

THE DAILY NEWS.
PRINCE RUPERT - BRITISH COLUMBIA

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H. F. PULLEN - - - Managing-Editor

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DAILY EDITION

Friday, November 18, 1932

PUT EVERYBODY TO WORK

We wish to draw particular attention to the report of the address of T. D. Pattullo, member for Prince Rupert, in this issue. He urges that the federal government should stake the credit of the country in order to secure money to start up some large construction works that would find employment for everyone. He draws attention to the fact that in time of war the last dollar would be expended in order to secure victory. Today there is an emergency and a few million dollars would provide for the necessary outlay. This would bring prosperity to everyone for it would give the men who are now unemployed a purchasing power which they do not at present possess.

This is a policy advocated by the Daily News for some time. We have taken the view that it is the duty of the federal government to provide employment as it is the only one with the necessary resources.

If the seven hundred men now idle in Prince Rupert were all employed there would be a payroll that would at once cause activity. Instead of empty buildings being seen here and there, we should see construction of new buildings proceeding and this would add to the employment. Instead of meetings of protest and mutterings against the state, there would be a contented people, prosperous and happy and loyal. It would be the beginning of the new era which we are all expecting.

EFFECT OF KIDD REPORT

Gradually we are being informed of the injury done to the province by the publication in London of a summary of the Kidd report, particularly of a column article in the Times. One writer from London says:

"It is no exaggeration to say that the effect of this column-long indictment of the province was most disastrous, and brought to the Agent-General a host of enquiries from anxious investors. The credit of a country is as easily open to attack as is the credit of an individual, and is just as easily disturbed. One wonders, therefore, if the business men who composed the committee ever paused to reflect that, in their passion for plain speaking, they might bring down upon their own industries, no less than on other enterprises in the province, all sorts of unforeseen reactions. In point of fact, one of the most urgent enquirers at British Columbia House was a shareholder in the British Columbia Power Corporation, who only recovered his confidence when he read the Agent General's subsequent letter in the Times."

**Bill Bacon Wakes London Up;
City Working Nine Day Week
To Keep Pace With His Calls**

(By Sid Webb)

LONDON, Nov. 18:—Wherever one goes in London nowadays everyone is talking Prince Rupert and its fish products as the result of the tremendous heralding broadcast by Bill Bacon, the great little representative for Great Britain of the Bacon Fisheries, who arrived in London recently. The question is—where can one get Prince Rupert fish products in London? By

the time Bill has burned up the sidewalks in the big city a little more I guess we'll be able to get them delivered with the milk. Canned prawns and milk will then become the national breakfast food of the English, Irish, Scotch and Welsh and Jews.

The writer was nearly struck a pale green hue one day last week, when the lady reception clerk brought him a business card announcing that Bill Bacon had arrived. And what a Bill it has grown to in the past six years—five feet nothing of real Canadian manhood bubbling over the top with supreme confidence and the spirit to "get there," and the glasses he wears—well, he might be Harold Lloyd's younger brother but he isn't.

Well, folks, after the usual "Howdy" formalities Bill suggested something about going out and "having one." The writer hated to disappoint him upon such an auspicious occasion so duly donned his lid and piloted Bill into the turmoil of traffic in Fleet Street. Soon the welcome doors of a pub admitted us and Bill, with both hands in his pockets to see that no one else put theirs in, strolled up to the palatial bar and ordered two bitters. None of this, "What'll you have?" stuff" about Bill in case one lost their memory and ordered a double Scotch.

No, Bill has got on to the London ropes in fast shape so instead of a 35c drink, as had been anticipated, the writer had to be content with a 9c drink, hence the reason for Bill making his pile. After some eats and "one more" for luck we hit for St. Paul's Cathedral just to show Bill that we did have a church in London. When we got inside the writer inquired "Well, Bill, how does this strike you for a place of worship?" "Not much," says Bill. "I've seen as good in Metlakatla." No fazing Bill about the sights of the Northern Pacific terminus! But he had to admit that we possessed a few more historic statues than they did in Metlakatla, although not quite agreeing with the looks of

some of them. Bill can find fault with most things but thinks the English beer is good enough for a hair wash.

