



Business started with a bang in local fishing circles on Monday when several large American can schooners arrived in port bringing the day's sales up to 200,000 pounds. These vessels had been stormbound off the west coast of the Queen Charlotte Islands and on the bad weather abating had all come in together.

Cow Bay is taking on a very crowded appearance these days with a number of the smaller fishing boats tying up for the winter.

The Admiral of the Fleet reports that the catch of 325,000 pounds during the week is well up to the average, and thirteen carloads have been shipped east. Prices have remained steady, the highest price paid being 15.40c, and 9c, and the lowest 11.80c, and 8c.

Fish Tariff

During the past week things outside of the actual fishing have been quiet and nothing of an untoward nature has taken place.

The question of the recent 2c tariff placed on Canadian fish going into the United States is still being discussed and there is of course a variance of opinion on the subject. While some of the boys think that it will have no detrimental effect on the fishing game on this coast, others seem to think that it will be the means of flushing the little fellows out of business. One of the waterfront celebrities in discussing the subject aboard the flagship of the fleet thought that a double tariff should be put on American fish coming into Canada. He considered that if this were done it would tend to put up the price of fish for the Canadian boys.

Jack Is Busy

Jack Turner is busy at his Seal Cove fish plant getting his house in order. The cookers and other machinery are undergoing a complete overhaul and with this work completed it is anticipated that they will soon be doing business.

Departure of Plane

The waterfront boys regret the departure of the aeroplane Hazelton, which left port at 2:15 on Thursday afternoon for her headquarters on the Skeena, with W. C. Hall and E. C. Gibbons aboard in addition to Major Thompson, pilot. The plane and its crew were very popular along the waterfront and the boys had got used to see her glide gracefully over the water and up into the air. It is probable that an additional aeroplane will make this port her headquarters in the near future under the jurisdiction of Len Bell, and should this be the case the boys hope that Major Thompson will be a fixture also. The buzz of the old propeller will certainly be missed.

Getting Ready

Already preparations are being made by skipper Myhill Jones of the launch Oh Baby for the comfort of the skating parties which he anticipates piloting over to the Salt Lakes during the coming winter. The launch Oh Baby is undergoing the once over. From the look of the weather clerk's behavior today it may be that skating parties will not be numerous but in that event he will probably rejuvenate the folk picnic idea.

Jimmy Returns for Keeps

Jimmy Thomas, until recently skipper of the Alfa, returned to port early in the week aboard the power boat Hanaco from the Naas river. Jimmy is giving the fishing business a miss this winter and will be found in future busy at the Dry Dock

giving the powers to be the benefit of his engineering skill.

Wedding Bells

Wedding bells are ringing spiritually along the waterfront just now and the Dixie Rupert, according to the secret service, will be in the grand parade. All sorts of double lots are being purchased in various parts of the city, in case the bride should not care about living any old place, and it is understood a brand new float will probably be built in the Seal Cove district, which is to eclipse anything of its kind on the continent. The idea the bridegroom has in mind is to build a little grey home on a hill overlooking the boathouse so that he can lie in bed and see if all's well from the window.

Olaf's Wife

The Dick Whittington, with Cap. Art Oswald on the bridge, left on Tuesday morning with the compass set for Dundas Island.

Aboard the gas eater was a regular harem of feline females from which it is hoped that Olaf, the adopted son of Jack Moody who owns part of the island, will be able to select a wife. Since Art's name was mentioned in connection with the matrimonial agency business he has been inundated with offers of females from several owners.

They are certainly a wonderful selection of beauty and if Olaf isn't satisfied with one of these then the case is hopeless.

The brides are all guaranteed to make good and dutiful wives and come from very respectable parents. They have all won their spurs in the mice and rat catching game and will take any sort of milk with or without water. Art is determined to collect the two bucks for the successful mating of Olaf and if he does not meet with success on this trip Olaf is liable not to need a wife at all.

Karkle Is Back

Cap Karkle, of the troller Annie K, came into port on Thursday afternoon after his season's trolling around Dundas Island.

