

THE DAILY NEWS

PRINCE RUPERT - BRITISH COLUMBIA

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H. F. PULLEN, Managing Editor.

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DAILY EDITION

Monday, August 7, 1922.

NO SPIRITUAL
ADVANCEMENTRev. Dr. H. R. Grant Preaches on
"My Eight Years in Prince
Rupert."

With the services yesterday, the Presbyterian Church re-opened after the holiday and Rev. Dr. H. R. Grant started upon the ninth year of his pastorate.

Speaking last evening on "My Eight Years in Prince Rupert," Dr. Grant said that while the city had progressed materially it had not advanced spiritually and, in that respect, was about the same as in 1914. At the same time it had not fallen back, if that was any consolation. In Prince Rupert, as well as in Canada and in the entire white race, the time was one of spiritual retrogression instead of advancement. It was in such times that nations were at their weakest and the greatest people of the day were now realizing seriously that something must be done. Great writers and great newspapers were dealing more and more with scriptural and religious subjects realizing the great necessity. The people of Great Britain might be physically fit and wealthy in material things but the British flag was rooted in a spiritual foundation and if that became decadent the heart of the Empire would wither away and rot. What the congregation in Prince Rupert lacked was religious acumen.

Dr. Grant announced that Rev. A. E. Mitchell of Mount Pleasant Church, Vancouver, would preside at the services next Sunday.

K.C. PICNIC ENJOYED

DESPITE WEATHER

Many Persons Enjoyed Fine Days' Outing at Digby Island Yesterday.

Although the weather yesterday was not exactly ideal for picnics it did not materially affect the success of the Knights of Columbus annual festivities which were held at Digby Island. The launch "23" and a number of private boats left Swanson's wharf from 9:30 in the morning until 11:30 laden with happy human freight and piles of dainties. Owing to the state of the ground the sports program was considerably curtailed, but otherwise, the inclement weather did not interfere with the excellent time provided and the sun shone long enough to permit of the elegant spread being enjoyed to the fullest extent.

The arrangements were in the hands of a committee composed of F. W. Moersch, chairman; J. Muldoon, J. J. Keefe, Martin O'Reilly and U. U. La Sasse. The return was made at 7:30 p.m. and by 8 o'clock the entire party was safely in port after having spent a very enjoyable day.

REBEKAHS AND ODD
FELLOWS HAD FINE
OUTING YESTERDAY

A gathering of about 100 Odd-fellows and Rebekahs and their families spent the day informally on the beach at Melkakla yesterday afternoon. It had been intended to go to Sand Point, Digby Island, but the rain interfered and the boats stopped at the Indian village instead. Races, games and refreshments were enjoyed and the day, despite the handicap, was one of great pleasure to all. The boats left Cow Bay at 11 o'clock in the morning and all were safely home by 9 in the evening. Dr. Gade, Jack Boddie, R. C. Parsons, W. Gilchrist, A. R. Phillips and L. C. Eby donated their launches for the occasion. The committee in charge comprised Charles Baldson, W. G. Barrie, S. V. Cox, S. M. Newlon, Ben Crosssett, Mrs. T. Priest, Mrs. E. Ireland, Mrs. S. V. Cox, Mrs. J. Boddie and Mrs. J. Fraser.

CARPENTERS UNION
OPPOSES WAGE CUT

Committee Delinated to Wait Upon Local Contracting Firm.

A mass meeting of the Carpenters' Union was held in the Carpenter's Hall on Saturday evening to discuss the question of the proposed reduction in wages by Mitchell & Currie from 87½¢ to 80¢ per hour. The meeting was opposed to the cut and a committee was appointed to wait upon Mitchell & Currie with a view to further discussion. The prevailing rate for carpenters in Vancouver is \$6.50 per 8-hour day, whereas the proposed cut would bring the local rate down to \$6.40 per 8-hour day.

FISH ARRIVALS.

One Hundred and Ninety-four thousand pounds of fish was sold at the Fish Exchange this morning. Sales were:

Pacific Fisheries—Defence, 14,000 pounds, at 7.7c and 5½c. Unimak, 10,000 pounds at 7.6c and 5½c.

Booth Fisheries—Pershing, 4,000 pounds, at 7.2c and 5c. P. Todd, 5,000 pounds at 8c and 6c. W. and T. 13,000 pounds at 8.3c and 5c.