The writer left Bill, after coming out, to go into the city and see a few of the "knobs" on business. Did he know his way? Did he know the names of the men to see? He sure did know and what's more he saw them—trust it to Bill. Oh, yes, the underground railways have appealed to Bill's imagination but he can't quite figure how the L. the trains see to go along in the dark. He already thinks the English girls are wonderful and the policemen marvellous—in common with most of the celebrities who are asked questions about their first visit to the great metropolis.

Has Bill got any orders for Prince Rupert fish products? The writer understands he has already filled up five order books and is now ordering them by the gross, so you'll soon be needing a few traffic cops on the waterfront to say nothing of a street car track, so get busy folks.

Entertaining Each Other

During the past week-end the writer has been endeavoring to entertain Bill but is afraid that Bill did all the entertaining. We went down the West End on Saturday night just to show Bill what London's theatreland looked like but the trip proved a failure. Bill thought it looked very pretty but didn't like the color of the lights which, he said, were far prettier outside the Prince Rupert Capitol. Then we hiked down Shaftesbury Avenue just as the crowds were going into the theatres but Bill had seen more people line up for their pay at the Cold Storage layout. No, folks, London's sights mean nothing to Bill—the greatest publicity merchant for Canada and the Northern Pacific Coast ever to hit these shores.

Then we went down the Piccadilly Tube Station, a station handling more passengers per day than any other station in the world. It was no good telling the wandering boy that—he'd handled as many passengers in the good old launch "22" over to the Salt Lakes on a fine Saturday and Sunday.

However, after a few more calls for "light" refreshment, we eventually got back home, safe if not sound. Bill had at least seen the West End of London, and had not been kidnapped. The writer is thinking of taking him to the zoo for a little bear hunting just to put him in his natural environment.

Tonight, Monday, we're going to a vaudeville show together but the writer will bet a steam roller to a loaf of second hand bread that Bill has seen a better show in the little old town for nothing.

Anyway, dear folks, the city is keeping a watchful eye on Bill's movements in case he robs the country of all the fish business, and the writer is keeping a watchful eye on him too in case he "horns in" on his preserves. One never knows where Bill will stop.

I must end now by saying that the great little Bill thinks the rain over here is a bit wetter than it is at home, otherwise there isn't much to this side to him. Cheerio!

Quitting Public Life



Vice-President Charles Curtis, who announces he will be through with public life when his term ends.

FOUNDATION OF CATTLE

Charles Morris of Smithers Imports Twenty-Five Head of Heifers

SMITHERS, Nov. 18:—Charles E. Morris, Smithers, is establishing the foundation for the raising of high class commercial cattle through the recent importation of 25 head of typey grade Hereford heifers from Alberta.

These heifers were specially selected in Edmonton and shipped in under the Dominion government free freight policy. The heifers are of exceptional quality, type and uniformity. This shipment of breeding heifers is the first introduction of new blood into the Smithers district for several years and will be

a great asset in establishing the area as a district where good beef stock is produced.

The Smithers district and Bulkley Valley is well suited to ranching on a limited scale. Vast areas of excellent summer grazing are available and climate is particularly suited to the raising of livestock. Farmers in the central interior along the line of the Canadian National Railways have made great strides in improving the quality of their livestock during the past 14 months. A total of approximately 500 head of breeding heifers has been distributed between McBride and Smithers. Thirty-two pure bred bulls have been placed with farmers in this area under Dominion government bull loaning policy and several good bulls have been purchased by settlers.

Central British Columbia has proven its ability to produce lum-

ber and minerals in abundance during the past years. It is now demonstrating its adaptability to mixed farming and the raising of high quality commercial livestock.

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