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Education Week

THIS IS NATIONAL EDUCATION WEEK and arrangements have been made for a rather complete observance in Prince Rupert by way of meetings, school visitations, newspaper articles and radio addresses. We would commend the subject to the serious consideration of the citizens.

So well organized and so smoothly operating has become our educational system that many of us are inclined to take it as a matter of course without thought or appreciation.

Of course, some of us sit up and take notice when the tax bills come around and we realize that here in Prince Rupert, for instance, a third or so of the cost of municipal operation is involved in schools and providing education.

But the cost of education is not out of line with its importance as a service—the service of training and developing our future citizenship. It is the one public utility which is almost an entire service for future and posterity.

It is well that Education Week should be observed and that the public should become more acquainted with the importance of the subject and the benefits, privileges and duties it is involved.

Free education is one of the cornerstones of our democracy and civilization, something that has been developed and improved through the years. May the interest which is stimulated in National Education Week be carried on thereafter.

C. E. Starr sailed yesterday in the south. Their residence in afternoon on the Chilcotin for the Waldron Apartments has Vancouver enroute to Balboa, been taken during their absence California, where he will spend by Mr. and Mrs. Robert David-winter. Mrs. Starr is already son.

Miller Bay Hospital School, An Education Week Example

Suffering Severe Physical Handicaps, Native Children Are None the Less Enthusiastic
(By ADELE C. HUGHES)

Education Week in Prince Rupert this year extends to the new school at Miller Bay Indian Hospital where more than fifty children "go to school" in their beds. Some of these pupils are encased in plaster casts, a few do their school work lying flat on their backs but this does not alter their zest. Rather it seems to increase the determination to "get there just the same."

These children are patients in a hospital where tuberculosis must be battled with grim determination and the chief ingredients of the prescription for this warfare are good food and rest. Therefore the hours of school must depend on the doctor's decision and are limited by their needs in this respect. However, the children of the day schools in Prince Rupert need not envy these Indian children because their hours are shorter, because for some of them the work is carried on under handicaps. If Prince Rupert school children could see these children carrying on cheerfully and smilingly they might realize anew how blessed it is to be able to carry their books to school and home again, to run and jump in the playground and to enjoy all the aids which make modern class work interesting and entertaining.

Let me tell you about some of our children:

There is Josephine, in a plaster cast and lying flat, who has learned to read, and also to use an arithmetic. Josephine cannot even reach for her books. She has to be turned in bed because she cannot move herself but she does not use that as an excuse to escape her school work. She asks for her books and settles in to work, holding her book and pencil high up in her small hands. She works till her hands are tired, then she rests a while.

In the same room is Rebecca who has also learned to use a reader and an arithmetic. She is determined that Josephine will not get ahead of her so she works on too.

Frances is six years old, came into hospital last March speaking only her native tongue. Frances now can print words from her book or from the black-board and talks English fluently—sometimes her teacher and her nurses wish she were less fluent.

Annie is no more than six and toils faithfully at transcribing the activities of Dick, Jane, Spot and Tim. She has only been with us a few weeks and has not been in school before, but she fell into line with the other three girls because she too, wants to learn to read the fascinating stories about these children and their pets.

In another room is Julian, in a cast and immobile, who not only works faithfully without urging at her school books, but acts as a "Mother in Israel" to the other three occupants.

Little Catherine is the baby, five years old and in a rigid cast in which she is flat on her back. Her little hands are too weak to hold a book for long, so she has a doll, for which Julian knits fascinating sweaters and

bobby socks and watches with motherly concern for Catherine's needs. Catherine is bright and gay and her usual salute to a passing nurse or teacher is "Bubba, Bubba!" which actually means nothing but that she is in a happy and friendly frame of mind.

In another corner is Margaret of classic features who could serve as a model for an Indian maid. She is about fifteen and does not know English well but she does not use this as an excuse to escape her tasks. When the teacher leaves the room, instructions are painstakingly relayed to Margaret in her own language by Julian and also by Rosalie.

Rosalie is encased in plaster. The cast is high and to see Rosalie's book and pencil held aloft over the barrel-like cast is to make one wish that all school children could witness the triumph of mind over matter. There are never any complaints, although often her arms

must be very tired and she might well throw down the tools of school in despair. Rosalie is ten. Just now Miss Drummond is teaching them to make a paper farmyard, complete with animals and farm buildings, which provides a welcome relief from book and pencil.

Among the boys let me tell you of John Charlie, sixteen years old, from Burns Lake, grimly starting the task of reading and writing. Nothing daunts him. He knows he is in here for a limited time and intends to have what education is available when it is offered. No amount of ridicule from the other boys of his age stops John when he must sound out the letters for cat. He chuckles with the rest and plods with unfamiliar fingers over the printing which he had never done before.

