

QUEEN CHARLOTTE ISLANDS

One hundred and fifty cases of influenza and a toll of sixteen deaths is the record of the Haida Islands of the Queen Charlottes. The list of dead includes: Jenkins, Benjamin Ingram, Norman, Edgar Nastow, Frederick Johnson, Martha, Lucy Bell, a child of Alexander, a child of Solomon Wilson, Peter Spence, Isaac Wilson, McKay and Jacob West. A number of the Indians are in a dangerous condition and some of Masset and Skidegate have been quarantined.

With the destruction of the steamer at New Masset several thousand dollars and money orders with three thousand dollars' worth of freight, floated off. The P. P. steamers now call at Old Masset wharf, three miles from the townsite, to land freight and passengers.

A young man named Dixon employed at Buckley Bay died there November 2. The remains were interred at New Masset, Rev. W. C. A. The cause of death was influenza. A number of the remains were accompanied by the remains of a resting place.

Deasy, wife of Indian, received the sad news of the drowning of her son, William P. Smith, and two sons on the Princess. The young men were on their way out to join the Imperial force, after spending the summer on the Yukon river with their father, William P. Smith, Jr., for two years at the front, having joined in Victoria, when but fifteen years of age. The authorities discovered that the youth was under age and granted him a discharge, until the end of this year. Roland Smith, the younger son, intended accompanying his brother to France. The sad news is intensified by the return of a nephew, wounded, and the news of the wounding and imprisonment in Lumburg of another nephew. All of the young men are native sons and with the others were born in Victoria.

Wilson, of Vancouver, is in the hospital at New Masset. Dr. Smythe is at Buckley Bay. Dr. Brown at Port Clements, Dr. Culbertson opened the hospital at Queen Charlotte City, where fifteen patients are under treatment from the logging camps. Dr. Smith has an up-to-date hospital at Thurston Harbor. All of the practitioners on the islands are in the employ of the Sanitation Board.

The Episcopal Church school house and an adjacent building are being used as hospitals at Port Clements. The Y. M. C. A. building at Buckley has been turned into a hospital.

NEW HAZELTON

Mrs. Grace C. McKilligan has returned to her old home at Lake to live with her mother, Mrs. J. N. Henkel. Her husband, to whom she was recently married, died in Tacoma, after contracting influenza on his wedding day.

This district is doing great work for the Victory Loan and expects to provide more than its quota.

P. Arnold, an employee of the C.P., died on Friday.

The death occurred on Thursday last of Mrs. Muriel Boyle, wife of W. M. Boyle. She leaves a little daughter besides her husband.

AVOID PNEUMONIA

During Convalescing Period. When convalescing from the flu a powerful blood-making tonic is an absolute necessity, and one that is accepted by the most delicate stomach should be available.

KENNEDY'S TONIC PORT is the most efficient general tonic and builder of body tissues you can possibly use.

It is a reliable restorative and is enjoyed when other medicines disagree.

BIG DOCTORS PRESCRIBE IT. DRUG STORES SELL IT. "Yours not to reason why, Yours but to go and buy—'Victory Bonds.'"



the journey of a ten dollar bill

I am a Ten Dollar Bill.

I may also add that I am a Canadian Ten Dollar Bill and naturally doing all I can to help our fighting boys win this war.

About a year ago when I was only a few days old, I was handed out by one of our chartered banks to a storekeeper named John Doe. I was crisp and clean then, with a bright yellow back.

I have spent a mighty busy year, and faded out a lot, but, believe me, my usefulness is as great as ever.

When I first started out in life the Victory Loan Campaign of 1917 was on. In fact, my very first job in life was to help pay for a Victory Bond John Doe had bought. Together with millions of other bills, large and small, that answered the 1917 call, I was sent to Ottawa. But I didn't stay at the Capital long.

The very next day I went to pay a lumber dealer in British Columbia for some spruce he had sold the British Government for aeroplanes. The lumber dealer immediately put me in the bank.

But just as I was getting used to my surroundings I was taken from the bank and soon found myself slipped in a small



He carried me home with him.

yellow envelope with some other bills and handed out one Saturday to one of the lumber company's employees, who carried me home with him, where I remained all night.

The next day in he goes to a storekeeper: "Here's the ten dollars I owe you," he said to the storekeeper, who immediately "rang me up" in his till.

But my stay there was brief. Next day the storekeeper totalled us up, and I heard him say to his assistant: "Collections are splendid again. I can pay all my accounts this month."

Shortly after this I came into the possession of a commercial traveller,



I came into the possession of a traveller.



I was crisp and clean then.



Here's the ten dollars I owe you.

restaurant in a grain town away out on the broad prairies. No sooner had I got comfortably settled in the safe when in comes a farmer with an elevator receipt which he had received for a load of wheat. "Cash this for me," he asked, and I passed into the farmer's wallet, but only for a few minutes—for on his way home he spent me at the hardware store in town for gasoline to operate his threshing outfit.

I am not going to take your valuable time going into details of the different hands I passed through in my trip east—through Saskatchewan, Manitoba, Ontario, until I found myself in the services of a firm in Montreal engaged in making munitions. Here I took another trip to the bank.