Skipper Gets Wet

Cap. Carl Thompson, skipper of the Uneeda, had a terrifying experience this week. The little craft needed a tight touching up preparatory to being put in commission for the deer hunting season and with this object in view her skipper had mixed all sort of paint cocktails to smear over the hull, etc, and clad in hip boots, mackinaw coat and other orthodox hunting regalia, he started in to flourish the brush while standing on a log. Of course the log resented being trodden on and without writing to Cap about it quietly slipped away and the skipper did a fancy dive into the bay. A wet rat would have looked as dry as a wooden doll on a fair ground to Carl as he yelled to his mate to throw him a lifebuoy

Who Ate the Cake

Here's a little story, its a plot without a fake, its also about two hungry men, who gobbled up the cake. You see it happened this way. Bill had just received his pay, and up to town he gaily went, to celebrate the day. Now Bill, he isn't greedy, and just to please the gang, he strolled into a baker shop, and two greenbacks went bang. He spent his money wisely, he thought, without a doubt, for as he graded down the street, a big parcel sure bulged out. In the parcel was a lot of food, it would make your hunger ache, for on the top of all the goodies was a lovely six pound cake. Returning to the Boathery, he put the cake away, and thought to spring a great surprise on the boys around next day. He said he'd like a cup of tea, next day as it was cold, and when the cups were all spread out, exclaimed aloud, just hold, we'll do the thing quite properly, now you just wait and see, you've all been very good today so have

some cake on me.

The sequel to this wretched yarn, is not very far to seek, although the outlay so 'tis said broke poor Bill for a week. He hold his consternation on going to the shelf to find the cake had vanished, someone had helped himself. And so he stormed about the floor and turned pale at the jaw, vowing vengeance on the hungry thug if his face he ever saw. Of course he has suspicions on the robbers of his cake and thinks it must be Pete and Will who suffer stomach ache.

Pinched for Losing Bottle

Scotty and Windy two waterfront celebrities met with a very serious misfortune early in the week. Having enjoyed a very successful fishing trip the double turn took a run up town just to look the bright white lights over. Reaching the stage of greater enjoyment they purchased, from government channels, a bottle of the best and were proceeding to their boat a little later when darkness had fallen. The floor that night around Cow Bay had not been laid down properly and would insist upon bouncing up and pushing them over. One of these bounces resulted in Scotty being pushed into the salt chuck, the bottle in his pocket becoming unloosed from its moorings. A gallant gentleman, in the person of Shrimpy Sam, rushed to the rescue without a thought of to-morrow and was successful in landing Scotty on terra firma.

The first thing Scotty did was to feel for the goods which were conspicuous by their absence. That is where Shrimpy Sam touched out, he being roundly accused of swiping the doings. However, as the story goes, the argument waxed hot and strong with the result that the Admiral of the fleet came forth, armed with a couple of secret service strong men, and bearing of the loss straightway ordered Scotty's arrest. As the Admiral said a man that could not be trusted to deliver a bottle of doings aboard a boat was not fit to have the jurisdiction over one. Unless the accused has the necessary to replace the loss, the Admiral is liable to be very severe.

Some Public Sale

Having been requested to leave the country, I will sell at public auction the following goods and chattels, at my place two leagues distant from the N.E. corner of Cleopatra Island, on Friday, December 31.

18 head of horses, 1 spavined mare, coming 20 year old; 1 bay horse, weight 113 lbs; 1 sorrel horse, well matched; 1 mare mule with colt at side; 1 jackass just your age; 1 running horse, runs at nose; 24 head of 7 yearling heifers, coming 4 years old; 2 brood cows, with cream separators at side; two calves with high military heels; 24 head of hogs; 1 hired man coming 32 years old; 2 old hores coming 80; 10 lambs, 7 Mary, 3 not.

Poultry: 1 Republican rooster, has pep; 1 Democratic rooster, has pep; 4 dozen hens, with eggs; 10 spring chickens, coming six years old; 1 single comb Jersey red hired girl (some chicken); 7 old hens, can vote.

Machinery: Rolling pin; separator with mortgage attached; narrow toed corn cultivator; 2 bull rakes; 1 cow rake; sulky rake; sulky wife; Gillette corn harvester; Ford corn separator; road drag, never been used; set rope harness, twine condition; International riding saw, quiet to ride and drive; pint gasoline.

Household goods: Talking machine (mother-in-law, bad as new); sideboard, nothing in it; 6 kegs, empty; twin beds, one good as new, perambulator, guaranteed 6,000 miles, with cage arrangement to keep baby in until unlocked; 1 canary, bad klieker; 1 arm chair, without arms; 2 flypapers, stuck to

gether; 1 wolf rug, hairless type; 1 piano, any old tune; 1 sack flour, minus flour; and other articles too sad to mention.

