

Pacific is Perfect MILK



have used Pacific Milk alto-
ther for four years and have
to open the first can which
is not been in perfect condi-
tion," a lady writes from New
Westminster.

When you buy canned milk you
need it to open up in perfect
condition, and if it is Pacific
Milk, you are very sure to get
for we test each can several
times.

Pacific Milk Co.
Limited
Head Office, Vancouver, B. C.
Wholesale at Ladner and Ab-
botsford, B. C.

**Loggers & Prospectors
BOOTS**

Men's Fine Shoes from
\$4.50
Men's Brown Calf Shoes, in
body-welt, wide or nar-
row toes, from
\$5.50
and Made Loggers' Boots
from
\$8.50
REPAIRING.

GEO. HILL
The Shoeman.
Next St. Regis Cafe.

LOGGERS' CLUB
Clubhouse in the old Empress
Hotel Building.
Rooms to Rent by Day, Week
or the Month.
Steam Heated. Hot and Cold
Water.
POOL TABLES.
First-class Restaurant in
connection.
James Zarelli - Proprietor.

LINDSAY'S
Cartage and Storage
Phone 65.
Cartage, Warehousing, and
Distributing Team or
Motor Service.
Coal, Sand and Gravel.
Specialize in Piano and
Furniture Moving.

**St. Regis
Cafe**
Prince Rupert's Leading
Restaurant.
A Bakery Unsurpassed.
Third Avenue.

**VALENTIN'S
DAIRY**
NOW OPEN
Phone 81
DAILY DELIVERIES

EDSON COAL
We can now supply our
FAMOUS EDSON COAL
in any quantity.
Prince Rupert Feed Co
Phone 58.

Two Tommies who Spent Two Hours with Kipling and yet did not Know it

A Story About the Great Author, by George S. Fitzmaurice,
Editor, Daily News.

I hardly feel that it is necessary for me to thank you in
advance for granting me the space, etc., in your valuable paper,
to tell you a good story about Rudyard Kipling.

Guessing full well, from my long experience in Northern
British Columbia, what a host of readers and admirers of Kipling
there are here, I am not afraid of lacking an audience. To
have received from Mr. Kipling a most charming and courteous
personal letter, signed by himself was my good fortune a day
or two ago, and I am so over-
whelmed with pardonable pride at
my stroke of good fortune, that I
must even endeavor to rush into
print and tell you the story which
occasioned the great event. But
first I must give you the letter
from Kipling.

Kipling's Letter
Private. Bateman's
Burwash
Sussex,
19th September, 1922.

Dear Sir—I have read with much
interest your letter of August
25th, and I recall the meeting you
mention with the two Canadian
soldiers in London. I am afraid,
however, that I cannot take
credit for having spent so long a
time with them as they re-
ported, but it was often the case
in those days that one found men
from the Dominions at loose ends
in London and wanting to find
somewhere to go, and it was al-
ways quite easy to set them on
their way.

With many thanks for your
kind letter, believe me,
Yours truly,
RUDYARD KIPLING.

George S. Fitzmaurice, Esq.,
Prince Rupert,
British Columbia, Canada.
How it Happened

It happened this wise. In the
latter part of October or begin-
ning of November '18, just before
the Armistice, I, Private Fitz-
maurice, of the C.E.F., was "car-
rying on," a bit below par as re-
gards fitness, at a big Canadian
convalescent hospital at a place
named "Pearwood" near Reading,
England. I had only been over-
seas. I had only been over-
from France about a month, and
was booked for Canada, invalided
out they termed it. Well, I was in
a ward on the ground floor, which
used to be the billiard room dur-
ing the days when the house was
occupied by a big family. There
were eight or nine of us in the
ward, mostly wounded cases, get-
ting ready to go back to the
trenches should the war go on a
bit longer. It was a rule of the
hospital that after a man had
been there three weeks he was
entitled to four days leave in
London. You left on the Wednes-
day noon and returned Sunday
midnight. Two of the boys, one
a middle aged Englishman, an ex-
"Tommy" I believe, the other a
sickly sort of a chap from some
obscure part of one of the Mari-
time provinces, got their leave to-
gether and journeyed up to the
big city. They returned on the
dot at midnight on the following
Sunday.

