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VANCOUVER BREWERIES LIMITED

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

The Admiral of the Mosquito fleet reports that while halibut fares for the past week have been light the nauticals generally are rapidly getting back in a strong stride to enable them to cope with the forthcoming season's waterfront business. The home fleet has been doing some considerable reorganization work and several boats have changed hands during the past month. It would seem that the tendency of the local halibut boat owners is to become possessed of larger boats than heretofore in order that they can better compete with the American schooners. Skippers of the home boats, who have been taking advantage of the winter months to put in a little holiday taking, have practically all returned to port and are now busy looking to their crafts and gear in readiness for the initial spring trip to the deep sea fishing grounds. Incoming skippers report the weather on the high spots to have been a great handicap to good fishing during the week. Both Canadian and American catches have been light while prices offering on the Fish Exchange have risen considerably due to the halibut shortage.

Several shoals of herring have been reported in the immediate vicinity of the port and local boats have been out to garner in the much needed fish bait.

Considerable fur has been brought in this week which has found a ready local market.

The Cow Bay shipbuilding yards are full to capacity and several home halibut boats are waiting to get on the ways to undergo general overhaul work.

Nigger is Dead

Yes sir, Nigger has pulled his last load of lumber for Albert & McCaffery and his team mate Baldy is left to mourn his loss, while Glen Hebb his loving master, is wandering aimlessly about with his chin touching his knees. There never was or never will be a horse like Nigger. He was one of those animals that delighted in suffering with divers complaints. If it wasn't one thing it was the other and despite the loving care of Glen, the handing in of Nigger's final time check could not be prevented. On Monday last Nigger was doing his daily dozen as usual but on Tuesday morning, when Glen went around to the barn to turn on the feed he was alarmed to

find Nigger lying prostrate with his head pillowed upon the manly bosom of his mate Baldy. All sorts and conditions of horse doctoring were resorted to but nothing could be devised to put pep into the old horse and at 9.30 he breathed his last. The tears of anguish shed by Baldy were of such colossal proportions that Glen had to go back home for his hip boots, and an extra ration of nice new oats did not materially help matters any. It is doubtful whether any horse had such a distinguished funeral as did Nigger. The remains were carefully hauled to the Albert-McCaffery dock, a boat having on previously moored alongside, and amidst a crowd of mourners including the local director of the board of railway commissioners and the M.P. for the district, F. G. Dawson and Fred Stork, M.P., the mortal remains of Nigger were lowered on to the waiting craft. The boat then pulled out for Hecate Straits where Nigger was donated to Davy Jones' locker. And so ended Nigger's eighteen years of faithful and useful service.

McLean Yard News

The Canadian halibut schooner Sherman, Capt. Milligan, is on the N. M. McLean ways undergoing an annual overhaul in readiness for her first dash of the season to the deep sea fishing grounds. Everything is being thoroughly gone over from the tip of the mast to the tip of the rudder. The hull and decks are being re-caulked and the whole will be plastered with a swell dish of paint. That hard working girl Ethel June, Capt. Geo. Russell, is also on the McLean ways and is being put through her paces in readiness for the spring and summer business.

Busted Her Stem

The Canadian schooner W.T. Capt. A. Jacobsen, is on the dry dock with a busted stem. From accounts to hand it appears that the boat hit a log snag while making port, the stem thereby becoming damaged, which disarranged her neat appearance. It is expected repairs will be completed early in the coming week.

Kyax Prospecting

The power boat Kyax, Capt. J. Prescott, which has recently undergone clutch repairs, has been down the coast this week on a logging cruise. Pete Colligan, partner in the log hunting expedition, was an interested passenger. Judging from the manner in which John was pacing the Cow Bay float on Thursday morning the trip was either mighty successful or he was contemplating the organization of a fourth provincial party. The lookout of the dome portion of the anatomy was registering deep thought.

The forestry patrol boat Leila R., Capt. Dan Archie, returned from a departmental business cruise down the coast early in the week.

Repairs to Karen

The trolling boat Karen, skippered by Billy Thane, is looking as trim as a new battleship these days and is the envy of all the boat owners around the home base. The Karen has just been fitted with a beautiful new cabin and pilot house which glistens in the sunlight like a sago tie pin in a black silk necktie. The interior has been redecorated in King Tut design and a new milk pitcher has been added to the table ware. The admiral has his eye on the Karen now and it is suggested in well informed nautical circles that he contemplates requisitioning the craft to be used as an auxiliary flagship for the Mosquito fleet.

Fur Arrivals

The power boat Oh Boy, owned by the McCadden Brothers, arrived in port early in the week from the Gardner Canal district after a very successful fur trap-

ping season. The catch included some very fine specimens of mink, marten and beaver. Our old college chum Frank Lockwood also arrived in port with a nifty catch of 129 mink and 7 other skins. Both catches were sold locally.

