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# Peace River and Prince Rupert Problems Are Identical and a Joint Council Is Now Proposed

(Continued from page one)

and it would be interesting if the views of other boards could be received for similar publication.

The following is from the letter:

"And when one goes to Prince Rupert he finds that the problem with the Pacific town is identical with ours, for when he steps off the train he will find the best part of the population on the platform to see how many arrive. Her problems are identical with those of the Peace River country. Prince Rupert has a fine harbor with grain elevator, three million-dollar ship plant and dry dock that will take care of the largest ship afloat; and yet last winter ships arrived there for a grain cargo and found there was no a bushel in store, and at the same time there were several million bushels in the Peace River country longing for a quick despatch to the sea; but instead of taking the quick way out by Rupert it was handed over to the C.N.R. or C.P.R. for the long haul, and thus Prince Rupert is beat out of its own, while the Peace River people have no choice in the matter.

This year the Peace River country will have 17 million bushels of grain for export, according to the latest figures. Should the powers that be see fit to start at once on the coast outlet, it is a safe bet that the Peace River country will have 30 million bushels before that outlet is completed.

**Yes, Why Not?**

"Let us imagine that our outlet is put through in, say two years. What would take place at Hudson Hope, at Finlay Forks and on the Ingenika? The traffic of these points added to the 30 million bushels of Peace River wheat going into Prince Rupert would draw ships from off the seven seas; making Prince Rupert a port for transpacific shipping. Then why should it be established that the Peace River country is not to be linked up with Prince Rupert?

"Again their problems are identical. In the first place while the country and the conditions are one, and the interests are one, yet we are the back concessions of two provinces, and our representation to the governments of the two provinces is practically nil. We in the Peace River country send our member to the ALBERTA legislature, not our own, and when we ask for anything it is asking for a favor as much as if we asked it from Saskatchewan or Manitoba. It is the same with Prince Rupert. The B.C. government has its gigantic problems close at hand, such as the Sumas reclamation, which so overshadows Prince Rupert and all her wants that she is like a stone pile in a farmer's commons down east. From this standpoint it would appear to be in the interest of the north country of the two provinces if we could get together and form a council whose movement would be felt.

**Federal Representatives**

"Our problems are identical in our representation at Ottawa. Our Mr. Kennedy from Peace River sits on the opposition side of the house with the Progressive-U.F.A.-Ginger group party; while Mr. Brady from Prince Rupert also sits on the opposition side of the house, but he is with the National Liberal and Conservative party (if I have the party's name worded correctly). Mr. Brady had his tiff with the minister of public works about saying "thank you" while Mr. Kennedy had his row with the prime minister over his (Kennedy's) last year's speech, and also with the postmaster general over the postmasters at Fairview and Wakely, and he was very much interested as to how long Pete Tomkins worked for the government, what he worked at, and how much he was paid. Mr. Brady near drove his desk through the floor trying to raise the tariff as high as Hayman's gallows' while Mr. Kennedy hammered his driving the tariff down lower than the grave. And while these two members from the northern empire were carrying on their little tupenny ha'penny show, the members from Saskatchewan were pulling for connections with the Hudson Bay railway and the members for Manitoba were pulling for a direct route east of Lake Winnipeg to connect the city of Winnipeg with the H.B. line south of the Kettle Rapids bridge, and they got a promise from the minister of railways that a survey would be started this summer.

And again where the problems of Prince Rupert and the Peace River country are very similar is in the fact that they each have a toll gate (so to speak) that is double-barrelled, steel-riveted, and set in a concrete frame. That toll gate for Prince Rupert is the city of Vancouver whose people have more small town strife ideas than any place visited by a world rambler. If they were allowed to, the people of Vancouver would put a boom of logs across the mouth of the Fraser to keep boats out of New Westminster; they went into hysterics when Victoria was getting a dry dock; they would not allow a school of fish to go up the coast to Prince Rupert without the fish reporting first to Vancouver. In fact, anything that does not call at Vancouver has no business in the Canadian Pacific waters.