A Writer Chap
The next morning after break-
fast, of course I had to get busy
and start to interview them on
their adventures whilst on leave.
You see I was figuring on getting
leave myself pretty soon. They
did not enthuse very much about
their outing. I think it was the
New Brunswicker, a little more
loquacious than his confrere, who
vouchsafed a little information.
He said that they stayed at a
Canadian Maple Leaf Club or hut,

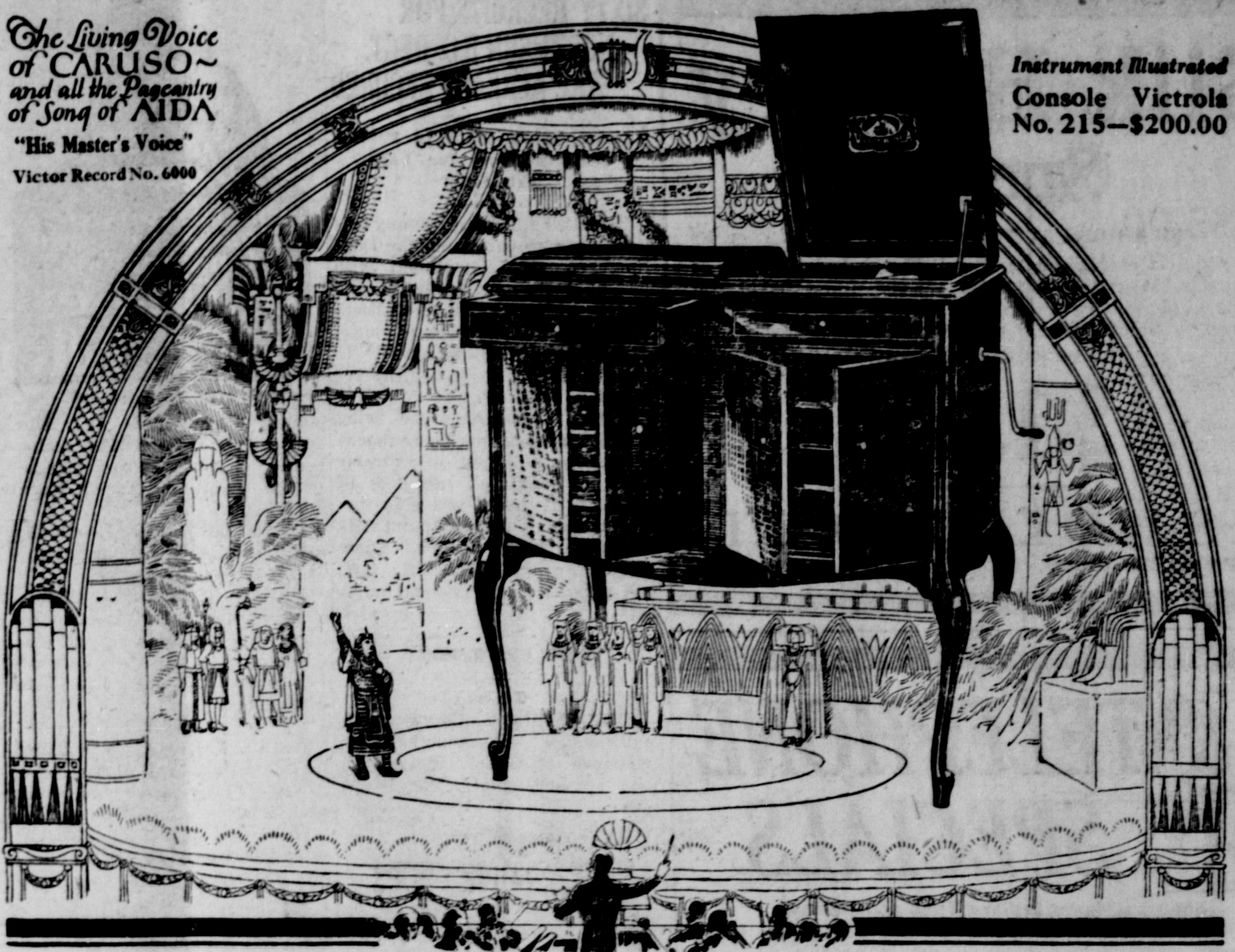
and that they wandered around a
bit. One afternoon they were
strolling in a park and met a lady
and gentleman who got into con-
versation with them. The gen-
tleman, who my friend in some
occult fashion I could not
fathom, described to me "as a
sort of a writer chap," addressed
them cheerily, and asked them
how they were enjoying them-
selves. They couldn't have looked
very hilarious, for he offered to
take them around a bit, telling
his wife he would join her a little
later. They apparently started
in to see the sights. The New
Brunswicker said he took them
to the "Coort House." I discov-
ered later that he referred to the
House of Commons, "the Mother
of Parliaments."