The launch Dixie Rupert has been brought in from Sourdough Bay, Seal Cove, where she has been moored during the absence of her skipper, George Newcomb, on his trip east, and is now lying at her old anchorage in Cow Bay in readiness for any rush of nautical business that happens to pass that way.

Bill Flounders

The fish shortage has seriously interfered with the calculations of Bill, of smoked cod fame, and has put him up against the proposition of supply versus demand. The order book was piling up and fish had to be obtained by hook or by crook. The crook not proving very satisfactory to fish with the hook was the only alternative. Now Bill doesn't do much dozing when he once gets the high boots on and his inventive brain was turned on to the problem of supply. Thought Bill "If a Chink can catch fish with a hook and a piece of bait so can I," and that solved the conundrum of supply. In a jiffy Bill had the whole wharf strung along with lines and hooks duly baited, while arming himself with a trusty club he marched up and down the piscatorial equipment like a sentry over a earload of whiskey. Now and again he would gently stoop and test the line. While it must be admitted several of the hooks brought up old boots and other debris the majority of them came up with wiggly flounders fastened on the end. So fast did the flounders bite that it became necessary for Bill to obtain the aid of his sparring partner Doc. We just forget the exact weight of the first day's catch but if we quoted the figures approximately you would say we were playing fast and loose with the word truth.

During the week 142,100 lbs. of halibut has been marketed on the Fish Exchange. Americans were high at 21c and 9.5c and low at 19c and 9.5c. Canadians were high at 19.9c and 9c and low at 18.1c and 8c. The arrivals were: Kaien, Atli, Texas, Valorous, Yellowstone, Anna J., Cape Swain, W.T., Forward, Crescent, Livingstone, Hanaco, Sherman, Tatoosh.

Herring Pounded

The Canadian schooner N.M. & R., Capt. Neville, was right on the job when the herring put in an appearance and sailed out to see what was doing in that line as soon as the glad word was received. The result of the first trip was that a pound has been formed at Captain's Cove in which some 10 tons of these juicy fish were deposited. The N.M. & R. will be employed for some time on the herring chasing. An additional pound is to be put in at Jap Inlet, Poreher Island, if the run keeps up.

Some Hustler

Charlie Wilson, officer commanding ice houses for the Booth Fisheries at Lake Kathlyn, near Smithers, hopped off the westbound train arriving here at 4.30 on Wednesday evening to transact business with the local manager. The business was short and snappy for Charlie caught the return train at 6.45 p.m. To say the least Charlie is some hustler when it comes down to doing business between trains. He is nearly as fast as the American contractor who built a row of houses in the morning and in the evening turned the delinquent tenants out for not paying their back rent.

We think you'll agree, dear reader, that Sandy, the assistant commodore of the Yacht Club, must be in love when you have perused these few lines. The

other morning Sandy went out for a bucket of water, in order that he might make tea for his colossal breakfast, leaving the fire burning brightly and the bacon and eggs sizzling in the fry pan. Returning with the bucket of water Sandy absent mindedly lifted the lid of the stove and poured the water into the fire instead of lifting the teapot lid and pouring the water on to the tea. The result, fire out, kitchen floor covered with muddy ashes and the bacon and eggs sooted like the inside of a factory smoke stack. Now, don't you think that a man who will do a trick of that sort must be genuinely in love? Either that or the services of a roofer are urgently required to renew the thatch on the top storey.

A tragedy in rhyme.
The man I'd really like to throttle,
Is the guy who broke the Admiral's bottle.
It was no joke, it was a sin,
The label read "Fine Old Tom Gin."

The steam trawlers G. E. Foster and Andrew Kelly, of the Canadian Fish & Cold Storage Co.'s fleet, are on the pontoons at the dry dock undergoing repairs. The fish holds are being enlarged and the electric wiring is being overhauled.

Alf Olsen Passes

Local nauticals will regret to hear of the death of Alf. Olsen, which occurred recently in the Campbell River hospital. From accounts to hand Alf had shipped on the American schooner Mildred from Seattle to the northern fishing grounds, and was taken sick just after leaving the home port. When off Campbell River, Vancouver Island, the skipper of the boat decided that the invalid needed medical treatment and took him ashore for

TO THE PUBLIC

WE would acquaint you with the following facts concerning our recent Forced Out of Business Sale and the advertising campaign carried in The Daily News during the month of December last.

Our Sale was forced upon us by our receiving notice to quit our present premises, the lease having expired.

However, owing to a change in plans of the incoming tenant our lease has been renewed recently, and we have decided to continue in business at the old stand.

A. W. Lipsin has left for the east to purchase a brand new stock of Men's and Boys' Clothing. In the meantime our present stock will be sold at Sale Prices until the end of February.

Thanking you for past patronage.

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