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OUTLETS FOR CANADIAN GRAIN

It will be interesting to learn later how much of the present huge Canadian wheat crop finds its way to market through Canadian ports. It is probable that at least 200,000,000 bushels will go to the markets of the world through the United States, keeping up American railways, feeding American railway employees and building up American ports while some Canadian ports are languishing. That is the weak spot in Canadian business. We hear a lot about protection for Canadian industries but seldom is anything said about protection for Canadian ports against the inducements made to ship through rival ports south of the boundary.

We are not suggesting any remedy for the condition. We are simply drawing attention once more to the condition which exists.

"O CANADA" ONCE MORE
 (Winnipeg Free Press)

Out on the Pacific coast they are still fighting over the words of "O Canada," it appears. Usually this agitation is begun by somebody who believes that "God Save the King" supplies all that Canadians need in the way of a national anthem; but in the present case the trouble started owing to the use of the words "my home, my native land." H. H. Stanley, a school trustee of Burnaby, said that Canada was not his native land, and he could not honestly sing of it as such. He suggested the substitution of the Weir version by the Buchan translation which gets round the difficulty of rendering the meaning in another way.

Charles M. Woodworth, of Point Grey, another trustee, declared he was not native born, but that he could sing of "my home, my native land" without his conscience troubling him at all. Surely Mr. Woodworth is right. This quibbling over technical points is absurd, and leads only to the continued use of the third translation: "O Canada, to-dum-de-dum-de-dah," which still makes its appearance at too many functions.

PHYSICAL FITNESS ESSENTIAL
 (Edmonton Bulletin)

Canada has recently come in for some measure of criticism in Great Britain because the Canadian doctors stationed in British ports refuse to pass intending immigrants whose physical condition would probably not stand the strain of Canadian farm life. London papers have been rather inclined to read lectures to Canadians on the folly of being over-particular, and have suggested that the dominion should be glad to take immigrants pretty much on the "orchard run" principle.

It is to be hoped that these critics will ponder the cases of some of the miner-harvesters who returned to Britain after a brief and unpleasant experience had convinced them that they had not the strength to do harvest work. These are men who should never have been allowed to come to Canada. To have prevented them coming would have been a kindness. It is equally a kindness to turn back any intending immigrant who is not in physical condition to stand the strenuous work of the farmer. To encourage him to come to Canada would only be to invite him to waste time and money.

Man in the Moon

There's a humorist on the staff of "Canadian Aviation," organ of the Aviation League of Canada. He says "aviation in Canada is certainly beginning to hum."

Jake says if it did not begin to hum where would it begin?

I think I ought to have been an aviator for I'm always "flying off" or going "up in the air."

Here's a health then to the man Who's a real bang up flyer Like an angler he is also

Sometimes a wholesome liar.

The duck season opens the beginning of the week and a lot of local hunters are said to be storing up their imagination in readiness for the great event.

The boys are back from the north and Jake is having the time of his life retelling the stories they are alleged to have told.

I love a real good story Which tells of daring do I love to hear the teller String off one bright and new But what I hate to hear is The yarn outworn and frayed Which is told and then retold again Of such I am afraid.

Personal Experiences Of Former Terrace Lady in Recent Hurricane In Florida Gives Idea Of Losses

(The following article is written by Mrs. F. T. Ross of Kelsey City, Florida, who formerly resided at Terrace. In a brief note she says the death rate in their locality was over 1000 and total figures are expected to reach 2200. Truck loads of bodies were continually passing their house.)

Before the hurricane of '26 storm warnings were looked upon by the vast majority of us as of interest to seafarers only. Though we were warned of a tropical storm of great intensity, no precautions were taken. But, to be bronchial, people live and learn. This storm found windows boarded and houses braced inside and out.

Early Thursday morning the storm struck Porto Rico and we knew then if it continued in its present course we were directly in its path. But so erratic are hurricanes in their movements we continued to hope even till Sunday afternoon that it would be deflected and pass out to sea.

To us who live where hurricanes are a permanent possibility the simile of a hurricane and doughnut has become familiar. It explains so simply how the wind may blow round the rim of the doughnut at 125 miles an hour and yet the hurricane, the doughnut itself, progress at only 12 miles an hour. In this case the rim of the doughnut varied from 60 to 100 miles in width.