**The Toll Gates**

"The toll gate to the Peace River country is the city of Edmonton, who claims to have its letters patent as the gateway of the entire north, and have proclaimed to the north country, "The gates are mine to open as the gates are mine to close," and those gates are opened just as the opening brings business to Edmonton. An air-[illegible] north must leave the capitol city and give the city advertising, nothing more. The people of Edmonton had an epidemic of fits when the C.P.R. Willingdon line was threading its way west between C.N. lines for fear that it might go on to the north country and pass Edmonton up, and a train of wheat might get out of the north country without going through Edmonton. But when the new line turned south and laid down two or three diamonds in crossing the C.N.R. lines and came into Edmonton everything was lovely. The people of Edmonton would not allow a summer shower to pass to the north without first spraying their gardens.

"And so this great north country is bottled up between these two powerful gates. Edmonton is determined that there shall be no coast outlet for this country at all, while Vancouver is just as determined that the outlet will not be by way of Prince Rupert, which is our northern port. It will be remembered that when General McRae toured the Peace River country a year ago he was not talking east and west traffic, but he would have the traffic go down to Vancouver and when he launched his great immigration scheme for this country he did not get west of Prince George. In fact, Gen. McRae's whole scheme meant more business for the port of Vancouver or [illegible] thing at all.

"Can anyone imagine what the western states would be today if San Francisco had seen their only port on the Pacific all those years? And yet this is the great power that Prince Rupert and the Peace River country are up against, and apparently this power is to be backed by the railway powers of Canada. [illegible]

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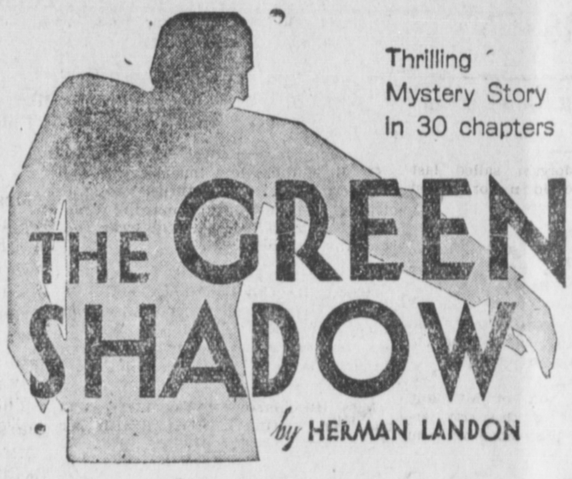


INSTALMENT XXXI.

**An Unwelcome Surprise**

Flaggler's was an old establishment of quiet dignity and unobtrusive elegance. Dale knew that Mr. Castle sometimes went there; in fact, he had seen him there on several occasions. The head waiter, a man with a long and highly remunerative memory for faces, bowed profoundly and inquired concerning Dale's preference with regard to a table. Dale let his eyes wander over the crowd of diners. Out of the multitude he picked out a pale, aristocratic face with a nervous train in it, but also something commanding and aggressive. Then his gaze wavering, he saw another face that was equally familiar.

"I see a friend," he told the head waiter. "You needn't trouble."

He walked briskly toward a table in the rear where Virgil Ellsworth Castle was dining in solitude, but when halfway there he made a slight detour and stopped before another table.

"Good evening, Mr. Ferryman," he murmured.

Mr. Ferryman drew up his head with a nervous start that caused the glasses to slip from his nose. They dangled at the end of the long ribbon, swung precariously, and would have been shattered against the table if Dale had not caught them in time. With his habitual curiosity, which extended even to trifles, he glanced at the lenses.

His glance narrowed and lengthened. He started a little. And then, with the most casual of smiles he handed the glasses to Mr. Ferryman.

"Oh, thanks," the older man mumbled. He seemed slightly embarrased. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Dale." A little chill crept into his eyes.

"Miss Castle told me that you have offered to help her," said Dale pleasantly. "It's very good of you. I thought I would thank you on her behalf."