The Magic Card
After an hour or so the kind
gentleman stood them some tea
and a "ration" of cake, and said
goodbye to them, giving them his
card, saying that if ever they were
in his part of the country to be
sure and call and see him. At
this point the silent and solemn
ex-Tommy fumbled in the pocket
of his tunic where he kept his
paybook and produced for my
edification a piece of paste board,
a gentleman's visiting card. I
glanced at it more or less indif-
ferently and read—
"Bateman's
"Burwash
"Sussex.
"Rudyard Kipling."
"Atheneum Club."

I gasped! I staggered! I went
straight up! It was no use.
They did not understand. I fancy
the ex-Tommy had a glimmering
idea that he had once heard of
such a man. The New Brun-
swicker's face was a blank. I said
"What! Do you mean to say that
you fellows spent nearly two
hours with Rudyard Kipling and
did not know it, or realize what
it meant, after he had given you
his card. Why! Do you know
that there are thousands of Cana-
dians who would have given all
they were worth in this world
or the next to have such a
chance."
Monumental Ignorance
And that was the end of that.
For the time being I was com-
pletely overwhelmed and abashed
at the spectacle of such monu-
mental ignorance. I passed on
sadly and sorrowfully, pondering
upon the futility and contrari-
ness of things in general. If only
I could have had such an experi-
ence. You must remember this
happened a few days before the
Armistice, and in the stress and
strain of those critical days the
matter passed out of my mind. I
intended at the time to write to
Kipling and tell him the story as
I got it, but never did so, until
quite recently.

Without Peer
To my mind Rudyard Kipling is
today without a peer in the Eng-
lish speaking world as a writer
of prose and verse. For the last
forty years since he first came
before the public, with his story
"The Light That Failed," fol-
lowed by "The Barrack Room
Ballads," his works have been a
household word almost, wherever
the English language was spoken.
To no man living does the word
"Empire" used in its best and
worthiest sense convey more. The
far flung outposts of Britain,
emanating from those little
islands in the North Sea, "whose
flag has braved a thousand
years the battle and the breeze,"
are what he loves and sings of
best. On land or sea, in the woods
or the mines, in the factories and
the shops he seems with an al-
most uncanny knowledge to live
the lives of those he writes about.
An Englishman of the English,
pure bred on both his father and
his mother's side, a brother in
law of that typical John Bull,
Stanley Baldwin, the present
British Premier, yet he is more
than that, he is the greatest Im-
perialist and Britisher in the
Empire today. He did not need
to be dubbed poet laureate, or
given a title to cause his name to
live as long as the English
language lasts. The last two lines

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of CARUSO
and all the Paganry
of Song of AIDA
"His Master's Voice"
Victor Record No. 6000



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The stage is set, the performers ready. Your mood this evening
calls for the inspiring strains of Verdi. Suddenly you hear Caruso
singing "Celeste Aida"—(Heavenly Aida)—clear, sweet, vibrant,
real as life itself. For the moment you sit in an orchestra seat at
the opera—with all its pomp and pageantry.

Then perhaps you long for the sweet strains of "The Last Rose
of Summer"—and as the soft clear notes of Elman's violin sound
in your ears, you can all but see him draw his bow across the magic
strings.

But whether it be Caruso, or Elman, or the boom of Sousa's band,
or the latest happy-go-lucky dance hit,—"**HIS MASTER'S VOICE**"
Victrola and "**HIS MASTER'S VOICE**"-VICTOR Records prove
their superiority by making you forget the man-made reproduction
and remember only the sensation of having living artists and real
musical instruments—a few feet beyond the chair in which you sit.