All Sunday the weather was ominous, dark with sudden gusts of wind. Late in the afternoon it started to blow steadily with ever increasing intensity. By 7 o'clock it had reached hurricane force.

Our house had been braced and fortified till it seemed fairly safe as far as wind and rain were concerned, but the beautiful old rubber trees which surrounded us were too great a menace to risk at a time like that, so we accepted the invitation of a neighbor whose low, well built house had already weathered a number of storms, and was free of trees.

It proved a wise decision. All night while the storm raged in all its fury we scarcely felt it, so little did the house vibrate.

By 9 p.m. the storm was abating and by 9.20 it was perfectly calm. This calm, the centre of the doughnut lasted for some 40 minutes. Then the wind which had been blowing from northeast blew unceasingly hard from the southwest till its velocity exceeded that of the first half. By 1.30 the storm was over and only a stiff breeze blew.

Exhausted from the strain, most of us were dozing when we were wakened suddenly by a hammering at the back door and a terrified voice crying: "For the love of Gawd, let us in."

Some score or more of negroes from our hosts colored quarters were gathered round the door. They stood knee deep in water and some had had to wade through water breast high to get to the road. How fortunate they were to get through we were not to know till morning.

They were allowed in two back rooms and the little half drowned pickaninnies were rubbed down and wrapped in dry things. Soon the acrid smell of gnashed negroes in spite of closed doors, penetrated and permeated the whole house, till it was real cause for thanksgiving when the rain ceased and the windows could be thrown open.

Daylight revealed a watery world of utmost devastation and desolation. One of the few houses in sight was a wreck. Others were off their foundations with the roofs stripped and porches torn away. But this seemed nothing to what we were to see. But list—

Canal Point and Pahokee are new little towns built on the ridge of land which skirts the eastern shore of Lake Okechobee. Most of the white population and some of the black live here. The others live on the low lying land behind, commonly called "The Muck." Canal Point is a company town, being one of the developments of the Southern Sugar Company, with many hundred acres planted to sugar cane. Pahokee, 3 miles south was the thriving centre of a rapidly developing farming country. Fifteen stores have been, or were being added to the original six which were then there when we came in September.

Canal Point was badly damaged, roofs torn off, windows broken, etc. A few houses were completely wrecked. One two-storey house, intact, was laid laid neatly on its side. On the sugar mill site proper the negro quarters were completely wrecked, but the new \$200,000 quarters under construction, both completed and uncompleted, had weathered the storm well. The cane was quite mature and it was hoped if they could drain the land dry soon, it would be all right.

Canal Point had still looked like a village. Pahokee didn't. If some giant had kicked it viciously a number of times it might have had much the same effect. In many cases what had been houses were now merely some few thousand feet of boards scattered over the surrounding acres. In others a pile of boards marked the site of a former house. Some had been merely lifted from their floors, like a toy house, leaving the furniture surprisingly in place. From some one wing had been torn away exposing a cross section of the other wing.

Going down the road we climbed over piles of grass and weeds fallen trees, lumber, roofs, etc. Right in the centre of town the doctor's house had been picked up by the high water and deposited right in the centre of the road. For two weeks we drove around it.

We now began to hear repeated rumors of deaths but so often they proved false we began to hope in spite of the terrible havoc there had been no loss of life. We were not left with this hope long for soon search parties began to return, each with their ghastly tale of tragedies. Of one family of seven only the father and one child were found alive. One woman was the sole survivor of a family connection of twelve—and so ad infinitum.

Most of the survivors took refuge in the school and so we went in there to learn the fate of various friends and neighbors.

Temporary Hospital

The first room we entered was a temporary hospital. On one bed lay a woman with a week old baby who had floated all night in the water. She seemed miraculously well for having passed through such an experience. The only other bed was occupied by a delirious woman. She had been sick before the storm and of course was much worse from exposure.

A number of others lay on mattresses on the floor. Most of them had been in water all night, sometimes going under only to be rescued by a comrade. First aid had already been given to the wounded by the local doctor. Visiting the other rooms we heard story after story of terror and exposure. My sewing woman had been in water waist deep all night, even when sitting on the table. As the water rose she and her family had taken refuge on the ceiling joists where they remained till daylight. Her experience was quite typical.

