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## Liquor Plebiscite

IN THE PRESS and in such organizations as Chamber of Commerce and now even in the Vancouver city council is heard the persistent demand for a plebiscite on whether changes in the British Columbia liquor distribution system are desirable.

One popular suggestion is that the iniquitous guzzling of liquor in a hurry by the whole bottle, often surreptitiously, might be curtailed if the dispensing of liquor by such open means as the cocktail lounge could be legalized.

Also it is suggested that conditions in the beer dispensaries might be improved if the sale of beer by the glass could be complemented with the serving of food.

Without passing judgment on the present system of liquor distribution it would seem that the government would be doing the democratic thing, in view of the apparent demand, to cause the holding of a plebiscite to obtain some sort of an expression of public opinion.

The government holds that the majority of the people are satisfied with the present liquor laws but there are undoubtedly a great many people who do not agree with the government in this view.

There is no necessity to go to the expense of having a plebiscite held separately but there seems to be a lot of justification for the view that it could easily and should be held in conjunction with the next general provincial election.

## This Colorful Age

A WORLD-WIDE color-awareness has now evolved. From extreme sobriety in dress and ornamentation, we are launched into a sea of tints and shades.

The language of Color is universal. The power to perceive and distinguish colors varies with individuals but it speaks to all. To some, only bright, elementary colors have appeal. Others are moved equally by the most delicate of tints. Primitive peoples are affected by violent reds, yellows and greens—the solid colors. The more sensitive and highly organized peoples show preference for the more subtle of shades and tints.

Oriental peoples show marked preference for colors that are vivid, poignant and glowing; a probable reason for this being that, in countries of intense sun-heat and consequent lethargy, bright colors stimulate both mind and body.

The savage, dwelling in the dark recesses of jungle swamps, caves, mud-huts and the like, seeks relief from the depressing effect of his environment by adorning himself in the most vivid of hues; they brighten his life, prompt him to sing and dance and love. Color frees him from the monotony of the squalor in which he lives. A peacock feather is his most prized possession.

Colors have come down through the ages, an unbroken tradition. Red was worshipped by the savage as the embodiment of Life, the hue of his blood, the source of his energy to fight and love. In battle his body was splashed with crimson red. The sight of it stimulated him, goaded him on, gave him strength, life. Red has always been the martial banner. Rivers of blood have been loosed at its command. The savage loves it, adores it. Civilized man has learned better to appraise and use it.

### Scripture Passage for Today

"For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Christ Jesus."—I Cor. 3:11.

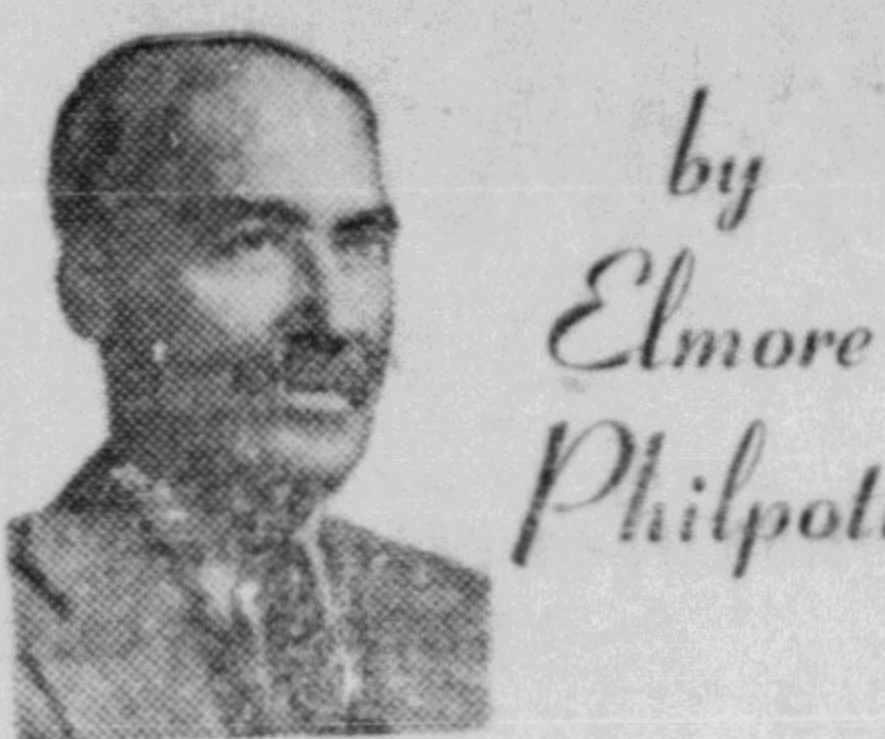
## Broadway Cafe



Hours: 7 a.m. to 1 a.m.

For take home orders—Phone 200

## As I See It



### SUNDAY AT SEA

**ABOARD RMS CHUSAN.**—The ship was all agog on a bright, cold Sunday morning with minor gossip.

It seems that sedate-looking Englishman went mildly berserk Saturday night.