Clifford has a good sense of numbers and no one could give him the wrong change for a dollar, but Clifford could not

(Continued on Page Three)

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9 Men of Vision...



PROVED THEIR FAITH IN CANADA

...130 Years Ago



An exhausted Europe—torn by decades of war—was breathing more easily... two years before, the Napoleonic Wars had at last ended at Waterloo. In the New World, the three-year-old Treaty of Ghent had ended an attempted invasion from the south... and the peoples of North America began a friendship that is the admiration of the world today.

1817... Sturdy colonists of British North America—a million of them—were scattered over as many square miles. To the west and north lay another two million square miles, unsettled and untouched. Merchants and traders did their business by barter and with a hodge-podge of foreign currencies, whose changing values spelled chaos. Trade development languished.



INTO this scene came nine men of vision... nine English and Scottish merchants who realized that, without a solid financial foundation, the colonies could never reach nationhood. Together, they determined a course of action. With their own money and the backing of 209 other pioneering citizens, these nine men founded the Bank of Montreal, which opened its doors for business on November 3rd, 1817. Never once since then has the Bank failed to open on a business day.



AT the very outset, the Bank issued its own bills and coins. Here was Canada's first real money. The currency won immediate acceptance... goods moved more quickly... and the stability the nine men hoped for came rapidly. The people proudly welcomed this Canadian currency—and, as its circulation spread, so did the reputation of the new bank. Within a year of its founding it became the Government's banker, and its currency officially replaced the British money used by the Government up to that time.



JUST two weeks after the Bank started its own bills and coins, the B of M's Quebec branch opened—and, thus, the Canadian banking system began. The following year saw agencies opened at Kingston and York, now Toronto, and branches spread as the years went on. Half a century later, the Bank's reputation for strength and flexibility, this system of branch banking—began 130 years ago—proved ideal for a country vast in area and small in population.



BUT all was not easy. There were hard, trying days ahead—each decade had its ups and downs. From 1836 to 1840, Canada experienced a succession of bad harvests, political convulsions, commercial changes and failures. Rebellion had depreciated the value of property and seriously hindered the improvement and further settlement of the country. The Bank of Montreal survived only by the most careful use of its resources and the confident loyalty of its depositors.



RECOVERY was rapid during the middle years of the century. Then came 1867... and a nation was born. But a trans-continental railway was a condition of Confederation, and now the Canadian Pacific had to be pushed through. To speed the construction, the enterprise was placed in private hands. The work went fast, and the last spike was driven five years earlier than expected. With faith characteristic of its nine founders, the B of M had backed to the limit this great national project.



1900—the century opened with a new flood of prosperity which lasted for more than a decade. Two more trans-continental railway systems... a great influx of new settlers... abundant crops... thousands of new industries—and then... World War I. Through the trying times which followed... the inflated days of the 30's—through the depressed days of the 40's—through the second World War in our time... Canadians worked and fought, and Canada became a world power.



1947

—Peace... new plans... new hopes... rehabilitation. Life in Canada still takes work, courage and, above all, vision... the kind of vision which spurred nine men to pioneer the nation's economy 130 years ago. From a corporal's guard in 1817, the staff of the B of M has grown to an army of eight thousand strong... working closely with Canadians and their industries in hundreds of communities from coast to coast... supplying the lifeblood of credit to an expanding nation... seeking always—through sound counsel and friendly service—to give practical help to the million and a half customers who put their trust in the Bank.

What of Tomorrow...? Just as history foreshadows the future, so the record of Canada and of her first-established bank working together gives promise of bright tomorrows for the nation. "The twentieth century belongs to Canada"... and for that future we pledge ourselves anew to work constructively with Canadians in every walk of life.

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Canada's First-established Bank

GEORGE W. SPINNEY, C.M.G., President

B. C. GARDNER, Vice President and General Manager

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B. C. and the B of M Have Grown Up Together

In 1886, spinning history with every turn of its wheels, a Canadian Pacific Railway train rolled all the way from Montreal to Port Moody—12 miles from Vancouver. Canada's first continent-spanning railway had flung wide open the doors to the West.

The swift colonization of Western Canada from that moment on endorsed the Bank of Montreal's vision in backing this tremendous project.

The Bank of Montreal forged yet another link between the East and the West—one year after this historic run to the Pacific—by opening a branch in Vancouver City.

Today, the B of M serves the people of this progressive province through 61 branches and is constantly adding to this number.

"MY BANK"
TO A MILLION CANADIANS
B of M