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KING OF ENGLAND OWNS PUBLIC HOUSE

Feathers Hotel in Norfolk is Model Place of Refreshment and Member of Reform Association

LONDON, Sept. 16.—Among the little known of the multifarious activities of England's King is that he is the landlord of a fully-licensed "public-house," and that as a saloonkeeper, His Majesty is a model for his fellow publicans throughout the Kingdom.

His establishment, the "Feathers Hotel" near Deringham, Norfolk, is not exactly a hotel but neither is it one of the swinging-door emporiums such as many Americans remember. It is rated as one of the few thirst quenching retreats in the land where a high moral tone is combined with the consumption of alcoholic beverages—in fact the encouragement of temperance is said to be the guiding aim of the King's bar.

Naturally King George does not don a white apron and help out behind the bar on busy Saturday afternoons when the week's work is finished and crowds of village yokels drop in at "The Feathers" to slack their thirsts, but he has a manager of great social importance in Lord Ellswater, former Speaker of the House of Commons, who is president of the People's Refreshment House Association of which the King's saloon is a member.

There are 170 of these saloons under Lord Ellswater's supervision. Neither the brewers or distillers own stock in them and the local managers receive no profit on alcoholic sales. They are encouraged to sell food and non-intoxicants and their provisions for luncheons and teas in bright rooms distinct from the bar is a feature which is gradually removing the grievances of the motorists in England that only the ubiquitous beer and cheese of the countryside inns is available during tours.

Regarding the request made at last week's council meeting for a report from the utilities committee as to why single men employed as laborers in the utilities department were being paid 57 1/2c instead of 50c per hour, Ald. Macdonald reported last night that there had been no meeting of the utilities committee last week so no report had yet been drafted.

AUTHOR LECTURES ON CANADIAN BOOKS

Mrs. Adams Beck Gives Interesting Address to Author's Association at Victoria

VICTORIA, Sept. 16.—"A great injustice is being done Canadian writers in the demand that they use a Canadian background," Mrs. Adams Beck told an audience of Canadian Authors' Association members in the course of a characteristically delightful discourse at Victoria college.

Mrs. Beck was speaking on the subject of "Canadian Literature," and in the wealth of her literary references she convincingly illustrated the principle which she insistently emphasized as most necessary to any great and enduring literature: a deep-laid culture and wide knowledge of things. The first part of her lecture was in the nature of a general criticism of Canadian poetry and prose, which she condemned chiefly for its failure to attain anything beyond the merely "pretty," while the second half of her talk was a culling of choice passages from the ancient, Oriental and modern poets whose magic words belonged to the art of all time.

Habitant Poems

One of her criticisms bore upon the "habitant" poem, which, while not to be condemned in itself, was necessarily circumscribed in the field of emotions or thought which it could express. People wearied of dialect. The Scotch dialect had circumscribed even Burns, although the lecturer admitted that the Scottish poet had never sung so well when he became sophisticated.

"I contend that Canadian poetry has not yet reached the point of culture, the point where it uses the right words by instinct, a thing which cannot be learned in schools." She indicated the beauty which sprang from a new combination of familiar words so that they could convey a new impression. Much of Canadian writing was pretty and charming; Duncan Campbell Scott provided the outstanding example in Canada of the cultured poet. But Canada was yet too young. The great genius, the kind of flash of insight which the great ballad writers betrayed, could produce great poetry without culture. The absence of Canadian poetry was reflected in the barrenness of meter used. Humdrum, very simple, it became tiresome. The writer, whether in poetry or prose, should realize the value of words.

Increase Vocabulary

"You should increase your vocabulary. You can only do that by reading. In a language like English, where there are some 28,000 words which we can draw upon, it is a pity that most people only employ about 5,000. A poor vocabulary is a very great handicap," urged the speaker, who maintained that the "ballad" vocabulary was the cause of more "homing" manuscripts than many people could imagine.

"You people who are next door neighbors of China and Japan are losing much by not studying their literature; you have no conception what it has to give in poetry," concluded the speaker in her final references to the "glories which are available in the novels, romances, journals and diaries of this Far West."

PRINCE RUPERT TIDES

Wednesday, September 17	
High	3:55 a.m. 19.3 ft
	15:57 p.m. 20.1 "
Low	9:55 a.m. 5.7 "
	22:27 p.m. 4.8 "
Thursday, September 18	
High	4:37 a.m. 18.1 ft
	16:34 p.m. 19.2 "
Low	10:32 a.m. 7.1 "
	23:08 p.m. 3.9 "

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8-23

UNCONVENTIONAL PRINCE LEAVES FOR CANADA ON THURSDAY OF THIS WEEK

(continued from page one)

beautiful mountain side to take in a picture show in a little town in the valley. The manager of the theatre put out a sign reading "Come in and see this show with the Prince of Wales." But all his potential patrons were up on the hill attending the reception, and the enquiry who went to look for the Prince to tell him that the train was behind schedule refused to be "had" by the sign and passed the theatre by.