He bowed slightly and moved away. "Good heavens!" he exclaimed under his breath. And then, as he was approaching the table at which Mr. Castle sat, he almost stopped in his tracks. His eyes had wandered to the far side of the room, where a lonely diner sat. They paused on an unfamiliar face—the ugliest face he had ever seen in his life—and for a moment he stared in stupefaction. The face was not only ugly, but repulsive as well.

He pulled himself together, and moved on. But his mind was whirling with a recollection of something Miss Castle had said. Dr. Moffett had told her that one of his reasons for not wishing to be seen was that he had the ugliest face in creation. Dale, now moving toward Mr. Castle's table, wondered whether there could be another face in all the world as ugly as the one he had just seen.

His brain reeled a little. The vast room seemed to resolve itself into a triangle, with Mr. Castle at one point, Mr. Ferryman at another and the man with the unsightly face at the third. It struck him as an odd conjunction of personalities. Was it just by chance that they were all here?

His face bore no sign of his mental agitation when he stopped at Mr. Castle's table.

"How is the mysterious Mr. Graves this evening?" he asked in an undertone as he slipped into the vacant seat.

The older man started violently and stared in a terrified way at his unbidden companion.

"Don't alarm yourself, Mr. Castle," said Dale quickly. "I am here as a friend."

Virgil Ellsworth Castle sat back and continued to stare. His face was ashen. His jaw had become a quivering lump. Slowly he recovered a little composure. Despite the startling greeting, there was something that inspired confidence.

Dale consulted his card and gave his order. Then his glance wandered over the restaurant for a moment. Mr. Ferryman was gone, but the man with the ugly face was still at his table. He seemed to send a covert glance in Dale's direction.

"Mr. Castle," he murmured in a discreetly lowered tone, "my name is Martin Dale. I know you are the mysterious Mr. Graves. I also know that Dr. Moffett is threatening you. Please don't trouble to deny the facts. It would only be a waste of time I am in Miss Castle's confidence. Will you do likewise?"

The astounding statements seemed to come a little too fast for Mr. Castle. His eyes alternately bulged and narrowed. A medley of expressions crossed his face.

"What have you to say to me?" he asked thickly.

"Are you returning to your office after dinner?"

"Yes," came the answer in a staggered voice. "I expect to remain there till midnight."

"Good! This is all I have to ask you. If your telephone should ring any time tonight, don't answer it. Will you agree to that?"

Mr. Castle regarded him with astonishment and suspicion, but the latter expression vanished rapidly.

"It's most extraordinary," he began. "I don't understand——"

"Please don't try to understand. Just do as I say, and I'll promise that in a day or two you need have no fear of Dr. Moffett."

Mr. Castle smiled—a smile of vague uncertain hope. "What you ask is simple," he remarked, "but your promise is astounding. Very well, I'll do as you suggest."

"Splendid." Dale fell into an easy conversational tone. "Now tell me something. You notice the man away over in the rear. No, a little farther to the left. The one with scarecrow face. Ever see him before?"

"Yes, I think I've seen him here a few times, but I can't tell you who he is. Why do you ask?"

"Just out of curiosity."

Mr. Castle drained his coffee cup. "Now if you will excuse me, I have a great many things to attend to at the office."

"Don't forget," said Dale.

Left alone, Dale smiled agreeably. He had driven another spike into Dr. Moffett's big gun. In doing so, he had anticipated an emergency that might not develop, but he wished to be prepared against every possible chance. Even if Dr. Moffett's plan should succeed up to a certain point, he would be thrown into confusion by his inability to communicate with his victim.

Dale lingered a long time over coffee and cigarette. He had seen a number of strange things since he entered the restaurant, and he was turning several new ideas over in his mind, but these developments would not affect his plans for the night.

Afterward, in a telephone booth across the street, he called up Miss Castle and gave her a few final instructions. Out in the street again, he stood at the curb and lighted a cigarette, and as he did so he looked about him with a faintly bewildered air. Something seemed to flash a warning to his brain, but he could not trace it to its source. The bystanders and pedestrians looked harmless.