Canadian Fish and Cold Storage—Baker, 15,000 pounds, at 7.6c and 5.5c. Jas. Carruthers, 95,000 pounds at 7.1c and 5.2c.

Adlin Fisheries—Viking, 18,000 pounds at 7.6c and 5½c. Daisy, 20,000 pounds at 8c and 6c.

Royal Fish Co.—M. M. Christopher, 11,000 pounds at 8.7c and 6c; Swing, 10,000 pounds at 8.1c and 6c; and Kobe 30,000 lbs. at 8.1c and 6c.

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Party of Local Girls Hike
From Skidegate to Clements
Beating Steamer Prince John

Fishing, dancing, swimming, tennis and hiking are just a few of the attractive items on the program of a summer holiday at the Queen Charlotte Islands. Everybody who visits there attests to the pleasures that may be enjoyed. Miss Eileen Stephens, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. M. M. Stephens, of this city, Miss Peggy Gillatt, who attends High School here, and her sister, Miss Belle Gillatt, are a happy trio who are having all kinds of fun there this summer. An interesting letter has been received by Miss Winnie Dobb from Miss Gillatt.

It tells about a recent hike from Skidegate to Port Clements, how they beat the steamer Prince John, and other things. It reads, in part, as follows:

"I love writing but holidays were made for other things and I have been doing them all so there has been hardly time for writing. Last week we did some plain, unadulterated, honest-to-goodness hiking, 40 miles without exaggeration and it seemed more. But it was great. Belle and Steve and I climbed, packs and bloomers, on the Prince John on Tuesday. They wouldn't believe us when we told them we were going to hike from Skidegate to Port Clements and they had the joke of their lives laughing about it. But, he who laughs last laughs best, and they found that out.

"It was about 7 in the evening when we struck Skidegate village and we hit the trail right away. We made the wireless station about 10, guzzled some cold canned meat, rolled up in our blankets under the stars and spruce trees and went to sleep. Bright and early was our motto the next morning and, a little chilled, we topped down to catch the rising sun on the beach. It was just beautiful—the old Spit stretching away across the water. Belle sat on Dead Tree Point and sketched while Steve and I just drank it all in. Then, smoking before us, came the Prince John and into our brain flashed the brilliant of seas. We would beat the boat to Port Clements. No sooner did we think of it than we started out. We packed our blankets and started out on a long, long trail—longer than we thought. The road up to Tliel is sandy just like our wagon roads here at Sandspit and so pretty—I took a couple of snaps which I hope will come out all right. We made Richardson's place at 12:30 but did not stop. We saw Doris Shockey in passing and were told it was 12 miles to Port Clements. Later it stretched out to 14 or 16 but I am convinced that's putting it lightly. Of all the dry walks that's the worst—endless miles of one long stretch of slashing and blackened trees—then a hopeless expanse of muskeg where we had to wander around looking for blazings and marks on the stunted pines. We wasted hours on wild trail hunts but kept pegging on and on. Just when we expected to fall over Port Clements at any time we were almost howled over by a cheerful sign, 'Port Clements, six miles.' Well, it was Port Clements or bust, and after a long time we ran onto a three mile sign. We were in the right direction, at any rate, so we kept on. The most welcome sound I heard, I think, was the barking of a dog. It was 8 o'clock when we limped into town.

"We soon got in touch with the hotel manager, Mr. Smith (formerly of the Rupert Hotel) and say, he's the sweetest thing. He latches with his son, Mac. He gave us a room in the hotel and supper at his house where he was in the prelin year before I went over.

"Of course, we were as cheerful as a basket of chips when we heard the Prince John hadn't come in yet. About ten o'clock Mac said she was coming so we all promenaded down to the wharf and were waiting when she tied up. Say, talk about triumph! Here was our moment and it was all that we expected, and then some. Those poor fellows on the boat just gasped. Capt. Nedder congratulated us as if we were Arctic explorers or aviators as soon as he could get his breath. Vera told me all about it. She was going out when we dropped off at Skidegate and refused to come on the hike for fear of missing the boat. The laugh was all ours now.

"About midnight we went to bed and it certainly felt good to strike a real mattress again. Mr. Smith called up two or three times next morning and, when we finally appeared, we went to his house for the 'scrummyest' breakfast

fast and a yield not to temptation fight not to start home until next day. They promised a dance for us that night. But we had promised to get back for Johnny Kitson's birthday party and the Lillooet boys. It sounded beastly tempting and we heroically resisted it, still more heroically accompanying Mac to the tennis court.