Terms cash, balance six months in county jail. Free lunch if cash paid down before lunch time on day of sale. U. Catehman, owner; Col. H. Price, auctioneer.

Boats In Port

The following boats are at present in port. Just H. Alma B. Edna H. Joe Baker, Karen, Katherine, Pug, Cuh, Swing, Rose McCoy, Ruth, Ringleader, Mand, Hanaco, Oh Baby, Narbethong, Dixie Rupert and Nancy

Murineag Arrives

The Murineag, Capt. Sallows, arrived in port on Monday with 8,000 pounds of halibut. Cap is still very strong on the chickens, the greater portion of his cargo being made up in this direction. Of course we're talking about chicken halibut.

Jim In Trouble Again

Cap. Jim Morrison of the Caygeon seems determined to run into bad luck. This time he has come into port with his boat badly knocked about consequent upon running into a high sea while out on the high spots. Somehow or other the Caygeon has got a bad habit of nosing around rock piles, that is rock piles in the ocean. It was while in this inquisitive frame of mind that the boat got rather severely jammed. This visit Cap is not buying oranges with his spare cash but nails and bolts. Of course its a perfectly splendid boat if the hull were changed. It is understood that with this mishap on his mind he was afraid to go home in the dark and break the sad news to his spouse. He consequently spent the early morning on the doorstep conversing with the milkman.

The Caygeon is now on the Marine Ways at Seal Cove getting repairs made. Jim says he wouldn't mind so much if so many people had not wished him a happy New Year last season.

Boat Arrivals

The following boats have marketed fish during the week. Atlantic, Unimak, W.T., Alliance, W. & F., Rosehill, Fiddle S. Clara N. D.C.F., Scrub, Selma, Ruth, Mira, Rainier, Adeline, Ingrid H. Johanna, Wave, Crea, cent, Annie, Murineag, Venus, Tatoosh, Alliance H., Uranus, Sentinel, Restitution, Norengen, Dependent Kimmouni, C. E. Foster, M. M. Christopher, Joe Baker, Gem, Mand, Kobe, Viking, Caygeon, Ethel June.

Capt. Giske Is Back

The halibut schooner Crescent, Capt. Giske on the bridge, made port, safe and sound on Monday with 7,500 pounds of prize halibut aboard. Cap. is in very good humor and says he doesn't feel the ill after effects of seasickness that he used to.

Steve and His Eggs

There is a persistent rumor in the vicinity of the Booth fisheries that the egg contract made with Steve, the whole cheese in the Booth Rooster ranch, is to be cancelled. The idea of placing this gigantic egg business was so that eggs could be secured which would not annoy the eaters thereof or make rude remarks when opened. The class of eggs delivered until recently had been fairly satisfactory and it was hoped that Steve would finish up the contract like a white man. However, one morning this week, and it happened that everybody around the joint was furnished that particular day, three of the eggs in possession of Bill, the boss, became very unruly and refused to stay in the fry pan. They put up such a scrap that they got away on him and the last seen of

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them they were racing up town. Several bystanders laid odds on which would be first to reach Third Avenue. The amusing part was that the old hen turned up to claim her chicks. Now you know the reason for the rumor that the contract is to be cancelled.

The Clara N. with Capt. Geo. Ness on the bridge hove into sight on Monday morning, and upon arrival it was discovered that 1,000 pounds of real halibut was aboard the boat. After discharging her cargo and a little fixing up the old reliable left again for the high spots.

Admiralty Scandal

The fat is in the fire. The Admiralty is contemplating suing for a divorce from the Admiraleess. The complaint is that the lady smokes in bed which the Admiralty says he will not stand for. Of course, between you and me, it has been well known for a long time that the Admiralty was kind of sweet on Flossie Flint, now in the Wheat City. It is considered in well informed nautical circles that this is the thin edge of the wedge to pave the way for the return of Flossie to the city. The Admiraleess does not seem much upset about the suit being filed and it is thought that Clam Chowder Pete is quite a favorite with the lady, who does not object to smoking in bed. The old man has got money, we know. Only the other day he purchased a packet of matches instead of a single box which is certain proof of this fact. Altogether it looks as though we are going to have a very interesting divorce suit on our hands in the near future.

Flossie has been in constant communication with the Admiralty, and only this week wrote him that she was nearly fired from Lady Doodittle's service for bathing her son Podge with his best suit on.

Here the plot thickens for only a girl in love would do a silly thing like that.