Yet, just to play safe, he started a series of maneouvres designed to throw a shadow off his trail. The sharp twists, convulutions and detours occupied the better part of an hour. He stopped and looked about him again, and now the nagging and elusive impression of stealthy espionage was gone. He looked at his watch. It would soon be time to go back to the garage and claim the car.

The car was waiting for him when he arrived. He inspected the new top carefully, and cheerfully paid an extortionate charge for the work. Half an hour later he drew up in front of the Castle house.

Most of the windows were dark. The sidewalks on either side were deserted. He glanced at his watch. Miss Castle was not likely to appear for 10 or 15 minutes yet, and he did not care to spend more time than necessary lying in the cramped position between the two folds of the top. He decided to remain seated at the wheel and enjoy a cigarette before he climbed into his uncomfortable hiding place.

"Hello, Dale," said a grim, low-pitched voice.

Dale started. A sharp quiver of apprehension ran through him. A short, stocky, curiously soft-footed man stepped out from the shadow of a tree. Dale sprang from his seat.

"Oh, you Summers!" His voice was hard and gruff. "What do you want?"

Summers came closer, fixing Dale with alert, wary eyes. "You have sure traveled a queer course tonight, Dale. I tried to get the hang of it, but I couldn't. Too deep for me!"

"What do you want?" asked Dale again.

"Youre under arrest—for murder," said Summers.

**To Be Continued Tomorrow**

(This number ends the twentieth chapter. There are still 10 chapters to come.—Editor).

# NO PESSIMISM IN THE PEACE

EDMONTON, Aug. 27:—"I had heard a lot about the country north of Peace River, but what I actually saw far surpassed my most optimistic hopes," R. J. Dinning, commissioner of the Alberta Liquor Control Board, told the Journal in speaking of a trip into the province's hinterlands from which he has just returned with Premier Brownlee's party.

"The country north of the Peace River has tremendous potential agricultural wealth, and settlers are pouring into it so fast that they are now ahead of the Dominion Survey and are simply "squatting." Another thing which particularly impressed me was that I did not meet a single pessimist on the trip. Everyone is confident of the future. Although the crop cannot be classified as a "bumper," it is fairly good and with increased prices the farmers should have an average return.

"We found the highways in excellent condition everywhere and the boat trip was ideal from start to finish," he declared.

STOMACH PAINS?

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# ROSEVEAR IS RETIRING AND HORN GETS JOB

WINNIPEG, Aug. 27:—Important changes in the personnel of the freight traffic department of the Canadian National Railways in Western Canada, were announced today in a circular issued by W. C. Manders, freight traffic manager of the western region, and approved by A. T. Weldon, traffic vice-president. The changes are: A. E. Rosevear, general freight agent, Winnipeg, is assigned to other duties until December 15, when he will retire on the company's pension plan, having completed 52 years continuous service.

J. M. Horn, general freight agent, Vancouver, to be assistant freight traffic manager, Winnipeg. J. M. Macrae, assistant general freight agent, Winnipeg, to be general freight agent, Vancouver. Walter Hately, assistant general freight agent, Winnipeg, to be general freight agent, Winnipeg. F. G. Adams, assistant general freight agent, Winnipeg, to have supervision over rates and divisions, with headquarters at Winnipeg.

G. R. Truscott, chief clerk of the tariff bureau, Winnipeg, to be chief of the tariff bureau with headquarters at Winnipeg. The appointments and changes become effective at once.

There will be a general regret at the retirement of Mr. Rosevear, whose long association with the transportation industry in Canada and particularly in the west, has made him one of the best known and most popular railway official in the Dominion.

# SYNAGOGUES JEWS BURNED

JERUSALEM, Aug. 27:—Ancient scrolls of the law, some more than a thousand years old, were destroyed by fire last night, when two more synagogues in the Georgian Jewish quarter were burned by Moslem Arabs.

THEY

started with breakfast. But since then, Kellogg's Corn Flakes have gone clear around the clock—lunch, between meals, supper for the kiddies, bedtime—whenever appetite calls!

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