heavily to earth.

Then, for a moment, they saw Jim on his feet, his cigarette, one only sign of his horseman's vanity, still between his teeth, the next he was again astride of the rising beast.

Then he vanished from the corral with a crash. As the roan rose again on its hind legs, Combe drove the long wheels home with all the cruel force that there was in him, and the panic stricken beast rushed blindly from the corral.

There was a fence at the far end of it, luckily only of light poles, set up to keep in young calves.

It never seems to occur to a prairie horse to rise at a fence. Certainly it never occurred to that maddened roan. With a rending crash he went through the young pine poles, shattering them like match stalks, and so was gone, the rain-lashed ocean of dim prairie swallowing up horse and man.

In winter upon the northern ranches evening comes early, and on this day of storm it seemed to come upon the heels of midday, so that as Jim Combe dashed out of the corral it was already dark.

For the first half hour of his ride he had no time to think. Nature provided him with that panacea of man's pain, action.

The storm swallowed him up; he drove against him that he sat bowed low in his saddle, so drenched him that it seemed to flow through him. Yet he had no time to feel the misery of it all. He was riding it seemed in a great void, out of which from time to time huge beasts loomed uncertainly.

He knew them for the Herefords which moved lumberingly and unwillingly out of his way, and alongside him, though he could barely see it, as he reached past it, ran three and twenty miles of the fencing of the winter pasture.

Twice he grazed it, so dark had the day become, and each time he left a fragment of his clothing behind him to mark his course. On the second occasion he struck hard against a projecting bar, and his left leg seemed to lose consciousness. But he sat down and rode as steadily as ever. He could not afford to worry about trifles, and as it grew darker every minute, he realized that there were no precautions that he could take to minimize his risk. He had to stop or chance everything.

He could not see where he was going, perhaps the roan could, and even if he could not, Jim was not going to take a pull at him yet. As long as the horse stood up and kept going, the miles were eaten under his feet. That was all that mattered. Time was of the essence of Jim's contract.

His partner Fate was playing his hand now for him, and he refused to interfere in the game. As long as it lasted it was excellent to fly through the dark stinging sleet, and as to the end he cared nothing. When the roan first bolted, the wildness of the storm, all the splendid energy of the crazy beast between his knees got into Jim's blood, and he became intoxicated with the madness of his ride.

He cannoned into the flank of one of the great Hereford bulls, half seen for a moment in the gloom, so that his horse reeled and slithered, and almost lost his feet, but the man only laughed as they staggered and went on.

It was absolutely immaterial whether he broke his neck or not at first, but as the pace and distance began to tell upon the horse, the beast's tamed mood began to communicate itself to the man, so that instead of the glory of the storm, the misery of the infinite waste places through which he rode impressed itself upon him.

The homelessness of the prairie was revealed to him and almost frightened him. He had known the prairies all his life, but this aspect of them had never struck him before.

He had committed suicide, and he knew it, but the voluntary killing none the less of Jim Combe.

Henceforth the world as he now saw it would be typical of his life, gray and barren life, without rest, without warmth, without the light of hope. But he had taken the plunge, and since it was too late to reconsider it, he made up his mind at any rate he would not be robbed of his reward.

She would be happy even if her happiness was bound up in that of another man, and therefore at last he took a pull at his horse and began to ride more cautiously.

It was then that he felt how much his own strength had waned. That day he had not so far eaten nothing. He had done work enough to kill an ordinary man, and unless he was much mistaken the boot on his left leg was slowly filling with his own blood.

He could ride the roan with one hand now. With the other he contrived to extract the sandwiches and flask from the cartridge bag, which still rode securely on his back, and reducing his pace to a lope he ate and drank as he rode.

He supposed that the night must have commenced, though there were none of the ordinary signs of time to guide him, and he marvelled at the endurance of his horse.

Fortunately the savage wild had not suffered the sleet to lie sufficiently upon the plateau over which he rode to seriously deteriorate the going. The ground rang hard as iron and as the fever of excitement died out Jim realized that the night had turned bitterly cold.

For half of that night Combe hardly knew that he was riding. A man sat in the saddle in the heart of a great darkness, swaying in time to his horse's stride, and at the proper time lending such assistance as the rider can to the ridden, but that was not Jim Combe.