Nearly all the first-class passengers aboard this ship dress for dinner (the gay young bucks wearing crimson ties, not the orthodox black). The very stiff-looking dress-suited Englishman stalked up to the coffee table in the lounge. Standing straight as a ramrod he looked like a pillar of respectability, but suddenly snatched the table cloth and crashed all the coffee to the floor.

They say he is "up before Captain today," but will probably get off with a warning from that hard-headed executive. Probable explanation: He was just another drunk who does not show the effects of liquor until he goes right off the deep end.

WITH A FEW HUNDRED other passengers I was "up before the Captain" myself Sunday morning. He was officiating at the Church of England service. He did the job shipshape, too. The service took 28 minutes, complete with hymns, for which music was provided by the ship's orchestra.

As the service proceeded, the wind moaned from the African shore, as if in sorrow at its exclusion. During the service, I suddenly realized one of the sources of the Church of England's strength. The service is designed so that a layman, like the Captain, can conduct as inspiring a ceremony as one complete with parson or priest.

There was no sermon—but a collection for various seafarers' welfare funds, named plainly by the captain.

AFTER THE NIGHT had fallen, and for the first time on this voyage the great ship was really pitching. But no roll yet—no roll. The wind, which was a mere moan at the morning's Church of England service, increased to a near roar by 5:15 p.m., when the evangelicals held their gathering. Maybe it was because more tourist-fare passengers like to come up to the first-class quarters than vice versa—but anyway there were less than half as many at the afternoon service.

A thin, late-thirtyish, but well-scrubbed preacher in a grey suit presided. The passenger list names him Reverend C. H. Dawkins, who, with his wife and five children, is going out to Aden.

His service was longer than the Captain's—it took 42 minutes, including the sermon. That was about Jacob's dream, as told in the Book of Genesis. The Lord had promised to go with Jacob into all the lands in which he would go, said the preacher. He would go with travellers, like ourselves, even, if like the sinful, slick Jacob, we at last looked to Him for help.

As the Salvation Army lass played the opening notes of the closing hymn, and the little congregation rose to sing the old favorite, "Abide With Me," the

## ray..

### Reflects and Reminisces

Given time, and every Parliament will have its own "characters." They emerge from the stormy debates, the by-plays and pleasantries, triumphs and defeats, traditions and acid memories of passing years. Canada can show hundreds of examples. But not today, say students of the House. No, not today, declares the Press Gallery, and veterans of the Hill. Things are different. There is neither opportunity or desire, it seems, for anything except the business of helping keep the world free and that's an exacting and onerous responsibility. Gone, the days and nights of more ample philosophy when some speeches had a bit of the unexpected (if not downright mischief) in them.

Yet, it's not so long since that smiling seadog, Senator Duff, performed his part on the floor of the House. Duff was out in Prince Rupert once and it's pleasant to recall an interview with him aboard a boat when he gave a few impressions of the new port away up in Skeena. Then, this son of a member of the Newfoundland legislature was known as "the admiral" and perhaps is yet. But he won't mind.

Henri Bourassa, he of the pointed beard, and incisive speech-making, some times in English and sometimes in French, could be called a natural born politician. Certainly he liked politics. Son of an artist, grandson of Peabody who helped Wm. Lyon MacKenzie in the rebellion of more than a century ago, his pet plan was the Nationale movement, something

ship was really pitching, and the moaning winds of the morning had become a howl.

THROUGH SOME INDIAN friends and my English table-mate, Derek, who was born in India, I have met a stunningly beautiful Egyptian lady. She has those brown-black eyes that seem to protrude from the facial structure, as in the ancient Egyptian paintings of Cleopatra. Her skin is milk-white, and is set off by masses of nut-brown hair.

She has only been learning English during her four-month visit to Britain, and has a hard time understanding my Canadian accents.

But she says she hopes I won't do what such-and-such a big-name journalist did last year—that is, go to Egypt and get entertained at a whole string of big banquets and then go away and malign her country.

Well, if the country turns out like the advance specimen, I figure I am going to like it.

Ask your Investment Dealer or Broker for prospectus.

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Laurier could not support. But Bourassa was listened to. Incidentally, he seemed to enjoy being interviewed. One recalls a half hour in his library in Montreal one evening years ago. In parliament, he had plenty to say, and said it.

Of the outstanding figures who for years held a seat in parliament was J. S. Woodsworth son of a western missionary. From toiling as a longshoreman in Vancouver, his services on behalf of Labor gave him a lasting fame. When he spoke, and it was not infrequent, the House heard him. Many an old-timer in Prince Rupert will remember his pleasant voice sounding from a local platform.

Dr. William Pugsley, St. John's lawyer, might have possessed a temper, but he was never known to show it, let alone lose it. For these reasons he was often called "Sweet William." A re-

## New Utilities Truck Ordered

On recommendation of the utilities committee, a tender of Long Motors for a one-ton Chevrolet truck at a cost of \$2,506.18 was accepted by the city council. The council also approved an additional \$275 to instal bins and a spotlight on the truck which is to be used by the

doubtable Liberal, he sat in Parliament for years, and was the sort of member whose general personality could not but give him a certain distinction. As Minister of Public Works in the Laurier cabinet he spent a day or so in Prince Rupert, speaking in the Empress Theatre, and sending the large audience home feeling, as usual, that his was the best of all possible worlds.