Mary, feeling one house about to go, had sought refuge in another, only to have that go in its turn. One family found safety only after the fourth venture out into the storm.

Monday afternoon, a man in a bathing suit and raincoat, reached us from the outside world, from which we were isolated by some thirty miles of the everglades. He said ambulances, doctors and supplies were on the way but it was hard to tell when they would arrive so bad was the road. They succeeded by 2 a.m. Tuesday morning and the worst cases were rushed (?) to the hospitals.

The American Legion with their distinguished little orange hats, arrived in force and provisioned the communities most

generously till the Red Cross took over the work later.

The white uniformed coast guard arrived on Tuesday also and helped evolve order out of chaos. Thursday the state guard arrived and we were put under military rule with sentries patrolling the roads and guards at the entrance to town.

Those who had fled before also began to arrive back on Tuesday. The story of one woman interested us specially. She had been sick for some three days before the storm. Having eaten nothing during that time she got up from bed, drove herself, sister and six children some hundred miles, spent the night with a number of other refugees in a railroad station and then started home. Three time driving over the flooded road her engine was drowned out. Three times she and the children had to shove it some hundred yards or so to higher ground, let it dry out and then go on.

For the sake of the still living and with apologies to the dead, it seems only fair to say such loss of life was unnecessary. Too many houses were poorly built in the boom which was sweeping the country and so many people with the water already extremely high stayed on low lying land in spite of official warnings of a rise in water—though of course such a tremendous rise was unexpected.

The Difference

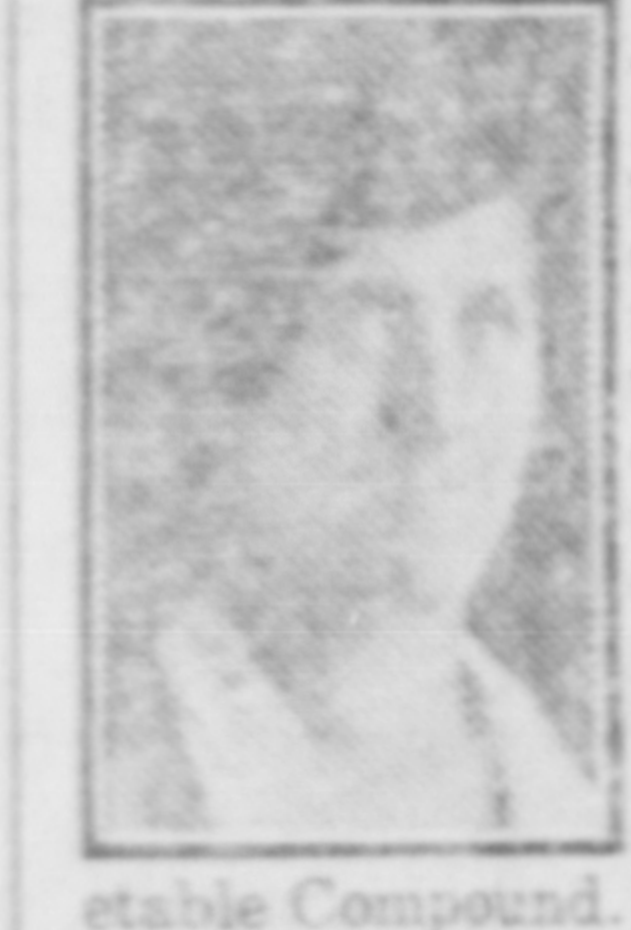
"There is really no danger," said the doctor, trying to be encouraging. "I have had the same illness myself."

"Yes," answered the gloomy patient, "but you didn't have the same doctor."

HELPED DURING MIDDLE AGE

Woman Praises Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Sarnia, Ont.—"I am willing to answer letters from other women, to tell them the wonderful good Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound did me. I cannot be thankful enough for the benefits I received during the Change of Life. I do housework and my troubles made me unfit to work. A friend advised me to try the Vegetable Compound. I felt great relief at once, began to regain my appetite, and my nerves got better. I will recommend your medicine to all with troubles like I had."—MRS. JOHN BENSON, 182 N. Christina St., Sarnia, Ontario.



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