Jim himself was away, sometimes in one place, sometimes in another. Now he was holding a yellow-haired child up on his shoulder so that she could see over the corral and watch old Al lassoing a wild cow; now he was back in England in places of purely imaginary magnificence, where a young queen with the child's features was holding court amongst innumerable Anstruthers who moved slowly and spoke in Book-English with a low-pitched drawl; or again he was back in the sick-room looking into the heart of the girl he had loved since she had grown grass high and reading in it the name of another.

Twice the roan "pecked" badly, and on his head the Combe came back from his mental wanderings, pulled up after he realized that he must give the horse rest even if he needed none himself.

The fence of the pasture had long since been left behind; it was too dark bigger than a stake; there was nothing to tie to, and as the roan was, he dared not leave his ordinary cow pony, deep hole in the hard earth, he dug a knot in the loose end of his rope, put the knot at the bottom of the hole he had dug, replaced the soil he had taken out and stamped it in firm and hard with his heel.

Then he lay down on the frozen ground to rest. Unless the roan could pull the world with him, Jim had no fear of losing his horse so fastened.

(TO BE CONTINUED)



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Wharf at St. Inlet, B. C.," will be received at this office until 4.00 P. M., on Tuesday, September 26, 1911, for the construction of a Pier Wharf at St. Inlet, B. C., near the mouth of the Skeena River, B. C. Plans, specifications and form of contract may be seen and forms of tender obtained at the Department and at the office of G. A. Kender, Esq., District Engineer, New Westminster, B. C., and on application to the Postmaster at Prince Rupert and Victoria, B. C. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent of the amount of tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he completes the contract. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest of any tender. By order, DESROCHES, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 23, 1911.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Wharf and Approaches at Prince Rupert, B. C.," will be received at this office until 4.00 P. M., on Monday, September 25, 1911, for the construction of a Wharf and two Approaches at Prince Rupert, B. C., near the mouth of the Skeena River, B. C. Plans, specifications and form of contract may be seen and forms of tender obtained at the Department and at the office of G. A. Kender, Esq., District Engineer, New Westminster, B. C., and on application to the Postmaster at Prince Rupert and Victoria, B. C. Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given. Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent of the amount of tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he completes the contract. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned. The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest of any tender. By order, DESROCHES, Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa, August 23, 1911.

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Church Services

FIRST PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH Services every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School and Bible Class 2.30 p.m. PASTOR REV. F. W. KERR, M.A.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH FRASER AND SIXTH STREETS Services every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School 2.30 p.m. Pastor REV. W. H. McLEOD, B.A. D.D., F.R.S.

THE FIRST METHODIST CHURCH 517-519 BROADWAY Services every Sunday at 11 a.m. and 7.30 p.m. Sunday School at 2.30 p.m. Pastor REV. C. R. SING, B.D.

SALVATION ARMY CITADEL TOP OF SIXTH STREET Sunday Services at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. Sunday School 1.30 p.m. Pastor ENGLISH JOHNSTONE, C.M.D. OFFICER

LAND PURCHASE NOTICE Skeena Land District—District of Coast Range 3 Take notice that Frank B. Miller of London, Eng., occupation civil engineer, intends to apply for permission to purchase the following described land: Commencing at a post planted at the N.E. corner of Lot 25, thence north 20 chains, thence west 20 chains, thence south 20 chains, thence east 20 chains more or less. Full information, containing a map of the land, may be obtained from the office of the District Engineer at Prince Rupert, B. C., on or before August 15, 1911. FRANK B. MILLER, Agent. Pub. Aug. 25.

WATER NOTICE J. S. Harrison of Prince Rupert, B. C., broker gives notice that on the fifteenth day of November 1911, I intend to apply to the Water Commissioner at his office in Prince Rupert, B. C., for a license to take and use two cubic feet of water per second from McNeil River in Skeena District. The water is to be taken from the stream about four miles above the junction with the Skeena River and is to be used on Lot 4405 for domestic and agricultural purposes. SAMUEL HARRISON Sept. 9.

WATER NOTICE J. S. Harrison of Prince Rupert, B. C., broker gives notice that on the fifteenth day of November 1911, I intend to apply to the Water Commissioner at his office in Prince Rupert, B. C., for a license to take and use two cubic feet of water per second from the West Fork of McNeil River in Skeena District. The water is to be taken from the stream about four miles from the junction with the Skeena River and is to be used on Lot 4405 for domestic and agricultural purposes. SAMUEL HARRISON Sept. 9.

