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THE DAILY NEWS
PRINCE RUPERT - BRITISH COLUMBIA

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H. F. PULLEN - - - Managing Editor.

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DAILY EDITION Thursday, Sept. 22, 1927

JAY WALKING AND FAST DRIVING

Pedestrians complain of fast driving in the city and drivers complain of pedestrians jay walking. Probably both have grounds for complaint. There are people, especially some of the younger drivers, who seem unable to restrain their desire for speed. They are a decided danger to the community. On the other hand there are people who cross the streets at any point and at any angle and they are a decided annoyance to the people who have cars and are themselves in danger of being run down. There are certain places where it is legal to cross the street and the crossing should always be at right angles. Those who cross from Wallace's corner to the C.P.R. office in a direct line are jay-walking and are liable to punishment and likely to meet with a serious accident during a busy time.

The same thing that makes a woman sometimes breaks a man. Take cloths as an instance.

DECEIVING THE PUBLIC

The city council deceives the public at least once a month when it produces for publication the profits on the light and power and telephone systems and fails to produce for publication a statement of the losses on the water system, if there are any. Because one is handled by the utilities department and the other is not, makes no difference. Both are very closely connected and it is stated that the reason there is a loss on the water is because it has been loaded in the past in order to show a profit on the power and light.

We have great respect for the superintendent of utilities and also for the city engineer and all connected with the three utilities, light and power, telephone and water, but some of them are making a mistake in not giving the public the whole truth. The superintendent of utilities is doing his part. Now the city works department, or whoever is the official head of the waterworks, should be brave enough to publish the losses. Let us have the whole truth and not only the pleasant part of it.

Girls who think their face is their fortune had better watch out that they are not arrested for passing counterfeit money.

PROMINENT VISITORS SEE

Prominent visitors who come here all seem to see possibilities of great future development in Prince Rupert. Yesterday the members of the Canadian Chamber of Commerce, who were entertained on their way through, all expressed their belief in the future of the place.

Another prominent visitor was a French banker who was here in the early days and has just returned. He is so sure of the position of the city that he has invested a large sum here, larger than most of the residents have invested.

It is good to hear these expressions and to know that at least some of them really mean something. The man who is willing to bet his money on our future is the one who really has the kind of faith we like to see.

A good recipe for success is to take a modicum of brains and stir well with a barrel of energy, covering the whole with a pretty thick layer of commonsense and courtesy.

For your boy at school—
A Gruen Watch, moderately priced

Gruen OctaThin Junior, $40

Think of your boy's pride and pleasure in owning a real Gruen Watch—a symbol of his coming manhood—a source of constant admiration from his companions! We have Gruen SemiThins priced as low as $25; SemiThin Juniors, $30 and $40. Others up to $75. Let us help you select.

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Canadian Soldier Revisits Battlefields at Ypres and Tells of Big Change There

(By Sergt.-Maj. Percy Buttery, late of Canadian Field Artillery)

YPRES, Belgium, September 22.—There is no need for me here to tell over again the story of Ypres, and of all the memories it holds for Canadian men and women. It was with no small feeling of pride, mingled with sad and affectionate memories of the many personal friends who sleep for ever beneath the hallowed soil of Ypres, that I set out for the Salient for the first time since I was there in mud-soaked khaki—for I was a Canadian soldier in the war days, and as a humble artilleryman in the 3rd brigade I was privileged to play a modest part in the unforgettable stand at St. Julien in April, 1915. Though the articles which I have read on the New Ypres had always interested me, they lacked, I always felt, that personal touch which can only be supplied by a visit to the scene of those unforgettable events.

SCENE OF PEACE

Early one morning I arrived at Poelcapelle by train from Ostend. Instead of huge shell-holes gaping out of a sea of mud with the ruins of century-old houses lying in straggled heaps over what was once the countryside; instead of charred stumps of trees and long lines of trenches, the outlook was just suggestive of complete peace and happiness. On all sides were long stretches of land rich in cultivation, and scattered about here and there were large red-tiled farm-houses and sturdy little cottages. In the fields laborers were at work and returned to the plow. The remains of pill-boxes and gun emplacements alone served to recall the tragic past, and even these were almost hidden from sight by the luxurious crops. Some of the outbuildings of the farms were roofed by sheets of corrugated iron, probably "scrounged" as we used to say, from the heaps of British war material left behind after the Armistice, while the barbed wire which formed the boundaries of many of the farms, was, most likely, similarly acquired.