"Port Clements is some place. They have a tennis club, wonderful dance hall and everything—also wonderful citizens.

"About noon, we said 'good-bye' and took the home trail. Mr. Smith came a little way and Mac about half. We kept the trail this time but it didn't seem much shorter. We had lunch by a creek and lazed around for a while and then Mac went home and we came on. We reached Tliel about seven in the evening and put up with a French family. They were fine and we got dry after the rain and had a dandy feed. They gave us their barn-full of hay to sleep in and piled blankets and cushions out for us till I wouldn't have called the King my uncle. We were very comfortable that night.

"It was nearly noon when we started out next day and Miss Peters, who is school teacher there, accompanied us as far as Richardson's, just across the river. She's lovely, and is staying with us now. My feet were very sore and I was crazy for a horse-back ride, not having had a decent one yet this year. The others were also kind of tired of their packs, so it was decided that they would leave the packs and walk on and I'd follow with the horse from Richardson's with the packs after dinner. That was a swell ride although the horse was a little shy and bush fires along the road made him too careful with his feet. However, I got a few good gallops out of him and everything was wonderful and fresh after the rain. I overtook the others at Lawn Hill and we fooled around for a while and then started for Skidegate, taking turns on 'Baldy.' It was 11 p.m. and dark when we struck Skidegate. They had the gramophone going so it was morning when we went to bed.

"When we got up we walked to Queen Charlotte City, having turned 'Baldy' loose the night before. They were pretty surprised to see us back so soon—on Saturday. Dad had said we wouldn't make the return trip by Sunday so we hid when we came in and fooled him.

"Just as we got home the Lillooet came in and the boys were already packed for a fishing trip to Copper Bay. We did not go of course but when we saw their text day at Kitson's they had a catch of 39 trout, the longest of which was twenty inches. They had all been caught in one morning. The sight of their catch restored enthusiasm which I had completely lost the Sunday before when we went down and caught not even a bullhead.

"On Tuesday we went down but it was too sunny for fishing. I landed a pretty good one and had the greatest whooper in the creek swinging on my line with nowhere to land him and he got away. I'll say I was sore. Bullheads! If there was a bounty on them, I'd be a millionaire now but, as it was, I was just a mad murderer. Anyway, we had a good day.

"This letter seems to contain all one theme, but I'm silly—eat too many berries. We live on strawberries and cream."

Advertisement in the Daily News

PRINCE RUPERT TIDES	
Monday, August 7.	
High—6:45 a.m., 20.9 feet.	
13:30 p.m., 19.6 feet.	
Low—7:19 a.m., 2.7 feet.	
19:31 p.m., 6.1 feet.	
Tuesday, August 8.	
High—1:27 a.m., 24.0 feet.	
14:06 p.m., 20.0 feet.	
Low—7:53 a.m., 2.6 feet.	
20:12 p.m., 5.6 feet.	

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"BE A KID FOR A DAY"

Hully Gee, kids, I got a secret. Now listen, you must keep it dark. Them Elks are goin' to give us kids. Another day at 'Cropolis Park.

Gee Whiz, just think, a ton of peanuts. And gallons and gallons of ice cream. Gosh, it makes me feel so good. I could just do nothing but scream.

Remember last year all the funny clowns. And everything good to eat. Gosh, but them Elks are great. To give us such a treat.

Hey, Skinnay, you're sure mighty lucky. You won't have to run a race; Gosh, you'll win that five spot easy. With all them freckles on your face.

Get I can eat two hundred cones. I'll just eat till I can't stand. Then they'll have to thaw me out. Gee, but won't that be simply grand?

I'm going to take my little brother. Yeh, Jimmie, the one that is lame. The Royal Purple they'll watch him. He'll enjoy it just the same.

There'll be about a billion sandwiches. Now, I'll tell you what we'll do. Let's not eat from now till Wednesday. Then we can hold a ton or two.

Beat it kids, here come the cops. Be sure and keep my secret Bill. So long, Skinnay, so long Fat. See you up at 'Cropolis' Hill.

The Prince Rupert Elks extend a hearty invitation to each and every child of Prince Rupert to be their guests at Acropolis Hill, Wednesday, August 9, 1922.

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For Anyox, Alice Arm, Port Simpson and Wales Island, Sunday midnight.
For Naas River Canneries, Friday a.m.

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