It was very peaceful and quiet in the bank vaults. But I was glad they did not keep me there long. I don't want to be idle when there is so much war work to do. And I wasn't, for on Friday I once more found myself in a pay envelope. The man who got me said to his wife that evening: "Here is the money for the household expenses." The following Monday I was traded for shoes for the man's children.

The shoe dealer almost immediately sent me to a leather firm. They turned me over to a tannery. The tannery passed me on to a farmer to pay for some hides. The farmer bought a tractor and sent me to the city. Here I was once more enclosed in an envelope and handed to a workman on pay day. He used me to help buy a suit of clothes. The tailor sent me away down east to square his account with a cloth maker. He turned me over to a coal dealer. He spent me for fish, and I took a short trip on a fishing boat and heard the men talking about U-boats and I looked anxiously around the horizon. But we got safely home with a fine catch. The fisherman needed some new tackle, so once more I started inland.

He spent me for fish.



He spent me for fish.

Issued by Canada's Victory Loan Committee, in co-operation with the Minister of Finance of the Dominion of Canada.

I am a Ten Dollar Bill—that's my face value. You can see I am plainly marked "Ten Dollars."—But the strange thing is that during this year I have bought hundreds of dollars worth of goods, paid hundreds of dollars worth of debts on my journey from place to place in Canada. And what I am doing, forty-two million other ten dollar bills who volunteered to serve their country at the last Victory Loan, are also doing.

Older bills I have met—bills that were in circulation before the war—tell me that Canadian people don't use us for the frivolous purposes they once did. This, of course, is as it should be, because we must defeat the Germans. We must maintain our boys at the front, which we could not do if my efforts and the efforts of my fellows are ill-spent.

Now, Canadian ladies and gentlemen, I am going to bring my talk to an end by telling you the queerest thing of all about my travels.

My present home is in the bank, the officials of which gave me permission to come here and address you in the interests of the Victory Loan 1918. I am at this very moment lying at the credit of the same John Doe, storekeeper, where I was last year. I heard him say when he handed me to the bank: "Put that ten dollars to my credit, please. I am going to buy some Victory Bonds next week."

So, I presume, I am destined for another trip to Ottawa, and another busy year going up and down the country—keeping factories, farms, lumber camps and stores paid for their goods and their labor. And I am proud to be of such service to my country.

Just one thing more and I am through: I hope each Canadian will do everything he can to defeat the Germans, because, if he does not, I, as a Canadian Ten Dollar Bill, will not be worth much—and German money, which I understand, is called "marks," will travel up and down Canada in our places, and my race will disappear from the face of the earth.

Thanking you greatly for your attention, ladies and gentlemen.



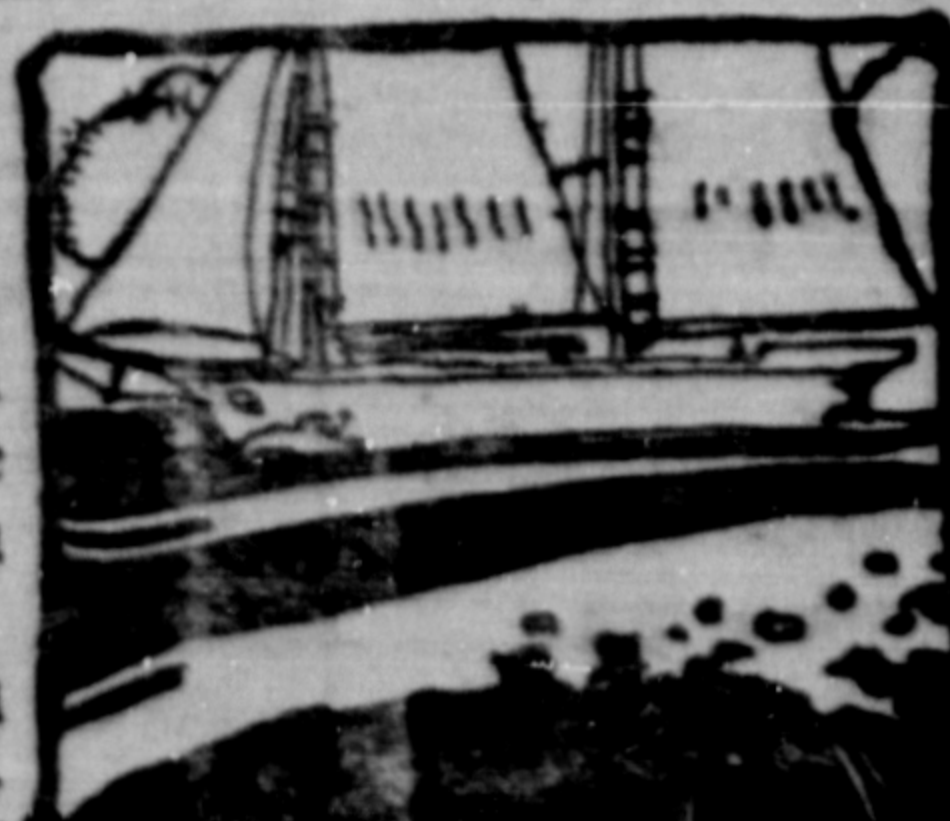
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I was traded for shoes for the children.



He used me to help buy a suit of clothes.



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