A walk of nearly a mile from Poelcapelle station brought me to Poelcapelle village. Soon I found myself on the road to St. Julien and Ypres, and was then on familiar ground, for the roads have been preserved, and, except that they have been repaired, are the same as they were before they were ripped open by the German shells. Flanked on either side by fields of ripening corn, and passing Langemarck, I was soon at the little village rendered historic for all time by the great Canadian exploit. It was with mixed feelings that I entered the beautiful grounds of the memorial to the 2,000 Dominion soldiers who fell there in resisting the gas attack. These 2,000 brave souls lie buried beneath a huge stone slab, from the centre of which rises a column, simple in its grandeur, surmounted by the figure of a Canadian soldier with bowed head, who looks sorrowfully upon the grave of his comrades. In the road outside was a young woman selling picture postcards. She told me her father was a soldier in an Ontario regiment and that he fell at St. Julien. She now spends most of the year at the Memorial, earning a meagre living by the sale of her postcards. My sensations as I walked along the road from the Memorial to Wieltje were far different from those which assailed me when I last traversed a part of it in 1915. Our guns were well up beyond Wieldje when the gas attack opened, but after replying for some time we were forced to fall back. No part of the surrounding country of course was recognizable, but I remembered the direction of that retirement so well that I needed no guide. I was able to locate approximately all three of our gun positions. I had no difficulty in identifying the road beyond St. Jean and Ypres, across the canal onto the Brielen road (where our ammunition column was located), along which we had to dash at top speed with food for the guns. Passing along this road, now so calm and peaceful, it seemed impossible that a few short years ago it could have been such a shambles.

FORMER DESOLATION

I remembered, too, how, when the battle of April 22 began, those residents who had remained during the first battle for Ypres in October, 1914, began their final evacuation. Terror-stricken men and women rushed from their homes frantically gesticulating and pleading for help. That was the last they saw of the old houses which for years had been their homes. As I stood at this scene of former desolation and despair I wondered how many of the poor fugitives of 1915 had returned to occupy the neat red cottages which now stand on the sites of the shell-smashed dwellings.

The post war Flemish child is experienced in the art of begging, and he regards the British visitor to the historic battlefields as his lawful prey. Every few yards on the road from St. Julien I was pestered by these urchins for "pfennings." A group of these young mendicants had assembled at the wayside memorial—a small block of stone little larger than an ordinary English milestone—situated on the Wieltje road to mark the furthermost point reached by the Germans in their endeavor to capture Ypres. During a pause to try to visualise the scene as the invader commenced the big retreat which was the beginning of the end of the Great World War, I was relieved of all my small change.

FAMOUS CATHEDRAL

The ruins of the Cloth Hall in the famous square at Ypres remain much as they were, but the rebuilding of the Cathedral of St. Martin as nearly as possible like the original is proceeding. The side of the square outside the Cloth Hall is occupied by cheap and flash-looking souvenir stalls and a sort of fun fair, complete with round-a-bouts, etc., the owners of which live in caravans. It was something of a shock and surprise to see the washing of these caravaners hanging from a clothes-line stretched between the walls of the famous ruins which are forever to stand a mute witness to the horrors of modern warfare. On the opposite side of the square is a row of restaurants and cafes where one can get an excellent meal if one has enough money to pay for it, but the charges are about three times as much they ought to be.

Next day I was in Ypres again, and went at once to the Menin Gate. Surely this is the finest memorial of its kind in the world! On each side of the massive arch are galleries approached by stair-cases. On the walls are the names of fifty-eight thousand soldiers of the Empire who have no known graves. In the Canadian section the list of missing artillerymen is headed by Gunner Craigie "enlisted in the name of W. Warren." I remembered poor Warren well. After our hurried retreat from St. Julien, where we had to abandon most of our kit, Warren was the only one of a party of about six who managed to bring away any tobacco. While we were snatching a few hours of rest in an old barn behind St. Jean, all of us wanting a smoke more than anything else at the moment, Warren shared his treasure among us. A few days later, while he was wheel driver of an ammunition wagon rushing up to the batteries at St. Jean with shells, he and his horse were blown to pieces by a shell.

Passing through the gate along the Menin Road, Hell Fire Corner soon came into view, and we quickly reached another spot sacred to the memory of Canadians—Sanctuary Wood. It was here that in the summer of 1916 the Dominion troops took part in some sanguinary fighting. It was here that General Mercer was killed and General Williams taken prisoner. General Mercer's body was not found for a fortnight, when it was discovered, partially buried, probably by the explosion of a shell, in Maple Copse, a short distance to the rear of Sanctuary Wood.

TERRIBLE MEMORIES

This place of terrible memories is now as pretty and peaceful an area as can perhaps be found in the whole of Flanders. In the midst of what was once Sanctuary Wood is another noble memorial to the Dominion troops. It is approached by a series of terraces, the floors of which are carpeted with evergreen, and at the summit in the centre is a simple stone monument telling the valorous story for all time. From here I gazed upon bounteous areas of ripening corn, broken only by pretty little farm houses peeping above the golden sheaves.