### "COME ON IN, SON, AND meet the manager!"

When you take over the farm, one of these days, you'll want to talk to him. You can discuss your affairs in a friendly way, as I have done. And you'll find he knows a lot.

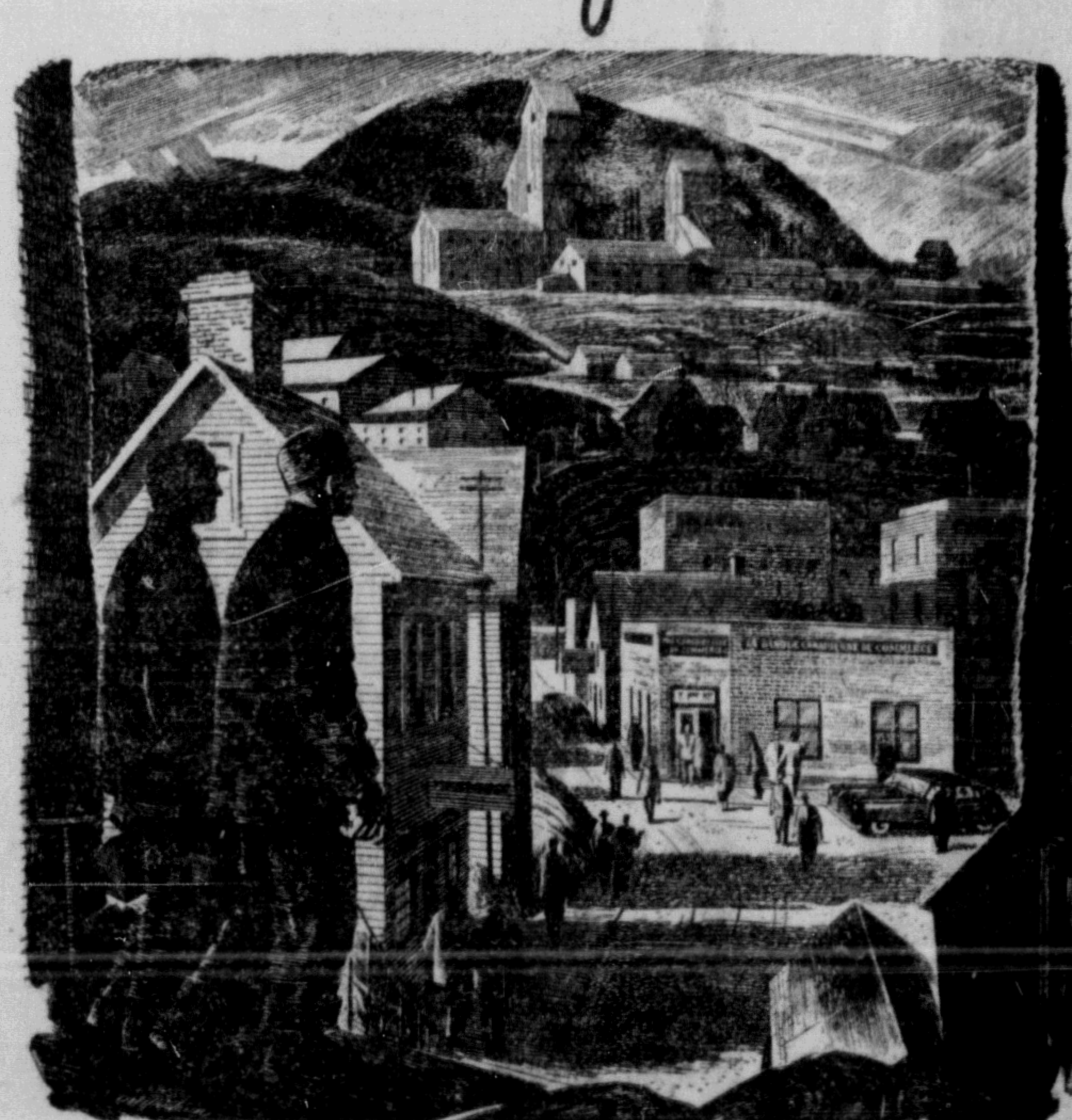
He knows we farmers need bank credit—sometimes to put in a crop, sometimes to take off a harvest. If we need market information, he can get it for us.

Remember when we electrified the farm? Our bank manager made me the loan. He's backed us up that way for years, helping us to improve our stock, increase production.

And that's what our bank manager is there for—to help you and me to manage. He's a good man to know.

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D. M. Hounstoun, O.S.A.

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And there's our bank... a branch of The Commerce. Our bank manager knows us well. He knows the mining industry which made our town possible. He helps build our town.

Yes, our Canadian towns are stirring places... and the men and women at your Commerce branch are good people to know.

**The Canadian Bank of Commerce**  
"The Commerce"

telephone department. The committee reported that fire alarm circuit No. 4 was inoperative. The assistant fire chief was authorized to advise the fact and to work with accepted.

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