TAME SEAL TAKEN IN ENGLISH WATERS

Billiken Was Famous Naval Tracer Who Gave Information About Subs

LONDON, Oct. 13.—Seeing what he believed to be a dog swimming in the water two miles off Broadstairs, the skipper of a Ramsgate smack, on getting out a small boat, found that the object was a small seal.

Perfectly tame, the animal responded to a whistle, and on being taken to the smack fed from the hands of the crew.

It was landed at Ramsgate recently and, placed on show in a tub of water, it produced quite a respectable sum in coppers for a local charity.

It was finally sold for £4 to a Margate fishmonger, who is to exhibit it for the benefit of the Cottage Hospital.

The appearance of this tame seal recalls the interest aroused about three years ago in Brighton and neighboring coast towns by the pranks of one of Captain Woodward's famous sea lions, which escaped from its tank in Southwick Harbor, and is believed to be still at large.

"Billiken" was valued at £500,

and a reward of £100 was offered for his capture. The animal had just been "demobilized" from the navy, after remarkable services in hunting U boats.

Owing to the limitations of under sea listening instruments, the Admiralty appealed to Captain Woodward, and "Billiken" and three other of the sea lions were trained to track submarines, as dogs are taught to point. They were able to overtake craft, and indicate the position of depth "charges."

When waves wash high 'neath darkened sky, 'tis likely that a storm's nearby.

MAIL SCHEDULE

October, 1922.	
From Vancouver—	
Sundays	P. M.
Wednesdays	10:30 A.M.
Friday	A. M.
Saturdays	10:30 A. M.
C. P. R., 2, 13, 23.	
To Vancouver—	
Sundays, Mail closes 11 P. M.	
Tuesdays, Mail closes 5 P. M.	
Thursdays, Mail closes 11 P. M.	
Saturdays	P. M.
C. P. R., 6, 17, 27.	
To Anyox, Alice Arm—	
Wednesdays	P. M.
From Anyox, Alice Arm—	
Thursdays	P. M.
To Alaska Points—	
2, 13, 23.	
From Alaska Points—	
6, 17, 27.	
To Naas River Points—	
Thursdays	P. M.
From Naas River Points—	
Saturdays	P. M.
To Port Simpson, Alice Arm	
Anyox—	
Sundays	P. M.
From Port Simpson, Alice Arm	
Anyox—	
Tuesdays	A. M.
To Stewart, Premier—	
Saturdays	P. M.
From Stewart, Premier—	
Sundays	P. M.
To Queen Charlotte Island Points	
14, 28.	

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENT.

"DERBY," "EPSOM," "IRON DUKE" and "IRON DUKE No. 2," SITUATE IN QUEEN CHARLOTTE MINING DIVISION, SKEENA DISTRICT, located on Louise Island. Take Notice that I, Chas. J. Bensen, Free Miners Certificate No. 88776 B., intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims. And further take notice that action, under Section 85, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this 23rd day of August, A.D. 1922. C. J. BENSEN.

CERTIFICATE OF IMPROVEMENT.

"IRON DUKE No. 1," "IRON DUKE No. 3," "SIMCOE Fraction" and "GARFIELD," Mineral claims, SITUATE IN QUEEN CHARLOTTE MINING DIVISION, SKEENA DISTRICT, located on Louise Island. Take Notice that I, Alex. Rogers, Free Miners Certificate No. 88780 B., intend sixty days from the date hereof, to apply to the Mining Recorder for a Certificate of Improvements, for the purpose of obtaining a Crown Grant of the above claims. And further take notice that action, under Section 85, must be commenced before the issuance of such Certificate of Improvements. Dated this 23rd day of August, 1922. ALEX. ROGERS.

LAND ACT.

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO APPLY TO LEASE LAND.

In Prince Rupert Land District, Recording District, Coast Range 5, B.C., and situate 21 miles east from Prince Rupert, being immediately east of G.T.P. Ry. bridge at mouth of Boneyard Creek on north shore of Skeena River.

Take Notice that I, Bert Butler, of Haysport, B.C., occupation farmer, intend to apply for permission to lease the following described lands: Commencing 149 feet west of a post planted at the south-east corner of Lot 507, Range 5, Coast District, B.C., thence in a westerly direction 200 feet along G.T.P. Ry., thence in a southerly direction to low water mark, thence in an easterly direction along low water mark to a point directly south of the point of commencement, thence in a northerly direction to point of commencement, containing 2 acres more or less. Name of Applicant, BERT BUTLER. Dated 8th Sept. 1922.

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