At one of the few informal dances he was able to attend, a girl from Philadelphia was so eager to get a "close-up" that she crowded him on the dancing floor and collided with him. "I've bumped the Prince," she told her partner gleefully. "I may not be able to tell the folks I danced with him, but I bumped him anyway."

Placed Him at Ease

A newspaper man came to the royal train one night to learn the result of a certain conference of the official party which was just breaking up. Everybody else had obviously finished their nightcaps, and when a servant placed a glass before the new arrival he hesitated to accept the implied invitation. The Prince was talking to his chief of staff, but he was quick to extend a cordial invitation. "I'll have one with you," he said heartily.

At an age when most young men take favors for granted, and princes might easily take them as their prerogative, the Prince of Wales was always at great pains to show his gratitude for the attentions which were showered upon him. When the oldest inhabitant of North Bay was presented to him, he met her more than half way and said gently: "It's awfully kind of you to have come a long way to welcome me. I hope it hasn't tired you too much." And he talked with her of her family affairs as if it concerned him more than anything else.

On another occasion, he strolled in to his secretary's stateroom and found there a newspaperman who had not expected to meet the Prince himself. While the scribe was cudgeling his brains for a fitting opening for the unexpected and valuable interview which was to gladden the heart of his city editor, the Prince effectively broke the ice by exclaiming, "Is that a Dunhill pipe you've got? I've got the tobacco that goes best with it." And the talk was on.

Excellent Listener

The Prince is an excellent listener. Thereby he has gained not a little of his popularity and credit for a more widely diffused knowledge than he could possibly possess. He has a faculty for making you talk about yourself, displaying the most intelligent

interest. And when he meets you again he will remember your occupation, your hobbies, and even your prejudices. One young man who had a part in the first Canadian tour was presented to the Prince in the early stages along with a group of other people. The Prince asked him if he "went overseas." The answer was in the negative and the Prince's face displayed momentary disappointment. A month later, at an informal luncheon aboard the train this young man happened to be at the Prince's table. His Royal Highness expressed some curiosity about the kind of spectacles the young man wore, and learned that he was extremely shortsighted. "That is why you didn't go overseas, of course," said the Prince.

He has a memory of a politician might envy. In a soldiers' convalescent hospital in Canada he picked out of a group of nurses a girl he had danced with in the war zone. He expressed the hope that the girl would dance with him at the formal function which took place in the evening. The girl replied she did not expect to be there. The Prince asked his hostess to invite the girl, remarking that he thought she would enjoy being there. His hostess hastened to invite the nurse although she was not "in society." It is even said that the nurse had to borrow the dress she wore, but it was one of the red letter days in her life.

Does the Unexpected

The Prince of Wales is always doing the unexpected thing. When he visited Bar U ranch five years ago, he indulged on the first morning in a cross-country sprint before breakfast. A holiday had been declared on the ranch, but the cowboys, most of them from the United States, had assembled for an exhibition round-up. When the Prince trotted up, he found them gathered round the cottage in which the royal party was housed. A servant had crossed from the main ranch house with the early morning tea, which is so important a part of an Englishman's diet. In running shorts and sweater, the Prince was taken for one of the secretaries, and he came in for a blunt expression of a cowboy's opinion of tea as an eye-opener. The Prince agreed with them heartily, and asked if he might breakfast with them. "Can I come in like this?" he asked, and the meal was nearly finished before they discovered his identity.

The running pants he wore on that occasion, by the way, were afterwards stolen by some souvenir hunter among the servants at a private house he visited. When the valet reported the loss, the Prince is said to have expressed great concern that he might not be able to get another pair this side of the Atlantic.

Amusing Incident

One of the most amusing incidents of that official tour occurred aboard the Prince's ship H.M.S. Renown in New York waters on the day that it sailed for home. Official America was assembled on the quarter-deck to make the farewells. Hundreds of people filed past the little platform where the Prince and his staff stood, shaking hands with each. One man carried an overcoat over his left arm. Hiding in its folds was a bottle of whiskey he had been presented with as a reminder of naval hospitality. It slipped out somehow, dropped innocent of any wrappings, and rolled across the deck. It was fortunately unbroken and its owner braved a battery of grins to recover it. He took his place again in the queue. When he presently faced the Prince, his formal farewell was tinged with embarrassment, but there was a twinkle in the young man's eye and a very hospitable note in his voice as he said "I am awfully glad you came." "So am I," the other blurted out, and there was a broad grin on both faces as they said goodbye.

There is not much likelihood that this young crusader will relapse into ease and comparative obscurity as the years increase on his head. His is too vivid a spirit to be embalmed in a smoking jacket. While there are still two hearts at variance he will range the world in his appointed task as peacemaker, bringing to that task every ounce of energy he possesses and every ounce of his gentle and fascinating personality. He shakes hands so often that he has to employ his left hand as well as his right. Perhaps if the truth were known he sees himself to the end of his days standing between two people and giving a hand to each.



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