

An independent daily newspaper devoted to the upbuilding of Prince Rupert and all communities comprising northern and central British Columbia. (Authorized as Second Class Mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa) G. A. HUNTER, Managing Editor. H. G. PERRY, Managing Director. MEMBER OF CANADIAN PRESS — AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS

Decentralizing Population

THE massing of population and industry in one small corner of British Columbia cannot go on definitely without detriment to the coastal cities themselves and the province as a whole, said Hon. L. H. Eyres in a recent address.

Something, Mr. Eyres rightly said, must be done to develop the great neglected spaces. There are thousands of prospective settlers, large and small industrialists, investors, farmers, tradesmen and people of means, but the trouble is that the great majority all want to locate on the coast, in the Fraser Valley or on Vancouver Island. And it is in these areas that already 89 percent of all the people of the province are living.

KNOW YOUR LAW

A MAN bought several hundred very expensive cigars and had them insured against fire. After he had smoked them all, he put in a claim that they were destroyed by fire. The insurance company refused to pay and the man sued. The judge decided that as the company agreed to insure the cigars against fire, it was financially responsible. As soon as the man accepted the money, the insurance company had him arrested on a charge of arson.—Mauston Kiwanis News.

'WHEN I WAS YOUR AGE . . .'

MANY YOUNG PEOPLE consider that today's most persistent irrelevancy is the thinly-veiled advice which opens up with "When I was your age . . ." and it seems as if it will never stop. The scowling expression on the listener's face usually reflects the opinion that what happened then is of no significance now, and not even interesting. The expansive look of the one who ladles out the advice shows clearly what he thinks of the good old days and particularly of his stout-hearted and altogether commendable part in it all.

Comparisons are odious, and anyone who thinks of the enormous changes of the last forty years or so knows that comparisons between then and now are almost useless, or only approximate at best, whether you're delving into wages, morals, transportation or what-have-you. So, if he accepts the probable laughable assumption that wisdom always comes with age, the listener is forced to the conclusion that the sally into the past actually stems from a desire to talk about oneself—one of the most often denied and frequently felt urges of man.

This has been going on for centuries, satisfying the talker, nettling the talker. People, however, persist in disliking advice unless they are giving it, which is probably why the young scowl at it, and eventually wind up saying, "When I was your age . . ."

LIFE in this Prince Rupert

by BIDDEE JINKS

It was a question that had bothered me off and on since those days when housecleaning was my favorite hobby. It was some time ago I must admit, so long that it seems now a fuzzy part of a shining dream. They did shine, floors and furniture and mirrors, all vying for excellent brightness and I the judge and I the driving force behind it all.

Sometimes I liked doing it better than others but, should the urge slacken, a forth coming party was all that was necessary to bring back full vigor. In those days, I believed in X-ray vision to the N-th degree. Although guests might never leave the living-room, clothes-closets received their scourging and back cupboards similar treatment. Leaving me, servant of Mighty House, a scrap of nervous weariness.

The change came gradually. Dirt was no lovelier but one day an elderly gentleman said: "You know, I always told my wife that the hands that washed the dishes were more important than the dishes themselves." And another day another gentleman suggested gently—one hour before guests arrived—"Woman, take a book and go to bed and clear your mind of all this fuss!" The suggestion alone nearly floored me but I did think about it later.

So . . . when I heard someone on the radio say: "How clean does a house have to be anyway?" I fastened the last jar of bread-and-butter pickles and echoed, "How Clean?" And while I wiped the jar and glanced quizzically at curtains that should be a little more fresh the speaker had said: "Just clean enough to be clean and sanitary and comfortable to live in."

Her name escaped me and it didn't matter. She would not mind either for she is a person more concerned with giving than that her name should be remembered. Hers won't be in all likelihood but it has always been people with selfless ideals whose names eventually cut their way into stone. The laws of life have a way of working backward.

Being a woman, she lived in a woman's world. She is a mother of a young boy and girl so that, when she spoke of children, she was not quoting memory work. And when she mentioned economy of the food shelf and energies too, she was likewise at home. She and her husband

went through the depression in poverty no less glamorous than the kind that hit you and me. (Which may explain why she chooses now to do her own work—and raise her children.)

It caught them unawares, her especially, for as she said, "I still had but one aim in life and that was to be 'husband's little helper'. I worked hard all day to have everything in apple-pie order, plus an apple pie for dinner. And for his coming, I felt I had earned the right to be a bit untidy and as tired as I pleased. Only, if I were dull and irritable, he was more so—and I began to see something was awry."

With her husband's job rolling off and taking their last dollar with it, they faced each other with the realization that team-work was the basis of real marriage. And that the home, shining or not, but housed it. Accepted notions of propriety were not necessarily right. So while her husband kept house and watched the first child, she taught school. In his spare time, he studied architecture and designing the start of a new flourishing business.

By the time their economies had righted themselves and the second child arrived, the speaker

had noticed that women who give a plaintive, "Just a housewife," to the census-taker, or her best friend were frustrated females. She had also decided that a mother is more interesting and capable toward her children if she thinks in terms beyond 'house'. Her husband liked her still . . . maybe a little better.

Too often, said she, working is made an excuse for neglecting children. This couple agreed not to sacrifice their family. If her husband was to be away all day, then she would invest her energies so as to be home when the children were. And seldom are they left alone evenings. Meals are kept simple and wholesome; dinner an interesting cheerful rehearsal of the days events.

Better English

By D. C. WILLIAMS

1. What is wrong with this sentence? "Numerous books were on the shelves."
 2. What is the correct pronunciation of "depot?"
 3. Which one of these words is misspelled? Believe, relieve, receive.
 4. What does the word "plausibility" mean?
- Answers
1. Say, "Many books." 2. Pronounce dep-o-t as in me, o as in no, accent first syllable.
 3. Receive. 4. The quality or state of seeming likely. His explanation contained an element of plausibility."

LETTERBOX

GETTING ON VOTERS' LIST

Editor, Daily News:

I understand that approximately six months ago our provincial government enacted a decree whereby no resident of this province has the right to vote at the next provincial election unless he takes certain steps to have his name placed on a new voters' list which is being compiled at the present time. While you have stated in various editorials that everyone should exercise their right to vote, I have not seen where you have warned your readers that the previous provincial voters' list is null and void and that they have no vote, unless each, individually, takes the necessary steps to get his name on the new list.

No doubt, many of your subscribers would like to know what they have to do in order to get their names on the new voters' list before it is too late.

M. H. WATERS.

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of Nickel steel are used, because Nickel steel stands up under the terrific heat necessary in making cement.

So the Canadian Nickel worker produces the Nickel the cement worker produces the cement required by the Canadian Nickel industry. Each every industry in this country creates employment in other industries. No matter how we live, we are all one family, each depending on the other.



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