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Victrola is the standard by which all instruments are judged. Often this causes
many to refer to all instruments as Victrolas but for your own best interests as
well as ours, remember there is only one real genuine Victrola—and that bears
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Why "HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
VICTROLA dominates!

The Victrola goose-neck supports
the sound box, allowing it full
play. It takes the weight off
the needle point, making for
flexibility and consequently
produces that unequalled
exactness of tone for which
"**HIS MASTER'S VOICE**"
Victrola is pre-eminent; at the
same time preserving the record
from wear because of the very
light weight pressure upon the
needle. This is but one of the
many features that combine to
make "**HIS MASTER'S VOICE**"
Victrola—incomparably best.



"His Master's Voice" Victrola

of his solemn and inspiring poem
written at the outbreak of the
great war, "For all we have and
are," telling the Empire what was
before it in the titanic struggle
that had been thrust upon it, fit-
tingly represent the very soul of
the man who has preached Im-
perialism from his boyhood days:
"Who stands if freedom fall,
Who dies if England live?"
G. S. FITZMAURICE.

The Man in the Moon SAYS:-

I'VE flitted in an aeroplane
And paddled a canoe.
I've journeyed on an elephant
And rode a camel too.
I've even dipped in submarines
And poled a hollow tree;
And yet my little motor boat
Is good enough for me.

WHAT we miss more than
anything in this city is having to
provide car fare for self and

family.
WITH all their boast about
brains, it seems as if the British
labor party has failed when it
comes to running a newspaper
successfully.

DID you ever hear about the
girl who wanted to sing like a
canary so she ate bird seed? Af-
ter a while she began to moult.

THE fat woman declares that
she likes it because she does not
have to give up her Turkish de-
light.

GIRLS have no need to imagine
that if they had bow legs they
would get more beaux.

A BRIDE and bridegroom spent
their honeymoon in an aeroplane.
They fell out. And where did
they go?

SINCE there is a probability of
getting a road built to Port Ed-
ward, some of the young people

are undecided whether to buy a
Ford with their spare cash or
make a first payment on a suit
of clothes.

A NICE complexion is all right
in its place but not on a man's
coat lapel.

THE difficulty about the way
we spend our Sundays is that it
takes all day Monday and some-
times Tuesday and Wednesday
to get over it.

Joseph S. Rogers of the Prince
Rupert By-Products Co. returned
from Vancouver on the Prince
Rupert Saturday evening. George
G. Bushby, manager of the plant,
came as far north as Swanson
Bay where he debarked and
boarded the salvage steamer Al-
gerine bound for the wreck of the
motorship Kennebecot on Graham
Island accompanying Capt. Wil-
liam H. Logan. The Algerine just
after leaving Swanson Bay went
ashore herself in Principe Chan-
nel.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the
undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for
office-dwelling and Boat Landing at
Schooner Passage, B.C." will be received
at this office until 12 o'clock noon, Friday,
November 2, 1922, for the construction of
an office-dwelling and Boat Landing at
Schooner Passage, Skeena District, B.C.
Plans and forms of contract can be seen
and specification and forms of tender ob-
tained at this Department, at the office
of the District Engineer, Post Office
Building, Victoria, B.C., and at the Post
Offices, Vancouver, B.C., and Schooner
Passage, B.C.
Tenders will not be considered unless
made on printed forms supplied by the
Department and in accordance with con-
ditions contained therein.
Each tender must be accompanied by
an accepted cheque on a chartered bank
payable to the order of the Minister of
Public Works, equal to 10 p.c. of the
amount of the tender. War Loan Bonds
of the Dominion will also be accepted as
security, or War Bonds and cheques if
required to make up an odd amount.
Note.—Blue prints can be obtained at
this Department by depositing an accepted
bank cheque for the sum of \$10.00, pay-
able to the order of the Minister of Public
Works, which will be returned if the in-
tending bidder submit a regular bid.
By order,
R. C. DESROCHERS, Secretary,
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, October 4, 1922.