



Doings of the Mosquito Fleet which is the chief source of Prince Rupert's prosperity

Week has a seen a great... fish arrivals and all... have been called on deck... with the influx of busi...

Capt. J. Pelham on the bridge... arrived in port from Banks Is-... land during the week with a... nice little catch of 61 mink of... excellent quality. The entire... catch found a ready local market...

The power boat Wake arrived... from Georgetown on Wednesday... having Mr. McAfee, manager of... the mill, aboard.

The power boat Zorra, Capt. Brown, which has been in Cow Bay for the past two months while her skipper was working on the repairs to the Ketchum sews, is shortly leaving for Georgetown. It is understood that Cap. is joining forces with the lumbermen for a while.

Duncan Visits Fleet

T. C. Duncan, formerly superintendent of the Public Utilities, paid a trip of inspection to the Mosquito fleet on Thursday morning. Accompanied by the Admiral of the fleet, he made a thorough inspection of all the boats in port and expressed himself quite satisfied with the manner in which the electrical contrivances and the wireless apparatus of the fleet was being kept.

The launch Oh Baby skipper Myhill-Jones, was over to the Salt Lakes on Sunday last in the expectation that the ice would be fit for skating. Upon arrival it was found very soft and the somewhat heavy fall of snow had put an absolute crimp on the prospective happiness.

Re-Opening Fish Plant

The Rigert Marine Products

Ltd., of which George Bushby is the president and general manager, re-opened their entire plant yesterday after having been closed for the past month owing to the cold weather. The future supply of fish offal now seems sufficient to enable the plant to continue working. The increased halibut arrivals has permitted several scow loads of fish offal being unloaded at the Tucks Inlet plant.

During the lull in the business skipper Mr. Bushby has been employing his time usefully in building for himself a new abode of the bungatow type, which is practically completed.

Swapping Boats

Skipper John Prescott recently made a trade of power boats with Capt. Louis Sears of Swanson Bay. Capt. Sears and the launch Cora have been engaged in the handlogging business but the boat did not generate sufficient power for the hauling of the logs. Skipper Prescott heard of the predicament and straightway offered to trade his power boat Blue Jay for the Cora. The deal has been closed and everybody is happy. The Blue Jay is being fitted up in Cow Bay preparatory to leaving for Swanson Bay.

The Admiral has failed to get any response to radio messages sent out by the fleet wireless to the launch Narbethong, which left port for southern towns last Saturday. It appears that the Admiral has lost his corkscrew and he wondered if Skipper Freeman had used it for opening a bottle of sauce and had forgotten to return it.

The Forestry department patrol boat Leila R., Capt. Dan Archie, returned to port on Wednesday last from a departmental cruise in southern waters.

One On Mr. Poole

The one and only H. E. Poole, walking boss of the Atlin Fisheries, has got himself dragged into the spotlight of publicity this week. We've been waiting to get something on him for sometime now. Here it is: A few days ago the superintendent of the nail boxes limed into headquarters complaining of a sprained ankle, and naturally the staff sympathised with him in his sadness. Poole said that he had slipped on a banana peel while coming from the American Consul's and that he fell over the hill into Third Avenue. Of course everyone marvelled at his wonderful escape, in fact he was quite the hero of the fish houses. However, the limp has continued a bit too long and the secret service have been busy, having smelled a rat. Enquiry unearths the true facts of the case. It appears that the injured one was feeling extra fresh one morning and was demonstrating to a crowd of onlookers what a wonderful footballer he was. To prove his sporting gift he offered to kick a piece of ice across the bay. Taking a flying run he struck his toe on what he thought was a piece of ice but it was a two by four with a key covering which was nailed to the dock. Now that is the reason why the walking boss is back on the culling end of the business, if anybody asks you. Jimmy has an official sign over the big desk now which reads, "No Malingering."

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ing Allowed, Only by the Boss."

Nels Nelson Back

Nels Nelson, skipper of the launch T. & N., called into port last Saturday with 90 mink and some other skins, which he had caught on Banks Island. The skins were of an exceptionally fine quality and were sold locally.

The launch Dixie Rupert, Capt. George Newcomb, was out as far as the fish reduction plant at Tucks Inlet on Wednesday last with several officials of the Rupert Marine Products, Ltd.

The halibut boat Vivian of Seattle is overhauling in Cow Bay.

Eagle in Port

The halibut chaser Eagle, skippered by Red Pierce is in port. The Eagle was, formerly owned by the late Capt. Selig and this is the first round trip under the new command. According to secret service accounts the organization aboard worked very harmoniously together and the whole business went off without a hitch. This is the outfit that has the champion flap-jack maker aboard. The story is told that this particular cook was on a boat which ran on to a rock and knocked a hole in the bottom. The whole shooting match was saved by the presence of mink of the cook who made flap-jacks so fast that he was able to fill the hole up and thus keep the water back, and that's going some.

The halibut boat Gibson, Capt. Pete Hanson, alias the Roaring Dane, is on the N. M. McLean ways undergoing a general overhaul. The bow of the boat is being camouflaged with red paint to make it look like salmon eggs. In this manner it is proposed to kid the halibut to climb on deck and thus save baiting the hooks.

Hen Fruit Arriving

The launch Bertha G. arrived from Porcher Island on Wednesday last with a full cargo of hen fruit which he disposed of locally. These eggs are guaranteed to be straight from the hen, which is fed on Bovril, and it is said that one of the Porcher Island eggs will put more hair on a billiard ball than six bottles of hair oil, which goes to show the strength of the brutes. They can be kept for a longer period than any other egg without talking back.

The past week has been a very peaceful one along the waterfront owing it is said, to the absence of Capt. Jud Thurber, who has been posted as missing for the past few days. However, the secret service would like to get in touch with him and will give a reward of two pounds of second hand fish to anyone giving his whereabouts.

The Canadian National coastal steamer Prince John, Capt. H. Padden arrived in port Thursday morning with 300 tons of goat, 20,000 feet of lumber and 300,000 shingles for the Albert & McCaffery interests.

The Valorous with Capt. Dusty Miller on the bridge, hove into port this week with 11,000 lbs. of halibut. Cap. reported good going and while he met with a

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little snow here and there he did not permit the weather to interfere with his ambitious program.

Re Nellie Morrison

Perhaps you do not know it dear reader, but Nellie Morrison is the property of Tom Morrison of the good government ship Newington, in fact a sort of adopted daughter if you like. She is a very good girl in most ways and does not give her owner much trouble. Nellie is very great on candy, and it doesn't much matter whether they are hard boiled or only half done, any of candy is candy to Nellie. It so happened that when the Newington was in port last week Nellie chanced to go into Gil's Gigar store, to try and bum a chew of tobacco for the old man, and some kindly disposed person gave her some candy. That put the lid on it, and it was often a common sight to see Nellie sitting outside Gil's door waiting for the candy. In fact she is reputed to be as fond of hearing the lid come off a box of candy as some men are of hearing a cork pulled from a bottle. Naturally Nellie has got in wrong with a lot of people for humming, although it is not entirely her fault. If you meet her, do not blame the dear young thing. (Continued on Page 6).

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