From Sanctuary Wood to Hill 60 is only a short way, but there is a big difference in the condition of the two historic places. After the Armistice, Hill 60 was acquired by two British officers, who have recently handed it over to the British government to be maintained forever as a memorial to the British and Dominion soldiers who fell there. Beyond the fact that trenches have been filled in, dug-outs blown up, and a memorial to two British regiments erected, nothing has been done to repair the squalor left by four years of war. Men are still digging around the hill for those long posted as missing. I was told by the Englishman in charge of the Hill that when a body is found, the finder is given a reward of ten francs. There is a small army of men digging near the summit of the Hill, apparently searching for souvenirs, but these men, the Englishman told me, are "sprucers." First of all they bury an old bayonet or scabbard, a few regimental buttons and badges, and wait for a party of visitors. Then they begin to dig for all they are worth, and at the proper moment unearth these souvenirs under the eyes of the credulous visitors, who in many cases are ready purchasers.

FRIENDLY ESTAMINET

That same afternoon I went by light railway from Ypres to Kemmel, and Ranoutre, another spot which will be well remembered by Canadians. At this time this section was comparatively quiet after the terrible experiences which preceded it. I saw the position on the side of the road in front of Kemmel Hill and facing Messines where our guns were placed during this period. Our dugouts were on the other side of the road under the very tram track over which I had just ridden. One of the estaminets near here was kept by an old lady with two daughters—Julie and Emma. Many of my old comrades will remember our gatherings at this estaminet, and the kindly way we were received by these two girls. If we had no money Julie would supply our wants on credit, and accounts were always settled when the paymaster arrived. These estaminets were destroyed later on, but new ones have been erected in their stead. I called to see if Julie and Emma had returned after hostilities ceased. They had not, but I found that the Canadians are well remembered in this part of Flanders. In the bar was a young man, who as a boy, used to sell chocolate to the troops in the Kemmel area. He told me that the old lady is dead, and that Julie and Emma are hospital nurses at Bailleul.

I returned to Ostend from my tour of the Salient convinced that there is only one way for an old soldier to visit the places he knew so well in war time, and that is on foot. Motor coach trips will perhaps serve the purpose of those who have no personal association with the scenes of sacrifice, but I want more time at St. Julien, Sanctuary Wood, Kemmel and other places than these stereotyped excursions follow.

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LAND ACT.

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO APPLY TO LEASE LAND

In Queen Charlotte Islands Land Recording District of Prince Rupert, and situate at Jedway Harbor, Moresby Island, Q.C.I.

TAKE NOTICE that Millerd Packing Company, Limited, of Vancouver, B.C., occupation Packers, intends to apply for a lease of the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the northeast corner of Lot 88, Q.C.I.; thence northwesterly and along high water mark 18 chains, more or less, to a point N. 56 37' E. from the N.E. corner Lot 140; thence north 56 37' E. 1-5 chains, more or less, to low water mark; thence southeasterly along low water mark to a point N. 56 37' E. from the location post; thence 2.2 chains, more or less, to the point of commencement, and containing 5 acres, more or less.

MILLERD PACKING COMPANY, LIMITED,
Applicant.

Dated September 7, 1927.

LAND ACT

NOTICE OF INTENTION TO APPLY TO LEASE LAND

In Queen Charlotte Islands Land Recording District of Prince Rupert, and situate at Ferguson Bay, Graham Island, Q.C.I.

TAKE NOTICE that Somerville Cannery Company, Limited, Vancouver, B.C., occupation Packers, intends to apply for a lease of the following described lands:

Commencing at a post planted at the northwest corner of Lot 1571, Q.C.I.; thence east 30 chains; thence north 2 chains, more or less, to low water mark; thence west following low water mark, 30 chains; thence south 2 chains, more or less, to point of commencement, and containing six (6) acres, more or less.

SOMERVILLE CANNERY COMPANY, LIMITED, Applicant

Dated August 31, 1927.

WATER NOTICE.

DIVERSION AND USE

TAKE NOTICE that E. Rousseau, whose address is 410 Seymour Street, Vancouver, B.C., will apply for a licence to take and use 1 cubic foot of water out of unnanmed stream which flows southerly and drains into Port Stephens Bay, about one mile east of Bluff Point. The water will be diverted from the stream at a point about 600 feet from the mouth and will be used for commercial purposes upon the lands described as Lot 2750, Range 4, Coast District. This notice was posted on the ground on the 26th day of July, 1927. A copy of this notice and an application pursuant thereto and to the "Water Act" will be filed in the office of the Water Recorder at Prince Rupert, B.C. Objections to the application may be filed with the said Water Recorder or with the Comptroller of Water Rights, Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C., within thirty days after the first appearance of this notice in a local newspaper. The date of the first publication of this notice is August 20, 1927.

EUGENE ROUSSEAU,
Applicant.

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